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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII.

No. 1.

Or 38
100029

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 6, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Bevis Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Colorado is red in the face with the energy it is giving shouting to the rest of the world, in the expectation of calling mankind's attention to the marvelous richness of its gold mines. At present, from the stockholders' point of view, all there is to Colorado is Cripple Creek, and Cripple Creek is certainly a wonder. But it does not matter if the second level of Cripple Creek were as rich in gold as the surface of New Jerusalem, there would be doubting Thomases in plenty. The world's notice has been drawn to the sag in the values of the South African stocks in London, Paris, and Berlin, and as a consequence all stocks of gold-mining companies everywhere are looked on with more than doubtful eyes by capital. Capital is owned by human beings, and human beings have a disinclination to be taken in twice by the same game. There is no doubt at all that there are rich mines in South

Africa, and there is scarcely less doubt that there are rich mines in Cripple Creek. All the same, gentlemen with money would, just at the moment, rather take a flyer in something else than gold-mining shares, unless something extra attractive can be offered.

This disinclination of the speculative element with loose cash to bet on anything except actual gold mines is a good thing for Colorado—a good thing for gold-producing districts everywhere, including California. Those who have won in the gamble, and those who have been bitten, alike have had their money-making minds turned toward mining.

In Colorado itself there is a boom—a boom which locally is as absorbing and as mindless as seized upon the Comstock and San Francisco twenty-five years ago, when millions of dollars' worth of ore was shot up out of the Con. Virginia shaft every few hours, and no man could tell whether the whole lode was or was not a solid body of pay rock that would enrich the world for the working. In those gorgeous days, the leading stocks of the Comstock were valued at above one hundred and sixty millions of dollars; now the same stocks could all be bought for less than one million dollars. Outside of Colorado, the boom there is being treated by the press of the country as a craze. Probably it is. But then, the press finds it always safe to deprecate speculation. If it happens to be mistaken, no matter. The advice to men who know nothing about mines to hold on to their hard-earned money and eschew stocks is good in general.

The newspapers of Colorado scoff at the prudential warnings of their Eastern contemporaries. That is natural, too. Local environment affects journalism, and just now Colorado, with her multiplicity of stock exchanges, is sufficiently exciting to upset the journalistic mind, never very strong. During the first week of December the sales of Cripple Creek stock aggregated 11,852,427 shares. This year Colorado is expected to produce at least twenty millions of dollars in gold, an increase of about one hundred per cent. over last year. Prophets, heated perhaps by the extraordinary facts, predict that in 1896 the yield will be forty millions of dollars. Cripple Creek leads all the other camps everywhere in its output, with the single exception of Witwatersrand, Africa, and has reason to feel hoornish. The largest owner in the region says a claim within the auriferous circle, with no greater showing than the limit stakes and a government patent, is well worth \$25,000, and he is investing at that figure.

Notwithstanding what Colorado has to offer, some capital is coming from that State to California. The developments in and around Angels' Camp, where the Utica is situated, is drawing money hither. And, to the south, Los Angeles is setting up as a mining centre. Interviews with moneyed men in New York show that persons with mines for sale have lost their modesty and approach capitalists there without diffidence. There seems to be a pretty general expectation that within the next year or two a "mining craze" will sweep over the country. That can not be helped, if it is coming. There never was a legitimate business involving a speculative element that did not breed shoals of "operators." Capitalists ought to be wise enough to protect themselves from these pirates, and poorer folk have been lectured enough on the idiocy of huying stock in wild-cats. The real mining interests of Colorado and California do not need the help of hocket-shops. Every man of sense, with money to risk, knows that a gold mine is a good thing, and it advantages his interests not at all if sharpers set up gambling-joints in Denver, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere for the purpose of despoiling the adventurous and inexperienced who are minded to take a flyer on chance. There is a movement in San Francisco, too, to list gold mines—those of Colorado as well as of this State. It is not our belief that such a stock exchange in San Francisco will help the real mining interests of the State, which, by all accounts, seem to be doing pretty well. There are plenty of good gold mines in California waiting for purchasers—the sort of purchasers who will work them for what they are worth as strict business investments. That is the sort of mining

the State needs. A craze on Pine Street, such as has fallen upon the principal towns of Colorado, is the last thing the Argonaut would like to see. We have had more than enough of that sort of thing. There is gold here—lots of it—to be taken out by honest digging, by the erection of mills, by the construction of modern machinery. Such mining as that the State is aching for. It is coming. The gain-seeking eye of the world is turning toward mines, and no matter what the richness of the finds in South Africa and Colorado may be, California can hold her own in honest competition.

A New York statistician has been investigating the marriage records of the Vital Statistics Bureau of that city. The result is most encouraging. He finds that there were 3,000 more marriages in 1895 than in 1894, and 4,000 more marriages than in 1893, the year of the panic. Marriages in New York city had been running at the rate of from 12,000 to 14,000 a year when the panic of June, 1893, flattened out the matrimonial boom. Of course the matrimonial dates set for the month of June could not be canceled, but the crash came in July. The record fell off more than 600. The figures showed that the marriage market remained in a depressed condition through all of 1893 and part of 1894. In September, 1894, with returning confidence, the marriage figures went up and kept up until June, 1895, when they fell off again. The record for 1895 in New York will exceed 20,000 marriages, as against 17,388 in 1894, 16,144 in 1893, and 16,001 in 1892. This means that 40 persons in every 1,000 of New York's population tackled the matrimonial problem. That does not look like hard times.

When San Francisco's figures are compared with those of New York, they seem distressingly meagre. Even when the marked disparity in population is considered, it does not seem as if we were keeping up our end. The average of marriages here is about 3,200 a year. In 1893, the number of marriage licenses issued in San Francisco was 3,294, in 1894 it was 3,339, and in 1895 it was 3,173. There was a steady decline during the panic year, 1893, but marriages picked up again in 1894. Still, as will be seen by the figures, the increase has not been maintained. The marriage record for the year just closed is lower than either of the two preceding years.

The population of San Francisco increased nearly thirty per cent from 1880 to 1890. While it is possible that the increase during the last five years has not been so great as that of the preceding five years, it is none the less indisputable that the population has increased. Let us assume that it has increased in the same ratio. If that be the case, the increase per year would be three per cent. The marriages for 1895, therefore, should be nine per cent. greater than those for 1893, which would make them 3,590. As the marriage licenses issued for the year just closed amount to 3,173, it will be seen that we are about 400 marriages behind our proper quota in accordance with the increase of population.

What is the matter with the San Francisco men? In the East, as is shown by these New York figures, marriages are increasing, despite the hard times. It is certain that the business depression has been felt no more keenly here than there. It is therefore probable that other causes have led to the falling off in our marriage ratio. What are these causes, and how can they be removed?

One of the most potent causes of the decline of matrimony is the increase in the cost of living. Another is the many comforts and luxuries which have been provided for bachelors by clubs. A third is the somewhat aggressive attitude taken toward the masculine half of the population by the New Woman. If there are those who are disposed to believe the last cause is a jest, they are mistaken. The average man is by no means disposed to intrust his happiness to a woman who thinks that she is just as good a man as he is and perhaps better.

To the superficial observer it would seem as if the men were entirely to blame in this matter. The woman is not free. It is the man who chooses, the woman who is chosen.

Women can not ask men to marry them—at least, they do not exercise that prerogative, even in leap year. Although the magic bissextile is now upon us, we do not think it will embolden young ladies to pop the question themselves. They will continue to be asked to wed in the good old way. Therefore, as women have not the courage to ask men to wed them, the decline in matrimony may by the thoughtless be ascribed wholly to the men.

But this is only a superficial view. It is the opinion of philosophers that it is the woman who marries the man. He does not always know it. She plays her cards so deftly that he generally imagines he has caused her to fall in love with him; that he then has become interested in her, has slightly returned her affection, and in a lordly way proffered her his hand. This is an error. In nine cases out of ten, the woman makes up her mind that she is going to marry a certain man, and in five cases out of nine she succeeds. If, therefore, marriage continues to decline in this State, it is the fault of the young women. Either they make the men too fearful of matrimony or they themselves are not fascinating enough. In either case, the blame must fall upon their shoulders.

To come down from the statistics based on the marriages of the entire population, let us look at the more restricted kind of marriages in what Jeames calls the "hupper suckles." We have, as once before, secured our figures from a trustworthy dowager, who has married off all her daughters, and therefore occupies the position of a retired field-marshal, and can survey with philosophic calm the field whereon the battle rages, the spoils of which are men. She confines her figures to "society," a circle which it is easier to study than the entire population of a large city. Of the three thousand and odd marriages celebrated in San Francisco annually, the majority are contracted by foolish and improvident persons who marry because they fall in love. In "society," people frequently marry for love, no doubt, but they have also to think of the maintenance of an "establishment." This must keep down the marriage ratio. Our dowager tells us that the number of marriages in society is surprisingly small, considering the number of débutantes. She says that in the winter season of 1893-4, 19 débutantes made a formal entry into "society." It would be unreasonable to expect all of these 19 maidens to marry before the year was out, but there ought to have been 19 marriages net on the credit side, to keep the books balanced. Our dowager figures that there were only 12 marriages in "society" in 1894. This leaves a deficit of 7 marriages for the year. During the winter season of 1892-3, there were 21 débutantes in "society." Number of "society" weddings, 17. Net deficit of marriages for 1893, 4. In the winter season of 1891-2, there were 18 débutantes. Number of "society" weddings, 10. Net deficit of weddings for 1892, 8. Excess of débutantes over brides for the three years—1891 to 1893—58 to 39. Net deficit of unmarried débutantes, 19.

During the present season the number of débutantes was 20. Of course, the season is only begun, and the books will not be closed until the Easter weddings. It is, therefore, not fair to make any calculations based on the present season. But the most feather-headed débutante must become thoughtful when she gazes at these fatal figures. As she must see, the chances are against her. The figures will make mothers more thoughtful than daughters, for hope springs eternal in the débutante's bosom. But by the inexorable law of statistics we have shown that a certain number of débutantes must remain unwed. They will then be doomed to remain in society for several seasons, or until they reach the age of twenty-six, which seems to be a mystic number—one which in years no "society girl" was ever known to pass.

Although the professors of international law at Yale, Harvard, and the University of Chicago contend that the Monroe doctrine has nothing to do with the Venezuelan boundary, and although every European power, including our ancient friend, Russia, believes that the position of the United States Government in this discussion is untenable, the fact remains that the people of the United States believe that President Cleveland's position is correct. We do not recall an issue on which the people of this country seem to be so unanimous. Whatever views individuals may entertain, there can be no doubt as to what the country thinks. The people of the United States believe that the Monroe doctrine means the protection by this country of all the nations on the western hemisphere from European aggression; that in case of European aggression, the United States Government is prepared to defend any nation on the western hemisphere, and to declare war on the aggressor. That is what Mr. Cleveland's message meant. And the way in which it has been received by the whole country shows that it is what the American people mean. There are those among us who

consider that the United States is taking rather a large contract when it assumes the responsibility of protecting the Spanish-American republics. But the country has spoken. Its verdict is unmistakable. It has declared what it believes the Monroe doctrine to be. And regardless of what any of us may have thought it to be, it behooves every patriotic American to accept this view of the vast mass of his countrymen. The message of President Cleveland marks a new epoch in the doctrine of Monroe. Now that the chief executive of the United States has construed for Europe the words of Monroe in the way that the American people understand them, that construction must stand. The country is behind the President.

But now that we have construed the Monroe doctrine so that Europe may understand it, and now that we are about to establish it as well—which the United States will certainly do—let us look at some of the practical sides of the matter. The *Argonaut* has often remarked that there is little or no sympathy between the Spanish-Indian peoples of Central and South America and the Anglo-Saxon people of North America. They differ in race, religion, language, and customs. But inasmuch as we have practically constituted ourselves the suzerain and protector of these Spanish-American countries, against European aggression, it is no more than right that we should formally ally ourselves with them, so that we could look to them for assistance if we required it, as they now look to us. The United States is a vast and powerful nation. But there are other powerful nations in the world, and our policy of late years has departed widely from Washington's warning: to beware of foreign entanglements. This step alone—President Cleveland's recent construction of the Monroe doctrine—will add largely to the chances of involving us in future wars. Any war between a European power and a South American republic would almost necessarily involve the United States. Therefore, as we are extending our protection to the South American republics, we had better make treaties with them, by which they shall obligate themselves to assist us in war as we have practically promised to assist them.

Another and equally practical side of the question is this: if we are going to be such extremely good friends of the Spanish-American republics as to protect them in time of war, we think they ought to buy our goods in time of peace. Speeches, compliments to American ministers, putting wreaths on statues of Washington—these things are all very well, but we should like to sell our South American neighbors a few goods. The commerce of the United States with South America is insignificant. They buy almost everything from that monarchical Europe which they condemn, and almost nothing from the republican United States which they adore—theoretically. While the present excitement reigns in South America, we think it would be an excellent time to revive Mr. Blaine's great project—a Pan-American Union. If that could be brought about, an alliance made between all the powers of the western hemisphere, treaties made by which all should stand together in case of war, commercial treaties made by which the countries of the western hemisphere would trade together instead of with Europe—if this could be done, then indeed would there be a new era for the New World. But all of the New World must stand together on the Monroe doctrine. If this country stands prepared to fight for the South American republics, they must stand prepared to fight for us. And if the South American republics look upon Europe as their foe and the United States as their friend, they had better stop buying goods from their foe, and begin buying them from their friend.

Notwithstanding a cowardly daily press, a multitude of private interests, and the oratory-on-tap of the ever-ready demagogue, it is tolerably plain that good sense is going to have a hearing in California on the subject of prison labor. The trades-unions, and the newspapers and politicians who truckle to them, would keep thousands of men in idleness, lest the product of their toil should come into competition with the product of free labor. That is the cry. It is not a true one. Though our home market is liberally supplied with wares manufactured in the penitentiaries of other States, nobody asks that prison-made goods shall be turned out from our prisons and sold. All that is demanded is that the State's prisoners and wards in charity shall be put to work to supply one another's wants. That is so reasonable that no trades-unionist, newspaper, or demagogue who appears in opposition is entitled to a respectful hearing.

Governor Budd, we are glad to see, is showing good sense and courage in the premises. He is going to the root of the matter. Not only does he believe that our public institutions should be rendered self-supporting, but he advocates a policy of consolidation. One of the most striking of his ideas is to close the State Prison at San Quentin and transfer its inmates to Folsom. Readers of the court news

in the newspapers have doubtless remarked a strong disinclination on the part of criminals to go to Folsom. They beg the judges to sentence them to San Quentin. The reason, as we have before remarked, is on the surface. The trades-unions and their allies prevent the convicts at San Quentin from being employed. There all the work done is to manufacture jute bagging, and the looms stand idle a good part of the time. Scarcely a tithe of the men at San Quentin are required to exert themselves in any useful labor. At Folsom, on the other hand, there are inexhaustible granite quarries. Out of this granite, building stone can be made, and the chips supply an excellent road metal. There need be no idleness there. The warden and other officers of Folsom, when they want work for prisoners, can send them to the quarries to dress stone and put them to building annexes to the main structures without running up against the trades-unions. It is true that these selfish and shortsighted organizations have tried to persuade counties not to purchase road metal made at Folsom, but in this broad-minded endeavor, we think, they will fail. The interior voter is not especially enamored of the trades-unionist, and the supervisors whom he elects are not, therefore, under the same influence as their city brothers. The counties want serviceable roads, and there is no other way of getting road metal so good and so cheap as by going to Folsom for it.

If one State institution can supply an article that another State institution requires, why should an outside contractor be called on to furnish it? Governor Budd says that the Home for the Blind in Oakland manufactures brooms, and he does not see why the prisons and insane asylums, under the circumstances, seek brooms in the open market. Neither do we. He says that California has five asylums for the insane, two State prisons, several reform schools, several homes for the adult blind, the feeble-minded, and the deaf and dumb, and three normal schools. The facts have but to be stated in order to bring upon them condemnation. Every extra institution means an extra and an unnecessary expense. Multiplication of separate institutions means a multiplication of expense for administration. Economy means condensation of control, dispensing with separate sets of officials. We agree cordially with the governor that the penal and eleemosynary institutions can and ought to be made self-supporting. Doubtless those who profit by the present system, or no system, will object to change; but the common sense as well as the self-interest of the tax-payers will be behind Governor Budd and the legislature in every effort to consolidate our scattered institutions, or at least their responsible control.

The *Argonaut* trusts that the governor's efforts to close San Quentin and make Folsom California's single penitentiary will be successful. At the latter point there is ample water-power for running all the machinery needed to manufacture blankets, clothing, and shoes for the inmates of every public institution which now depends on outside purchase for its articles of consumption. Moreover, the prisoners would be safer at Folsom than at San Quentin. The latter is nearly surrounded by water and is dangerously near a large city. San Quentin could readily be used by the State for some less forbidding purpose.

Governor Budd is on the right road. It is wicked as well as preposterous that thousands of men, capable of productive work, should be doomed to inactivity in our prisons. It means that they will come out worse than they entered—less capable than when they went in of earning an honest livelihood. That is as immoral as it is senseless. Once put these idle thousands to productive toil, and California will speedily grow used to the idea of convicts working. Let Governor Budd and his coadjutors persevere, and our people will become accustomed to the spectacle of the chain-gang—to the sight of men expiating their offenses against civilization by doing something useful with their bodily strength, under guard. A chain-gang stretching from Siskiyou to San Diego—a chain-gang supplied from the county jails and breaking rock on the roads—would solve the tramp problem. California, with that exhibition of enforced industry on view, would cease to be what she now is, the paradise of the tramps of the whole Union in the bleak winter season.

In a recent number of the *Argonaut*, Mr. John S. Hittell maintained that "The Catholic Church does not recognize Protestant marriage." He went on to give a number of illustrative cases taken from history, notably that of the Papal States. In one of his articles, he said: "Many persons born in the faith of Rome who are content with the civil marriage are abused by their Papist acquaintances as people living in concubinage."

Mr. Hittell's contentions seem to be borne out by recent dispatches concerning the marriage of Mrs. Mahel Wright Yznaga to Count Bela Zichy. Mrs. Yznaga was divorced in

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South Dakota some months ago, and was married to her Hungarian count on December 27th. The wedding was very quietly celebrated. The reporters, when they interviewed Father Colton, of St. Stephen's Church in New York, were informed that it was not a secret wedding. It was, he said, only a "quiet wedding." When asked how it was possible for the pair to be married, considering the rules of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to divorced persons, he said: "Dr. McQuirk, the *Defensor Vincule* of his diocese, has investigated the matter, and he reported to Archbishop Corrigan that there was no impediment to the marriage. Ferdinand Yznaga had been baptized and Miss Wright had not been, so there never was a marriage between them from the standpoint of the church. Miss Wright was not a divorced woman at the time of her second marriage, but an unmarried woman." Father Connolly, Archbishop Corrigan's secretary, corroborated this statement of the church's position, and declared that Fernando Yznaga was a divorced man when he married Miss Wright, and this, according to the church, rendered the marriage null and void. From these facts, which were telegraphed to the San Francisco *Examiner*, it would seem that the Roman Catholic Church does maintain the stand which Mr. Hittell claimed it did. The fact that Miss Wright was or was not baptized, or that Fernando Yznaga was or was not divorced, has nothing to do with the laws of the State of New York. That State makes no requirements concerning baptism. These people were married according to the laws of New York, a State of the American Union. Yet when the Roman Catholic Church wishes to celebrate a marriage between Mrs. Mabel Yznaga and Count Zichy, she having become a Catholic and Zichy being already one, that church simply sets aside the marriage celebrated according to the law of the State of New York. This is setting the stamp of concubinage upon the relations which existed between Mabel Wright and Fernando Yznaga. The Roman Catholic Church practically declares the laws of the State of New York to be null and void.

It will surprise most people to know that Mrs. Tom Thumb is still in the land of the living. She has been lost to sight and hearing for a good many years, but now that she has reappeared and lifted up her voice, it is evident that the lady, if little, has ideas of value. She says, apropos of the perennial feminine problem: "It seems to me that it is not the developing of a New Woman we want so much as the reformation of the Old Man." They will err who dismiss that remark with the smile that is bestowed on an epigram. There is a whole social philosophy in these words of Mrs. Tom Thumb. Her small hand has wielded a hammer that hits the nail on the head. The New Woman can not hope for the realization of her ideal until the male has been made over to suit—until the Old Man has been reformed.

For something like 5,899 years, if we accept the chronology of Bishop Usher, men and women have lived together on the earth, rather contentedly, on the whole, with the superiority, the mastership, of men acknowledged. It is only within the past two decades that rebellion against this arrangement has ceased to be individual and taken on the appearance of becoming general. Man during these fateful twenty years has remained much the same as during all the thousands allotted by Bishop Usher, taking his supremacy for granted, and even yet, perilous as is his state, he is disposed to view with amusement the excited ladies who dispute his right to headship. Though he is being considerably crowded by the skirted, petticoated, and bloomed rebels against his authority, yet he holds fast to what has the sanction of antiquity, and in his dogged, purblind way, refuses to regard the New Woman as a substitute for the Old Woman, or as a woman at all. He will admit that it is possible she may be female, but he is sure that she is a freak—a sporadic and not agreeable phenomenon symptomatic of new industrial conditions, but in no proper sense the woman of the future, or even the woman of the present. To his notion a woman who is not convertible into a wife—with comfort and satisfaction on both sides—must of necessity be ephemeral. That is the way the average man looks on the New Woman. If any one feels doubt on the point, ask him.

It is manifest, therefore, that the lion in the path of the New Woman is the Old Man. For obvious reasons it will not do to slay him; consequently, if the New Woman is to persist, expand her sphere, conquer and dominate the earth, the Old Man must be reformed—made over, and brought into harmony with his new feminine environment. That this important work will be delegated is not to be expected. The New Woman is too new to have reached the executive stage; her ardor induces her to attempt everything with her own hands or voice.

There are many things which the Old Man must learn ere he will merit the approval of the New Woman. First

of all, it has got to be borne in upon him that there is nothing unreasonable in the desire of women to retain all the privileges which have been accorded them under the old chivalrous régime, and also to enjoy therewith the equal rights of competition in business and the professions. She who was a protected ward and has become a rival, not to say a commanding officer, must continue to be treated by the bewildered Old Man as his ward, in obedience to orders. It is required of him, also, to awaken to the injustice of thinking that a woman who has a husband and children to look after is not most worthily employed if she give all her energies to domestic duties. As a New Woman she must be given time to write papers on questions of politics and morals, to attend mass meetings and congresses, and to take her ease in her club. He has to be brought to understand that it is only out of her free grace and as a reluctant concession to the intimations of disrespectful nature that the New Woman shall bear children. If she recognizes that home has valid claims upon her, it will be at the cost of being regarded as rather old-fashioned and somewhat slavish in spirit. The New Woman, he must comprehend, has taken a new burden upon herself, while he is obliged to carry the greater part of her old load as well as the whole of his own. When the Old Man has been reformed up to this latter-day standard, the New Woman may ask him to marry her, and if, subdued by his course of instruction, he discovers within him no power to resist, it is to be presumed that he will live happily ever after.

But the reformed Old Man must abandon the notion, along with others, that piety is a grace in a wife. Whatever is old, rouses the more or less destructive antagonism of the New Woman, simply because it is old. By way of preparation for renovating the Old Man and fitting him for his subordinate station in the scheme of things, she has begun at the very beginning. She has laid her transforming and, of course, improving hand on the Bible and declared it no good, forasmuch as that sacred and over-venerated volume commits the error of taking the unreformed Old Man's view of woman's place in nature. Its inspired pages counsel her to submit herself to his solidier head and stronger arm and be obedient to his greater wisdom. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her collaborators have changed all this. They have reformed the Bible until neither Mrs. Tom Thumb nor anybody else would be able to recognize it as the book to which most of the generations of women counted by Bishop Usher have gone reverently. When the text will not yield an interpretation to suit the taste of the New Woman, a marginal note denies the inspiration of the original utterance, and argues for the equality, not to say the superiority, of the sex that the Almighty and the Old Man have agreed in regarding as the weaker.

What the Old Man will do, time must disclose. Usage, however, is a powerful aid to conservatism. Man, according to Bishop Usher, has been on the earth for 5,899 years, and according to the evolutionists a million or so, and during all this time he has been accustomed to regard himself as competent to give the law to the female of the species. The New Woman can not gain the field till she has reformed the Old Man. The contract she has taken is one of magnitude. Suppose the Old Man should positively refuse to be reformed?

On the first day of the new year, President Cleveland gave out the names of the members of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission. They are as follows: David J. Brewer, of Kansas, Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Richard H. Alvey, of Maryland, Chief-Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White, of New York; Frederick R. Coudert, of New York; and Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland.

This commission is one whose findings will be regarded with respect by other nations as well as by our own. All of its members are men of high character and specially fitted for the work. Justice Brewer is a Republican, a graduate of Yale, and has occupied a number of judicial offices. He was appointed Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court in December, 1889, by President Harrison. President Daniel C. Gilman is a Republican, although he is not a very ardent partisan. He is president of Johns Hopkins University, and is considered an authority on international law. He is well-known in California, having once been president of the State University at Berkeley, and we have always regarded it as a misfortune that the political jars of a wrangling board of regents so hampered Gilman's usefulness that he left the State. However, the post to which he acceded—that of president of the great Johns Hopkins University—is one where he probably can be more useful and make his influence more strongly felt than here in California. President Gilman's appointment on the commission is an excellent one. Richard H. Alvey is a Democrat and Chief-Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. He is said to be a man

of great legal ability, and was appointed to this position not long ago by President Cleveland. President Andrew D. White is a Republican, and one of the best-known educators in the country. He is a Yale man, and was for a number of years president of Cornell University. President White was appointed Minister to Russia by President Harrison, and held the post for nearly six years, resigning after Mr. Cleveland had been in power for a couple of years. It is understood that President Cleveland urged him to stay at St. Petersburg, which is borne out by the fact that the President has appointed him to this important position. Frederick R. Coudert is a Democrat, and is one of the leading members of the American bar. Mr. Coudert has figured in international tribunals before now, having been one of the counsel for the United States before the Bebring Sea Commission.

Altogether, the personnel of the Venezuelan boundary commission is of the highest character. It is not probable that Great Britain will attempt in any way to hamper the commission in its work, nor should its labors be considered as a possible prelude to war. On the contrary, its functions are of the most peaceful, enlightened, and civilized description—to acquire information, to shed light upon dark places, and to endeavor to define an ill-defined line. With jurists, judges, international lawyers, and college presidents upon the commission, its decision can not fail to have much weight. It is possible that the commission may find that Venezuela is in the wrong and that Great Britain is in the right. But we are convinced that, whatever its findings may be, the deliberations of that body will result in the final submission of the question by Great Britain to arbitration.

The San Francisco board of education is now considering the advisability of closing the Lincoln and Webster Schools, on Fifth Street, at the corner of Market. We do not think that there can be any question as to the desirability of closing those schools. The locality where they are situated is now in the heart of the retail business quarter. Few families live near them. There are plenty of schools within a radius of a mile which the pupils could attend. The surroundings of the present schools are bad, from every point of view. Low lodging-houses adjoin them, which are commanded by the school-house windows, and the sights witnessed by the children are not calculated to improve their minds. Besides, the ground has become much too valuable for school purposes. The Market Street frontage, which was once the play-ground of the Lincoln School, was built upon over twenty years ago, and has brought in to the department in rentals nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Out of this, the department has built five school-houses—the Girls' High School, the Douglas School, the Tennessee Street School, the Columbia Primary, and the Potrero School. That is a pretty good record to make for a disused play-ground. The lease on it has now expired, and the old wooden buildings revert to the city. The two remaining schools should be closed, the buildings remodeled, and leased for a year or two. Then at the next session of the legislature an act can be passed giving the school board power to lease the whole plot of ground for twenty-five or fifty years. In that way lessees could be secured who would erect on the land handsome and substantial buildings which would be an ornament to the city. The corner of Fifth and Market is one of the most central in the city. It ought to have a fine building upon it. If the plan herein indicated is carried out, the school department will receive a handsome revenue from the land for years to come, a dilapidated corner will be improved, and at the expiration of the lease the buildings will again revert to the city. There can be no question as to the advisability of closing the present schools, and utilizing the land to better advantage.

During the last two months the Treasury officials have shipped from San Francisco to New York twenty millions of dollars in gold. About two years ago another shipment of twenty millions was made. It may not make much difference to California whether the gold is lying in the Sub-Treasury on Commercial Street, San Francisco, or in the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street, New York. But it gives an idea of how rich a stream of treasure California pours into the lap of the United States. This State digs out of her rock-ribbed mountains about twelve millions annually, nearly all of which is minted here. If California were suddenly to disappear beneath the Pacific Ocean as a result of some great cataclysm of nature, she would be more missed than any of her sister States. We are only sorry that her good red gold does not stay in the United States, but that it will be at once shipped to Europe, owing to the fool financial policy of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle.

A LONG BLACK GLOVE.

How It was Lost and Found, and the Consequences Thereof.

The wife of Contract-Doctor Rocheforte had passed the age when a woman is accounted most fascinating; but she was still dangerous, holdly and avowedly so. She was of the Eastern type of beauty, and had large brown eyes, distinctly blackened, curving, full lips, brilliantly painted, and a skin naturally white, crusted with liquid powder. She affected rich colors and stuffs and long lines of drapery, and fought hard for the attention of the officers. She went to the garrison hops, but she never danced, realizing that the whirl of a waltz would destroy the oriental illusion; her card was filled, but she sat the numbers out, either in the corner, where a drapery of a flag upheld by several guidons made some seclusion, or upon the steps of the hop-room.

She was on the steps, at present, with Farnsworth, the adjutant, and she felt that she had managed well in getting him at all, for he was one of several who refused to play moth to her candle.

"It was so warm in there," she droned, in her soft, contralto voice. "I feel the cool air out here on my neck."

The tone was a challenge to call attention to her round, long throat; but Farnsworth sat gazing abstractedly at the lights in the windows of the —th Infantry Club. Mrs. Rocheforte shivered audibly.

"Are you really cold?" asked Farnsworth, promptly. "Hadh't you better let me put your wrap on? Where is it—in the room?"

"No, I brought it with me. But I think it makes me cold to sit here. Suppose we stroll up and down."

"Certainly, if you will let me run in and settle with Miss Lucy, which half of the next dance is to be mine; there has been some muddle in the writing down. I shall be only a moment," he added, as he wrapped the soft cloak around the woman and then disappeared through the door.

"I can't find her, she must be off somewhere," he said, as he rejoined Mrs. Rocheforte.

"You seem distressed. You shouldn't be, even though you are a little in love. Lucy must have some fun herself; she likes a good time as well as you do. And besides, I fancy she rather likes Mr. Staples, too. Oh, you mustn't move so impatiently; Mr. Staples is not half the bad fellow you think, and he makes love charmingly. It depends entirely upon the woman just how much love he will dare to make, that's all."

"He is not a fit associate for any young girl."

"He is a fit associate for any girl who requires 'fit associates,' which is about all, I believe, that can be said for the average man. And then—Lucy seems to like him. Doesn't she?"

"If one can judge by the number of times she has let him put his name on her card, yes."

"Well, one can judge by that; it is the only way."

There was a few moments' silence, during which Farnsworth's blood absorbed the poison, then he broke out: "I'll risk it on the second half of that next dance. Let's have a glass of champagne over at the club."

"But the lights are all out."

"What difference does that make?—to you," he added under his breath.

"None. I'll go, but it isn't quite proper."

"What difference does that make—to you?" Farnsworth repeated.

"None, again; if we are not caught. But what I meant when I objected to the darkness was that we wouldn't be able to find the wine. I was not being squeamish, though I tell you honestly you are the only man I would risk being seen there for."

"You are very good."

"No, I am not good. I can not help it. I wish I could."

"Don't try."

"Are you glad?" she whispered, leaning a little more heavily on his arm.

"Am I glad? When you are a beautiful woman! How can you ask?" He turned his eyes upon hers—her eyes that looked so gorgeous in the starlight.

After an instant she shifted her gaze to the ground, and caught sight of a long dark glove lying at her very feet. She knew it was Lucy's glove. It was one of that young lady's harmless little affectations to wear immensely long black suédés in the evening, and she had been the only woman at the hop who had had them. It all flashed through the beautiful creature's brain in an instant, and in that instant she had bent over and forward, making the folds of her long wrap sweep outward and cover the glove; then she stooped and picked it up, the movement quite hidden under the cloak. "I dropped my handkerchief," she explained to Farnsworth as she rose again.

For a while she was silent, thinking out a course of action. Some women's silence is more caressing than speech. Mrs. Rocheforte was one of these women. Farnsworth fancied she was silent enjoying still and savoring to the utmost the deep looks they had exchanged. Her chain of reasoning was not of that sort. She realized that the glove she held crushed in her tinted palms would be a potent weapon in the destruction of Lucy's fair fame—the fair fame which she flaunted just a little in Mrs. Rocheforte's face, as virtuous and very young girls who have never felt the melting heat of temptation are apt to flaunt it before those who are under ever so slight a social ban. If Farnsworth's exploited devotion to Lucy could be cut off in its flower, perhaps he would turn to herself on the rebound. It was worth trying, at any rate.

They had reached the club steps. "Tread lightly," cautioned the adjutant, "it won't do to get caught." He opened the door with a pass-key, followed the tall, draped figure into the dark hallway, and relocked the door. "I think we can manage to see in the dining-room by the light of the moon—what there is of it. My hottles of wine are

in my private locker, so we'll have a little spree all to ourselves, and no one will be the wiser."

Farnsworth cut the wire and drew the cork quietly, muffling the sound as much as possible with his handkerchief. Mrs. Rocheforte held up the glass he had filled for her to the moonlight; and the man stood admiring her fine pose. It would have been a picture for some master of high light and deep shade.

When Farnsworth began to drink his wine, the hot hand under the cloak dropped the glove. They set the glasses down, and Farnsworth took up the hottle to refill them.

"I have dropped my lace pin," complained the woman at that moment, and she bent down and ran her hand along the rug.

"Wait," said the adjutant, "I'll strike a match."

Mrs. Rocheforte stood erect and moved well to one side. The glove was between them on the ground, as the light of the match flared up, and Farnsworth saw it before he caught sight of the glittering pin that had been thrown down near it.

"Is this your glove, too?" he asked, picking it up, and conscious of a familiar and lovingly remembered scent of jasmine.

"No; I haven't any with me. Why, it's Lucy's! Oh! no, maybe it isn't. It couldn't be; she, of all people, would never come in here."

"It is kind of you to defend her," answered Farnsworth, coldly, "but it is Lucy's glove, and she has been here." He put the glove in his pocket, and they finished the wine in silence.

"Aren't you going to close your locker?" she reminded him. He turned back and shut the door, and they crept out of the house together.

When they reentered the hop-room, every one was dancing. Farnsworth looked ostentatious devotion into Mrs. Rocheforte's eyes as he asked if he might put his name on her card again that evening.

"Yes, you may. Scratch out Mr. Wilbur's name; he is only a civilian." Farnsworth knew that Wilbur was a rich civilian, who gave fine dinners and presents, and he appreciated the compliment.

"I must claim the other half of this with Miss Lucy, now, if you will excuse me for a little while. Whom have you it with? Parker? Here he comes for you now."

The adjutant went over to where Lucy stood beside her partner. She looked even prettier than usual, Farnsworth realized with a pang, as she smiled at him and pushed back a teasing lock of hair. They swung off in the waltz, and he did not speak until the dance was finished; then he said: "Get your cape and come out on the steps." She obeyed him with alacrity.

"I have something of yours," he said, when they had left the room.

"Have you? What is it?"

"It is something you lost this evening."

"Oh! Is it my glove? I looked everywhere for it."

"You are frank, to say the least. I shouldn't tell, if I were you, where I had been."

The girl gave a great start. "How did you know?" she blurted out.

"And I would choose more reputable companions," he went on.

"How did you know?" persisted Lucy, weakly.

"I found the glove in the dining-room of the club, where you dropped it, that's how."

"Of the club? But—" and then she hesitated.

"But what?"

"Oh! nothing. Give it to me."

"Here it is. But I must have back in exchange my freedom. You will release me, of course."

"Oh! Hal, not that! Oh, if I could only explain it away."

"I'm afraid you can not. You have your glove," he added, after a moment's pause.

"And you"—she hesitated—"have back your word," and she ran, with a little sob, down the hallway and into the dressing-room.

A few minutes later, Lieutenant Staples, coming out on the steps, saw Farnsworth standing there alone. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "All alone? Where's Miss Lucy?"

"I really can't say," replied Farnsworth, turning on his heel.

"You don't say! Phew! Come on over to the club and get something."

"Thank you, no. If you take my advice, you will keep away from there. You've been there often enough for one evening."

"Now, how in the deuce did you know I'd been there at all?" queried Staples, astounded.

"That is my business."

"I suppose it is, but don't give the lady away."

"Trust me for that. I am not risking the reputation of a woman," and the adjutant strode away.

* * * * *

"Of course it mustn't be generally spoken of. I'd only tell it to you two," murmured Mrs. Rocheforte, after the lapse of several months. "It happened before your court-martial, Mr. Elsmere; the night of the hop given for the Stantons. Mr. Farnsworth found Miss Lucy's long black glove on the club floor, when he went over to get something or other to drink. She had been out with Mr. Staples, the earlier part of the same dance, and you know Mr. Farnsworth hasn't any use for Mr. Staples. Of course, he guessed right away that she had been in the club after the lights were put out, alone with that man; so he accused her of it, and she wouldn't deny it, and Staples was trapped into admitting that he had been there."

Lieutenant Elsmere leaned forward anxiously. "At what time was this?"

"About the fourth dance; about ten o'clock. Where are you going?"

"To find Farnsworth," he called, as he snatched his cap and ran down the steps.

Farnsworth was meditating over a cigarette and a newspaper in his quarters; he laid down the paper to greet his second lieutenant.

"Say, Farnsworth," he began at once, "I've just heard that you and Miss Lucy had a split, because you found her glove in the club and thought she'd been there with Staples about ten o'clock; is that so?"

"I must ask by what right you speak of this?" said the adjutant.

"Because she was with me, not Staples."

Farnsworth rose to his feet. "You are not helping matters. You probably forget that you were under arrest and confined to your quarters at that time. Did she go there?"

"No. I will put my commission in your hands. I broke my arrest and met her by appointment at the flag-post. Of course it's all up with me if you give me away."

"I won't. But why did you meet her?"

"To ask her to marry me. More fool I."

"She didn't deny having been at the club."

"She couldn't, without risking my dismissal. Jove, it was noble of her!"

"Then who was there with Staples?"

"I have reason to think it was that madcap, Miss Hurlburt."

"There still remains the fact that the glove was there," muttered Farnsworth, thoughtfully. Then he threw back his head. "I have it! I understand it now. It wasn't that devilish woman's handkerchief; it was the glove, and the pin—the dropping of the lace pin—was all part of the game."

"I suppose it was, though I don't know what you mean."

"You don't need to, but I'm eternally obliged to you, old fellow. That fiend of a woman!"

"Who?"

"Never mind. I'll go and fix things right now with Lucy."

An hour later Farnsworth's striker stood, cap in hand, at Elsmere's door. "The lieutenant says to tell you, sir, that it's all right and he has got the same glove, sir."

"All right, Tupper. Tell him I say I'm very glad," and Elsmere sighed as the man saluted and turned away.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1895.

The Chicago *Times-Herald* recently inaugurated a motorcycle contest, which resulted in two interesting trials. In the first trial, with a fair day and smooth roads, ninety-two miles were covered by the winning machine (a Mueller-Benz) in nine hours twenty-two minutes—a speed close upon ten miles an hour—at an expense of seventy-seven cents in fuel for the trip; and in the second contest, on Thanksgiving Day, under conditions the most adverse, with the ground covered with rough snow and ruts, and the grades made slippery with ice, the course from Jackson Park, Chicago, to Evanston and return to Lincoln Park—fifty-six miles—was made by a gasoline motorcycle (the Duryea) in seven hours fifty-three minutes, or a little under six and one-half miles an hour, the expense of the run being fifty-three cents for fuel. It would have tried the powers and endurance of the best team of horses to the utmost to have taken a carriage of the same weight (seven hundred pounds besides the two passengers) over the route in the same time, while the machine was "fresh" and ready for another stage of journey. Two electrobats were tried for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, and did good service for the distance allowed by the batteries. The result of these tests demonstrated beyond dispute that the motorcycle, propelled by a small gasoline engine or by electric batteries, is a perfectly practical machine on fairly good roads.

The reminiscences of G. J. Holyoke, recently issued, give some facts showing that English journals were not always as free from scurrility as they are now. The London *Times*, for instance, which then had not adopted the rule of excluding "poetry," once published some verses on O'Connell beginning: "Slime condensed of Irish bog, liar, traitor, demagogue." The same journal also spoke of its neighbor, the *Morning Chronicle*, as "that squirt of filthy water," and the *Morning Chronicle* referred to the *Morning Post* as that "slop-pail of corruption."

A farm laborer died recently at Lyminster, near Arundel, whose wages while he could work were three dollars and sixty cents a week, as he never rose above a working bailiff and cowman. He was able to work till he was seventy-three, when he had saved no less than one thousand dollars. On this he managed to live for twelve years longer, with a little help from his former employer; then, as he outlived his savings, he had to be relieved by the Poor Law officials, dying a pauper at eighty-seven.

A Dr. Aubry, in writing a book on "The Contagion of Crime," used as an example a notorious family sprung from criminal parents, who died early in the century, nearly all of whose members have records in the criminal law reports. A respectable grandchild of the criminal couple recently sued the doctor for damages, and obtained them, the court holding that scientific research is no excuse for causing pain and discomfort to an innocent person by defaming his grandmother.

George Ehers, the Egyptologist, has discovered that many of the queer medical recipes found in old English and German books come from the ancient Egyptians. They were not known to the Greeks, but were spread from Salerno, the great medical school of the Middle Ages, to which they must have come through Coptic and Arabic translations.

A PRECOCIOUS RAKE.

The Career of Max Lebaudy, Known as "The Little Sugar-Bowl"—
How his Father made his Money and how the Son
made it Spin—Some of his Escapades.

[The following letter on the late Max Lebaudy by one of our Paris correspondents reached us a fortnight ago, but pressure of other matter on our columns prevented its publication until now. At the time it was written the persecution of young Lebaudy by the military authorities, acting under fear of a demagogic press, was beginning to attract attention. Since then, his death of the Madagascar fever, contracted in the military hospital where he was exposed to contagion from the invalids just returned from Africa, has turned the tide of popular sympathy. "Dorsey's" account of the young prodigal will be read at this time with unusual interest.—EDS.]

If you should visit Val-de-Grâce, the military hospital of the garrison of Paris, and enter one of the rooms allotted to fever patients, over the bed marked "No. 9" you would read on the regulation placard above it: "Lebaudy (Max), soldier of the second class, in the Fifth Squadron of Wagon-Train—Bronchitis." Between the white sheets and under the coarse, gray woolen blanket, lies a thick-set, muscular, rather chubby-faced young man, whose complexion, naturally high-colored, is bleached much more from the withering blight of "la grande noce" than by the pallor of illness. There is an indefinable expression of cunning and viciousness in his physiognomy and appearance—something of the brutality of a jockey, mitigated by a good-natured air. The coarse hospital shirt of brown linen seems to throw out the natural vulgarity of his personality, no longer disguised by the high-priced *chic* bought from the English tailor, Poole, of course, the only one worthy to dress "Le Petit Sucrier"—the Little Sugar-Bowl.

This humorous nickname—much more than the enormous fortune prematurely inherited from the largest sugar-refiner in France—has rendered celebrated the young soldier, who, according to the excellent rule of military discipline, is obliged, in spite of his millions, to be taken care of in the hospital like the bluntest of his comrades.

The sugar-refinery of Lebaudy Brothers brought ruin to all the sugar-refineries of France, except to the two old houses of Say et "Soumier." Mme. Lebaudy, become a widow and mistress of a large part of this enormous fortune, refuses to enjoy, after the world's fashion, what she has her own reasons for considering as ill-gotten money. She lives very retired, near Paris, on the footing of a most modest income, and devotes her immense superfluity to charity.

M. Lebaudy had one son and a daughter, and his idea was to bring up the former as though he were a Dauphin of France. When he was but fifteen years of age, Max had a large income given to him, his own servants, carriages, and horses, and was encouraged in a prodigality which the former workman, grown immensely rich, no doubt thought was princely. Every thing that could tarnish and corrupt his young mind was placed in his hands. M. Lebaudy died before his son became of age; but with such a prospective fortune, it is more than easy to find means for anticipating it. The young boy's terrible precocity for vice—it is needless to say he was not equally precocious for his studies, although far from unintelligent, but extremely lazy—made him an easy prey for usurers, *cocottes*, and parasites. It was in this society of debauchery and gambling-hells that his nickname, soon to become celebrated, was given to him.

He was fond of horses, set up a racing-stable, rode races himself, and was one of the propagators of the rage for bicycling. He even essayed the dangerous sport of bull-fighting in a vast arena which he had built at his country-seat at Maisons-Lafitte, near Paris, where he took lessons in bull-fighting from Spanish *toreros* whom he brought from Madrid.

He shone less in the circle of gallantry. Much sought after by women of that class who were dazzled by the reflection of his gold, he boasted of being a "poseur des lapins"—an ignoble slang term for a no less ignoble manner of treating those who, however low is their trade, have, none the less, a right for remuneration for the wares they sell.

Young Lebaudy's prodigality was shown more in betting, gambling, wild speculations, and absurd expenditure. One day he conceived the idea of presenting bicycles to all the letter-carriers in France. The government was obliged to interfere, it being forbidden for state employees to receive presents openly from an individual. This was not reprehensible, nor was the whim he had another day of establishing free navigation on the Seine, which was nipped in the bud by the company owning the concession. Again, on a certain evening, when in company with a set of young friends as dissipated as himself, and having drunk too much, he opened the windows of a celebrated café on the Boulevard, where he was dining, and threw handfuls of gold on the crowd below, to give himself the Neronian pleasure of seeing the fighting and blows that were exchanged by those on whom fell this unexpected manna.

It would take a volume to relate all the extraordinary freaks of this young fellow. The worst action of his life, so far, was his conduct when his mother demanded that the law place him under a judiciary counsel. She proposed to have him make a voyage round the world on a magnificent yacht, with a more than comfortable allowance. He refused to go, and furthermore started the most outrageous imputations against his mother and sister, married to the Comte Frisch-de-Fels. He won his lawsuit before the tribunals, but lost it in public opinion.

All the bills which he signed to usurers before he became of age were legally null, but it is usual to act honorably even with usurers, if only to prove one is superior to them. But M. Lebaudy, when he made his son rich, forgot to make him a gentleman. The young man discussed the question, denied his signatures, and refused to pay them. More cunning than the usurers themselves, he had the brilliant idea of changing the mode of writing his name as soon as he became of age, which permitted him to declare that certain

anterior bills were false. He was guilty of even worse. In revenge for some rivalry about a woman, on account of some impertinence he received, others say, he lodged a complaint against the Comte Helie de Talleyrand-Perigord, the eldest son of the Prince de Sagan, for whom he had signed bills to the amount of several hundred thousand francs, not as a borrower, on this occasion, but as a lender. The count was arrested and put in prison, but Max lost his lawsuit. In this circumstance, Lebaudy endeavored to dishonor his former friend and to bring disgrace on an honorable and noble family. The Comte Helie is, perhaps, not faultless, but the odious conduct of Max Lebaudy almost rehabilitated him by attracting public sympathy toward him.

The inexorable hour for military service, which is obligatory for all Frenchmen, sounded in turn for Max Lebaudy, and, as he possessed no university diploma giving him a right to the diminution of legal time, his three years' service was demanded and he was incorporated in the artillery wagon-train corps at Fontainebleau, his knowledge of four-in-hand driving fitting him especially for the service of military wagoners. A good comrade, well enough disciplined, he has accomplished his hard service without grumbling or ill-will. However, the demoralizing effect of so much money in unworthy hands gave rise to some scandals in the corps, and he was transferred to another squadron at Vernon, near Rouen. There he fell so seriously ill that, when somewhat convalescent, he obtained a sick leave; but, instead of taking care of himself, he went to Trouville this last summer during the famous race week, and created a great deal of scandal by his gambling and debauchery. His horses ran, and some infractions of the rules of the turf were committed—though equity obliges us to acknowledge the usual good reputation of his racing stable—and Lebaudy was obliged by orders from high authority to rejoin his corps immediately.

On reaching Vernon he was again taken ill with malignant bronchitis, and was brought to Paris to the hospital of Val-de-Grâce, where, while convalescing, he has been awaiting the decision of the doctors as to whether or not he should be liberated from his military service altogether. Yesterday the members of the retirement council examined his case and, after they had deliberated, declined to pronounce in favor of his retirement, in spite of a serious malady. He is to be sent later on to the military hospital at Amélie-les-Bains.

Some symptoms of remorse for so unworthy a life have manifested themselves. Lebaudy has lately seemed to feel that a certain duty in alms-giving is incumbent upon him, and his liberalities have become more worthy. He is only twenty-three years of age, and they say he has grown weary of being celebrated in popular street-songs and of his notoriety among the male and female scum of the "monde on l'on s'amuse." DORSEY.

PARIS, November 14, 1895.

At a dinner-party in Baltimore, many years ago, at which George Peabody was one of the guests, some one inquired: "Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?" "Well," answered Mr. Peabody, slowly, and Johns Hopkins was observed to be deeply interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when the idea was first suggested to me that I should give money away, it did not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd try it on a small scale. So I built the first of the model tenement-houses in London. It was a hard pull; but after it was done I went around among the poor people living in the rooms, so clean and comfortable, and had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more, and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much as I enjoyed making money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

The art of etching seems to be wonderfully provocative of humbug. A few lines which, were they drawn on paper with pencil or pen, would escape comment, become (says the *Nation*) invested with a wonderful interest when they are scratched on copper. Time was when Mr. Hamerton had to complain that the public knew nothing of etching; but that time is long past, and to-day an artist who fails as painter and draughtsman has but to publish his feebleness in several "states" to become a considerable personage. Reproductions of a good many things are important only because they are etched.

About the queerest newspaper is *Le Monaco*. It is issued weekly, is admirably printed on expensive paper, and its "news" consists almost exclusively of figures arranged in long columns. These figures tell in what compartment of the roulette-wheels at Monte Carlo and Spa the little balls have come to rest during a week's "business." The paper costs eight dollars a year, and the advertising rates are four dollars a line for *annonces* and six dollars a line for *réclames*.

Baron Hirsch has thus far sent about four thousand Russian Hebrews to the Argentine Republic, and hopes to have a Hebrew community there of one hundred thousand within ten years. He sends them out in companies of fifty families, each provided with a rabbi and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.

In the new home of the new Duchess of Marlborough, there are said to be twenty staircases leading from the main floor to the second.

The cost of the late Franco-German War is calculated at \$7,500,000 a day.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Hanotaux, the French ex-minister of foreign affairs, describes the Sultan as a dark little man, pale-faced, with restless eyes, and a lady's hand.

Grahowski is the suggestive name of the man who made the most money on the Russian turf this year. He has the best racing stable in the country and cleared sixty thousand dollars.

W. D. Howells bought some goods in a New York store, one day last week, and the proprietor telephoned his publishers in Boston: "A man named Howells refers to you. Do you know him?"

Dumas's body will be placed in a tomb not far from that in which lies Marie Duplessis, the original of Camille. Once every year Dumas visited her tomb and placed a wreath of flowers upon it.

The Vanderbilt families in New York pay their florists one thousand dollars per month at Christmas and Easter. Cornelius Vanderbilt often spends as much as six hundred dollars for floral decorations in his home.

Ex-Empress Eugénie has recently deposited her will with a prominent London attorney, in which, true to her pledge, she has left a legacy to each of the 5,834 male persons of France born on the birthday of her son, Prince Louis.

To a boarding-school miss who met Joseph Jefferson at a tea-table and began to talk to him about Sabbath-breaking, the actor said: "If I were a fisherman, I should never fish on Sunday; but being an actor, I can rest both soul and body by fishing."

Guy de Maupassant's mother, to whom he left ten thousand francs a year by his will, recently applied to have the will set aside on the ground of mental incapacity, as she would have received much more if he had died intestate. As the will was made long before the novelist broke down, she lost her case.

Guerrita, who is to-day the foremost hull-fighter in Spain, will, at the end of the season, have appeared in seventy-seven fights. He receives twelve hundred dollars for each appearance, and deducting four hundred dollars for expenses, his income nets over sixty thousand dollars a year, not including numerous presents.

The most remarkable woman in politics in Japan is Mme. Hatoyama. When her husband, a leader of the progressionist party, ran for parliament, she took the stump and made speeches in his interest—a very extraordinary thing for a Japanese lady to do. She is now a teacher in the academy of which her husband is principal.

The Queen-Regent of Spain is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes, and when at work is seldom without one between her lips or in a box near at hand. It is the especial pleasure of "Bubi" (His Catholic Majesty, King Alfonso the Thirteenth) to light the cigarette for his mamma. "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, is also an ardent smoker.

President Crespo of Venezuela is a tall, heavy man, with a countenance revealing force and determination. He is very abstemious, and generally goes to bed at eight o'clock in the evening. He is in the habit of summoning his ministers to him at sunrise. He is fond of cattle-ranching, and owns a large number of acres not far from the Venezuelan capital. He is a fine equestrian.

Pasteur was often lost in dreams, and fell an easy victim to the Paris Jebu who on wet days drove him from the Rue d'Ulm to the Quai Malaquais, whither he went twice a week. The driver had only to say, "A l'heure, monsieur," and then to drive him round and round. Pasteur never moved. As a matter of course, several of them took advantage of this to charge him for an hour or two.

A very marked change has come over the Prince of Wales of late. Naturally calm and unimpressible, he has grown nervous, restless, and discontented. He looks older than his years would warrant, and his eyes have around them lines that tell of sleepless nights and uncomfortable thoughts. It is said that his physicians have ordered him to curtail the amount of tobacco he has been in the habit of smoking.

Mrs. Cleveland always refers to her husband as "the President," both in his presence and in his absence. Sometimes she addresses him as "Mr. Cleveland," but when she speaks of him in the third person, she never uses his name. When the children are present, she invariably addresses him as "papa." He calls her "Frank," except on occasions of formality or in the presence of strangers. When he speaks of her in her absence to the members of the Cabinet and other friends, he usually says "My wife."

The will of William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, disposes of real estate in Boston, Rome, Paris, and Florence. The studio in Paris is given to Julian Story, son of the testator; the studio in Rome to the son Waldo; and land in Florence to the testator's daughter, Edith. The rest of the real estate is given to the three children, but the share of Julian is for his life only, his part, after his death, to revert to his sister and brother. The testator bought the studio in Paris for 200,000 francs, and Julian has occupied it ever since its purchase, rent free; he further has annually for some years given to his daughter, Edith, 10,000 Italian lire, and during the same period of time he has given Waldo nothing; what Edith and Julian have received amounts to 50,000 lire, and he therefore gives that sum in his will to Waldo, with 10,000 lire additional for each year from the date of the will to the time of the testator's death. The sculptor gives his marble statues to Julian, but the plaster statues, casts, models, sketches, and certain furniture are given to Waldo, to whom is given a private letter containing the wishes of the testator as to their disposition.

PATRIOTIC NEW YORK.

She Gushed Over Cleveland—Her "Voice was Still for War"—
But there Came a Crash in Wall Street, and Now
She Wants "Peace with Honor."

We are a great people, we New Yorkers. We live in the greatest city of the greatest country in the world. We are perfectly conscious of the fact, and we also realize that we direct the public opinion of the rest of the United States. But into the minds of a few of us there has been stealing, during the last few days, a vague idea that perhaps we have been cutting rather a small figure in the eyes of the United States.

When Mr. Cleveland sent his message to Congress, in which he practically threatened war in case Great Britain did not accede to his ideas concerning the Venezuelan boundary, great was the enthusiasm in New York. This is a Cleveland town. It is a Democratic town to begin with, and there is a large contingent of Mugwumps among the Democrats. The Mugwumps adore Cleveland, the Democrats accept him. Between the two, as I say, it is a Cleveland town. Therefore, when Cleveland sent his message, New York went crazy with enthusiasm. "There's an American President for you!" was the common cry. Even among the financiers and corporation lawyers—with both of which classes Mr. Cleveland has affiliations, through his friends Benedict and Whitney—there was a general tone of enthusiastic backing of the President's message.

The *Times*, which is one of Cleveland's most devoted adherents, printed on Wednesday, December 18th, about four columns under this heading: "Proud Of The President—Bankers And Business Men Approve The Message—Mr. Depew, Russell Sage, ex-Governor Flower And Others Indorse The President's America Sentiments—Democrats And Republicans Agree—General Feeling That There Was No Other Position For A Patriotic Executive To Take." Under these headings there were four columns of brief interviews with leading men on Wall Street and elsewhere, and, in the enthusiastic language of the *Times*, "party lies disappeared yesterday."

The President's message was approved on every hand, and the common talk of Wall Street was that it was "sound and patriotic doctrine." Ex-Governor Flower said: "I indorse every word of it." Henry W. Cañon, president of the Chase National Bank, said: "It firmly asserts our views." Edward D. Randolph, president of the Centennial National Bank, said: "The message is a splendid document." Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank, said: "It is a grand paper." James T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National Bank, said: "The message will be sustained by the people." Warner Van Norden, president of the Bank of North America, said: "The message is sound and patriotic." Russell Sage said: "I agree with it entirely." R. M. Galloway, president of the Merchant's National Bank, said: "I am wholly in accord with the President." E. O. Leech, vice-president of the National Union Bank, said: "The message will find a response from every patriot." And so it went on for columns of interviews, the only discordant note being the remark of Chauncey M. Depew, who said that we might as well begin with arbitration as end with arbitration, because "a war with Great Britain would be the greatest calamity of modern times—it would cost thousands of millions and would finally have to be settled by arbitration."

The day after the President's message, all was enthusiasm on Wall Street. The brokers were in the best of spirits. Stocks declined slightly until the last half hour, when there was a sharp rally. The bears, who were trying to break stocks, and were selling short on account of the war talk, were much ridiculed by the bull element, who went to work and picked out officers for a "bear regiment," as follows: "Colonel-commanding, Addison Cammack; lieutenant-colonel, A. J. Weil; major, William B. Wheeler; adjutant, Arthur Hunter; vivandière, A. H. Combs." The bears were much guyed, but they kept on, saying nothing, sawing wood, and selling short. Another thing which added to the gaiety of the exchange was a bogus dispatch which was circulated among the brokers; it purported to come from London, addressed to the stock exchange, and ran thus:

"If England sends a war fleet to bombard New York, what guarantee is there that its movements might not be interfered with by excursion boats?"
DUNRAVEN.

Altogether, the brokers had a fine time on Thursday, and the sharp rallies in stocks at the end of the day made them a little less peevish about the threatening aspect of things.

But on Friday matters began to change. A steady stream of orders to sell poured into the Stock Exchange. The brokers were tumbling over each other to sell. The "Bear Regiment," which had been so much guyed the day before, were going around with excited faces steadily selling short. There was no joking on Friday about the "Bear Regiment." As the market steadily dropped, ruin began to stare some of the brokers in the face. Wild rumors flew around the street. One was that Russell Sage had withdrawn \$400,000 in gold from the Sub-Treasury and deposited it in the vaults of the Mercantile Trust and Safe Deposit Company. The firm of Harvey Fish's Sons was credited with having drawn \$350,000 in gold, and also put it in a safe-deposit vault. Another rumor was that the Rothschilds had given orders to withdraw \$25,000,000 as well as their commercial credits. Four firms went under in the crash, and when Friday night came, Wall Street was wrapped in gloom.

By Saturday, the brokers and the newspapers had experienced a change of heart. They had all concluded that it was just as well not to declare immediate war on Great Britain. Temporizing articles began to appear in the newspapers. The *Times* had an article headed: "The Wiser Heads In Wall Street." It followed it the next day with an editorial headed "The Thing That Makes For Peace." The *Times* is an out-and-out Cleveland organ, and was very pacific on Wednesday. But in an article on Saturday,

headed "The Talk Of War," the *Times* was engaged in chasing itself around Robie Hood's horn with the utmost rapidity, and after the expiration of three days, the *Times* discovered that "even if the commission shall find that Great Britain is in the wrong, it does not follow that war must ensue." President Cleveland's language, "Willful aggression which it will be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power," did not, in the opinion of the Saturday *Times*, "necessarily involve war." In the opinion of the Wednesday *Times* it meant "the arbitrament of battle." The *Tribune*, too, which had reluctantly praised Mr. Cleveland for his message on Wednesday, had on Saturday an editorial headed "Keep Cool." It began with the sentence, "The hardening of our ports is not going to begin with tomorrow," and ended "tranquillity is a great virtue, and those who cultivate it are the best patriots." The next day the *Tribune* had an editorial headed "Evils of War Talk," in which it "counseled prudence," saying, "War talk is particularly inexpedient at this juncture, because it is sure to make the settlement of the case more difficult"; and the *Tribune* closed its peaceable editorial by the remark: "The two greatest nations in the world have not fallen so low that there is no way of settling their disagreements but by a reversion to savagery and barbarism."

But the *Herald*, which made the most of the war scare on Wednesday, had the worst scare of the war on Saturday. On that day it printed several columns of interviews under staring headings as follows: "Peace With Honor—That Is The Position Taken By Most Business Men Who Deplore Precipitate Action—Dry Goods, Commission Men, And Importers, Indorse The 'Herald's' Plea For Deliberation—Cleveland Has Gone Too Far—Belief That Diplomacy Will Find A Way Out Of The Difficulty Without Recourse To War." The interviews which followed were extremely comic reading when contrasted with the interviews of Wednesday. Even Banker Benedict, Mr. Cleveland's *fidus achates*, said: "The crisis is very grave. To-day's *Herald* voices my views. We want to go slow. Thomas S. Hillocks, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, said that he "did not think the Venezuelan dispute was a proper cause for war," and added: "There is too much of this war talk." John A. Stewart, president of the United States Trust Company, said: "There has been entirely too much war talk and too much nonsense about this thing." And so on for columns.

The day after Cleveland's message appeared in print, a committee of the Chamber of Commerce went around getting signatures to a call for a meeting to condemn the message. It raised so much excitement that the men getting up the call were nearly chased out of town, and the men who signed it spent the next two days in vigorously denying that they had ever seen the call. By Saturday, Wall Street and the mercantile and financial community generally were so badly scared by the crash in stocks that they would have signed a paper sentencing Grover Cleveland to life imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas.

I tell you what, New York is a great town. We are very patriotic, and we are prepared (with some little help from the United States) to lick Great Britain, and all creation besides. But when it comes to smashing our stock market and making us lose money, we believe in "peace with honor" every time, and don't you forget it.

NEW YORK, December 23, 1895.

FLANEUR.

The employment of elephants for the heavy work in the Burmese lumber-yards of Raagoon is thus described by a writer in *Harper's Weekly*:

"From the moment when the great teak logs have to be fished out of the lagoon-like backwater, in which they float almost sunk by their specific gravity, till the moment when the thin planks used for ship-building, and a hundred other purposes to which the wood is put, are finally turned out of the yard, it is the elephant worker that does nearly all that requires intelligence, and absolutely all that calls for the exertion of great strength in the operations of the yard. The huge animal piloting one of the logs to the yard does his work with a quiet intelligence which renders him quite independent of the directions and advice given him by the native perched aloft on his shoulders. The trunk is used for the operation in a way which is a surprise. The end of the trunk only is brought into contact with the log, and in some way—probably by force of suction—holds it firmly enough to propel a log of perhaps three tons' weight easily and even rapidly through the water. The log, once piloted to shore, will, at the word of command, if not of a greater weight than about a ton and a half, be prized up by the animal's tusk, and then grasped with the trunk carefully and exactly in the middle, and carried to the spot where it is wanted. Arrived at the heap of logs in the yard, he will place one end on the ground and the other on the heap, and then proceed with the most systematic care to push it up and adjust it with the point of his tusks. For this and all other nice processes of adjustment, the point of the trunk is the instrument used, and it appears to be as sensitive as a musician's fingers, yet as strong, and, if need be, as rigid, as a bar of steel. There are about a dozen elephants employed in the work of the yard, and all of these but one are males. The males are usually larger and stronger than the female elephants. The solitary female worker is a veritable maid-of-all-work about the yard. At one time she may be seen holding a log up to the saw when at work, either endwise or across, as occasion may require; at another, she is dragging the slabs away with the end of her trunk, and piling them in heaps with all the regularity and skill of the most neat-handed workman; at a third, she is making a stack of the sawn boards, or sweeping the sawdust from the mill-house floor with a gigantic broom. The meaning of the whistle to knock off work is not better known to any workman on the place than to her, and it is no easy matter to induce her to do a single trunk's turn when the signal has once sounded. And you can not overload an elephant, for the animal will at once refuse any load which he considers beyond his strength, and there is practically no appeal from the elephant's opinion on such a question."

The bicycle continues to grow in favor among European rulers. It is now learned that President Faure has become an expert rider. When King George of Greece was in Paris recently, he and the president took lessons in an academy. King George afterward purchased a machine and sent it to Athens, where he is now often seen astride it. And later, when the King of Portugal—who is extremely portly—was a guest of M. Faure, the latter took him to the same academy and had him instructed in the use of the wheel.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Old Miniature.

- "You showed me, Rob, the other day,
A miniature so full of grace
That it hath stol'n my heart away—
I long again to see that face.
- "Find it for me before I go;
The eyes had caught the heavenly hue;
The proud lips gave you Cupid's bow;
The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.
- "A regal robe she seemed to wear,
In newest fashion of our day;
And on her neck, so nobly fair,
Splendid old-fashioned laces lay."
- "I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as china-ware);
Or this? (Her face is like the sun.)
Stay! Here's the likeness, I dare swear."
- "No; none of those, Rob; none of those.
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well—and little Rose;
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.
- "'Twas none of these did steal my heart;
For them I never breathed a sigh;
Or, sleeping, awakened with a start
From thrilling dreams that they were nigh.
- "Oh, seek once more the portrait rare;
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name and where
Her knight may follow her to-day."
- "Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress's face—
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;
- "Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half-packed to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.
- "What! That is she? O strange, weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"—Anon.

"Portrait of a Lady, 17—." Catalogue.

He has come, do you say? only waits to begin?
Quick, Betty, the patches, no minute's delay!
Now, a small one just here, at the side of the chin,
That may draw people's eye to the dimple at play.
Oh, Betty, this ruffle—'tis dropping awry!
And, Betty, my hair—is it piled up too high?
What think you? the rose, and a string of the pearls
Just carelessly twining about in the curls?
And, Betty—you think I am looking my best?
You are sure you have done all your utmost endeavor?
That I lack nothing more to be modishly dressed?
As you see me to-day folk will see me forever.

Who knocks? what, my lord? (how the gloves get mislaid!)
Go say that I'll wait on him, girl, in a minute.
Did I well to make choice of the rosebud brocade?
(See this ruffle again—I protest you must pin it!)
For you know 'twas a rose-patterned sacque that I wore
With the necklace of pearls at the duchess's rout,
With the shoes that stood five inches high from the floor,
When I danced a gavotte, and my lord led me out?
And then, you remember, I wore it again
To that syllabub party at Strawberry Hill,
When he wiled me away down a rose-trellised lane,
To the groto that stood by the side of a rill
With a nymph and an urn—I can see the place still.
And the rose—it was just such another as this!
That I stuck in my hair, and he snatched with a kiss.
He'd a peach-colored coat, and a sword-knot of gold,
And his hair was unpowdered, all curling and yellow—
And I thought—I was foolish and not very old—
That I never had met with a prettier fellow.

Do you think he has wit enough left to discover
That I'm looking to-day as I looked when we met?
He's a husband, alas! and no longer a lover,
But still—he is vastly content with me yet!
And, Betty, perchance when we both have grown old,
When his hair is no longer all yellow with gold,
He will look at the picture and sigh, and remember
How delightful was June till it turned to December—
Will remember, though dimple and blush could not last,
And the time of brocade and bolero is past,
Though the shoes are danced through and the roses are dead,
That I was a beauty when first we were wed.

To think 'twill all vanish—alas! and alas!
I am ready, you say?—one more look in the glass,
And, quick, Betty, find me my big yellow fan,
And let me descend—I have lingered too long—
My lord will lose patience, I'm sadly afraid,
And fidget, and fume, and begin to upbraid,
And to chide me—'tis ever the way with a man!
And the painter will chafe, and the picture go wrong—
My gloves!—but no matter—there's one of them missing—
Throw open the door—Why, he's waiting, I vow.
My lord, at your service! Nay, fie on such kissing!
By and bye, if you will—'tis no time for it now!

—May Probyn.

Mr. Gladstone continues the severe course of study which he mapped out for himself when he retired from public life. He is in his study about ten in the morning, and reads and writes till about luncheon time. This occupies him about half an hour, and then he retires again for more work. Then comes a drive, and then, after dinner, another period of reading, varied by backgammon.

It is likely that Great Britain has a larger population than France for the first time in history. At the last census, in 1891, the United Kingdom had 37,797,000 inhabitants, against 38,343,000 for France, and since then the deaths have regularly outnumbered the births in France, while the opposite has been the case in England.

Austria's new ministry has sent a circular to all public prosecutors reminding them that the freedom of the press is guaranteed by the constitution, and warning them that the illegal practice of confiscating newspapers, on the ground that they incite to hatred and contempt, will no longer be tolerated.

THE MAD EMPRESS.

Mme. del Barrin's Story of Carlotta of Mexico—The Terrible Events that Unsettled her Reason—Her Strange Behavior in the Vatican.

The entire civilized world is now talking of the Monroe doctrine. Rarely has that much discussed and little understood diplomatic declaration so engrossed the attention of the nations. But once before has the United States asserted the Monroe doctrine, and that was at the close of our Civil War. When Maximilian, a hapless Hapsburg prince, came over from his beautiful home at Miramar, on the Adriatic Sea, backed by the mercenary legions of the third Napoleon, to erect on the ruins of the Mexican Republic an imperial form of government, the United States said, "Stop!" The empire erected by Maximilian and Napoleon toppled and tumbled like a house of cards. With the fate of the leading actor in that tragedy, Maximilian, all the world is familiar.

Ex-Empress Carlotta is dying in the lonely Castle of Bouchoute, near Brussels. For nearly thirty years she has lived in seclusion, at first enjoying occasional brief periods of mental clearness, but for the past ten years she has been hopelessly mad, and no one will regret her release from such a living death. No one, that is, except her elder brother, Leopold the Second, King of Belgium. They two, with the Count of Flanders, were the heirs of Leopold the First, who, after a reign of thirty-four years, died a millionaire many times over. Carlotta inherited ten millions of dollars, and when she was declared mad in 1866, Leopold the Second, as her guardian, took charge of her estate.

It is estimated that her fortune should now amount, including interest and compound interest, to forty millions of dollars, and Carlotta's death would bring upon Leopold a call to disgorge a large portion of this sum. For many years he has posed as a philanthropist in his attitude toward the Congo Free State, but in reality it was a commercial speculation in which he has sunk millions and millions of dollars, including, as it is surmised, all of Carlotta's fortune. It is unusual that a king should be amenable to the law of the land, but in a recent civil suit brought against him in regard to some shady land transaction, Leopold was made to pay up. This case, it is now thought, was brought at the instigation of the imperial family of Austria, to test the Belgian king's standing in a court of law, for by the terms of the marriage settlement two-thirds of her fortune at the time of her death goes to her husband or his heirs. In view of these facts, Leopold the Second is much perturbed at the prospect of Carlotta's demise.

In view of this condition of affairs, the publication of a book giving the history of Carlotta's madness is particularly timely, especially as it is given on such excellent authority. It is from the pen of the Baron de Malortie, a gentleman of the court of Maximilian, and what is not recorded from his own knowledge was dictated to him by Mme. del Barrio, a lady-in-waiting to Carlotta, who has remained with her imperial mistress to the very last.

It is not many months ago that the *Argonaut* printed a long review of "Maximilian and Carlotta," giving the pathetic story of that ill-fated attempt to found an empire in Mexico, and so we shall give but a brief account here of that enterprise, and dwell more particularly on the hurried series of events that developed the ex-empress's insanity.

In 1866, Empress Carlotta was twenty-six years of age. She was a remarkable woman. Beautiful and bewitching, witty and courageous, she had great ambition and was rather fatalistic, in the manner of Napoleon the Third. She had urged her husband to accept the dangerous crown of Mexico, and then she had become his right hand. When they learned that the French army was going to reembark, leaving Maximilian with his own forces, the empress had no illusions about the consequences of the blow. But she thought it would be easy to ward it off. Bazaine, they knew, wished their downfall; Bazaine betrayed them, but his master, they said, knew nothing of his infamies, and it would suffice to acquaint him of them to reverse the situation immediately. The empress resolved to see Napoleon, tell him all, and beseech him to leave the French army in Mexico six months longer, the time to organize the national army, whose formation Bazaine had carefully prevented. The thought of a refusal never entered her mind.

Her *entourage* were far from sharing her confidence. Says M. de Malortie:

We had not the least doubt that Napoleon would refuse. The turn which affairs in Europe were taking, the fear of complications with Germany, would nudge the emperor to call back his last soldier before it was too late, without even taking into consideration the necessity of keeping on good terms with the United States, which might become very troublesome in case of a war with Prussia. We all felt that the departure of the empress was the beginning of the end, and that her majesty would never return.

Nobody dared to undecieve her, or, rather, nobody wished to do so, and her departure for France was decided upon. Then the point in question was how to escape from Bazaine. For the unfortunate sovereigns could not make any step without permission of the marshal, and it was clear that the latter would oppose a trip made for the purpose of denouncing him to his master. A special ruse was invented to put him on the wrong scent. Empress Carlotta feigned a visit to Yucatan. She set out with a numerous suite, and while the populace erected arches of triumph and prepared illuminations, she escaped from her imperial state at Vera Cruz by confiding herself to but two or three faithful servants. One of the latter had taken the precaution to have the telegraph office occupied, and this proved of advantage to the fugitive. Says M. de Malortie:

The marshal became fearfully angry when he learned the news, and immediately ordered a French cruiser to get under steam and bring back the empress. When the order arrived at its destination, it was too late, the empress had eight hours' start.

It has been said that her reason was already shattered. Her *entourage* formally deny it, and M. de Malortie maintains that thousands of witnesses were able to judge to the

contrary during the festive days preceding the departure. At all events, be it the Mexican climate or a natural disposition, the account we have before us shows that Empress Carlotta was very nervous, very impressionable at her arrival in Europe.

The first mortification met her at Brest, and it was very violent, and the French Government, although officially advised, had sent nobody to receive her and to put, according to custom, a palace at her disposal. She felt this first blow very severely, and did not speak of anything else during the journey from Brest to Paris. From time to time she shut her eyes, and kept silent, but her face betrayed her sadness. The people of her suite tried to console her by saying that certainly the official reception had been reserved for her arrival at Paris. They succeeded only in increasing her vexation. She was seen sometimes to grow pale, then to flush like a person receiving an insult. It was an unpleasant spectacle, which became poignant when the Paris station was reached. When the empress saw the deserted station, and understood that she and her suite were to drive to the hotel in hired carriages, the scales fell from her eyes, and her face took on such a painful expression that it was heart-rending. She trembled from head to foot. Hardly had she arrived at the hotel, when she asked to be left alone. Her ladies-in-waiting relate that she passed the night in tears, and Mme. del Barrio was struck, on seeing her in the morning, by the fixity and singular expression of her eyes.

The day passed without a sign from Saint Cloud, where Napoleon then resided. Certainly, policy demanded this silence, but it was cruel. The second day a chamberlain came to invite the sovereign of Mexico to breakfast at Saint Cloud. She refused, but announced her visit for three o'clock in the afternoon. The journey was doleful. Mme. del Barrio was alone with the princess in the first carriage. She says:

Her eyes red with tears, my beautiful mistress seemed the personification of grief and sorrow. She evidently had a high fever, and was excited to such a degree that twice I had to take her in my arms, in order to appease and to calm her, like a sick child. But what good did it do? A moment later her majesty cried and raved again, subject to a nervous attack, and I much doubted whether she would be able to pay her visit.

The empress made an effort when approaching Saint Cloud, and succeeded in overcoming her excitement. With an impassive brow, she ascended the stairs—her imperial hosts had not come to meet her—then she passed the *petit service*, whose attire in citizen's clothes clearly demonstrated in court language the slight importance attributed to her person. Then she traversed a suite of chambers before meeting those she sought. Finally, M. de Malortie says:

Napoleon twisted his well-waxed mustachio. He entered with that waddling and balancing gait which was particular to him, trying to hide his emotion behind a rather constrained and stereotyped smile.

The first ten minutes were given to presentations, official smiles on one side, deep bowings on the other. This finished, Napoleon the Third led the two empresses into the adjoining room. Mme. del Barrio estimates the interview to have lasted about an hour, seeming to her a century. She knew that the future of her masters depended on it, and she prayed with fervor to the Almighty and to "the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe" to protect them.

Suddenly somebody began to speak very loudly in the adjoining room, and Mme. del Barrio continues:

We all looked at each other. The voice of the Empress Carlotta was perfectly distinguishable. Her majesty cried out in an irritated tone: "Truly, I should not have forgotten who you are and who I am; I should have remembered that the blood of the Bourbons runs in my veins, and not dishonor my race by humiliating myself before a Bonaparte and having anything to do with an adventurer."

This ejaculation was succeeded by a hollow noise, followed by a profound silence. A certain time elapsed, then the door was opened and the emperor appeared, his face altered, his voice hoarse. He called Mme. del Barrio, who continues:

I hurriedly went in, and found my mistress fainting on a lounge, rigid and cold as a statue. The Empress Eugénie was kneeling at her side, a bottle of eau de Cologne before her. With her beautiful little hands, she moistened the forehead of the fainting woman, and rubbed her feet and hands. With the tenderness of a sister, Empress Eugénie had undone her majesty's dress, and had even taken off her shoes and stockings, in order to rub the soles of her feet.

Thanks to their care, Empress Carlotta recovered her senses, but only for a moment; she immediately fainted again. The emperor paced the room in agitation, looking extremely annoyed at the occurrence. At last he left the room, and Mme. del Barrio ventured to ask the Empress Eugénie how it occurred. We reproduce almost entirely the answer of the sovereign:

Her majesty shook her pretty head and responded in a low voice, raising her eyes to heaven: "You know the purpose of her majesty's journey—it was for Bazine and our army. Affairs had become too serious on this side of the ocean, and the emperor is obliged to concentrate the army and to recall every last man; even the Algerian regiments have received orders to return to France. What can I say? Our hearts are bleeding, the emperor's and mine. But, unfortunately, there are cases above human desires, and we are obliged to think of France and of our son before sacrificing the blood and treasure of the empire, even to those who are most dear to us." (Her majesty sighed deeply.) "The poor empress seemed struck as if by lightning by the 'non possumus' of the emperor. She had built all her hopes on this interview, well knowing the friendly disposition of his majesty and my sincere friendship. Carlotta has pleaded her cause for over an hour with extraordinary eloquence and irrepressible logic. She has tried everything to persuade the emperor—prayers, supplications, threats. When she felt certain that she would obtain nothing, she became exasperated. The poor princess lost control over herself and finally fainted, after an explosion of indignation. . . . I can not say how much we pity her and how deeply the emperor is distressed not to be able to give her assistance."

The eyes of Empress Eugénie filled with tears. She went for a glass of water, knelt down again beside the lounge, and approached the glass to the patient's lips. At this moment the latter opened her eyelids, when, recognizing the empress, her pupils dilated, she violently upset the glass, spilling its contents on Empress Eugénie's dress, and cried out: "Go away! Go away! I am cursed, assassin! Take away your poison; go away! You have seen their abominations," she continued, clinging to the lady of honor; "they want to poison me, so as to get rid of me. Do not abandon me!"

Empress Carlotta had gone mad.

She was carried away. Everybody was in tears, even Napoleon the Third. When she was brought back to the hotel,

she fell into a kind of prostration. However, her physician had not lost all hope of recovery. She was taken to Switzerland, then to Italy. There she was much better, being calm; however, from time to time, she saw assassins everywhere.

The drama, however, was not yet at an end. It had a second act in Rome, much more frightful than the first, for the trivial and the grotesque are mixed with the horrible in most distressing manner.

One morning the empress was to attend the Pope's mass, and then to be received by His Holiness. She had seemed to be very quiet and serene during the preceding days, and nothing announced a crisis. The lady of honor was therefore surprised by her categorical refusal to abide by the etiquette of the Vatican, which demands that, to appear before the Pope, the head be covered with a mantilla instead of a bonnet. The physician of the empress shook his head when he learned of this strange caprice. The Papal mass, however, passed without any other incident than the rather disturbed looks of the Holy Father and of the prelates when they saw the bonnet.

After the ceremony, the empress was introduced to His Holiness, who was breakfasting on a cup of chocolate in his study. Pius the Ninth received her affectionately, and after a moment asked her permission to continue his repast. Mme. de Barrio says:

The poor empress made a sign of consent, and while the Pope took a piece of toast, she dipped three fingers into his cup, putting them into her mouth, crying out, "At least, this is not poisoned. Everything they give me is, and I am starving, literally I am starving to death." Alarmed by this strange conduct, His Holiness rang the bell, praying the empress to allow him to have another cup of chocolate served. "No, no," whispered her majesty: "they will know it is for me, and they will poison it. I thank you, but I prefer sharing your Holiness's cup." And she again plunged her fingers into the chocolate.

Understanding the situation, the Pope sent for a doctor. While he was writing a note, the poor mad woman drank out all his chocolate in the same manner, by sucking her fingers, then she smiled to Pius the Ninth, saying: "Your Holiness can not imagine how good this is; it is delicious to feel one's self secure from poison." Then she spoke to him of Mexican affairs with much lucidity and good sense; but the Pope, as may be easily imagined, thought only of being delivered from her presence. He insinuated that he had a council to preside over, a cardinal to receive. "Do not mind my presence," said the empress; "I am going to sit down near the window and shall not listen; but do not dismiss me just now—the assassins are waiting for me outside."

It was impossible to persuade her to leave. The Pope and Cardinal Antonelli did and said all they possibly could, but she declared she would not leave the Vatican before night, and they were obliged to yield. Pius the Ninth succeeded, not without difficulty, in stealing away—he was sick from emotion for three days—and the empress passed the day in having shown to her the rare books of the library, which she examined like a connoisseur. In the evening, after dinner, she was asked at what hour she wished her carriage. "The carriage? I need no carriage," she replied. "I shall sleep here."

The Papal Court was in consternation. Women never pass the night at the Vatican. Reasoning was tried. The empress wept, got angry, and put herself into such a state that Pius the Ninth, moved by compassion, ordered compliance with her wishes. The necessary furniture was brought into the library, and the poor princess, satisfied, went peacefully to sleep.

The following morning, when her departure was alluded to, she manifested an intention not to leave the Vatican. It required all the resources of diplomacy to persuade her to go and visit a convent in the neighborhood, where the nuns educated poor orphans. It was intended to take her back to her hotel, when coming from the convent, without consulting her.

The Pope had prepared for her an imposing reception at the orphan asylum, and the unhappy empress, flattered at being received at last with the honors due a crowned head, was visibly pleased to go over the establishment from cellar to attic, dragging behind her a number of prelates and high dignitaries. She had a graceful word for everybody, and replied very appropriately to the speech of welcome addressed to her by a cardinal. There remained but the kitchen to be visited, where the children's dinner was boiling in enormous saucepans. There her fixed idea took hold of her again—they wanted to poison her. The scene, as described by Mme. del Barrio, is atrocious:

One of the saucepans was uncovered. Her majesty suddenly plunged her arm, up to the elbow, into the boiling soup, drew from it a piece of meat, and bit into it with voracity, murmuring, "I am so hungry, and it is not probable that they have poisoned this piece of meat."

Only after having eaten the whole piece of meat, did she feel the burning of her arm. Her sleeve was ripped open. The skin was gone, the flesh fell off in ribbons. She was handicapped in the best possible manner, and, while fainting from pain, the opportunity was seized to bring her back to the hotel. On the way she recovered her senses and asked whither they were taking her. "To the Vatican," replied the physician. But all mad people are distrustful. With the band which remained uninjured, the empress raised one of the curtains, recognized the Piazza de Spagna, and became raving mad. On arriving at the hotel, it was necessary to put her in the strait-waistcoat.

Never since has she recovered her reason. Empress Carlotta does not yet know that Maximilian has been shot.

Japan is going to build up her commercial navy by giving subsidies to ship-builders for every ton above one thousand, and to ship-owners for all ships of one thousand tons that can make ten knots an hour, the subsidy being increased for every five hundred tons additional burthen or every knot additional speed.

Though the Formosan Republic of Taiwan, or Taiwanfu, was quickly suppressed, it lived long enough to issue a postage-stamp. It is green, printed from a wooden block on very thin paper.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Book of Aldrich's Poems.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has made a new and very charming book of verses by taking a few lyrics from some of his earlier books and adding to them some of his recent contributions to the magazines. It is entitled "Later Lyrics," and is a small volume of less than one hundred pages, but it is filled with gems. The readers of the *Argonaut* are familiar with its contents, for we have for years past reprinted Mr. Aldrich's verses whenever they appeared; but they are so beautiful that we reproduce a few of the shorter ones here. The first is the epigraph of the book, and has not been published before:

THE LYRIC.

I would be the Lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the Epic
Memory lets slip.
I would be the diamond
At my lady's ear,
Rather than the June-rose
Worn but once a year.

"PILLARED ARCH AND SCULPTURED TOWER."

Pillared arch and sculptured tower
Of Ilum have had their hour;
The dust of many a king is blown
On the winds from zone to zone;
Many a warrior sleeps unknown,
Time and Death hold each in thrall,
Yet is Love the lord of all;
Still does Helen's beauty stir
Because a poet sang of her!

A DEDICATION.

Take these rhymes into thy grace,
Since they are of thy begetting,
Lady, that dost make each place
Where thou art a jewel's setting.
Some such glamour lend this Book:
Let it be thy poet's wages
That henceforth thy gracious look
Lies reflected on its pages.

ANDROMEDA.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth,
Beguile me not as in the olden days;
I think more grief and heavy dwell with truth.
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her suffering than she,
The slim girl figure fettered to dark shame,
That nightly baunts the park, there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid.
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe:
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

A SERENADE.

Imp of Dreams, when she's asleep,
To her snowy chamber creep,
And straight whisper in her ear
What, awake, she will not hear—
Imp of Dreams, when she's asleep.

Tell her, so she may repent,
That no rose withholds its scent,
That no bird that has a song
Hoards the music summer-long—
Tell her, so she may repent.

Tell her there's naught else to do,
If to-morrow's skies be blue,
But to come with civil speech,
And walk with me to Hampton Beach—
Tell her there's naught else to do!
Tell her, so she may repent—
Imp of Dreams, when she's asleep!

REMINISCENCE.

Though I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies; or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's never-ending moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwise in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus-blossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem but yesterday!)
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

COMEDY.

They parted, with clasps of band
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston;
price, \$1.00.

The New Volumes of "Scribner's."

The latest two volumes of *Scribner's Magazine* contain the twelve numbers from January to December, 1895, inclusive, and constitute an almost inexhaustible fund of good reading. In fiction there are George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage," Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell," W. D. Howells's "A Circle in the Water," and Anthony Hope's "The Wheel of Love," with short stories by Frank R. Stockton, Octave Thanet, H. C. Bunner, Richard Harding Davis, Abbe Carter Goodloe, Joel Chandler Harris, and other writers of note, and the poets include John Hay, Bret Harte, Edith M. Thomas, Andrew Lang, and many others.

Robert Grant's papers on "The Art of Living" have, perhaps, been as widely read as any series of

articles in these two volumes. There are also some entertaining articles on the bicycle; on country clubs, golf, and athletic associations; on artists like Alma-Tadema, Macdonnies, and the Impressionists; on the new fad of posters in Europe and America; and on American politics by Noah Brooks. The most important series of the year, however, is Professor E. Benjamin Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States," which ended in the November number with an account of President Cleveland's career.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 a volume.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is estimated that Hall Caine will make perhaps more out of his new novel than will Mr. du Maurier, though the Messrs. Harper have paid the latter fifty thousand dollars for "The Martians." Mr. Caine will receive fifty cents a copy for every book sold, and a sale of sixty thousand copies in England is not an overestimate. Then there are the serial rights in England and America to be disposed of, the whole of the American book rights, besides the English colonies.

There is to be a new translation of "Don Quixote"—one made in America by a Harvard man, George Santayana. It is to be brought out in four thin royal-quarto volumes.

Not long before he died, Alexandre Dumas, in a letter to Paul Bourget, said that he was again working on "La Route de Thèbes," a drama begun many years before. "But I do not see the end of the way," he added, "and I fear I shall never see it. I know what I would say, but I constantly ask myself: 'What is the use of saying anything?' The words breathe a terrible weariness and discouragement, coming from a man always so earnest, and once so eager to combat what he considered the evils and injustices of modern society.

The Westminster Gazette prints the following:

"To fully appreciate the significance of some portions of the article on the late Professor Boyesen in the *Daily News*, it is necessary to recall that in an article from the pen of the late professor, published in an American magazine at the time of his death, Mr. Andrew Lang was characterized as 'the apostle of shallowness and superficiality.' 'I am aware that he published, some fifteen years ago,' wrote Professor Boyesen, 'a poem entitled "Helen of Troy," . . . a very beautiful poem; but since then Mr. Lang has degenerated into "Ballads on Books" and "Blue China."'

Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished tale, "Weir of Hermiston," is to appear first in three numbers of the new magazine, *Cosmopolis*. It will be published in book-form in the spring.

Mme. Sarah Grand has nearly finished her new novel, which she considers a stronger and more interesting work than "The Heavenly Twins." The title is not yet announced, but she describes the book as the unfolding of a life and the subject as one especially adapted for the great audience of readers of her own sex which she addressed in the former book. She prefers to have the work read without a break, and consequently has declined offers for serial publication in England and America. American publishers have competed sharply for the book rights, but the manager of Appleton's London house has purchased them.

It has been said by a friend of Thomas Hardy that Jude, the hero of his latest book, is, in some directions, a portrait of the author—not in the story of his career, of course, but in divers characteristics, and especially in some of his dislikes.

The opening paper in *Harper's Magazine* for February will be one on "The New Baltimore," by Stephen Bonsal, Jr. Hon. Theodore Roosevelt will tell the story of St. Clair's disastrous campaign a century ago, and Henry Loomis Nelson, in "The Passing of the Fur-Seal," will discuss a celebrated international dispute.

"J. S. of Dale," who has not written very much of late, is soon to publish in one of the magazines a three-part tale of romantic Boston life in the fifties. Mr. Stimson calls his story "Pirate Gold."

The first number of the new international review, *Cosmopolis*, which will be published simultaneously in seven great cities, will contain a story by Henry James, and the list of American contributors will soon be filled out. There will be four stories in the opening number, eleven general articles, and literary, dramatic, and political chroniques in English, French, and German. On the English side Andrew Lang has promised to contribute the literary, Henry Norman the political, and A. B. Walkley the dramatic chronicle. On the French side Emile Faguet has promised the literary, F. de Pressensé the political, and Jules Lemaitre the dramatic. On the German side Dr. Anton Bettelheim is to supply the literary, Dr. Paul Nathan the political, and Herr Mauthner the dramatic.

Of Kipling's "Second Jungle Book," some forty thousand copies had been sold some time ago.

Certain publishers in Chicago and New York have reprinted cheap editions of Ian Maclaren's

"Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" and flooded the market with them. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the authorized American publishers of Ian Maclaren, and have had his book copyrighted in this country; but the other publishers claim that there is some defect in the copyright—of which they have taken advantage to bring out pirated editions. The authorized publishers, however, have brought suit, not only against the publishers of the books, but the booksellers who have sold them. In the meantime, they have brought out a cheap edition, handsomely printed from new plates, prettily bound, and altogether charming, which they sell to the trade for ten cents a copy.

It may be that the prize of ten thousand dollars he has won from the *Herald* will entice Julian Hawthorne back to civilization from his romantic, but not altogether satisfactory, home in Jamaica. He went there about two years ago in search of the Sargasso Sea and the vivid local color that invests everything around the Spanish Main.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is now writing a play for Irving and Terry, having been inspired to that action by the success of her "Journies End in Lovers Meeting," in which Miss Terry has acted. Mrs. Craigie says that it comes natural to her to write plays, as she has always been interested in the stage, and that a great many actresses, including Modjeska and Sarah Bernhardt, have said that, judging from her books, she would be able to turn out strong dramas.

The second edition of the Christmas (December) number of *Harper's Magazine* has been exhausted, and a third edition has been ordered.

Eugene Field's last prose works—"The House," which is a quaintly humorous account of his home building, and the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," both of which were published serially in the *Chicago Record*—have been purchased by Scribners for one thousand dollars each and a good royalty, and will soon appear in book-form.

Mr. Watts's memoir of Rossetti will never appear, and the full truth about his life will probably never be told in print. It was told by William Bell Scott in manuscript, and in the printed version there are approaches to the facts. No doubt, however, they are better left in silence. W. M. Rossetti's collection of his brother's letters contains no reference to these matters.

The table of contents of *St. Nicholas* for February is as follows:

"A Christmas White Elephant"—concluded, by W. A. Wilson; "Letters to a Boy"—II., by Robert Louis Stevenson; "Sindhud, Smith & Co."—chapters I., II., III., by Albert Stearns; "The Prize Cup"—chapters XI., XII., XIII., XIV., by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Magic Turquoise," by F. H. Lungen; "Betty Leicester's English Christmas"—Part II., by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The Swordmaker's Son"—chapters V., VI., by William O. Stoddard; "A Postal-Card Race Around the World," by Christopher Valentine; "Teddy and Carrots"—chapter XIII., by James Otis; "How Denise and Ned Toodles Became Acquainted," by Gabrielle E. Jackson; "The Story of a Life-Saving Station," by Teresa A. Brown; verses by various hands; and the departments.

Dumas *filis* refused to become a member of the French Academy, because it had not honored his father; but after the latter's death, he did join. Zola is, of course, a candidate for the now vacant chair, and it looks as if he would get it this time, for he and Alphonse Daudet are far and away the most prominent men of letters outside the Academy, and Daudet will not be a candidate.

William Morris's new edition of Chaucer, printed at the Kelmscott Press, is one of the dearest books ever published. The copies on vellum cost 120 guineas (\$600) each. An edition of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," to be issued in eight volumes, will cost \$285.

Aubrey Beardsley has written a romantic novel. He calls it "Under the Hill," and proposes to publish it in the new magazine, the *Savoy*. He has also written a poem for the same periodical.

The seventh and concluding volume of the Duc d'Aumale's "Histoire des Princes de Condé" is nearly ready for publication. It does not go beyond the seventeenth century. The work has occupied its author for more than thirty years, and caused him much trouble in its early stages. The first volume was seized by the police, the empire being extremely jealous of the prestige of the Orleans princes.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has been somewhat annoyed at seeing certain verses, called "The Ideal Husband," printed in a large number of newspapers over his name. He declares that he is not their author, and adds that it gives him great pleasure to say it.

Like Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy began his career as an architect, and wrote two unsuccessful novels before he made literature his profession. One of these earlier efforts, written when he was thirty-one, was "Under the Greenwood Tree," which grew in popular favor after the novelist had become famous. Mr. Hardy is not physically a robust man, and his skin is sallow and his manner listless. He lives in Dorsetshire, in a country house that he planned and partly built himself.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Novelette by "Q."

"Ia," by "Q" (Arthur Quiller-Couch), is a love-story of a Cornish fishing village. It is not long, only a novelette, indeed, but it goes to prove that "Q" is preëminently a short-story writer. There is a vivid outdoor atmosphere in the book and the tang of the salt sea-breeze is in the air; but it is, nevertheless, much inferior to the remarkably strong short stories produced by this writer in the past. Ia is an ardent maid who woos the new minister with such vigor that he succumbs and allows himself to be led astray. She is loyal to her lover and stoically refuses to reveal his identity; but we can scarcely blame the villagers for being scandalized and turning their backs on her. There is little in the book of the weird strain peculiar to the writer, and we miss some of the force and cohesiveness of style that he has accustomed us to.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Dr. Shaw's "Municipal Governments."

Dr. Albert Shaw, the American editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has followed his "Municipal Government in Great Britain" with a supplementary volume on "Municipal Government in Continental Europe." Coming out at the beginning of the present general movement for reform in our municipal governments, Dr. Shaw's first book was read with unusual interest, and has now reached its third edition, and the new volume deserves a like popularity.

It begins with an exhaustive paper on "Paris: The Typical Modern City," whose influence on the outward form of European cities is to be observed, Dr. Shaw tells us, "whether one goes to the Low Countries and Scandioavia, to Switzerland and Italy, or to Germany and Austro-Hungary." Then follow "The French Municipal System," "The Systems of Belgium, Holland, and Spain," "Recent Progress of Italian Cities," "The Framework of German City Government," "Municipal Functions in Germany," "The Free City of Hamburg and its Sanitary Reforms," "The Transformation of Vienna," and "Budapest: The Rise of a New Metropolis," followed by appendices, in which are given the budgets of Paris and Berlin and the French municipal code. A careful index brings the volume to a close.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A Set of Uncanny Tales.

A remarkable series of tales is Arthur Machen's "Three Impostors." It is modeled a good deal after Stevenson's "Second Arabian Nights." The connecting link which binds the stories together, elusive at first, proves to be the pursuit of a victim whose horrible death closes the volume. He is a member of an evil gang whose revolting deeds are dimly hinted at, and, as in the Suicide Club, death is the only way of escape from the band. Known throughout as "the young man in spectacles," this unfortunate is hunted down by the "three impostors," who figure in the stories under a variety of aliases.

There is power of a peculiar kind in the book—a singular quality of morbid imagination which is able to call up all sorts of horrors that do not make pleasant reading. The plan adopted of working out the story is too complicated to be altogether commendable, but the style is excellent in its command of terse and vigorous English.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

An English Tale of Two Sisters.

Mrs. Oliphant holds to early traditions, and continues to produce novels of three-volume length, abundantly padded out with placid philosophizings. "Old Mr. Tredgold" is in her usual leisurely vein, and displays the same qualities of shrewd and kindly humor and skill in portraying quiet English life which have won her the favor of the passing generation.

It is a story of two sisters, the daughters of a wealthy father. One is dashing and lively; she holds the stage until she makes a runaway match and goes to India. Then the quiet elder, who has always taken the secondary position, steps to the front and plays the part of heroine. The surprise of the story lies in the will made by the father of the two.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Educational Works.

Among the new school-books lately issued are "Stories for Children," by Mrs. Charles Lane (25 cents); "Stories of Great Americans" (40 cents) and "Stories of American Life and Adventure" (50 cents), by Edward Eggleston; "Fairy Stories and Fables" (35 cents) and "Old Greek Stories" (45 cents), by James Baldwin, in the Eclectic School Readings; Shakespeare's "As You Like It" (20 cents) and "Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield'" (35 cents), in the Eclectic English Classics; "Contes et Légendes," by H. A. Guerber, seconde partie (60 cents), and "The Academic French Course," by Antoine Muzzarelli (\$1.00); "Bilder aus der

Deutschen Litteratur," by J. Keller (75 cents), "Herr Omnia," by Seidel, edited by J. Mathewman (25 cents), and "Traomercien au Französischen Kaminen," by R. von Volkmann-Leander, edited by Amalie Hanstein (35 cents); a "School Zoology," by Margaretta Burnet (75 cents), and "Elementary Lessons in Zoology," by James G. Needham (90 cents); "Elements of Geometry, Plane and Solid," by John Macine (\$1.25); "The First Greek Book," by Clarence W. Gleason and Caroline Stone Atherton (\$1.00), and "Latin Lessons for Beginners," by E. W. Coy (\$1.00); "Stories from Aulus Gellius," edited for sight-reading by Charles Knapp (30 cents); and "The Lives of Cornelius Nepos," edited by Thomas B. Lindsay (\$1.00).

Published by the American Book Company, New York.

New Publications.

"A Child of Tuscany," by Margaret Bouvet, a pretty story of an Italian child's life in Florence, has been published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The White Prior," a story of a family mystery, by Fergus Hume, who wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," is published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"The Nawab of Singapore," by St. George Rathborne; and "Richard Forrest, Bachelor," by Clement R. Marley, have been issued in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Wish," a novel by Hermann Sudermann, and "The Big Bow Mystery," a detective story by I. Zangwill, have been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents each.

"Cherryfield Hall: An Episode in the Career of an Adventuress," by Frederic Henry Balfour (Ross George Dering), has been issued in the Hudson Library published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Daughter of the King," by "Alien," is a story written in answer to "The Story of an African Farm": it presents a picture of the wedded state without love, and shows the sufferings of women who leave the beaten path. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Patricia," by Marie St. Felix, is a sequel to "Two Bad Brown Eyes." Like its predecessor, it attempts to paint the lives of men and women who have much money and no morals. Such a story might be interesting, but "Patricia" is merely dull and vulgar. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Beetzen Maor," a story of German life illustrating the fact that men permit themselves all kinds of little deviations, but the women of their station may not do so, has been translated from the German of W. Heimburg by Elise Lathrop, and is issued in the Authors' Library published by the International News Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Daily Staff for Life's Pathway," selected and arranged by Mrs. C. S. Derose, is a little book in which a Biblical text and a few appropriate lines from the poets, novelists, philosophers, and ecclesiastical writers are quoted for each day in the year. There is an index of authors quoted at the end of the book. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Among the Pueblo Indians," by Carl Eickmeyer and Lilian Westcott Eickmeyer, contains four papers describing the authors' observations of the aborigines of New Mexico, entitled "To Ildefonso," "Five Days in Cochiti," "Life at Santo Domingo," and "Taos." The book is copiously illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the authors. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Track of a Storm," by Owen Hall, is an unlikely tale of self-sacrifice. A youth is arrested for murder and highway robbery committed by his twin brother, and, rather than let the truth be known, he allows himself to be tried and transported as a convict. The book is reminiscent of Wilkie Collins in the manner of telling, the story being taken up and told in turn by various people. There is no lack of incident, and much of the convict's Australian experiences are interesting. The story, however, does not gain by having the same ground gone over in turn by the eccentric banker and the hero, the Scotch surgeon and the heroine. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"In the Sanctuary," by A. Van der Naillen, has been issued as the initial volume of the California Authors' Series. It is a sequel to "On the Heights of Himalay," which was published some two years ago, and attracted much attention, especially in England. It was the story of a French prince who, being disappointed in love, joined the Church of Rome and, while a missionary in India, was admitted into the order of the Himalayan Brotherhood. In this second book, the priest, now an archbishop, is admitted to the highest order and becomes the European Magus, the successor of the

greatest of the three wise men whom the mystic star guided to the manger where Christ lay. Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.


Tales of the Covenanters are still in vogue. "Anne of Argyle," by George Eyre-Todd, is a novel dealing with historical characters of that epoch. The Merry Monarch appears as a youth of twenty, some years before the Restoration. He is urged by the ambitious Marquis of Argyle to take to wife his daughter, the Lady Anne Campbell. She is, however, carried off instead by her lover, young Montrose, with the connivance of his royal master. The book does not come into competition with Crockett's stirring tales. It is smooth and flowing but formal in style, and it has not the vividness of the present-day romance writers. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Gypsy Christ," by William Sharp, is a volume of short stories of unusual merit. The title story is a mystical one, whose theme is the old superstition of a curse resting on gypsies since the day of the crucifixion. The descendants of Kundry who mocked at Christ on Calvary appear, and the curse is worked out on them in this sombre tale. One of the most striking stories is called "The Coward." It is an incident of the French war in Algiers. The scene where the French soldiers, inflamed with rage and thirsting for bloodshed, are held back from attacking the taunting Arabs by their colonel's command, is a most stirring one. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"The Minute-Man on the Frontier," by the Rev. William G. Puddefoot, contains a series of papers on such aspects of American backwoods life as "The Immigrant on the Frontier," "Saturday Afternoon in the South," "The Northwest," "A Broad New Woods Village," "Cockle, Chess, and Wheat," "A Trip in Northern Michigan," "The Minute Man in the Miner's Camp," "The Frontier of the Southwest," "The Dangerous Native Classes," "Injeanny vs. Heaven," and "The Latest Frontier—Oklahoma." Mr. Puddefoot has lived the life of a frontier missionary, and in this book he has made a valuable record of certain social conditions that are rapidly passing away. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Sin-Eater," by Fiona Macleod, is a book of wild, fanciful tales of the Western Isles. The Celtic myths and superstitions of past days are clothed in language of poetic beauty and told with fire and passion. The stories read like old legends that might be in the very words the minstrels sang. Even the modern tales have a ring of their own which makes them distinct from the literature of any other race. The book is deeply sombre, full of fatalism, and with a curious sort of fanatic reveling in gloom. It is not evenly good, and is here and there overcharged with words, and hyperbolic to the verge of affectation. But it is remarkable and individual, and touched with the spirit of primitive poetry. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

The latest complaint against the practice of selling uncut books comes from the bacteriologists, who assert that the rough edges of pages cut by hand make snug nests for disease germs.



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now ready on every news-stand, will give you an idea of what a year of ST. NICHOLAS means. Here are Robert Louis Stevenson's delightful "Letters to a Boy," with pictures of Stevenson's Samoan home; first chapters of a new serial, "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," which will be enjoyed by young and old together; a report of a remarkable prize-competition offered in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS for the correction of a misspelled poem, to which ten thousand answers were received, etc., etc.

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The Century Co., Union Square, New York.



With the ending of the year comes the balancing of the theatrical books throughout the country. Each of the great cities has its plaint to make or its success to announce. The unaccountable vagaries of popular taste receive their passing word of melancholy comment. The tendency of the dramatic fancies of the day are read from the box-office receipts.

While Chicago lifts up its note of dole, and says nothing has gone well with it, New York has a fine operatic season to plume itself upon. Yet New York has had to admit that Sir Henry Irving did a poor business. Public taste in the Empire City is a frightfully unstable thing. There the foreign artist learns in time to know that in the United States novelty means success, and when novelty ceases to be, then success will fold its tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away to the camp of the new-comer who has just landed from a foreign shore. Let Yvette Guilbert gather the dollars while she may; lightning does not strike twice in the same place in this country.

Far out here on the ragged edge of things, we scan the dramatic horizon and wonder what ships are coming our way. The great ships, that come majestically sailing from foreign ports, no longer care to lengthen their journey out to this remote spot. There has been a fine gathering of dramatic stars in the East this year, but they seldom now follow the star of empire farther west than Chicago. It costs a great deal to get here, and when they do get here, there is no proper theatre for them to act in. During the past year, not one great star has crossed the continent to San Francisco. Time was when they all came here, operatic and dramatic. Since last January, New York has boasted every form of foreign theatrical attraction, from a French pantomime to the finest grand-opera company in the world, but we, on the sunny slopes of the Pacific, got not one glimpse of any of them. We did not expect grand opera—that is the sort of thing which is too good to come to pass—but we thought Miss Nethersole, for example, might be lured here for two weeks or so, or even Sir Henry Irving, mindful of the splendid engagement he played here once before, might have been induced to repeat the experiment. But our hopes were never realized. Like Sidonie, on her first reception day, we sat at home waiting all afternoon, and nobody came.

The year here shows but little that is remarkable. It seems to have run more to musical entertainments, comic operas, and extravaganzas than to anything else. During the end of it, there has been a surfeit of this form of performance. In four months Pauline Hall, "The Passing Show," De Wolf Hopper, and Rice's Extravaganza have appeared at the Baldwin. There are a large number of people who like this kind of show, patronize it, pay for seats, applaud, and go home in a soothed and happy frame of mind. For them the extravaganza and musical farce should appear at intervals. But a perpetual round of this sort of thing is rather hard on those patrons of the theatre who like a little sense in their plays.

The drama with the human interest—the love, the hate, the sorrow, the joy of human life in it—seems still to be the drama of the people. Probably the success of the year at the Baldwin was Paul Pnter's "Trilby," a poor dramatization of a charming book. It would be difficult to say whether the success of "Trilby" was a *succès d'occasion*, or whether there was still enough sentiment left in the story of the artist's model and the three musketeers of the brush to appeal to that craving for the romantic that lurks in the heart of the most prosaic individual. As a reproduction of the sentiment of the book, the play was absurd; as a story of love, and disappointment, and death, the drama, vulgarly portrayed as it was, had its merit and held its audience. Before the appearance of "Trilby," John Drew and the Lyceum Company played two long engagements at the same theatre. These were the three star engagements of the year, unless one might, perhaps, add the performances of the Tavery Opera Company in January, in which a worn-out prima donna headed a troupe of very creditable singers and gave some good performances of the lighter Italian operas.

The absence of native and foreign stars was one of the noticeable points of the year. Marie Burroughs, who played in the spring, might be cited as the former, but "The Gaiety Girl," though it had several good-looking Englishwomen in the company, is hardly to be brought up as an example of a first-class English production. Since the middle of the summer, John Drew is the only

actor who has been here who by the most elastic use of the word could be termed a star.

The most notable event of the San Francisco dramatic year is the rise of the Columbia Theatre from its ashes. This little play-house, over which there seemed until lately to be hanging a ban, has modestly and quietly risen to a position of popularity. The engagement of the Frawley Company was surprisingly successful, and the fresh, if amateurish, brightness and spontaneity of the players made them attractive to audiences that were used to the even excellence of more polished actors. The enterprise shown by this company in the constant change of bill and the continual additions made to the troupe, recommended it still more highly to the public, which is always ready to approve that quality vulgarly known as "git up and git."

Enterprise in other ways has marked the return to life of the Powell Street playhouse. In the summer it collected a company, some of whom bore well-known names, and opened an ambitious season with a most creditable performance of "Twelfth Night." Through it also the public has made the acquaintance of three young Californian actresses of great promise—Margaret Craven, Maud Winter, and Blanche Bates. Outside such acknowledged artists as Maud Adams, Miss Cayvan, Isabel Irving, and leading ladies of that distinction, this trio of Californians gives promise of as successful histrionic development as any we have so far seen. Of the three, Maud Winter, who is said to be a Columbia Theatre discovery, seems to show the most originality and sureness of insight. Miss Bates is a pupil of the local stage; while Miss Craven has had a fine training with the Frohman Company.

Of the new plays given here during the year, the most remarkable were "Trilby," as a matter of popular debate, and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," as the ambitious work of a celebrated playwright. "The Gaiety Girl" was a good example of that cross between a farce, an extravaganza, and a variety show which is just now so popular in England, and at which, in the form of "The Shap Girl," the gorge of New York recently rose. "The Case of Rebellious Susan" is the most up-to-date, daring, and pretentious drama presented here during the year. Like all of Jones's plays, it treats a modern subject in a modern way, and was refreshingly brilliant and well-versed, whatever might be urged against the moral involved. The other new play of the same author, "The Bauble Shop," was more a story piece, and did not introduce so much of the social-problem side of things. It did, however, introduce John Drew in the serious and more ambitious class of character for which he is so much better fitted than for the acting of college boys and juvenile scapegraces.

The English drawing-room drama of the moment was represented by two plays of Oscar Wilde—"The Ideal Husband" and "A Woman of No Importance"—at the Baldwin and the Columbia. The former, well played by the Lyceum Company, was a fairly interesting and well-knit piece of its class; the latter was very hectic and old-fashioned, with a strong flavor of tear-bedewed melodrama about it. Pinero's "Profligate" was presented by Marie Burroughs, and proved a frantically high-wrought, weepy play, full of sentiment and sin, and showing Pinero in a crude stage before the studies of Tanquerays and Ebsmiths had taught him the value of dramatic subtlety and restraint. Miss Burroughs also contributed one of the few performances of the classic drama that the year shows, giving a trial attempt at Juliet. Warde and James, in their February engagement, played part of "Henry IV.," which showed great enterprise and daring, as the character of Falstaff has proved beyond the skill of most actors.

Farce-comedy and light comedy had many representations. John Drew produced Henry Guy Carlton's new piece, "That Imprudent Young Couple," and found it dragged and was pronounced long-winded and foolish. "Too Much Johnson," an adaptation by Gillette, was clever, but farcical to the point of rictus boisterousness. Few serious importations from France appeared during the whole year. The popularity of the French drawing-room drama, unless interpreted by some beautiful actress incased in still more beautiful clothes, is rapidly dying out. "Helena," an old play of Sardou's, was given a first Californian representation by the two Downings at the California Theatre. This was almost the only new French piece of the melodramatic order given in the city throughout the year.

For '96 we make our request to the management of the local stage: Give us less extravaganza and fewer singing people who are voiceless, and charmless, and witless. Give us a few stars; if foreign ones refuse to trust themselves to the wild and woolly savages of the far West, try to beguile the domestic ones to venture this way. Give us some good plays that are stories about human creatures—real people who suffer, and laugh, and live, and die. We have got so desperate for story-plays that have plots and *dénouements* that we will accept "The Charity Ball" and "The Wife" without a murmur, and welcome "Camille" as if we had never seen her before in our lives.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

ENGLAND'S NEW POET-LAUREATE.

The long-delayed announcement of Alfred Austin's appointment as poet-laureate has at length been made. Mr. Austin was born in 1837, and early evinced an inclination for literature, but it is generally conceded that it is his services to the Conservative party, rather than his poetic gift, that gained him this distinction.

Mr. Austin's best productions as a poet appeared between 1881 and 1890, and include "The Human Tragedy," "The Golden Age," "Savonarola," a tragedy, and "The Tower of Babel." He has also written three novels. His best work has been done as a journalist and political writer on the London *Standard* and the *National Review*.

Mr. Austin has been singularly disregarded—singularly for a poet worthy of being made laureate—by the compilers of anthologies. In only one of a dozen such books, compiled in England and America, do we find him quoted, and that is "Latter-Day Lyrics," edited by the late W. Davenport Adams, in which are given the following:

SWEET LOVE IS DEAD.

Sweet love is dead:
Where shall we hurry him?
In a green heath,
With no stone at his head,
And no tears nor prayers to worry him.

Do you think he will sleep
Dreamless and quiet?
Yes, if we keep
Silence, nor weep
O'er the grave where the ground-worms riot.

By his tomb let us part;
But hark! he is waking;
He hath winged a dart,
And the mock-cold heart
With the woe of want is aching.

Feign we no more
Sweet Love lies breathless;
All we forswore
Be as before!
Death may die, but Love is deathless.

SERENADE.

Sleep, lady fair!
Oh, but thy couch should be
The fleeciest clondrel of the summer air,
The softest billow of the summer sea—
Or that unforsaken rest
I keep warm in my true breast,
For thee, for thee!

Dream, lady sweet!
The moon and planets bright
Now thread thy slumbers with unsounding feet,
Now drench thy fancies with unshaped delight:
As my spirit fain would steep
Thine, when only half asleep,
This night, this night!

Wake, lady mine!
See! I am awake the flowers,
Their opening cups bright tipped with dewy wine,
And, hushed on song, the moist lark trills and towers.
Wake! If thou must be away
Nightly, let at least the day
Be ours, be ours!

Judging by these two specimens, one does not form a very high opinion of the new poet-laureate.

—THE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS for ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public view.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Marie Wainwright at the Baldwin.

Marie Wainwright, who gave such a pretty performance of "Twelfth Night" at the California a couple of years ago, is to be seen in a very different play next Monday night, when she begins her engagement at the Baldwin Theatre. It is "Daughters of Eve," by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus, and in it she has the dual rôle of two sisters of opposite traits and morals. Barton Hill plays the part of the father, and other persons in the cast are Nathaniel Hartwig, Hattie Russell, Gertrude Elliott, Jane Holly, Dorothy Thornton, Joseph Zahner, Geoffrey Stein, and Fulton Russell, Jr.

Miss Wainwright's engagement will last only two weeks, "Daughters of Eve" filling the first, and the second being devoted to "The Love Chase," "Ao Unequal Match," "As You Like It," and "Camille."

The Return of the Frawley Company.

The Frawley Company, which played one of the most popular engagements that the Columbia Theatre has known under the present successful management, will return to that pretty theatre on Monday night, presenting Henry C. de Mille's dramatic play, "The Lost Paradise," which will constitute the bill for the first week. The company is but little changed. Walter Bellows, the most notable of the oew people, was stage-manager of the Lyceum Company for six years, and has the same office in this organization. Among the others in the company are T. Daniel Frawley, Belle Archer, Blanche Bates, Hope Ross, Lansing Rowan, Phosha McAllister, Jenno Kennard, Charles W. King, Maclyn Arbuckle, George Leslie, H. D. Blackmore, and Little Mildred.

The second week will be a "request repertoire" week, including "The Arabian Nights," "Naocys and Co.," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "The Jilt." "Moths" will be given all the following week, and a week of "Meo and Womeo" will conclude the engagement.

Louis James at the California Theatre.

The California Theatre is to witness a revival of the legitimate drama, next Monday night, when Louis James begins his two weeks' engagement there. Sheridan Koowles's famous tragedy, "Virginus," which has not lost its interest to all these years since Macready produced it in 1820, is to be given on Monday night, and it will be repeated on Tuesday and Sunday nights and Saturday afternoon. On Wednesday and Thursday nights, Mr. James will be seen as the melancholy Daao, and "Macbeth" will be presented on Friday and Saturday nights.

Alma Kruger is the leading lady in Mr. James's company, and other well-known players in the troupe are Guy Lindsley, William Harris, Collin Kemper, and Harry Langdon.

An Old-Time Melodrama.

"The Fugitive," which is to be given at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week, is a melodrama of the old school, full of ringing speeches and thrilling climaxes. The hero is a devil-may-care young fellow who is wrongly accused of crime, and he has a particularly hard time establishing his innocence to all except the beautiful heroine, whose love remains unchanged despite the persecutions of the wealthy villain and his hirelings.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Jack Levitt, H. Coulter Brinker; Squire Stollery, Fred J. Butler; Mr. Malvoo, J. Harry Benrimo; Jasper Raleigh, A. C. Henderson; Crackles, Charles W. Swain; Corderoy, Charles E. Lottian; Silas, George Nichols; Sergeant, Edward Browning; Hester Malvon, Maud Edna Hall; Ruth Raleigh, Julia Blanc; Jennie Kidger, Florence Thropp.

The Tivoli's New Success.

"Ixion; or, The Man of the Wheel" is apparently up for one of the phenomenal runs that the Tivoli scores every now and then. Almost every night through the week there has been a big mao in the lobby calling out in a stentorian voice the chilling words "Standing room only—get in line there, please, gents," and the advance sale of seats has been something unusual.

Consequently the piece is to be continued next week and as long as it remains so popular. But it will not be quite the same, for what they call a new edition will be presented on Monday night, the new differing from the old in the interpolation of new songs and specialties.

Bill Nye's Play.

M. B. Curtis was put out of the theatre during the performance of "A Stag Party" in New York, a few nights ago. This is the play Paul M. Potter and Bill Nye wrote in collusion, and Mr. Curtis hissed persistently because he was of the opinion that most of the songs and "business" of "A Stag Party" were stolen from "Gentleman Joe," an English play of which he owns the American rights. It would seem to be bad policy in Mr. Curtis to discredit songs and "business" he intends using next Monday night when he produces "Gentleman Joe" in New York; but, perhaps, they really deserve hissing. At any rate, "A Stag Party" does not seem to be a howling success. It is a farce.

comedy based on the adventures of a hunting party in the Adirondacks, and Louis Harrison and Marie Dressler are the chief fun-makers. The latter's songs are said to be decidedly vulgar.

Notes.

"In Old Kentucky" will be seen again at the California Theatre next month.

Dorothea Baird, the London portrayer of Trilby, is said to be engaged to Sir Henry Irving's eldest son.

Augustin Daly's latest play, "The Transit of Leo," was a failure in New York, and was withdrawn before the end of the week.

Paul Potter has gone to Paris for A. M. Palmer to make arrangement for the production of "Trilby" in France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Italy, and Austria.

Olga Nethersole, the English actress, has just produced a dramatic version of "Carmeo" in New York. It is, like Bizet's opera, based on Merrimée's story, but it is so constructed as to bring the rôle of the cigarette-girl into the greatest possible prominence.

The weekly salary list of Charles Frohman's companies, which include 408 players, foots up \$21,326. There is a large corps of extra people in addition. Without taking them into calculation, Mr. Frohman pays his actors and actresses over \$1,000,000 a year.

Miss Vera Beringer, the first Little Lord Fauntleroy in London, has grown up and is to appear soon as Juliet to the Romeo of her sister, Miss Esme Beringer. It is the first time that two sisters have acted in these parts since the days of Charlotte Cushman, half a century ago.

Clara Lane, the pretty little singer who used to be in W. T. Carleton's company, almost created a panic in a Boston theatre recently. She was singing Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," and set fire to her night-dress in the disrobing scene. Fortunately, it was put out before any serious harm was done.

John Hare, from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, is now in New York, showing the denizens how "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" should be played. The most notable members of his company are Julia Arthur and Fred Terry, a clever member of the well-known theatrical family of that name.

Hoyt's base-ball play is not admired by the *Evening Sun's* critic, nor is Captain Anson as an actor. He says of the latter:

"Through three acts, Captain Anson relies on the immaculate crease in his trousers to carry him through. In the fourth act, however, he begins to play ball, and then Captain Anson suddenly develops into a great actor. Perhaps it is unfair to compare Captain Anson with other actors just yet, but it may be stated that he parts his hair more artistically than Mr. Corbett does, his art is a little smaller round the waist than John L. Sullivan's is, and he speaks his lines just a little bit louder than Mlle. Pilar-Morio spoke hers in the pantomime, 'L'Enfant Prodigue.'"

COMMUNICATIONS.

Grant Did Not.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 29, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is it a fact that Chauncey Depew kissed the Pope's toe? Did Grant?

Yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

Tempered with Too Much Mercy.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A few years since, I wrote to the editor of the *Argonaut* giving a history of two men who, just before their discharge from the House of Correction, planned a number of robberies, having manufactured a bludgeon by running a cast of lead in a piece of rubber hose; how these men were arrested and, when they came before Judge Daingerfield, how the party who assaulted John Tieck on the corner of Post and Jones plead guilty and was sentenced to two or three years in prison for the offense; and how Judge Daingerfield, having been remonstrated with for such a trifling punishment, replied, saying that he had found mild punishments more salutary than severe ones.

John Tieck has since died, and the terrible injury he received from this miscarriage was probably the cause of his death. The criminal has recently been discharged from prison, and immediately hunted for John Tieck. On learning that he was dead, he said: "Lucky for him, as I intended to kill him."

Judge Daingerfield may learn that mild punishment for such wretches is not salutary. M. D.

A Christmas Cantata.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A performance of that clever play, "The Land of Nod," originally written for St. Nicholas, was given New-Year's Eve by the Sunday-school children of Grace Church. Miss Virginia Gibbs, assisted by Miss Neilson, had charge of the production. The writer was indebted to one of the boys of Miss Gibbs's class, all of whom are very loyal to their teacher, for an invitation to attend. The hall was so crowded that in order to see he had to stand upon a chair with his back against a blackboard, from which he unconsciously carried away certain precepts which he hopes will be of service to him in the new year.

The King of the Realm of Dreams appeared to the stirring strains of a march played upon the piano. Preceded by his standard-bearer and followed by two pages upholding his train, he strode majestically to his throne, and there, in a right bold and kingly song, announced his identity. Having seated himself, one of the pages hastily drew the ermine robes about his knees, not (as

some unaccustomed to court etiquette would suppose) because there was a hole in the royal stocking, but because it was the duty assigned that page, and he performed it conscientiously.

Jack o' Dreams and the Sand Man spoke out their parts with a confidence and vivacity that made it a pleasure to hear them. Their production of two wagon-loads of "sleepy-heads"—three little boys and three little girls costumed in night-gowns—was quite delightful. One of these curly-pated cherubs accidentally rolled off the pallet on which he had been carefully deposited, but, to the admiration of the audience, out a sign of a smile or so much as the tremor of an eyelid was elicited by the laughter which greeted the mishap, and he continued fast asleep until replaced on his bed by the attendants. This was artistic. Sir Henry Irving could not have done better, and it speaks in high praise of the training given the children by the young ladies. It was also noticed that the monarch did not once forget his dignity by offering assistance at any of these crises, but set his pages to do the work in a manner that besecmed a king.

The weaving song of the Dream Sprites was graceful, while the apparition of the goblin attendant upon an over-indulgence in plum-cake, and the other goblin who prods the consciences of children who disobey their parents, was properly dreadful. Dame Fortune, too, was classical, Murther Hubbard quaint, and the Queen of Dollies bright and laughing, as the Queen of Dollies should be. When the latter forgot her lines, she just swallowed once or twice, smiled at the audience, and remembered them immediately. The subsequent disappearance of the court at the breaking of dawn, and the awakening of the six little Sleepy-Heads in voluble wonderment at their remarkable dream, was prettily realistic.

The play was followed by a Christmas-tree and a distribution of gifts by Santa Claus. After which fifty little sleepy-heads were sent happily home, well equipped, let us hope, for hattle with the trials of the new year. X.

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Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

VANITY FAIR.

There would seem to be some slight falling off in the bicycle fever in San Francisco. That is probably due to the weather, for although we have no snow here, we have rain, and occasional rains will keep the roads muddy for weeks together. But in other parts of the world there is no pause in the craze. In New York the bicycle clubs have begun wheeling indoors. In London they also wheel in rinks, and there is much wheeling done in Southern Europe, along the Riviera, and around Cairo. It is not uncommon for people at Cairo to wheel to the Pyramids and back. What an idea—going to the Pyramids on a bicycle! The London papers still talk of ladies of title taking up the wheel, and the one who attracts the most attention there is Lady Warwick. She rides on a white bicycle, and wears a white coat, a white skirt, white toque, white gloves, white boots, white gaiters, and doubtless white—but never mind. The crack riders, like Miss Muriel Wilson, delight in riding with their hands off the handle-bars, and her favorite pose is to whirl by with her left hand in her jacket-pocket and her right hand holding up a crimson parasol.

A paragraph in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* speaks of the pleasant reform which has overtaken the breakfast-table. It refers to the fact that nowadays people are not expected to bounce out of bed at an early hour when a bell is rung, half awake, and dress themselves hurriedly, and, at the sound of a second bell, assemble in the breakfast-room. According to the new way, the children are given their breakfast at what is deemed the proper hour, and then the table is left in readiness, so far as the silver, and china, and glass are concerned. People serve themselves to milk, fruit, and bread and butter, the water is left over the spirit-lamp, tea is ready to be drawn, and if they wish coffee or anything else they ring for it. This reform leads to another advantage, which is, that it will encourage people in eating light breakfasts, instead of going through those marvelous concoctions of steaks, chops, omelettes, ham and eggs, and buckwheat cakes, which make up the "American breakfast." But the main point in favor of it is that people are not forced at an hour when they are not in a good humor to be conversational when they would rather be silent.

In a recent issue of an Eastern journal, a lady, who carefully conceals her name, writes an article on "Match-making as a parental duty." She says that American parents seem to think that their children will stumble into matrimony without help or guidance. She doubts this, and thinks that parents are bound to arrange for the future welfare of their children. She gives several striking instances. One is of an elderly couple who had lived for many years together, and had led an idyllic existence. They had children and grandchildren, and a little granddaughter one day, while rummaging in a garret, found a packet of letters, which she handed to her grandfather. As he opened and read them, the tears came to his eyes, and he handed them to his wife. She found that they were letters between their respective families, which had passed for a period of five months, marked "private," and sealed. Their match had been arranged without their knowledge, although the young people imagined that they had fallen in love with one another entirely uninterfered with. As she read the letters, the old couple tenderly exchanged kisses, with no one but the abashed granddaughter to see. This old couple had no daughters, but three sons. They did not exercise the same care that their parents had, and allowed their sons to marry as they deemed best. The eldest, a man of brains, but of an unsuspicious temperament, was captured by a vulture of a woman, who made his whole life both worthless and wretched. The second son, fortunately for himself, was steered by an elderly friend into a marriage with one of the best of her sex. The third son passed through life alone, and died an old bachelor, because his studies in his profession were of such an engrossing nature that he rarely met with women. It was the daughter of the second son who, as a child, brought the packet of letters to light. Years afterward, as her parents neglected the duty of seeing to her marriage, she made her own arrangements. She married a man who was unfitted for her in every way, who turned out to be a drunkard and a ruffian, and he finally released her by committing bigamy and thus enabling her to get a divorce. Whether this lady who writes over the signature of "An Observing Woman" proves her theory or not, she certainly makes out a strong case.

The head of the hosiery department of a big New York dry-goods store says that there has been a very large number of tights sold this year. She does not mean by this ballet-dancers' tights, but tights to be worn by women instead of union undergarments, and in order to dispense with underskirts. She says that they have sold many suits of tights for stout women, and that they sell equestrian tights, tights for bicycling, tights for skating, and all outdoor sports, chiefly because they are warm, and because they are better than long hose, which

are liable to wrinkle, even under leggings. The silk ones, she says, are warmer than wool, although that is doubtful. Cotton and woolen ones come as low as one dollar, but five to fifteen dollars, according to the quality, is the average price for silk tights. Black is the color mostly sold. This saleswoman says that she can always tell a woman who wears tights by the way her skirts hang and by her walk.

A writer in a London paper asks if there is anything that can be said in favor of the tall hat, variously denominated as the "silk hat," "plug hat," and "top hat." There is almost nothing to be said in its favor, yet it has almost entirely superseded the "crush hat" or "opera hat" for evening wear. The crush hat has almost disappeared, that is, in England and the United States. It is still much worn on the Continent of Europe. But why men should have laid it aside when it was so convenient, and why they should carry around tall hats to the theatre to place on the floor, for people to expectorate and wipe their feet upon, is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

A new game is being played in the East by the Livingston Club which is called "Bicycle Polo." It requires expert riders. They are divided into sets, the number on each side being determined by the space available for play. In the centre, a ball, a little larger than the regulation polo ball, is placed. The players toss for the first bunt, the object of the winner being to bunt the ball with the front wheel of the bicycle toward the goal belonging to his side. A goal counts ten points, and one hundred points constitute a game. This is somewhat similar to the bicycle polo game which Francis Wilson introduced on his lawn at New Rochelle. There, however, they used mallets instead of bunting the ball with the front wheel of the bicycle.

A correspondent writes to *Vogue*: "I wish to join a club with club-house in vicinity of the Waldorf. Must neither be very exclusive nor very expensive—one composed of business men preferred." *Vogue* must have some very extraordinary readers. To imagine that you can get into a club—that is, a club that is worth getting into—by advertising or by writing to the editor of a newspaper, seems most extraordinary. There are, of course, clubs in New York, as there are in London, where the admission is purely a formality, but, as a rule, they are clubs which it is better for a man not to visit—gambling clubs where he is certain to be robbed, and where he may even have his pocket picked. There are in Paris many gambling clubs to which admission is easy, but there is no decent club in any city in any country in the world where admission is as easy as this inquirer of *Vogue* evidently thinks it is.

A hard-headed individual writing to a New York paper asks: "What is the etiquette of elevators?" He remarks that he goes into a shop with his hat on, moves about among lady customers with it still on, and gets into an elevator to go to another floor, and if ladies are in the elevator, he is expected to take off his hat. Now, why, he asks, should he not keep his hat off all the time, or else not take it off when he is in the elevator? The question is an eminently sensible one. The practice of removing the hat in elevators is an absurd one. The elevator is nothing more than a part of the building. If a man meets in a corridor a lady whom he does not know, it is not expected that he should remove his hat. An elevator is the worst place to go hatless, on account of the prevalence of draughts. There is a good deal of nonsense in America about removing the hat. For example, men take off their hats in picture galleries. In Europe, this is never done. You will see in the Grosvenor and other galleries in London hundreds of men walking with well-dressed women, and wearing their hats. It is the case in all the galleries in Europe. Why a man who probably carries a catalogue and possibly a walking-stick should be obliged to carry his hat, too, is a mystery.

A dinner was given to Mrs. Craigie—who writes novels over the signature of "John Oliver Hobbes"—in New York a fortnight ago. This was one of the many entertainments in her honor. But it was notable for its oddities. The ices were served in the exact shape and size of the long, narrow volumes of the library in which Mrs. Craigie's novels appear, and on each was printed the title, "Some Emotions and a Moral." The dinner-cards bore quotations from her writings. This, for example: "The genius of hospitality consists not so much in making people meet, but helping them to part—on terms." This suggests the fact that a house-party takes place from Christmas to New Year's near New York, and the guests have pledged themselves during the seven days to answer truthfully any questions asked them. It will be something like Gilbert's play, "The Palace of Truth," but we are firmly convinced that the house-party will break up in a row. After a man has given truthful answers to all the questions that a woman can ask him in a week, they will certainly, as Mrs. Craigie's quotation says, "part—on terms." But we would put the dash after the "on," and say they would "part on—bad terms."

A BALLAD OF OLD JAPAN.

The crickets chirrup the sun up East, they fiddle the sun down West,
But they hushed their rasping kits awhile as went my Lord to rest.
"Take links," he cried, "and search the court. The insect world's affright:
Oft lurketh death in the hated hreath of the wide-eyed autumn night."
They have searched the dew-gemmed boscage through, and thence they have haled him bound,
A lad with the look of a tiger tracked, yet more of a tracking hound.

The Shogun marked his gardener's garb, ill-matched with a knightly mien:
"Lo, this is that murderous carl I spared if the garden yester'en.
Fear not, but tell thy tale." Then he, with scorn of their naked sword:
"I fear not men, nor the lords of men, nor thee, the Lord of lords.
All else is blurred in the sage's word that drums at my ear from the hour
When thou my sire didst crucify to climb by his cross to power:
The wide sky vaults the mountain tops, but it can not roof these twin:
The man whose hand is red with blood and the son of the foully slain.
Wherefore is feud between us two, and life is naught to me:
The life's hut scabhard to the soul, I cast that scabhard free.
My soul I feel is very steel that whimpers for thy death,
For the Sword is the Soul of the Samurai from his first to latest breath."

He spoke, and wrenched at his corded wrists, but the Shogun had him pause:
"Put up this keen-edged soul of thine or draw in a better cause:
And take thy scabbard hack again, of my grace I grant thee life:
I would forge of thee a trusty blade, not a rusty butcher's knife.
Be henceforth, then, a man of my men; henceforth 'twixt thee and me
Let son's hate turn to vassal love, blood feud to fealty.
And as for thy father's death, know this: he was traitor in word and deed.
If the sword be the soul of the Samurai, let loyalty be his creed."
The stripling winced at the Shogun's word, and he answered angrily:
"No talk shall he of traitors here lest the talk come home to thee.
Thou of thy mercy bidst me live; of thy mercy let me die,
Nor play a part so paltry poor for the scorn of a father's eye.
The spectral Dead watch overhead, tier upon tier they sit,
And, slay or die, meseems they cry, as they prompt from the darkened Pit."

"Heaven and Hell," the Shogun cried, "have felt the dint of my power:
I have ground the toughest Lords of Earth as soft as the sifted flour.
My wit grinds fast above, my will is fixed as the stone beneath:
Shall a cross-grained pepper-corn like thee break the hard buhrstone's teeth?"
My Lord's wrath passed like an autumn blast, sudden and sharp with sleet,
Like a gust that winnows the wayward leaves, it scattered the lad's conceit:
"One life was forfeit, thine or mine, by the red feud-law," he said;
"But mine, twice saved, I may not take, nor thine, twice saviour, shed.
To break the clansman's bond is much, yet brings but a Robin's guilt,
And he may stand with his life in his hand, and guard it hand on hilt;
But he who breaketh the bond of blood finds neither truce nor trêve.
Unclanned, unmann'd, branded and banned, his life's but a living grave.
Behold, I am an outcast thing, for I have broken both. Then let me hence to that Hinin horde, who know nor oath nor troth,
To herd with beggars on the street, with lepers in their den.
Where unclean is clean and sin is no sin and men are named Not-men."

Then pity filled the Shogun's eyes, and he answered softly: "Go;
Get hence, get hence beyond the pale. As thou sayest, be it so.
Yet, for such worth was made to rule, and thy words have a knightly ring,
I name thee Head of the Living Dead. To thy realm, O Hinin King!"—S. W. in the *Spectator*.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,168,129 70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....and Assistant Cashier
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager,
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier,
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,650,588

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
Boyd & Dickson, San Francisco, Agents.
GENERAL OFFICE, 501 Montgomery St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."

Lord Houghton's sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality. "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X. was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged, or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying: "Now I'm going to point out the moral of all this." "Never mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall; "gie's anither story."

Dr. Bushy, the flogging head-master of Westminster School, pretended not to recognize his former pupil, Father Petre, in his ecclesiastical costume, and, when Petre had excused himself for his apostasy on the ground that the Lord had need of him, replied: "I have read the Scriptures as much as any man, and I never knew that the Lord had need of anything but once, and that was an ass."

A Philadelphia man was arrested on a warrant, charged with assault and battery on his wife, and was taken to the Central Station for a hearing. His wife, on her oath, said he beat her so badly that she was detained in bed two days. When Magistrate South asked him why he had beaten his wife, the prisoner said, "Well, judge, you see, I opened the door and threw my hat inside to see if it would be welcomed, and when she threw it out, I was so mad that I went inside and licked her."

The other day when Paderewski was dining at a hotel in Richmond, Va., a fine nickel-plated banjo was sent in by a local banjo-player, with the request that the great pianist should write a short musical sentiment on the sheepskin head. Paderewski complied with the request, and this is the sentiment to which he attached his signature: "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; am only a piano-player." Now the banjo-player is asking his friends if the virtuoso was "jollyng" him.

Two stories are told of the time when the Athenæum Club, while its club-house was undergoing renovation, were hospitably taken in by the United Service Club. One was of a distinguished officer who, after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter: "That comes of letting those bishops into the club!" The counterblast is to the effect that when an Athenæum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was: "Please, sir, he is in the dining-room, carving the roast beef!"

When Lord Randolph Churchill was at Oxford, he was constantly in conflict with his dean at Merton on the subject of compulsory chapels, and on one occasion he was sent for to listen to a grand remonstrance. It was a chilly day, and the dean was standing with his back to the fire when Lord Randolph entered. After about ten minutes, another delinquent was ushered in, and found Lord Randolph standing with his back to the fire and his coat-tails comfortably upraised, while the unfortunate dean was arguing away out in the cold, near the door.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him five pounds, he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The five pounds were at once forthcoming.

Minister Ransom, when he was in the Senate, was one day going down the Capitol steps when he saw approaching a very dull, long-winded man. Ransom was in no mental or physical shape to bear the brunt of a full-fledged bore just at that moment. As the dull one drew near, Ransom greeted him with sour shortness, and hurried by. The other had paused; but at this brief dismissal turned away. Ransom, smitten of conscience at

his own rudeness, turned pleasantly when some ten steps separated him from the bore, and called out: "Good-bye, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins!" At this, Simpkins began to betray symptoms of returning. "But don't come back, Simpkins," remonstrated Ransom, wildly motioning with both hands; "I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins; but don't come back; don't come back!"

An old friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once took a few friends to call upon him. Among them was a young married woman who had never read any of Dr. Holmes's books, and inisted upon her friend's "coaching" her a little in advance. "I told her about his works, therefore," said the lady, "dwelling especially upon the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' as being, perhaps, the most famous of them." Everything went swimmingly till just as the company was taking leave. Then the "young married woman" broke out in a pretty burst of enthusiasm: "Oh, Dr. Holmes, I must tell you how much I have enjoyed your books, and particularly the 'Autograph of the Breakfast-Table.'" Her friend and sponsor was ready to drop through the floor. But her alarm was needless. Holmes smiled in his kindest manner, expressed his thanks, and remarked that many people thought the "Autograph" the best thing he had ever done.

FORBIDDEN.

"Es ist Strengstens Untersagt."

(From the note-book of an American tourist in Germany.)

A Yankee in Deutschland declared:

"I know a fine Fräulein here;
Of the Bangor girls she's the peer.

I'll wed her at once," he declared.

"Oh, no!" said the Polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"You can not at once he wed,

It is strengthly undersaid;

You first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell where you were born, and why, and when."

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:

"Well, instead we will go on a spin

Through the beautiful streets of Berlin,

On our 'hike,' the Yankee declared.

"Oh, no!" said the Polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"You can not go cycling instead,

It is strengthly undersaid;

You first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell where you would wheel, and why, and when."

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:

"Never mind, we will go to the play,

Your pretty new hat to display.

It is worth it," the Yankee declared.

"Oh, no!" said the Polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"We object to the hat on the head,

It is strengthly undersaid;

It first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell where it was made, and why, and when."

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:

"If one must forever he worried

Like this, he had better he hurried,

And he done with it!" he declared.

"Oh, no!" said the Polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"If you do we will break your head,

For it's strengthly undersaid;

You first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell why you were horn at all, and when,

And promise never to do it again."

Said the Yankee, "Which?" and "Why?"

"Both," answered the Polizei.

—G. W. R. in January Century.

Very Rich Indeed

In the elements that supply the human system with bone, muscle, and brain substance is a circulation fertilized with the supreme tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which begets thorough assimilation and digestion, and gives a healthful impulse to every function of the body. Dyspeptic and weakly persons give strong testimony in its behalf. So do those troubled with biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, and inactivity of the kidneys.

Dora—"Here's some mistletoe for your Christmas." Cora—"Can you spare it?" Dora—"Oh, I don't need it."—Truth.

• Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious •



The Breakfast Cocoa

MADE BY

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

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ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
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MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE
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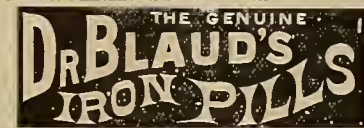
ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



have been prescribed with great success for more than 50 years, by the leading physicians of Europe, in the treatment of female patients. Specially recommended for

Poorness of the Blood and Constitutional Weakness.

Imported by E. Fongera & Co., N. Y.

To avoid imitations **BLAUD** is stamped on each pill.

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, London, England.

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Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything!"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. Romik sends 'em to him."

HENRY ROMEIKE,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the world on any subject.

THE Argonaut Clubbing List for 1896

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.50
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.50
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.85
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Outing.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.25
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	5.25
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.75
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.25
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.50
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	10.50
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SS. Colon..... January 8th
SS. City of Sydney..... January 18th
SS. San Blas..... January 28th
SS. San Juan..... February 8th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Pern..... Saturday, January 18, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro..... Thursday, February 6, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... (via Honolulu), Tues., Feb. 25, at 3 P. M.
China..... Saturday, March 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.

Afridi..... (Cargo only)..... Thursday, January 9
Coptic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, January 28
Gaelic..... Saturday, February 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Jan. 15, 30, Feb. 14.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Jan. 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Jan. 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 12 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, to A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK.

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.

Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 20 Broadway, New York.

COOK'S Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, and other Mediterranean Resorts. Special rates by direct steamer January 8th.

621 Market Street, San Francisco. Established 1841.

SOCIETY.

The Burlingame Club.

New-Year's Eve was celebrated pleasantly at the Burlingame Club by the members, who gave a ball there. Many residents in the vicinity had house-parties, and attended with their guests. Some of the gentlemen wore pink coats, and the ladies were all richly attired. On New-Year's Day there was some little excitement in the way of polo matches and races. Among those at the races were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Selby, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Whitwell, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Haughton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Townsend, Mrs. B. Morely, Mrs. George H. Howard, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Emma Crockett, Miss Helen Boss, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss McNutt, Miss Josephine Blackmore, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Laura McKinty, Misses Ripley, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Vassault, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Underhill, of New York, Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. W. H. Magee, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. J. Talbot Clifton, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. A. H. Small, Dr. E. Parsons, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. W. H. Howard, Mr. H. W. Poett, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. F. A. Frank, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Captain Fane Wainwright, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. F. R. Webster, Dr. Catherwood, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., and Dr. H. L. Tevis.

The Friday Night Club.

The Friday Night Club held its second cotillion of this season last night at Odd Fellows' Hall. There was a large attendance, and five figures of the cotillion were danced under the leadership of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, whose partner was Miss Romietta Wallace. At midnight supper was served under Ludwig's direction, and it was followed by regular dancing until two o'clock. The next cotillion will take place on Friday evening, January 17th. It will be a leap-year cotillion and bal poudré. Miss Sally Maynard will lead, assisted by Miss Emelie Hager.

The Terpsichoreans.

The Terpsichoreans, a social club composed of former and present pupils of Miss West's School, gave a cotillion last Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. There were about two hundred people present. The cotillion commenced at nine o'clock and was led by Mr. Edward M. Greenway and Miss Ethel Keeney. They were assisted by Miss Flora Dean, Mr. L. S. Van Winkle, Miss Marie Wells, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A. Supper was served at half-past eleven o'clock, and it was followed by dancing until one o'clock. Those who danced in the cotillion were:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Ethel Keeney, Mr. L. S. Van Winkle, Miss Flora Dean, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Marie Wells, Mr. Burbank G. Somers, Miss Olive Holbrook, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss Ellinwood, Mr. Veeder, Miss Sophie Pierce, Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., Miss Barton, Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Miss

Rose Hooper, Mr. French, Miss Frances Curry, Mr. A. P. Williams, Miss C. Huntington, Mr. Parker, Miss Josephine Blackmore, Mr. Chester Fernald, Miss Helen Wagner, Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Miss Violet Carey, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Fletcher McNutt, Miss Polbemus, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Miss Gertrude Forman, Mr. Frederick Knight, Miss Gertrude Bates, Mr. G. B. McBride, Miss Hinds, Mr. Morse, Miss Messer, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Landers, Mr. Power, Miss Eloise Davis, Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Mrs. Jewett, Mr. Addison Mizner, Miss Ethel Hager, Mr. B. Upbam, Miss Edwards, Mr. Plate, Miss Lawlor, Mr. Edwards, Miss Whitney, Mr. Ross, Miss Susie Blanding, Mr. Selfridge, Miss Emily Stubbs, Mr. Lawlor, Miss Mai Stubbs, Mr. H. Smith, Miss Helen Stubbs, Mr. King, Miss Jessie Hobart, Mr. Boulding, Miss Hutchins, Mr. Latbam McMullin, and Miss Mamie Thomas.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Jarboe, daughter of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, of this city, and Mr. Jennie Case Bull, associate editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, of New York, will take place here on February 2d. After the wedding they will go to Santa Cruz, where they will reside at the Jarboe cottage, Concha del Mar, for about a year.

Mr. James D. Phelan will take a party of friends to the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton to-day. He will have the Burlingame Club coach, which will leave San José at noon. His guests will be Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss McNutt, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. W. R. Heath.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give a dance at Lunt's Hall next Friday evening.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a dinner-party, at her residence on Franklin Street, last Tuesday evening. Covers were laid for twenty. After dinner there were a few dances, and the New Year was ushered in appropriately. Mrs. Boardman's guests comprised Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Edith Ripley, of Burlingame, Miss Cora Smedberg, Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Dr. George Richardson, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. G. Chauncey Boardman, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Danforth Boardman.

Miss Mai Stubbs gave a pink lunch-party last Tuesday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, 2519 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Josephine Blackmore. The others present were Miss Mary Kap, Misses Eva and Mai Mondy, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Sabin, Miss Anna Field, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Bernice Drwn, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Mills, Miss Mabel Houston, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Alice Masten, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Bessie Smith, Miss Eloise Davis, Miss Erma Graves, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, and Miss Helen Boss.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a high tea, last Sunday evening, at her home, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets. Some vocal selections were rendered by Miss Catherwood and Dr. Catherwood, and refreshments were served. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. F. H. Coon, Mr. E. T. Messersmith, and Dr. Catherwood.

Miss McNutt gave a small matinée tea last Saturday at her residence on California Street in honor of Miss Hyde, of New York. Miss Genevieve Goad gave a matinée tea last Sunday at her home as a compliment to Miss Hyde.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave an informal tea on New-Year's Day at her residence, 1330 Sutter Street.

Miss Daisy Van Ness gave a matinée tea at her residence on Friday in honor of Miss Emily Potter, of Philadelphia, who will soon return to the East.

The Bohemian Club held its Christmas jinks last Saturday evening. Mr. George T. Brimley was the sire, Mr. Stafford impersonated Santa Claus, Mr. Henry Heyman was the chief harper, Mr. Harry Dimond the jester, and Mr. George E. Lyon the artist. Among the musical selections given were the "Christmas Ode," by a full chorus, to words by Mr. Peter Robertson and music by Mr. Theodore Voght; "Nazareth," sung by Mr. J. H. Rickard; and "Noel," sung by Mr. Frank Coffin. The law jinks were presided over by Mr. Harry Dimond.

Mrs. John H. Jewett announces three recitals upon social life in Colonial America, to be given at her residence, 931 Bush Street, by Miss Lillian O'Connell, of New York, on Saturday afternoons, January 11th, 18th, and 25th, at two o'clock. The recitals will be given in costume.

A reception was held at the Century Club on the afternoon of New-Year's Day, which was attended by almost all of the members and many of their friends. A feature of the affair was an exhibition of posters loaned by Mr. Edward Bosqui and Mr. William Doxey. A string orchestra played during

the reception and refreshments were served. The reception committee comprised Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. Ramon Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Isadore Burns, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Mrs. A. Gerberding, Mrs. Barton, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Virginia Fitch, Misses Beaver, Miss Agnes Lowry, Miss Isabel Lowry, Miss Eleanor Briggs, and Miss Partridge.

Mr. Edward W. Townsend has kindly consented to read, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, from his popular and amusing book, "Chimmie Fadden." This will be Mr. Townsend's only reading in the city during his present visit, and his personal popularity, as well as the attraction of hearing an author read and tell of the writing of a book so novel, should insure a very successful entertainment. The reading will take place Saturday afternoon, January 11th, at three o'clock, at the Young Men's Christian Association Auditorium. The tickets will be fifty cents.

The law by which savings banks are required, every two years, to advertise lists of all depositors who have not been heard from in ten years, stating the amounts of their deposits and other particulars, has provided very interesting reading for some people. The latest lists published range from a dozen or so in the case of the smaller banks to nearly two hundred in the Hibernia. Some of the deposits are very small, but others, with accrued interest, amount to very tidy sums. Jeremiah Pendergast, for example, registered at the Empire Hotel some years ago, made a deposit in the Hibernia Bank. He could draw down \$11,953.17 now, if his identity were established, or his heirs could get that sum by proving his death and their heirship.

Dumas the younger, whose death has lately been deplored, made a study in detail of the character of woman. Here are some of his deductions:

A well-bred woman does not fall in love a second time without allowing a considerable interval to elapse. There are never two accidents in close succession on the same railroad.

Short-skirted daughters keep mothers young a long time.

A woman has no power to efface radically by the sole effort of the will an image that has long filled the mind; she must replace it by another. She does not destroy; she superposes. When the second image is finer or larger than the first, so that the first is seen no more, all goes well; this is forgetfulness. When it is smaller, so that the edges of the other can be seen, things go badly; that is remorse.

Two Englishmen made a match recently to walk from La Turbie to Nice, the winner to take 2,500 francs from the loser, stake them on the red at Monte Carlo, and divide the winnings with his opponent. In half-an-hour's play, during which he won twelve times running on the red, he won 380,000 francs, the largest sum won in a single day last year. The winner is a dealer in South African gold mines.

Sir Michael Meyendorf, who was recently lecturing in Chicago, is said to be the only man ever released from Siberian exile through the intervention of the United States. He is a Pole, took part in the insurrection of 1863, was banished to Siberia, but was released on the intercession of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, and banished to the United States instead.

Bulwer was a nonsensical love-maker. He frequently spoke of his *fiancée* as "Itty doggie," and always signed himself "Puppy." Robert Browning wrote magnificently to his adored Elizabeth, and their married life was always spoken of as an absolutely perfectly ideal one. Napoleon's letters contained much nonsense, and were sentimental to a high degree.

The correct spelling of Bosphorus is Bosporus. The name, meaning "ox-ford," is derived from a scandalous incident in the life of a young person called Io; the Romans changed the *os* to *us*, and then somebody interpolated the *h*.

Dainty Effects in Note-Paper.

One of the prettiest things in stationery seen for some time is shown by Cooper, representing a sheet of delicate robin's-egg-blue paper, with small monogram in gold, in the centre of an odd-shaped circle tied with lover's knot, in the style of Louis XV., with a background of pure white. The combination presents a very dainty effect. A sample can be obtained from Cooper & Co., the stationers, on Market Street.

Photos Framed or Bound in Mats.

R. R. Hill, 724½ Market Street. Telephone, "Black 141." Christmas work quickly attended to.

— WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

— G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET Street, Columbian Building, is making cabinets at reduced prices.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

— DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

THE PRIZE
BABY
OF
Cured of
Disfiguring
ECZEMA



KANSAS CITY MO.
By the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES

Our baby was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, and limbs were raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them nine weeks some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and blisters, and to-day has as lovely skin as any child. She was shown at the Grange Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby.
MR. & MRS. PARK, 1609 Bellevue Ave., Kan. City.
Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.

Waters that Cure

You can count the really important health Springs of America on your fingers. Several of them are at

BYRON

CONTRA COSTA CO., CAL.

P. O.: BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

"Stamped writing-paper is wasteful."

Is letter-writing wasteful? Are the sweet nothings that flow from the heart to pen and paper and on again to another heart—are they wasteful?

Stamped paper is wasteful unless it is beautiful.

H S CROCKER CO

227 Post street
215 Bush street

All O. K.

if they were
FRESH

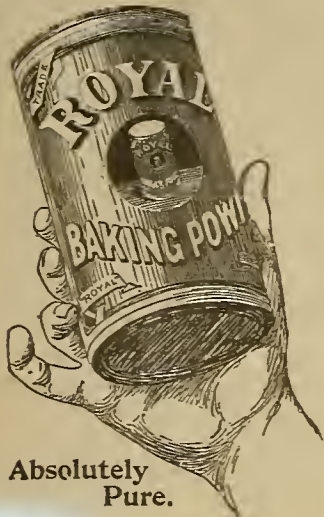
COCOA MUST be fresh to have greatest strength and nourishing power.

Several standard makes are pure and all that—but they are made far away, handled and rehandled by wholesalers and retailers—and come to you "good and old" and correspondingly weak.

Ghirardelli's is made HERE—not ahead of the demand but just as needed by the local retail trade.

It's strongest—goes farthest.

Ghirardelli's Cocoa is FRESH



Absolutely Pure.

SOCIETY.

Theatre-Parties.

Quite a large theatre-party was at the Baldwin last Monday evening under the chaperonage of Mrs. William M. Gwin. The party included Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, Mr. Philip Tompkins, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. S. C. Pardee, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Latham McMullin, and Mr. Frank B. Findley.

A theatre-party was given at the California by Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., in honor of Miss Laura McKinstry, who went East last Thursday. Supper followed at the Palace Hotel. The others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Kate Clemeot, Mr. J. A. Hart, and Mr. Frederick R. Webster.

Miss McKinstry was also the guest of honor at a theatre-party given at the Columbia on Monday evening by Miss Jeonnie Blair, who entertained her guests at supper afterward at her home on Van Ness Avenue. The others present comprised Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Ann Clark, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. James D. Phelao, and Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Anoexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Mande Berry Fisher, of Oakland, and Miss Lulu Richards, of this city, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fultoo G. Berry in Fresno.

Mrs. Louis H. Long, née Poole, of Los Angeles, is passing the holidays here with her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns.

Mr. W. H. Snedaker has returned from a visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone, Miss Jennie Hohhs, and Mr. W. C. Stone have been at Coronado during the past fortnight.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. William J. Shotwell, who is visiting in New York city, will return in about a week.

Mrs. S. M. Jackson is here from Tacoma on a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Williams, at their residence, 722 Bay Street.

A cablegram received from Bangor, Ireland, last Saturday, announced that Mr. James M. Wilson, of the Alaska Commercial Company, of this city, became the father of a son on that day. Mr. Wilson will leave Ireland about January 12th, and will meet Mr. Randolph Neumano in Montreal, Canada. They will remain in Canada and the Eastern States about two months, and then come here to go to Unalaska and St. Michael's Station in Alaska, where they will remain until next November. Mrs. Wilson will pass this year with her parents in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are visiting relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kathryn Jarboe are occupying Concha del Mar at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. F. M. Smith and Miss Violet Ransome, of Oakland, are visiting friends in England.

Mrs. James Moffitt and the Misses Lucy and Alice Moffitt, of Oakland, are passing the winter in Italy.

Mrs. Cornelius O'Sullivan, née Curtis, has returned from London on a visit to her relatives and friends here. Miss Leola Blanding has returned from a visit at Coronado.

Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Stone, and Miss F. M. Stone passed the New-Year holidays at the Hotel del Moote.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. William L. Gerstle will leave on January 15th to make a three months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe passed the New-Year holidays at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Lanra McKinstry, and Miss Dutton left last Thursday to visit New York and Washington, D. C.

Mme. Jolie Rosewald has returned from a visit to Baltimore.

Mrs. Philip Caduc is residing at 200 Pine Street. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas have gone East on a prolonged visit.

Miss May Friedlander is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Miss Emily Potter will soon return to her home in Philadelphia, after a prolonged visit here.

Mrs. Samuel Knight will receive on the first three Fridays in January at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart are preparing to occupy their new residence, corner of Franklin and O'Farrell Streets.

Mrs. Sarah Haffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffmao will return from the East early in February.

Miss Marie Voorhies is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are visiting relatives in Chicago.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

President Cleveland will tender a reception to the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps at the White House on February 6th from nine until eleven o'clock in the evening.

Rear-Admiral C. C. Carpenter, U. S. N., is with his wife at Portsmouth, N. H. Her health is said to be improving.

General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., commander of the post at the Presidio, gave a review of the troops there last Monday morning as a compliment to Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., of the flag-ship *Philadelphian*, Captain Robert McDonald, U. S. A. (retired), is residing at Capitola, Santa Cruz County.

Lieutenant C. E. Fox, U. S. N., was detached from the *Philadelphian* last Tuesday and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., is at Coronado Beach.

Lieutenant Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., is now on duty at the Coast Survey Office, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant L. H. Moses, U. S. M. C., was detached from the marine barracks at Brooklyn, N. Y., last Tuesday.

day, and ordered to the command of the marine guard on the *Marion*.

Lieutenant L. C. Lucas, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the *Marion* and ordered to return to the United States and report to person to the Colonel Commandant in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant H. R. Tyler, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston*, ordered before a retiring board, and placed on waiting orders.

Acting Second Assistant Engineer H. K. Spencer, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to duty on the *Bear*.

Ensign M. L. Miller, U. S. N., is on waiting orders at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where he is the guest of his father, Colonel Marcus P. Miller, First Artillery, U. S. A. Mrs. William S. McCaskey, wife of Major McCaskey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting friends at 1729 Third Street, in San Diego.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Children's Hospital Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Children's Hospital last Monday afternoon under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The following excellent programme was presented:

Xmas carol, by some of the boys of St. Luke's Church Choir, directed by Mr. W. A. Sahin; violin solo, "Children's March," Newell, Miss Ruth C. Salinger; song, "The Winter Lullaby," De Koven, Mrs. Ernest H. Palmer (accompanied by Mrs. N. J. Hinrichs); violin solo, "Canzonetta," Godard, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle (accompanied by Miss Tuttle); song, "Cradle Song," Vannah, Mrs. Walter G. Fonda; Xmas songs, by some of St. Luke's Choir Boys, directed by Mr. Sahin.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a song recital at Golden Gate Hall at three o'clock next Saturday. The change in location was necessitated by the fact that the former hall could not contain the audiences. He will be assisted by Mme. Anna Brune, Miss Alma Berglund, Mrs. Melvin-Dewing, Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, and Mr. J. M. Robinson, vocalists; Mr. Frederick Manier and Miss Constance Jordao, accompanists; Mr. V. Schlott and Mr. O. Schlott with French horns.

Sonsa's Band will give a series of concerts here next month, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Mr. James Hamilton Howe's symphony and popular concerts are to be given at the Columbia Theatre.

The Tavery Grand Opera season at the Baldwin Theatre will begin in about four weeks.

A business man in a town in New York was recently asked by a lady to put an "ad." in the "Woman's Edition" of the local paper that was soon to appear. He did not want to do any advertising just then, but at the same time he did want to help the womeo. So he gave them the following "ad.," which duly appeared: "Oh, woman, woman! Thou shouldst have few sins of thioe own to answer for, for thou art the authoress of such a book of follies in man it would take the tears of all the angels to blot the record out. Paying thirty dollars for this space is a practical, palpable, incontrovertible verification of the above quotation."

Jules Moinaux, who died recently in Paris, was the originator in France of the idea of making court reports fooyo. He was reporter for the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and in 1840 began to write comic accounts of the cases he took down for *Le Charivari*. These were published yearly under the title "Les Tribunaux Comiques." He was, besides, a novelist, poet, and dramatist. Georges Courteline, the caricaturist of French military life, is his son.

The curious sight of a woman ironing her front steps was presented in Chicago during the recent cold spell. Ice had formed so hard on the steps that she could not get it off with her usual implement, the broom, and so the ingenious woman heated a lot of rough irons and melted the ice with them in short order.

There are plenty of dictionaries of French slang in existence in which a slang word is explained in good French, and the first dictionary in which the slang equivalents for good French words are given is to be published in Paris. It is needed apparently by the writers of stories.

Dr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, during his recent visit to Alaska, secured a natural history specimen that was a prize indeed. It was a bit of mammoth fat from the actual adipose tissue of an animal that had been dead for tens of thousands of years.

M. Dampt, a sculptor (says the *Gaulois*), will contribute to the next Salon a statuette of the Comtesse de B—. The flesh will be represented in ivory, and the drapery, in old gold, will be ornamented with precious stones.

Prince Henry of Prussia is a poor shot, and when Queen Victoria once asked him what luck he had on a shooting expedition, he answered frankly: "I didn't kill any birds, nor any keepers either."

"Bessie, wouldn't you like a Christmas present that would keep your hands nice and warm?" "Yep; get me a diamond ring, papa."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

At the Burlingame Hop.

Yes [said the Society Man], they did it, for a fact. I don't know when I've been so rattled. You see, it was so entirely uncalled for. Out of drawing, and all that sort of thing, don't you know.

This is the way it was. The dance was a nice little affair—some men in pink coats—the wide veranda was canvased for promenading and spooning, and they used the dining-room and the little reading-room to dance in. Did I say they spooned on the veranda? Not on your life. Nobody could spoo. It was too cold. It was frightfully cold. It was colder than the hinges—but come to think of it, they're not cold, or they certainly ought not to be—what?

It was so cold you couldn't spoon. One woman said she believed there were three distinct temperatures, each ten degrees colder than the other, the veranda being the ice-house. There were oil-stoves ranged around, to jolly you into the belief that it was warm, and occasionally some fellow would say, with chattering teeth, as he approached to warm his beumbed hands: "Have a stove with me?"

Perhaps it was because it was so cold that they did it. Wanted to get warm, you know. At all events, at a certain time in the evening, the bad began the prelude to a *Virginia reel*. Not surprised that you look so horrified, old man, but they danced it, for a fact. Never heard of such a thing. The idea of dancing such a common, plebeian, American dance at Burlingame. Shocking, wasn't it? If they'd only done something to take the curse off—what? Called it "Sir Roger de Coverly," or something—eh? But they didn't. Just called it a plain Virginia reel. And danced it as if they enjoyed it, too. Well, well! Don't know what the clob's coming to, I'm sure. Fully expect now to see some fellow wear a white tie with a Tuxedo or ride up to the club-house on a Mexican saddle.

Heard a rather good thing on the veranda New-Year's Day. Cold again—cold as Greenland. "But a knot of us were taking a little nip to ward off the effects of the frosty air. Bohemian Club fellow was there—says rather clever things sometimes, I'm told. They were talking of Redding, another Bohemian Club fellow, it appears—musical lawyer, or legal musician, or something. Bohemian fellow said:

"I hear that since Redding has gone to New York he has leaped at once into a marvelous practice."

Every man in the circle stared at him, and said, as with one voice:

"What's that?"

"I said," he repeated, "that Redding in New York has leaped into a marvelous practice—on the piano."

And the other fellows all said:

"Yes-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

A person employed in a San Francisco household recently wrote down in the morning these lines, which she said came to her in a dream:

"If life begun in darkness to light extend,
Then why not death begun in darkness in brightness end?"

As she is not a person of wide reading, it would be curious to know whether she had heard the words some time, and unconsciously memorized them.

Hubert Herkomer suggests that the proscenium of the stage be made contractible, so that there may be a different-sized frame for a scene representing a garret from that used for an out-of-door picture.



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A Gentleman's Wheel.



Let us convince you that it is to your interest to make it your '96 mount.

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Write for catalogue.

RIDE A COLUMBIA



And you will not have such experiences as this poor fellow.

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Special Pride Taken in the

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A Delightful Place to Take

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For the Season of 1895-96

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SEMI-WEEKLY

—BETWEEN—

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Los Angeles,
AND New Orleans

—OVER THE GREAT—

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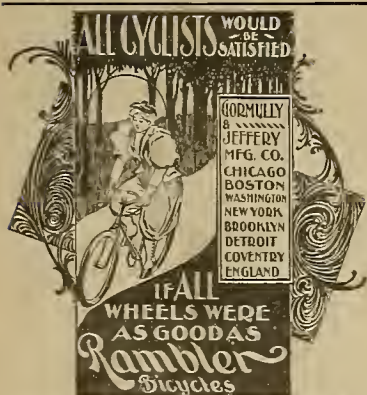
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Agent—"Sir, do you need any type-writer supplies?" Merchant—"Yes; send me about four pounds of candy."—Puck.

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bessie?" "Yes, but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose, he didn't have the rocks to marry."—Harper's Magazine.

Zigby—"I have put a friend of mine on his feet three times in the last two years." Perkby—"That's nothing. I put a friend of mine on his feet fourteen times last night."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Miss Gush hasn't much of a head for mathematics." "Why so?" "During the evening I have heard her tell how, on three different occasions, she was 'frightened half to death.'"—Puck.

In Chicago: Visitor—"Where is it that man lives? Must be outside the city limits, isn't it?" Resident—"Outside the what?" Visitor—"The city limits." Resident—"We haven't any."—Puck.

Junior partner—"Why did you give Crummer the job of collecting debts for our firm? Do you think he is any good?" Senior partner—"Well, he collected a debt from me the other day."—Truth.

Poeticus—"Have you read Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor Lost'?" Cynicus—"No; but I've taken a girl to the theatre, and had her talk to the man next her all through the show."—New York Herald.

"Doctor, I want a tooth pulled. I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing-gas and chloroform." "You might be happy with ether."—Chicago Tribune.

Roaming Willy—"I read in a medical book to-day that it was unhealthy for a feller to sleep in his underclothes." Meandering Mike—"I'm mighty glad dese I'm wearin' don't belong ter me."—Norristown Herald.

"I'm so happy," she said; "ever since my engagement to Charlie, the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic Eastbourne, but in—" "Lapland," suggested the small brother.—Tit-Bits.

Maud—"I don't see how you can stand being engaged to a man who has to work nights!" Marie—"He comes to see me afternoons." Maud—"Pshaw! How insipid! When he's gone, you must feel as though you had been to a matinee."—Puck.

Bacon—"Let me shake your hand, dear boy; this is one of the happy days of your life." Egbert—"You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow." Bacon—"That's what I say. This is one of the happy days of your life."—Yonkers Statesman.

"What were you arguing so violently about with Smithers, professor?" "He called me a blooming jackass." "You ought to have knocked him down." "Oh, I didn't mind it, personally. It was the unscientific nature of his statement that annoyed me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What sort o' place do you reckon heaven is?" said Mosely Wraggs, slowly shifting his seat on the park bench and looking dreamily out over the blue lake. "The good book says it's a place o' rest," replied Tuffold Knutt, squinting contemplatively at the sun. "It won't be much of a change, will it?" rejoined Mosely Wraggs, after a long pause.—Chicago Tribune.

"I've got to have something to fill out this column with," said the foreman of the Spiketown Blizzard; "that's all there is about it. I've run in all the dead ads and all the catch-lines and slugged everything out till there isn't even a piece of wood reglet left in the office, and I'm short yet half a dozen lines or more." Whereupon Editor Clugston sat down and wrote as follows: "Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, we are compelled to omit several interesting communications now standing in type. Friends will please bear with us. Advertisers must be accommodated. Until the pressure on our columns has eased up, correspondents will please write briefly and confine themselves to simple statements of fact."—Chicago Tribune.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket. Sold only in boxes.

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Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



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Two Gold Three Silver

Five,—that's the number of Medals taken in November by Goodyear Welt Shoemaking System at Mechanics' Fair, Boston.

People said it was the most complete working exhibit of Modern Shoemaking ever made.

The World's Fair at Chicago gave us a half-dozen medals. They'll be delivered, so they tell us, about February 1, 1896. A little late; but, added to those we have, they'll make a fine display.

Taking medals is "dead easy"; but, what is more to the purpose, the people are taking

Goodyear Welt Shoes

and wearing them. Easier, stronger, and wear longer than the hand-sewed kind; cost less.

Try a pair, but first be sure you get Goodyear Welt Shoes. Any honest shoe merchant has them in all grades, all styles, for both sexes.

Smooth bottoms next the feet; no wax, no tacks, no nails to hurt the feet; do not rip; pliable, easy, comfortable; stronger, fit better, and keep shape better than hand-sewed shoes, because the machines draw tighter seams than the hand workman can; repaired same as hand-sewed shoes,—these are some of the good points in Goodyear Welt Shoes.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 13, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

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The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Brecon Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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The extraordinary intensity of the storm of detestation which has burst out in Europe against England, because of the latest British outrage on the Boers, has amazed her. She knew she was not loved, but she did not know how heartily she was hated by the world. Emperor William's telegram of congratulation to President Kruger on his victory over the invaders of the republic positively stunned the English Government, press, and people. The disavowal of responsibility for Filibuster Jameson made by the government was

swift, but the Boers will hardly believe any friendly protestations that come from London.

The history of England's dealings with these Dutch farmers in Africa is an almost unbroken tale of treachery and robbery. This latest raid is in perfect keeping with what has gone before, and the Boers, like the rest of the world, will be slow to think that the British Government was altogether ignorant of the designs of Jameson and his fellow-conspirators, in and out of the British South African Company. The invasion of last week was no more a crime of greed than were the successive acts of spoliation by which the Boers were driven from Cape Colony to become the founders of the Republic of Natal, only to have their new lands, as well as their liberties, taken away from them by the insatiate British. Moving farther inland, the Boers set up the Orange Free State, of which they were presently despoiled. The hunted people finally crossed the Vaal. The discovery of gold in this new territory, the last refuge of the Boers in the wilderness, brought the English down on them again. A few years of British rule rendered these long-suffering men desperate, and, in 1880, they rose with arms in their hands and vanquished the English troops that were sent against them. The recognition of their independence followed, and they have had some years of peace, steadily threatened, however, by the incoming of the gold-hunters. The Boers, in order to retain their government and their homes, have practically kept the privilege of suffrage in their own hands. This has exasperated the new-comers, who have been unable to take the Boers' point of view. The latter, that they might not be overwhelmed by the adventurous strangers, entrenched themselves behind their laws, and when those laws were defied last week, and their land was invaded by armed hands of Englishmen, they received the invaders with a rain of bullets, in which many a filibuster hit the dust.

Cheers for Jameson have rung through London, and public opinion—the real public opinion, which considers it right that the English should take whatever they desire anywhere—does not uphold the government's repudiation of Jameson's piratical and murderous expedition. And if England dared, the Boers would be despoiled again. She has already seized everything in Africa that she has had the courage to steal. Now Germany has called a halt. She and the other powers will stand between the harassed Boers and England.

The British press talks bravely, growling that if the worst shall come, Britain's enemies will find her ready for them, as of old. How sincere this brave talk is we do not know. It may be that residence in England and the pursuit of English journalism have the effect of closing the mind to the perception of facts which are patent to everybody else of sense who does not live on the island. That dispatch of the German emperor and the manifestations of the hot hatred of all Europe mark, we think, the close of England's buccaneering career. She can not fight a first-class power, to say nothing of a coalition. Her empire's very vastness is its military weakness. She can be hit in so many places that her colonial empire would go to pieces.

It will be better for human liberty and human happiness when that shall happen. Her treatment of the Boers has not been exceptional, but in accordance with her systematic freebooting throughout the globe. And no man of ordinary morals, or ordinary generosity of feeling, can read African history without becoming conscious of a glow of scorn for a power that could so oppress and pillage a harmless, industrious people, whom she has followed from resting-place to resting-place to strip them of the results of their thrift. In the light of that shameful story, the official disapproval of Jameson's attempt to add to it another chapter has all the candor of the proclamations of trades-unions deprecating deeds of crime done in their interest when a strike is on.

The Boers have again, by their dauntless courage, extorted the admiration of the world. And as they have found friends who are strong enough to compel England's fear and respect, they will doubtless be left in possession of their property and national rights. It is profoundly satisfactory to see

Christian England for once compelled to obey the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

The many rumors concerning a new issue of bonds were unfortunately true. At midnight, on January 5th, Secretary Carlisle asked for bids for another bond issue of \$100,000,000.

There can be little doubt, from the talk of financiers, that President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle had in contemplation another secret deal with the Morgan syndicate. By that deal, arrangements had been perfected for the issue of \$100,000,000 of four-per-cent. thirty-year bonds, on which the government was to receive one hundred and four and three-quarters net. This was decided on at a meeting between President Cleveland, Secretary Carlisle, representatives of J. P. Morgan & Co., the National City Bank of New York, and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. The Berlin bank agreed to take \$25,000,000 and find a foreign market for that amount. J. P. Morgan agreed to take \$50,000,000. The National City Bank of New York agreed to take \$25,000,000. Of this latter amount, Chicago bankers agreed to take \$5,000,000, the First National Bank of Chicago taking \$1,500,000, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank and the Merchants' National Bank \$1,000,000 each, and the remainder to be divided among the other clearing-house banks in Chicago.

This was the secret arrangement of which we speak. But such was the violent opposition developed in Congress and in the press that President Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle became alarmed. It was then decided to ask for bids for the bonds, thus making it a popular loan. It is believed that Mr. Cleveland has no faith in the success of a popular loan. We are inclined to agree with him. The people of the United States have very little faith in the administration of Mr. Cleveland and his party. They have been taught this lesson by the bitter experience of the past three years. While a popular loan for a large amount could be raised in case of war, or to repel invasion, we do not think that the people of the country have sufficient faith in Mr. Cleveland's administration to subscribe \$100,000,000 to make up the deficit caused by Democratic incompetence.

If anything were needed to fill up the bitter cup which a Democratic administration is proffering to the people of the United States, it would be this additional issue of bonds. During the last eighteen months the present administration has borrowed on bonds the sum of \$162,500,000. When this additional issue of \$100,000,000 is made, the bonds issued by the present administration will amount to \$262,500,000. Thus the Democratic administration will have borrowed in three years over a quarter of a billion of dollars. The Democratic administration has increased the national debt, has decreased the gold reserve, and has increased the annual interest account. When the Harrison administration came in, the annual interest charge was \$39,000,000. This was reduced to nearly \$22,000,000, a saving of nearly \$17,000,000. Mr. Cleveland's administration has again raised this annual interest charge from \$22,000,000 to \$34,000,000.

What is the reason that the Democratic administration of Mr. Cleveland is forced to borrow a quarter of a billion of dollars in a time of profound peace? They claim that it is for the purpose of "maintaining the gold reserve," and that the existence of the greenback circulation constitutes a continual "menace" to that reserve. Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, and the Cabinet clamor for the retirement of the greenbacks, but this is shallow, insincere, disingenuous pleading. The greenbacks have been a portion of our currency for thirty-five years. For seventeen years—ever since 1878, when we resumed specie payments—they have circulated freely side by side with gold and silver. What is the reason that they were not a "menace to the gold reserve" when the Republican party was in power? We heard nothing then about the greenback circulation constituting a "gold pump" or an "endless chain" by which the Treasury was depleted of its gold. If various Republican administrations succeeded in maintaining the gold reserve with greenbacks cir-

culating freely, why can not a Democratic administration do the same?

This Democratic claim is a fraud. Money is being raised by borrowing on bonds to pay the current expenses of the government. The reason that the revenues of the government do not pay the expenses is because the Democratic tariff bill is a failure and the Democratic administration is a fraud. Take these figures from the official statements of the Treasury: On December 31, 1893, before the first issue of the Cleveland bonds, there was in the Treasury \$90,375,555.42; December 31, 1895, there was in the Treasury \$176,807,774.21. This gives an excess of \$86,432,216.79. Yet \$182,500,000 had been added to the Treasury receipts from the Cleveland bonds, which were sold under the pretext of maintaining the gold reserve. If the government revenue had been equal to its expenditure, and if the entire \$182,500,000 from bond sales had been issued for the retirement of greenbacks, the proper balance would have been increased by \$182,500,000 instead of \$86,000,000. Ninety-six millions of dollars is missing. This represents the portion of the bond-borrowed money which has been fraudulently paid out for current expenses.

This new bond issue on the false pretense of "maintaining the gold reserve" will open the eyes of the people. The Democratic system of government by bonds can not go on. Mr. Cleveland and his party must stop making up the deficit of the revenue by borrowing money from usurious syndicates at exorbitant rates of interest. The way to remedy the deficit in current expenses is by the restoration of revenue. The way to restore the revenue is by raising the tariff receipts until they pay the current expenses. But above and beyond the restoration of the revenue is the restoration of the confidence of the people. That confidence can not be restored until the present hypocritical, wasteful, and dishonest Democratic administration is driven from power.

For a number of weeks now the *Argonaut* has given very little attention to miracles, of which the supply continues normal. Other matters have been pressing on our columns—the New Woman, the Monroe doctrine, the Venezuelan boundary, for example, and we have neglected supernatural things. But we do not wish to be suspected of having forgotten our friends, the miracle-workers and the believers in miracles. These latter appear to be especially numerous in New York, if we may judge by the quantity of news published for their benefit in the metropolis. Archbishop Corrigan, who journeyed to Mexico recently to assist in paying honor to Our Lady of Guadalupe, has an article in the December number of the *Seminary*, an esteemed Roman Catholic contemporary, in which his grace tells all about the wonders he saw and heard during his pious trip. He narrates the story of how in 1531 the Virgin appeared three times upon a mountain to Juan Diego, an Indian, and ordered him to inform the Bishop of Mexico that she desired a church to be built upon the spot. As one of the tokens of the genuineness of the apparitions, the Virgin caused a beautiful portrait of herself to be painted instantaneously by some heavenly artist on the astonished Indian's cloak. Of this portrait Archbishop Corrigan has much to say, among other things that "the image exhibits the peculiar characteristics of painting in oil, in water-color, in distemper and relief." It is a miraculous picture, because "distinguished artists and scientific men have deposed under oath that they could not account either for its production or preservation." Concerning the best evidence of miracles, the archbishop says:

"The great proof of the authenticity of these apparitions of the Virgin is the constant and uninterrupted tradition, bearing all the marks of credibility, accepted by all classes of people, and extending from the days of Juan Diego to our own time. This tradition has been twice officially examined and approved by the Holy See. Only last year, after a long and most searching examination, Pope Leo the Thirteenth granted a new office and mass in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, by letters dated March 6, 1894."

In the face of such proofs as these, there is, of course, nothing left to be said by any intelligent man. Equally convincing evidence of another miracle comes from Albuquerque, N. M. It is a telegraphed account of the resurrection of Padre Padilla, who has been buried for some centuries in the Roman Catholic church at Isleta. Recently some venerable Indians came to Father Deuche, the present pastor, and informed him that it was about time for Padre Padilla to rise from his grave, as it has been his habit to do once every twenty-five years. "The priest became sufficiently impressed with the story to communicate it to the church authorities at Santa Fé, and from there it reached Rome." Father Deuche was instructed to keep close watch, and the miracle, of course, occurred. Archbishop Corrigan ought to have been there to see it, for it was a hair-raiser:

"When the appointed time of the moon came, the floor of the church began cracking over the spot indicated by the Indians. The displacement of earth became larger every day, until finally the coffin came to the surface from a depth of twelve feet, the void being

filled in by the falling of the displaced earth. Though the coffin proved to be of cottonwood, it was in a remarkable state of preservation. The interior revealed only a skeleton and a cowl and stole. These insignia of the priestly office had been respected by decay."

The satisfaction produced in the believing breast by this marvel—which revives the best traditions of an age when miracles were much more numerous than in the present era of deplorable rationalism—is somewhat lessened by the news from the shrine of Ste. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, situated at the village of Beauré, near Quebec. Mr. Edward Farrar, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, gives the shrine's history, and tells of the painful decrease in both the quantity and quality of the miracles:

"Since 1865, when the rush of population to the New England factories set in and French Canada began to receive at second-hand the new ideas absorbed by the emigrants, the saint has been comparatively listless. She cures headaches and dyspepsia, converts Protestants with Catholic wives, finds employment for clients, and procures young women admission to convents. Now and then we hear of a hysterical girl being cured on the spot, or an epileptic finding relief, but as a matter of fact the character of the miracles has deteriorated since faith in them has been shaken by New England influences."

Hence the doleful remark attributed to Mgr. Bégin, that "if the French Canadians are supplanting the Puritan stock, Puritanism is having its revenge in French Canada." Yet it is curious that Ste. Anne, who has grown languid in Canada, was highly efficacious in New York some two years ago, when her wrist arrived there from Rome on its way to Beauré. Archbishop Corrigan knelt and adored the relic, and the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, where it was exhibited, became the scene of many miracles, and took in a large amount of money at the box-office—twenty-five thousand dollars, if our memory serves us—while the excitement lasted. A fragment of Ste. Anne was afterward procured for the New York church, and keeps right on healing the most serious diseases. This is but another proof of the assertion that miracles only happen where they are expected. Archbishop Corrigan lives in an atmosphere of signs and wonders, whereas never since Archbishop Riordan assumed charge of the diocese of California has the church here been favored with a single miracle. We leave it for Brother Riordan to tell why. Until he does so, it will remain an alarming mystery to the local faithful.

Whatever may be the political upshot of the present disturbances in South Africa, they will be sure to have a disturbing effect on the London stock market. The Boers, after their victory over the English filibusters, have found an enthusiastic supporter in Germany and won the sympathy of Europe. Consequently they will be more stubborn than ever in their ideas. The perturbed condition of affairs in that part of the world will naturally tend to divert the attention and money of capitalists in other directions. It is reasonable to anticipate that California will derive benefit. This is a settled and peaceful community, with no opportunities for such war-like schemers as Rhodes and Jameson. Nowhere in the world is capital safer from lawlessness than here. And as for the mining possibilities, they are at least as great as in South Africa, and probably far greater. For about half a century gold-mining has been carried on in California, and after a production in that time of nearly one billion and a half of dollars, it is the judgment of experts that the riches of our ledges have scarcely been touched. During the past year or two, capital has shown the beginning of a revival of interest, with the result that for 1895 the yield is expected to reach fifteen millions of dollars, the largest since the hydraulic mines were closed by law in the interest of the farmers. Gold is being produced in thirty out of the fifty-seven counties of the State. Owing to improved processes, ledges that were once neglected for their low grade are now being worked at a profit. Science and experience will continue to cheapen methods. Hundreds of old mines are being re-opened, and prospecting, stimulated by rich finds, is going on throughout California. The enormous profits made by the owners of such properties as the Utica group in Calaveras County, the Kennedy in Amador, the Rawhide in Tuolumne, not to mention others from which fortunes are being made, have naturally drawn the notice of Eastern capitalists, and investments increase.

Even home capital is waking up to its opportunities. That men with money and living in a mining State should eschew mines will seem puzzling to those who are unacquainted with local history. The explanation is the manner in which the great Comstock lode was managed. All the thought which those in command of the mines had to spare from robery on the ground was given to working the stock market in San Francisco. This system of spoliation, which lasted for years, associated mining in the Californian mind with trickery, gambling, and downright theft.

As interest in mining is being renewed, there is also observable an effort to resurrect stock-gambling, but men with

money to lose have had enough of that, and our capitalists are learning to discriminate between genuine mining chances and the dice-throwing hazards of the stock-board. Such is the state of feeling on this subject in California that any new mine whose stock should be listed would instantly fall under suspicion of being a swindle.

The gold excitement in Colorado as well as in South Africa both help incidentally to advertise the mines of California and draw capital toward them. The permanency of our ledges has been proved. The Sierra Buttes Mine in Sierra County, for example, has been worked steadily since 1850, and has reached a vertical depth of two thousand three hundred feet, and is still adding to the fifteen millions of dollars which at latest reports it had yielded. Other mines have gone as deep, and continued to pay. The Kennedy has gone down two thousand two hundred feet on the mother-lode, where the vein is twenty-two feet wide and growing richer as the descent is made. Besides the ledges, we have the vast deep gravel-beds, which will be the world's treasury in time to come, and in the northern portion of the State there are great conglomerate deposits almost identical in character with those of South Africa. When capital takes hold of California's gold mines in earnest and on a large scale, there is every reason to believe that a tremendous stream of wealth will pour forth. And when that happens it will be one of the wonders of the earth that capital so long neglected a field whose value has been so long known.

The recent church scandal which has broken out in San Francisco is a most remarkable one. Dr. Charles O. Brown, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, swore out a warrant against Mrs. A. Davidson, a corset dealer and a member of his church, for black-mailing him out of five hundred dollars. Mrs. Davidson claimed that she had obtained the money through the best of motives, in order to secure the silence of one Jane Elizabeth Baddin, who was about to accuse Dr. Brown of her "seduction." Dr. Brown paid the money and took a receipt, but subsequently repented of his action. Hence Mrs. Davidson's arrest. During the court proceedings which followed, several other women appeared as alleged "victims" of Dr. Brown, among them Miss Mattie Overman and a young widow known as Mrs. Cummings.

When charges of this kind are brought against a man, it is the first impulse of men with knowledge of the world to disbelieve them. It is a very easy thing for a woman to blast the reputation of a man—particularly of a clergyman. This is so well understood nowadays that a wise physician will not make a physical examination of a female patient, nor a careful dentist administer anæsthetics to a woman, unless there is another woman present. They have found this necessary by the bitter experiences of many in their profession who have not been so careful. The relations between a pastor and the female members of his flock are of such a nature that it would seem as if similar precautions were even more necessary with them. We observe that since this Brown scandal, an Oakland clergyman, Rev. S. S. Palmer, of the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, has announced that in future female members of his congregation wishing to see him in his study may do so only in the presence of Mrs. Palmer. We congratulate the Rev. Mr. Palmer upon his wisdom. So long as Mrs. Palmer is present at these pastoral interviews, there will be no trouble in the Brooklyn congregation or the Palmer family. Probably the Rev. Dr. Brown wishes now that he had been equally wise.

A number of letters and interviews have been published in the dailies coming from the women concerned in this matter. One of them traces her "trouble" with Dr. Brown to that old disturber, the "fatherly kiss." This "fatherly kiss" has always been a great stumbling-block to the ministry. We do not know whether the Rev. Dr. Brown administered any of these "fatherly kisses" or not—as we said, we are not inclined to place implicit confidence in the testimony of women in these affairs—but if he did, he slipped where many clergymen have slipped before him. Many will remember the trouble caused by the famous "paroxysmal kiss" of Henry Ward Beecher. It may be laid down as an axiom for the benefit of the clergy that when they feel like kissing, they had better kiss their wives.

An unpleasant peculiarity of these church scandals is the nauseously flippant religious tone which pervades them. All of the participants seem to be fond of quoting Scripture—whatever they may think of practicing it. Mrs. Davidson, for example, when asked in court, "What motive had you in going to Dr. Brown and getting five hundred dollars from him?" replied: "It was purely and simply to relieve the poor man and shield the church. Jeremiah, chapter xviii., verses 19 and 20, was my guide in the matter." And in a number of letters ascribed to Miss Mattie Overman, another of Dr. Brown's alleged "victims," the mixture of

Christianity, demands for money, and domestic tittle-tattle is most extraordinary. Here are some gems:

Your letter arrived this morning bringing love, hope, and spiritual admonition. . . . Have no fear for my living as long as B. lives. I think he owes me that. . . . I believe I am in God's hands, but at present I am in darkness. . . . Last night I bought me a new black skirt to wear with a waist. . . . There is a tragedy ahead. My heart is hardened and he shall pay dearly for the past. I wrote to him for a small amount, and he refused to send it to me. . . . I was enjoying the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit as my memory flies back to the gradual yielding of myself to his magnetism. Oh, think of such men pleading for virtue, and righteousness, and morals. . . . I can borrow twenty dollars at any time of a lady friend who knows nothing, but thinks much of me. . . . He shall help me constantly in the future. That will be the price of silence. He has ruined my life. He has made a toy of me. . . . I will live at Dr. B.'s, and if objections are made, he can pay my expenses elsewhere. . . . I know that God rules, but lately I have been in a very rebellious mood. . . . I am glad you see now that B. owes me something. What I have given him can never be repaid. . . . May our Heavenly Father keep you till you meet me again. . . . Dr. B. highly recommended my moral character. Very kind of him, don't you think? . . . You have spoken to me about my spiritual change. I lost through him the communion with the Holy Spirit which filled my soul. . . . I have written to B. for twenty dollars. Have not yet received an answer. I think he will send it; if not, I will try to raise it otherwise.

Altogether, there is something infinitely squalid about these church scandals. When church members with words of religion ever upon their lips have the mask torn off, the resulting revelations shock people more than would worse conduct from those who have not "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Such scandals drag down greater men than Dr. Brown. Who can think without a contemptuous smile of some of the phrases of the Beecher-Tilton trial? One in particular sticks in the memory. It was in evidence that Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton were seated together alone. After a long silence, Mr. Beecher said: "How do you feel, Elizabeth?" To which, raising her eyes to his, she replied, simply yet sweetly: "Dear father, I feel so-so."

As a result of the Beecher-Tilton trial, it was said by a cynical observer that all of the women firmly believed Mr. Beecher was innocent, and believed with equal firmness that Mrs. Tilton was guilty. Something similar will probably be the result of this Brown scandal—"not proven." If the Rev. Dr. Brown is innocent, he deserves the sympathy of all men for bravely resisting black-mail. But if he is innocent, he made a fatal error when he paid five hundred dollars—on account.

It may surprise many San Franciscans to learn that the real-estate transactions in Los Angeles during the year just closed largely exceeded, in amount of money involved, those of San Francisco. Such, however, is the fact. The figures for San Francisco (taken from the *Record* of Thomas Magee, who is conservative and accurate) foot up \$13,613,644 for the year 1895. The figures for Los Angeles (taken from the *Investor*, a weekly financial journal) come to a total of \$17,481,409 for the year just closed. There is no "boom" in Los Angeles, and there were apparently no abnormal causes to swell the record of sales. They run evenly through the year, averaging about \$1,400,000 per month, with the exception of September, when the sales rose to \$2,735,052. In San Francisco, on the other hand, there is a marked disparity in the months; the figures are as low as \$648,450 in February, 1895, and rise to \$2,446,625 in April, falling again to \$687,339 in August. These wide divergences are due to the heavy purchases made by Claus Spreckels during the year; had it not been for them, the real-estate record of Los Angeles would have been even further ahead of us. As it is, a city with less than one-fourth of our population has had real-estate transactions during the year exceeding ours nearly four millions of dollars—\$3,867,765, to be exact. And they do not seem to be boom sales, either.

A correspondence has recently been going on in the daily papers between James D. Phelan, president of the San Francisco Art Association, and Charles Bundschu, president of the German Monument Association. This association recently held a fair in San Francisco, the object being to raise funds for the erection of a monument in Golden Gate Park, reproducing exactly the Rietschel monument to Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, Germany. The sum secured by the fair was six thousand dollars.

Local artists objected to sending money to Germany for the purpose of taking a cast of a monument over fifty years old. Mr. Phelan sided with them, and urged upon Mr. Bundschu that his committee erect an original work, designed in California, and shaped in California studios. "Such an original," remarked Mr. Phelan, "the creation of California genius, erected in our magnificent park, facing the wide Pacific Ocean, would be a far nobler tribute to Goethe and Schiller than the mere duplicate of any European monument." To this Mr.

Bundschu demurred, saying that the sum raised was insufficient for an original work of merit, and that "the committee is bound to apply the funds thus far collected to the erection of a copy of the Rietschel statue." To Mr. Phelan's remark, that the proposed monument would not even be a replica, which is a reproduction by an artist of his own work, but merely a mechanical duplicate, Mr. Bundschu has nothing to say.

We agree with Mr. Phelan in thinking that such a mechanical duplication of a European monument would reflect upon the artists of America. If there can not be found within this broad land artists of sufficient ability to design and erect such a monument, then let the money be otherwise applied. But that such artists can be found, no man need doubt. Many millions of our countrymen learned for the first time at the Columbian Exposition that there were American sculptors. Who that saw it can forget the beautiful fountain in the Court of Honor, or the grand and impressive Statue of the Republic? There need be no doubt of the existence of American sculptors so long as there are among us Frederick Macmonnies, Daniel C. French, and Augustus St. Gaudens.

In the *Examiner* of Monday, January 6th, there is a dispatch from Baltimore seven columns long, THE "AMERICAN" describing the ceremonies attending the "making of a prince in the Catholic hierarchy." We very much doubt whether the *Examiner* would give seven columns—or even one—to a religious ceremony taking place in any Protestant evangelical church in a distant city. But that is neither here nor there. What particularly fixed our attention was a dispatch from Cardinal Gibbons, running thus:

"TO EDITOR EXAMINER: Tell the American people that this is one of the most memorable days in the annals of the American church.

J. CARD. GIBBONS."

"The American church." These words struck us oddly. So, while we did not read the *Examiner's* seven enthusiastic columns, we glanced over them. There we learned [in large type] that "Satolli Dons the Beretta"—a peculiarly American head-piece. We were told that "in the Cathedral of Baltimore, mother of churches in the United States, a prince of the church was invested." A "prince"—this is another good American title to rejoice over in an American church. We learned that "a splendid procession of clergy marched from the cardinal's palace to the cathedral." The cardinal's palace—that strikes oddly upon the ear—even our millionaires do not call their houses "palaces," and the most daring of reporters rarely get beyond "palatial structure." Yet a "prince" in this very "American" church has to have a palace. As we read, we find that the gentleman over whom all this potter is made—Mr. Satolli—does not speak English. Yet this "American church" delights to do him honor. Not very American that. He is attended by Bishops Corrigan, Ryan, Kain, Chappelle, Janssens, Nazaire, Feehan, and O'Brien—not very American names. A "noble guard from Rome, wearing the Pope's uniform, also attends him—the Marquis Sacripanti." Not very American that. His beretta is brought in a flat box by Mgr. Sbaretti, a Papal attendant, who makes his speech in Italian, because he can not speak English. Not very American that.

Altogether, we do not quite understand Cardinal Gibbons's telegram, that this was "one of the most memorable days in the annals of the American church." If he meant by that the conferring of a foreign title by a foreign ruler upon a foreign ecclesiastic in a foreign language according to foreign forms in a circle of foreign priests, we can readily see that it was remarkable. But it was not American.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Our Trade with South America.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, January 8, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the sixth, in speaking of the political phases of the Monroe doctrine, you say that "Another and equally practical side of the question is this: if we are going to be such extremely good friends of the Spanish-American republics as to protect them in time of war, we think they ought to buy our goods in time of peace. . . . They buy almost everything from that monarchical Europe which they condemn, and almost nothing from the republican United States which they adore—theoretically."

I believe that eight years of residence and travel in South America, a pretty thorough acquaintance with the people, and a general interest in foreign trade and international relations have made me familiar with the facts that bear on the interesting and apparently puzzling case you suggest.

I believe the business firms that have made honest efforts to get what we are in the habit of calling "our share" of South American trade, know pretty well what the matter is, and give themselves no further concern about it. There is an impression through the country, however, that South America is either unexplored by our business men, or that there is some feeling there against American goods or American merchants, and that, as your editorial suggests, if they love us, they should buy our wares.

Now the South American markets are open to our manufacturers, exactly as they are to those of other nationalities; yet the natives do not buy of us. One naturally infers that it is either because our goods are inferior, or our prices are higher than those of European

goods. In some cases these are the reasons that our goods are not bought; but they are not always the reasons, and they are not the only reasons. In many instances our American products are quite as good or even distinctly superior to those with which they come into competition.

Setting aside instances of inferior or otherwise unsuitable goods as not of the question in any market, we find that our best merchandise goes into these South American countries under one or the other of the following conditions:

1st. Suitable goods at too high prices.

2d. Suitable goods at convenient prices, but so packed that the dealers can not dispose of them.

3d. Suitable goods at convenient prices and conveniently delivered, but the terms of payment unsatisfactory.

4th. Suitable goods at convenient prices, conveniently delivered, and on mutually satisfactory terms.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the fact that business can be only when the conditions are those mentioned under the fourth head.

But the statement of this self-evident proposition does not satisfy those who think that the South American republics ought to buy of us, and they may fairly ask the reasons for high prices, improper packing, and unsatisfactory payments.

The high prices of our goods are, for the most part, the natural result of our high tariffs. Hitherto we have depended on home demand for most of our products; we have had our own markets pretty much to ourselves, and have not been forced to produce cheaply in order to meet European competition, and, as a consequence, we have seldom been prepared to meet it.

Here is an interesting, and by no means an exceptional, instance that came under my observation. Several years ago an American manufacturer of sand-paper sent a consignment to a commission merchant in Rio de Janeiro. The goods remained for a long time unsold. The New York house made several calls for settlement, and finally demanded rather unpleasantly to know why the goods remained unsold. The Rio merchant reported that the American sand-paper could not compete with the English sand-paper—that the price was too high for the market. The New York house said flatly that such a representation would not pass muster; that they were shipping sand-paper to London, Manchester, and Birmingham, and driving the Englishmen out of their own markets. When they finally got to the bottom of the matter, after months of such delays, postponements, and irritating excuses as only a South American can devise, they found that the import duty on sand-paper at Rio was charged by weight, and that, as the English paper was very thin, and the American paper very thick, the duty on the American was distributed over several sheets of the English paper, leaving the American paper very dear and the English quite cheap to the consumers.

I mention this case as illustrating the absolute necessity of a knowledge of all the circumstances that affect trade if we mean to follow it seriously.

Take next the matter of packing: I must admit that to soberly give it out that the way bundles are done up is a matter of vital importance in national commerce smacks of the ludicrous, not to say the idiotic. But I never was more serious in a statement.

In the upper Amazon region I once found that all the shops kept flimsy English calicoes and no American calicoes at all. Upon inquiry, I learned that the leading merchants knew of the superiority of American calicoes, but they declared that, while they would have preferred them, they could not sell them because they were put up in large bolts. I found that the people wanted their calicoes in bolts of ten metres. I suggested that it was easy enough to cut off ten metres from a bolt of forty metres; but that did not seem to answer the purpose. The country people liked the sound of saying they had bought a bolt of calico, and they always got the colored label with a dress-pattern. Of course it was silly from our point of view, but the Americans would not put their goods up in ten-metre bolts, and so they did not get the trade.

There is a more serious side to this question of packing, however. South America covers an enormous area; it has comparatively few railways, and beyond the railway lines the roads leading into the interior are almost exclusively mule trails; over these trails goods are carried on pack-mules for hundreds, for thousands of miles, crossing forests, deserts, through swamps, over mountains—journeys that consume weeks and sometimes months. Now it is of the utmost importance—indeed, it is quite indispensable—that the merchandise so transported should be done up in packages of such weight, size, and shape that they can be readily carried on pack-horses.

We often complain that the South Americans are hide-bound; but I submit that they are not alone in their conservatism, so long as our manufacturers insist on packing goods to suit themselves instead of suiting their customers.

The last obstacle I shall speak of is unsatisfactory terms of payment. The people of South America never do anything to-day that they can put off till to-morrow, and, least of all, would they think of settling accounts. In addition to this general inertia, the wholesale dealers in the large cities must wait on the up-country dealers, and the up-country dealers must wait on the retailers, and the retailers must wait on their customers, and their customers must wait for next year's coffee crop, or rubber yield, or cotton, or something else. Now, every one acquainted with American trade knows that this sort of thing will not suit our manufacturers. The time they are willing to wait for their money is expressed in days, not in years.

The European merchants know of these peculiarities of the South American markets, and are ready and willing to meet them; our merchants are neither ready nor willing. All the share we have, we can ever expect to have, in South American trade must be obtained by legitimate business methods. Yankee "smartness" has already brought the name of the American goods and business into disrepute, and new-comers must meet and overcome this prejudice. And our people must get into that field with the intention of studying the market, of meeting European competition openly, of building up a business they can stay with generation after generation and that will stay with them, of giving the people what they want, and in such shapes, colors, patterns, and packages as they want them (whether we fancy them or not), and on terms that will be satisfactory to the purchasers, just as European houses have done.

Trade can be built up only on business principles—not on sentiment; and until it is so built up, we may rest assured that South American people will go on adoring us—theoretically—and buying their goods from England, France, and Germany.

JOHN C. BRANNER.

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

The Story of Blennerhassett Island—How Aaron Burr's Ambition Wrecked an Ideal Home—An Interesting Page from American History.

[It is the belief of most people that when Dr. Jameson crossed the Transvaal frontier at the head of a band of eight hundred freebooters, it was with the tacit approval of the British South African Company; that if the British South African Company found that Jameson and his expedition were successful, they would back him up with their wealth and their machine guns; that if the British Government found the South African Company was successful, they would back up the company with the forces of the British Empire, and that another country would be gobbled up by Great Britain. All of these hopes have been baffled by the defeat of the Jameson expedition by the Boers. This recalls another expedition projected on similar lines in our own country about a hundred years ago, when Aaron Burr went into the West, and, making Harman Blennerhassett's beautiful home his headquarters, began enlisting men for an expedition against the Spanish possessions on the Gulf of Mexico. He, too, led his men to believe that it was with the tacit approval of the United States Government, and, if their expedition succeeded, the United States would back them up and make it a part of its territory. As a matter of fact, Burr designed to make himself dictator of the conquered territory. But there, too, events militated against the adventurer, and the Burr-Blennerhassett expedition failed. But it was a picturesque and most changeable time in American history, and it will not be uninteresting to recall it now.—Eos.]

In the Ohio River, near the mouth of the Little Kanawha and about fourteen miles below the old town of Marietta, lies Blennerhassett Island. Perhaps no other spot along "La Belle Rivière" has such an interesting history.

It is almost one hundred years since Harman Blennerhassett and his bride went to live in the great wilderness of the West. Blennerhassett was the son of an Irish gentleman, though his birthplace was at Hampshire, England. He was born in 1767, when his parents were on a visit to Hampshire. His family was among the most distinguished of the Irish gentry, and Harman enjoyed excellent educational advantages. After a preliminary schooling in England, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in due time with high honors. He then read law in the Inns of Court, and was admitted to the bar in 1790. At the death of his father, soon after, Blennerhassett received a large accession to his fortune.

With wealth, rank, and intellectual powers of a high order, richly cultivated, he seemed to be upon the threshold of a brilliant career. His friends desired him to enter politics, but that was not to his taste. His inclinations were for the quieter paths of literature. The excitement aroused by the oppression of royalty was in the very air in Ireland, and he turned to the United States as a haven of refuge. He sold all of his landed estates and went to England, where he married Miss Agnew, a daughter of the governor of the Isle of Man. Before leaving London, he purchased a large and valuable library and an extensive chemical and philosophical apparatus. Through letters which he brought, he and his wife became acquainted with many of the leading families in New York, and they were the recipients of flattering attention.

Hearing of the Eden-like islands in the Ohio River, he determined to visit that part of the country. Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett arrived in Pittsburgh in the autumn of 1797, and floated down the river as far as Marietta in one of the flat-bottomed boats then in use. He spent all of the next winter in studying the topography of the country and the habits of the people. The following spring he bought what was then called Backus Island, and ever since it has borne his name. This island contained about three hundred acres, and at the upper end a few acres were free from trees, presenting a natural lawn. The drooping branches of the willows laved by the river, and gigantic elms and sycamores gave beauty and grandeur to the scenery.

The new owner of this enchanting spot began energetically to erect a home. Slaves were bought, and the upper part of the island was laid out and ornamented with exquisite taste. There were graveled walks, and carriage-ways, and a beautiful view of the river through an opening among the trees, and a flower-garden of about two acres filled with flowering shrubs, both exotic and native. Arbors and grottoes covered with vines were scattered here and there, and on the south side of the island was a kitchen-garden, stocked with choicest fruits. Spacious outbuildings were erected and boat-landings constructed for communication with the Ohio and Virginia shores. The house was like a palace, with two wings stretching out in either direction, and its inside finish was luxurious. When the house was completed, together with the adornment of the grounds, the sum of sixty thousand dollars in gold had been expended.

The mistress of this romantic home was a very beautiful woman. Her figure, tall and commanding, was molded in perfect proportions. Her manners were captivating and, at the same time, full of dignity. She wrote and spoke French and Italian fluently, while her familiarity with English literature at once stamped her as a woman of culture and refined education. She was an accomplished horse-woman, and she was also an accomplished housewife. She was very ambitious, and it was a great trial to her to have her husband waste his brilliant powers in obscurity. Vainly she urged him to enter as an advocate the higher courts of Virginia, but he preferred his books, and music, and the peaceful pursuit of scientific studies. Blennerhassett was a versatile genius, a man of great benevolence and intense sympathies, and in manners very courteous, mild, and yielding. His virtues were of the amiable character, and he was easily duped by the designing. That he lacked ambition and loved his ease was evident.

When the Blennerhassetts had finished their home and begun to live in earnest, if the lives of two idlers may be called living in earnest, their island became the centre of the fashionable set of the community. The leading people of Marietta, Belpre, near by on the Ohio shore, and all of Wood County, in Virginia, made the Blennerhassett mansion the centre about which all things in the fashionable world revolved. For eight years they dwelt there, entertain-

ing all comers with open-handed hospitality, making frequent trips to the East to visit friends, as well as to make purchases. They entertained lavishly for the times and for the surroundings, and the fame of their hospitality reached far and wide.

Such was the island home, and such were its inhabitants, when the serpent entered this Eden and wrought its ruin. Aaron Burr was one of the most fascinating of men. A graceful man, of handsome aquiline features, with high mental endowments, and in possession of rare conversational powers, he had the instincts of a vulture, and was eternally scheming for his own personal gratification and aggrandizement, reckless of the ruin and misery his selfishness wrought. His career had been brilliant until when, as Vice-President of the United States during President Jefferson's first term, he imbrued his hands in the blood of Alexander Hamilton, and brought upon himself the execration of his countrymen. It was then he formed the Napoleonic conception, and apparently feasible one, of wresting from Spain the Empire of Mexico, and from the United States the vast and almost unsettled solitudes of the Mississippi Valley, there to organize a magnificent empire, of which he was to be imperator.

Burr had heard of Blennerhassett, of his wealth, and of his influence over the rapidly increasing population of the Ohio Valley, and he resolved to enlist him in the enterprise. In the spring of the year 1805, Burr appeared upon Blennerhassett Island, and was the recipient of distinguished attentions at the hands of its hospitable owners. It is not my purpose to follow in detail the intrigues and the intricacies of the dealings between Burr and Blennerhassett. Suffice it to say that both host and hostess were charmed. He seemed as artless as a child. Familiar with the secrets of state, he spoke of the prospect of war with Spain and of the ease with which the Mexicans, with a little help, might throw off the Spanish yoke and establish an independent government. With great frankness, he explained to them an enticing land speculation within the Spanish territory, on the Red River, in which he was engaged, and showed them how very profitable it was to be.

Having taken the first step, he went on his way. The next autumn, however, Burr and his beautiful daughter, Theodosia, made a short visit to the island, and in the following winter, Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett were lured East for the purpose of further interviews, and it is presumed that they entered into a sort of partnership for land speculation. Blennerhassett was incapable of treason, and it can not be doubted, as it appeared afterward at the trial, that Burr adroitly veiled his real purpose from him by the projected land speculation.

In the summer of 1806, Burr came West, and active measures were taken to organize an expedition. The intriguer had such influence with Blennerhassett's wife that she readily persuaded her husband to pledge himself for the payment of all expenses. Bateaux sufficient to carry five hundred men were built and provisioned at Marietta, and Colonel Burr visited many settlements in Ohio and Virginia to engage enterprising and hardy young men as recruits, and he speedily secured the required number. Each emigrant was required to bring a rifle and blanket. The little colony was organized with military precision, for its leader was an accomplished soldier. Every one was to receive the gift of one hundred acres of land. Burr told them that President Jefferson, who was very popular in the West, approved of the expedition. Confidentially, he assured them that, while their expedition was a peaceful one and its object the settlement of the vast tract of land purchased of Baron Bastrop, still there was the certainty of war between the United States and Spain, in which event Mexico would free herself, and his colony would have the molding of a grand empire on the foundations of democratic equality, and they might enrich themselves beyond the dreams of romance.

Meanwhile, news of Burr's doings had reached the East, and President Jefferson became alarmed. He knew Aaron Burr thoroughly, and was well aware of his ambition and his powers of intrigue. The governors of Ohio and Virginia were called upon to suppress the expedition. The militia was called out, and the boats and stores were seized. A detachment of militia from Wood County, Va., landed upon the island, became drunk from the liquors in the cellar, and pillaged and burned the house and out-buildings. Burr and Blennerhassett were both arrested for treason, and were tried and acquitted.

In the next two years, Blennerhassett lost his island home, and he found himself with a family upon his hands, but with his riches all gone, and in their place a mountain of debts. However, he learned enough to write a book, in which he involved not only Burr in treasonable acts, but also Governor Alston, of South Carolina, Burr's son-in-law. Alston paid ten thousand dollars rather than have the book published. Blennerhassett then undertook a cotton-plantation near Natchez, but the War of 1812 ruined commerce and he removed to Canada. Here he became bankrupt and was forced to subsist until his death upon the bounty of his sister. Mrs. Blennerhassett, thrown upon her own resources, returned to America to prosecute her claim for the destruction of her home on the Ohio island by the militia, subsisting meanwhile upon the income of a few shares of bank stock and the charity of her friends. She died, however, in 1842, just as she had got her petition properly before Congress.

Blennerhassett Island is now used as a picnic-ground in the summer time, and is kept planted in the ordinary crops. There is little left to mark the site of the old mansion. The well, which is about six feet in diameter, was so well stoned up when first built that it is as good as new to-day, and the water is sweet and cool. As a last touch of iconoclasm, where the rounded lawn once lay is now a base-ball diamond.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1896.

Mascagni has given up composing for a time and is director of the Liceo Musicale, in Pesaro.

BERNHARDT AND DUMAS.

A Gossipy Account of their Friendship—How It Began in a Green-room—He was her Father-Confessor—Anecdotes from her Possible Memoirs.

It is not long since we were told that Sarah Bernhardt had made every arrangement for the publication of her memoirs not only here, but for their translation and production in the United States. The fact of the matter is that not a single line of them has yet been written. But when they appear, if they ever do, they must needs contain much interesting matter. Sarah has known all the men and women best worth knowing within the last twenty years—more especially the men—she has traveled far and wide, exercised several professions, dabbled in art and authorship, tried matrimony—which in her case was decidedly a failure—and had more lovers at her feet than any other woman of her generation.

I wonder whether she intends in these unwritten memoirs to give to the world the secret of her eternal youth. Maurice Bernhardt has rounded the cape of thirty, and is beginning to look quite portly, while his wife has taken on a little matronly air that does not sit badly upon her, while the mother and mother-in-law of this pair is still slim, almost girlish-looking, a being to tempt any man, as fresh and bewitching as she was—I won't say how many years ago. I watched her closely the other evening at the theatre, and I came to the conclusion that she was the youngest-looking woman on the wrong side of forty that eyes ever beheld.

Yes, Sarah is in Paris once more, though not for long, and she does not intend to appear here this winter at all. Guitry has taken the general directorship of the Renaissance, but Sarah pulls the strings and does not mind traveling five or six hundred miles for the purpose of attending a rehearsal. She did this for "Amants," going to and returning from Barcelona in an interval of three days between two representations. The house in the Boulevard Pereire is kept up during her frequent absences, and her friends swarm to welcome her the moment she rests foot there, to find everything just as she left it—fresh flowers in all the vases and the servants in attendance. The peculiar carriage she affects—a cut between a London hansom and a French coupé—is once more to be seen tooling homeward in the early afternoons, and there are lights in the windows of her residence far on into the night. Like most actresses, she gets up late, but is seldom in bed before two or three in the morning. Old-fashioned persons advocate early hours as beneficial, but I do not believe Sarah had even an hour of "beauty sleep" in her life.

It is one thing to enthrall men, but your really bewitching siren longs to try her hand on her own sex. Latterly, on the Peninsula, Sarah made two conquests of which she may be justly proud. One of them was the Queen-Regent of Spain, the other Queen Amelia of Portugal. The latter, we hear, did not miss a single representation, and every night Sarah was advertised to play at the Lisbon Theatre, there she was in the royal box, leading the applause.

The queen-regent has neither time nor inclination for theatre-going. Besides, it was the woman particularly who interested her. So a chamberlain was dispatched to the actress's hotel, and she was informed that the sovereign would take it kindly if she would come to the palace, a royal coach being in attendance. Sarah has often personified queens on the stage, and I doubt whether she looked a whit less regal than Elizabeth of Austria when she walked into the audience chamber with her stately, undulating glide.

Sarah was still in Portugal when Alexandre Dumas shuffled off this mortal coil, and she was only represented at the funeral by a beautiful wreath of flowers. The last time the two met was at Marly, this summer. She was about to start on this tour, and went to bid him and Sardou goodbye. Sardou, you know, was Dumas's neighbor in the country, and a great friend, too; there could be no rivalry between them, their productions are of such a different order. Sarah spoke to Dumas of the thousandth representation of "La Dame aux Camélias," which had already been played four hundred and sixty times. "I have no objection to your celebrating it," was his reply, "but don't ask me to go."

Sarah's first introduction to Dumas took place one night at the Odéon; he went into her dressing-room and paid her some pretty compliments. She had been performing Zanetto in "Le Passant," and seizing the occasion, asked him if he would write her a part, to which he answered: "My child, you were created for the language of the gods. I only speak the language of men, I write comedies in prose." After that they became great friends, and Sarah was wont to carry her sorrows to him.

But it was some time before she had her desire, and did at last appear in a play by Dumas. It was "L'Etrangère," in which she was cast for the character of the evil foreign woman—a bitter disappointment, for she had hoped to act the more sympathetic part of the duchess, which was given to Croizette. Emile Perrin then reigned at the Français, and Croizette could turn Perrin round her little finger, and so Sarah had to put up with what she could get; but when the question of changing the title was mooted, her despair was so deep that Dumas took pity on her and decided that "L'Etrangère" should be retained.

It is typical of her wayward, restless spirit that, after having moved heaven and earth to be elected a *sociétaire* of the Français, she suddenly became impressed with the irrevocableness of the deed, feeling pretty sure that she should some day break the contract, as in point of fact she did. So off she went to Dumas to tell him, first of her election and then of her disinclination to validate it by putting her signature to the necessary documents. "Don't sign, my dear child," was his characteristic advice; "your hair curls too crisply. People whose hair curls like this"—and he seized a lock of his own—"should never put their names to contracts for life!" He never said a truer word, either of himself or Sarah.

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 12, 1895.

PARIS DURING THE COMMUNE.

Vivid Pictures of a Second Reign of Terror, from "The Red Republic"—How the Revolt Began—Lights and Shadows of Barricade and Dungeon.

Robert W. Chambers, whose "King in Yellow" made quite a stir in the novel-reading public of London a few months ago, has written a new novel which deserves to be widely read. It is entitled "The Red Republic: A Romance of the Commune," and presents a very vivid picture of that second Reign of Terror in which the Parisians of only twenty-five years ago reverted to a wolfish savagery that could have been possible in no other civilized country.

This work is essentially a novel, telling a most absorbing tale of a young American art student's adventures in his efforts to save an orphaned and friendless young girl from a hand of cut-throats who stood high in power in the Commune. His adventures and those of his friends and enemies are most astonishing. One expects such daring exploits and narrow escapes in the period in which Stanley Weyman sets his stories or in mediæval Italy; but it is distinctly shocking to find them in the latter part of this nineteenth century. And yet they do not seem unreal. In fact, Mr. Chambers prints a note of acknowledgment to the many authorities from which he drew the historical background of his tale, and says "the separation of the romance from the facts would leave the historical basis practically accurate."

This historical background is so remarkable that we shall make a few extracts from it. It is to be remembered that the scene is laid in Paris, just after the Prussians had withdrawn, and that Thiers's stipulation that the National Guard should be allowed to retain their arms had resulted in the formation of an insurgent party, composed of the National Guard and the riffraff of Paris, which followed the dictates of a mysterious general committee in defiance of Thiers and his ministers. Mr. Chambers scores Thiers heavily for his policy of delay in the inception of the revolt, and presents this picture of the consequences of his criminal negligence when his soldiers had captured the cannon which the National Guard had dragged to the heights of Montmartre and trained on the city of Paris:

At five o'clock in the morning, General Lecomte sent word to General d'Aurelle de Paladines that the cannon were taken, and sappers were demolishing the intrenchments, and he begged him at once to bring horses to remove the cannon to the city below. De Paladines came himself, and wanted to know what General Lecomte meant; Thiers had given him no orders for horses.

"Good God!" cried General Lecomte, "has he neglected to send the horses?"

D'Aurelle de Paladines shouted to his men to move the cannon by hand, and the soldiers at once began to drag a piece of seven through the mud and down the steep, slippery street to the foot of the hill. A great crowd of men, women, and children had gathered to watch them, and from every house National Guards ran out, rifle in hand, crying: "Thiers has betrayed us! A coup d'état! Lecomte is robbing us of our cannon!"

De Paladines sent messenger after messenger in hot haste to Thiers, begging and imploring him to send horses and harness.

"It will take my men a day to move seven or eight of these guns by hand," he wrote. "Our force is small, and our men have not been fed. We have no provisions, and every second may mean life or death."

At eight o'clock the equipages and horses had not arrived. The crowd grew more menacing. The regular troops, tired and hungry, waited for their food to arrive. General Vinoy came up, demanding the reason of delay, and more messengers were dispatched to Thiers.

"Treason! Robbery! Down with Vinoy! Down with Paladines! Down with Thiers! Down with the cannon thieves!" yelled the crowd.

"Go to h—!" replied a small bugler of the Seventy-Sixth, and the crowd set up a shout of laughter.

"Sonny," cried a handsome young woman, in sabots and a red skirt, "do you want this cake?" and she handed the bugler a bit which the poor little fellow devoured eagerly.

"Good for you!" shouted the crowd. "Wait! You are our brothers! If you are hungry, we will get you food!"

In an instant loaves of bread and bottles of wine were brought to the troops who, half-starved, received them with delight. In vain their officers interfered and threatened. "We are hungry, the National Guard give us food, why should we fire on them? They are our brothers!"

"Vive la Ligne!" shouted the crowd.

"Vive la Garde Nationale!" shouted the regulars. The soldiers of two companies of the Seventy-Sixth, recently recruited from Belleville, began to fraternize with the crowd. An officer ordered them back, but they laughed in his face. A throng of women and children pressed around the artillerymen who were moving the cannon away. The artillerymen resisted, laughing, but the crowd hoisted them on their shoulders, crying "Hurrah for the artillery!" and others dragged the cannon back to the intrenchments. A company of foot Chasseurs were ordered to fire on the National Guard. The rifles fell to a level, but women ran out and covered their husbands and brothers with their own bodies.

"Fire!" shouted the captain; not a shot responded. Other troops were ordered to clear away the constantly increasing crowd, but they refused. Their officers threatened them with sabre and revolver, but they stood doggedly inactive.

"The National Guard has fed us. We will not fire on women!" they replied.

"Hello you! the handsome soldier with the brown mustache!" cried a pretty girl from the crowd. "Will you stay with us?"

"Will you give me something to eat?" said the soldier, seriously.

"Yes, indeed, food and drink."

The soldier accepted a bit of bread and a glass of wine.

"To the health of the Republic," he replied, and drained the glass.

"Vive la République! Vive la Ligne!" cried the people.

The officers were powerless. Some threw down their swords and walked away, weeping with rage and mortification. Some broke their swords over their knees and flung them into the street. Suddenly drums were heard, and the Federal battalions, colors flying, bayonets shining, poured into the street from every side. General Lecomte shouted to them to halt, but they pressed toward the regular troops, followed by the crowd. In vain Lecomte ordered his troops to charge and clear the street. The company which was guarding the "Tower of Solferino," a café, raised their rifles, butt upwards, and refused to budge.

"Death to Vinoy! Death to Thiers!" howled the rabble that had followed the Federal battalions. A crashing volley drowned their howls. The National Guards had fired on the Line.

The insurgents recaptured the cannon and made demonstrations that frightened Thiers into withdrawing to Versailles. An officer at the Ministry of War thus tells of his flight:

"I was inspecting the guard down here. M. Thiers sat with his ministers above there in the long salon, pretending to hold a council. I did not see it myself, but those who did, say he would not listen to a word. He shut up MacMahon and the old Minister of War, and

snubbed Borel and Appert, and yet he had nothing to propose himself. General Vinoy arrived with his staff. They left their horses at the gate, surrounded by a squadron of light cavalry who had served as escorts. Every minute messengers arrived with fresh news of the disaster on Montmartre, and brought in witnesses of the murders of the generals. Suddenly there came cries from the direction of the Esplanade. It was a battalion of the National Guard marching to the Hôtel de Ville, carrying a red flag and shouting 'Vive la Commune!' I was down here, I didn't see him—but they say Thiers squealed like a trapped rabbit, and ran out into the hall. From there I myself heard him give the order to evacuate Paris. Monsieur de Carotte," said the officer, bitterly, "with my handful of men I could have scattered that battalion, red flags and all."

"Well," said Alain, "and what did the *petit bonhomme* do next?"

"He ran back for his hat, and the next minute came tumbling down the stairs. 'General Vinoy,' he called out, 'I will take your escort.' He jumped into his coupé, and, when he was seated, he took out a blank book, like one who has forgotten a trifle, and scribbled something. It was an order to abandon Mont-Valérien."

"Sainte Vierge!" groaned De Carotte, "this is criminal."

"Mont-Valérien, the one impregnable fortress between Paris and Versailles!" said Philip, under his breath.

"Then," continued the lieutenant, passionately—"then he stuck his head out of the window and called the escort around him. 'Gallop! Gallop!' he cried to the officer in charge. 'As long as we are on this side of the Pont de Sévres we are in danger!' and the squadron departed at full speed, leaving General Vinoy without an escort."

Here is a little scene that shows how Paris behaves in a revolution; the young American, Philip Landes, trying to cross the city:

His progress was barred at the entrance of the Place St. Sulpice by sentinels of the National Guard, who warned him back with the sharp cry, "Au large! au large!"

Along the line of sentinels a curious crowd had gathered. What they were watching, Landes could not see, until he crossed the street. Here a jumble of cabs, trucks, and omnibuses were stuck fast, forbidden to proceed, unable to turn back. When he stepped upon the sidewalk and turned to get a full view of the square, the matter was explained. Hundreds of soldiers of the National Guard were working like beavers along the four sides of the Place, and already a formidable barricade of paving-stones had been erected. The Federals—rifles, coats, and cartridge-belts thrown aside—were attacking the granite blocks of the pavement with pick and crow. A bow-legged officer, with red reverses to his tunic and yards of gold lace on sleeve and *képi*, straddled up and down the sidewalk where the men were working, and where the shop-windows reflected his own charms. He talked in a loud nasal voice, and divided his attention between his reflection in the windows and a group of pretty shop-girls who were giggling on the kerb.

"*Mon Dieu! qu'il est beau!*" tittered a saucy brunette; "such graceful legs!"

"His legs are Renaissance architecture, ladies—François Premier!" said a student with a T-square under one arm and a drawing-board under the other.

The girls giggled until everybody in the vicinity laughed too.

"Not Renaissance—Moorish!" put in another student. "Look at him now as he stands—the rear view—a perfect Moorish arch! Those legs, ladies!—admire this fragment from the Alhambra, imported by the government at enormous expense for the instruction of the Paris public and—"

A soldier tried to seize him, but he dodged and mounted an omnibus, from the top of which Landes, hurrying away, heard him still explaining in a loud voice the priceless value of this human gem of Moorish architecture, amid shrieks of laughter from the by-standers.

"How can they laugh? How can they?" Philip thought. "Nobody but a Parisian would make a jest of these sinister preparations."

Another and a more sinister scene of life in the gay capital in those terrible days is given in this bit:

In the Place de Medici, two Hussars of Death sat motionless upon their bony horses, their long cloaks hanging to the stirrups, hack crape fluttering on their arms. Like foul night-birds surprised by daylight, blinking maliciously at the passers-by, these strange creatures peered over the cloaks which shrouded their faces, watching with fierce, bright eyes every movement of the people.

The dome of the Pantheon was glowing in the sky, as he passed the Rue Gay Lussac, and above it the red flag of the Commune flapped black against the rising sun. Figures passed across the terraced roof, silhouetted against the bright blue above, with a sparkle of buttons and bayonets as they turned. On the Boulevard St. Michel, the cafés were opening, and those hopeless creatures, the morning absinthe-drinkers, dotted the terraces of the Cafés Rouge et Noir and Garibaldi. A few harsh-voiced women, over whose pale faces the rouge was smeared, were returning with their escorts from some fête in Montparnasse, and their eyes, encircled by violet rings, glittered with vice. Their escorts were students, weary and viciously drunk, and they filled the street with coarse yells and shouts of defiance.

"Vive la Commune!" shouted one.

"Oh, non—pas ça voyons," cried another; "vive Thiers!"

"Vive Thiers!" they shouted ironically.

Then they noticed the Hussars of Death in the Place de Medici, and shook their fists at them in drunken bravado.

"Long live Thiers!" they screamed. "Long live the republic!"

"Down with the Commune!" "A mort, les Hussards de la Mort!"

Slowly one of the draped cavaliers turned in his saddle and pointed at the students. Drunk as they were, they felt the menace of that outstretched arm; their yells and cat-calls died in their throats, and one of the women ran into a café, shrieking hysterically. A ghastly, silent laugh stretched the skin on the hussar's sunken face, his arm fell slowly to his side, and his head sank again among the folds of the long cloak. Only his eyes, restless and brilliant, glittered venomously above the mantle.

An incident of the story that is not historic, but is interesting for itself, is the following which takes place in Philip's studio at the time when every man in Paris was in constant apprehension of denunciation as a suspect:

Landes walked to the door and flung it open. A little sallow man, all in black save for a crimson sash across his breast, stepped noiselessly into the room, without removing his hat. Two soldiers of the National Guard started to follow him in, but he motioned them out again, and closed the door softly behind him. Then in a colorless, husky voice he demanded to see the proprietor of the apartment.

"I am the *locataire*," said Landes, with a dull, oppressive weight in his heart. "What do you want, and who are you?"

"I am Citizen Verlet, charged by the chief of police to arrest one Henri Marsy, suspect of the Commune. What is your name?"

"Philip Landes, artist."

"And this gentleman?" looking at Ellice.

"John D. Ellice, artist."

"Who is your neighbor in the studio opposite?"

"Moreau Gauthier, sculptor," said Landes. "Mr. Ellice does not live here. Kindly address yourself to me."

"I will address myself to whom I choose," replied the little man, in passionless tones. "Who lives in the next studio beyond?"

"I don't know," said Landes, lying deliberately—for he did know that Henri Marsy lived there. So did Jack, and immediately had an inspiration.

"Well, good-bye, Philip," he said, shaking hands with Landes, and giving him a knowing squeeze. "I'll see you to-morrow, then." He started for the door. The little man locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you mean by that!" cried Landes, angrily.

"This gentleman must not leave for the present. I am going to search your apartment."

"No, you are not," broke in Philip.

"In the name of the Commune—"

"I don't care a damn in whose name!" cried Landes, trembling with wrath. "Get out of my place!" He started toward the

sallow man, but the delegate from the Commune was too quick for him. Unlocking the door, he beckoned the soldiers.

"Search is refused," he said, impassively; "fire, if further resistance is offered."

"Try it, you crop-eared ragamuffins!" shouted Landes, white with fury. Snatching an American flag from the wall, he flung it over the chandelier.

"Do you see that flag? Do you see me standing under it? That is my flag. This is United States ground. Outrage it or me, if you dare!"

The delegate from the Commune turned a shade more sallow and stared at the flag.

"The American minister shall know about this to-morrow," said Ellice, gravely. "I must request your name again—what was it—Verlet? Oh, Verlet."

Citizen Verlet grew pale and stepped back. He knew nothing about alien rights, and he meant to conceal his ignorance if he could. The soldiers eyed the flag stupidly and fingered their rifles. After a moment, Verlet took off his hat and bowed to Landes.

"It is a mistake; formal search will not be necessary. No insult to your country was intended, and I hope the incident may be dropped."

One of the most atrocious events of the early days of the Commune is thus described:

The "party of order" in Paris lost what little faith it had retained in Adolphe Thiers, and declared that its patience was at an end. Day by day the Commune revolt, which at first pretended to justify itself in the cry of "Municipal Liberty," was taking a sinister character, anything but French. Every day the alarmed inhabitants of Paris saw new actors enter the scene. The Hôtel de Ville had become a revolutionary head-quarters. Strange, suspicious creatures haunted it: Polish dragoons in full uniform, with tasseled boots and flapping cloaks; Garibaldians in red shirts, plumed hats, and enormous spurs; "Hussars of Death" in the fantastic panoply which has made their hideous trapping an omen of violence and terror. With crape on their arms, revolvers in their belts, and long sabres dangling, these strange creatures rode like nightmares through the dimly lighted streets, or stalked silently, two by two, enveloped in their vast mantles. At night the cafés were crowded with motley throngs who gambled, and cursed, and drank with women of the most abandoned and dangerous type. Gold was poured out like water, orgies awakened the sober inhabitants, whose expostulations were received with jeers, and curses, and an occasional playful bullet. The Belleville battalions marched and counter-marched all day, blowing their eternal bugles and drumming until the whole city echoed from morning until night with one terrific, ear-splitting racket.

A terror, which was not without reason, seized upon the good people of Paris.

"Are these bandits paid to annoy us in this way?" they demanded of one another. The answer came in a startling manner. The Central Committee, revolvers leveled, "borrowed" five hundred thousand francs from the Bank of France. Then anger and fright wrung a cry of protest from the decent element in the city. A great meeting of the peaceful citizens of Paris was called for the twenty-second of March in front of the new Opéra. It was to be a silent protest, but an imposing one. The people were cautioned to bring no arms and to utter no hostile cry. They were to march quietly through the streets, their attitude was to be dignified and non-provocative, and they hoped to show the inhabitants and the insurgent National Guard that the majority of the *bourgeoisie* were not in favor of the violence which was beginning to succeed the brief interval of quiet.

All the morning these inoffensive people had been gathering before the Opéra. By noon ten thousand people had gathered, and still more were flocking in. From the Place de l'Opéra they could see, through the Rue de la Paix, the formidable barricade which defended the Place Vendôme.

The Place Vendôme had been transformed into a fortress. Cannon and mitrailleuses guarded the barricade across the Rue de la Paix, and the whole square swarmed with the troops of the Commune. Du Bisson, that loud-mouthed renegade, commanded the western angle of the square; Lullier, the southern; and the commandant-in-chief, Bergeret, occupied the centre with his bull-dog-covered staff. Bergeret, clothed in a costume which would have driven an opera tenor crazy with jealousy, sat on a keg in the middle of the square, and eyed the throng in front of the Opéra with a self-satisfied smile.

"If they come this way," he said to Du Bisson, "I'll mow 'em down—only wait and see me!"

Swelling like a turkey-cock, he turned slowly once or twice as if he were on a pivot, and glanced up at the windows of the houses which faced the square on the side of the Hôtel Continental. There were no ladies to admire him, and he petulantly ordered that all the windows facing the square should remain shut. As he spoke, a bay-window opposite was raised and two gentlemen stepped into the balcony, conversing.

"Shut that window!" shouted Bergeret.

One of the gentlemen, a short, ruddy little fellow, with very bright eyes, looked at him calmly for a moment, then quietly resumed the conversation with his companion.

"Do you hear me?" bellowed Bergeret, furious and conscious of the attention of his entire staff; "shut that window and go in!"

The short, ruddy-faced gentleman quietly lighted a cigar, leaned over the balcony, and observed General Bergeret with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Burnside," he said in English to his companion, "who is that jumping-jack over there?"

Du Bisson, seeing something was wrong, came up hurriedly. "General," he said, "be careful what you do! That man is General Sheridan of the United States army and his companion is General Burnside!"

Bergeret bit his lip and turned on his heel. . . . A bugle-call from the centre of the square brought every officer to his feet. Then the drums rattled the "alarm" and the troops fell in, and "General" Bergeret, swelling with importance, followed by his grotesque staff, marched toward the eastern section of the barricade.

The crowd which had been gathered in front of the Opéra was in motion, and now, headed by a Line soldier without arms, who bore the tri-color flag, was entering the Rue de la Paix, and making straight for the Place Vendôme.

At an order from Bergeret the troops formed a square, officers in the centre, cannon at the angles. At another order, rifles were loaded and bayonets fixed, but, knowing their mission to be peaceful, the procession of citizens continued to advance, urging each other to remember and give no provocation. "Vive la France! Vive l'ordre! Vive la Garde Nationale!" were all the cries which they permitted themselves. On the way, thinking that possibly the sight of the blue ribbons which many wore might be taken as a pretext for violence, orders were given to remove them. On they came, gravely, quietly, until the foremost rank reached the barricade. Then they requested the National Guard to let them pass, as their mission was harmless and peaceful. Already six or seven Federals had drawn back and opened their ranks with friendly gestures, when suddenly the drums rolled, and a strident voice was heard, loud, frenzied, dominating the crash of the drums, uttering terrible menaces. It was Bergeret, crying the custom of the three legal summonses to disperse.

The citizens stared at each other in amazement.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" shrieked the ape with a tiger's heart.

An explosion shook the barricade, and when the smoke rose, the Rue de la Paix was a ghastly shambles. With terror-stricken cries the crowd turned and fled, trampling over the dead and wounded, searching vainly for a place of safety. A white-haired old man fell with a ball between his eyes; a young woman lay groaning on the sidewalk, her left arm crushed by a bullet. Twenty corpses lay in the Rue de la Paix, and sixty people bleeding from rifle bullets dragged themselves toward a place of safety. Twelve corpses lay in one heap on the corner of the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin.

In these few passages we have given enough to show the tenor of the book. The romance, we repeat, is an absorbing one, and the historical part, if very sanguinary, is as vivid and accurate as a painting by Detaille.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

MR. HEARST'S NEW JOURNAL.

His Journalistic Stars—Julian Ralph his Special in London—Julius Chambers at Washington—Sensational Features Make the Paper Talked About.

Young Mr. Hearst, late of San Francisco, is attracting attention to himself by his conduct of the new *Journal*. It will be remembered that I wrote some weeks ago commenting on the changes which he had made in that paper, one of which included omitting the word "Morning" from the title. Other changes were made in the appearance and make-up of the paper, but the features which have attracted the most attention in the newspaper fraternity have been the journalistic stars who have been secured by Mr. Hearst for his new *Journal*. Among others, as I have already mentioned, he sent for some of his leading writers and artists on the San Francisco *Examiner*. It is only fair to say that the writers have as yet attracted no particular attention, but Homer Davenport, one of the artists, caught the eye of the public at once. Davenport has been sent on special missions, such as to Philadelphia to do the Holmes murder trial, and lately has been in Washington, where he has been caricaturing our legislative Solons, both senators and congressmen, in a way which has filled some venerable gentlemen with extreme anger. Davenport seems to have the same broad-line effects that Thomas Nast has, but he has the fervor of youth, he has much more humor, and he has more facility than the older man.

Among the other men whom Hearst brought from San Francisco is Charles Michelson, whom he at once sent to Havana to be special correspondent of the *Journal*. Mr. Michelson has sent numbers of special dispatches from there, but they have attracted scant attention, as it has been utterly impossible for any one to discover either from his or any other dispatches what is going on in Cuba. As a matter of fact, I suppose that Mr. Michelson has remained in Havana, being fed by the government with just such news as they considered it well for him to know, and that, like the other reporters there, he has been secretly securing other news by the underground grapevine telegraph, which came from Cuban sources, and which completely refuted the government news.

Leaving aside Pacific Coast stars, the other notable men who have been added to the *Journal's* staff are Julian Ralph, "Alan Dale," Julius Chambers, and James L. Ford. Julius Chambers, who was for a long time one of the editorial council of the New York *World*, has been sent to Washington as the special correspondent of the *Journal*. He has been sending some excellent letters from there. Walter Jaeger is sending very good special letters from Berlin to the *Journal*. Mr. Hearst is copyrighting his cable specials, after the style of James Gordon Bennett, on whom he seems to have modeled his newspaper career.

Julian Ralph was secured by Mr. Hearst from the *Sun*, and for a few weeks his clever pen was engaged in such cheap work as reporting the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding and similar "functions." Mr. Hearst, however, suddenly concluded to send him to London as his special correspondent. Ralph's letters have now been coming for a few days, and while they are graphic and well written, it is remarkable how deficient they are in news value compared with those of the older and more experienced correspondents. Harold Frederic, for example, has been for over ten years at the head of the New York *Times* bureau in London. He has, of course, various inside means of obtaining information, and when his letters are read beside those of Julian Ralph, the paucity of news in Ralph's letters is most remarkable. The reason is plain—Ralph is forced to depend for his news upon the London papers, and particularly upon the afternoon sheets, which are not authoritative journals, and which print almost anything that will make a sensation, after the style of our American papers. Frederic, on the other hand, is a serious correspondent, and has many facilities for acquiring news which other correspondents lack. Ralph writes a good letter, but he has not yet got his Fleet Street hearings.

"Alan Dale," the *Journal's* dramatic critic, is a gentleman of the Semitic persuasion, who used to be on *Life*, and who for a long time has been doing the dramatic work for the *Evening World*. He is a bright, frothy writer who says numerous smart things, and he frequently fills an entire page or more of the *Journal*, showing that he possesses almost as much of the gift of the gab as that celebrated word-smith, George Alfred Townsend. It is only fair to say, however, that "Alan Dale" is always interesting, while George Alfred Townsend is always dull. "Alan Dale" is probably more read than any dramatic writer now in New York. William Winter and "Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler) have for years been critical stars, but Winter is getting fatty degeneration of the cerebellum, and since Wheeler took to writing plays himself, he has ceased to write interestingly about other people's plays. There is not very much confidence reposed in "Alan Dale's" critical integrity, but, at all events, people read him, so Mr. Hearst made no mistake when he secured him. He is not always refined. In fact, he is frequently very coarse, as may be inferred from the fact that two or three days ago he devoted a column to Olga Nethersole's kiss in "Carmen," saying therein:

"For twenty minutes the Empire Theatre seethed kissily, and the audience was too polite to cry 'Myum, myum.' The air vibrated with osculation. Olga flung back her head and opened her mouth, while her lover gazed amorously at her tonsils and into her bronchial tubes. Carmen was rather a bore until Miss Nethersole began her little lipsticks. If you go to see Olga in 'Carmen,' dear reader, take ice with you."

James L. Ford, the *Journal's* literary critic, is famous in New York for his quarrels with publishers. He has been engaged in "hurling up" the magazine editors since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He is a very clever writer, and is particularly happy when he is engaged in badgering Bok, the editor of the *Ladies' Home*

Journal, and similar Philistines, as he calls them. As an instance of this, in a recent issue of the *Journal* he printed the following couplet:

"The people in this business who are gathering in the rocks
Are the Stareys, and the Careys, and the Johnsons, and the Boks."

Starey, he it said, used to edit *Harper's Young People*, and Carey is a solemn fat man who helps Johnson edit the *Century*. Ford is clever, but it is only fair to say that he has done nothing in particular on the *Journal* to attract attention.

But waiving the question of these journalistic lions, the man who has had the most to do with the making of the new *Journal* has been Sam Chamberlain, formerly of the New York *Herald*. However bright the members of his staff may be, Mr. Hearst would have made no particular impression in New York journalism with them, because there are plenty of bright writers on the other papers. But Mr. Chamberlain introduced all sorts of features which attracted attention. Some of them were failures—as when the *Journal* started a wild hulahaloo over a "railroad combine" between New York and Chicago. It was a flat failure—there is no "railroad question" here, such as you have in California. As for the other "features," I do not know as I particularly admire some of them, but I suppose it is "good newspaper business" if they make people buy the paper. For example, when the Parkhurst crusade was raging recently most hotly, and when the police were arresting the Tenderloin girls for eating, and the Tenderloin restaurateurs for selling them food to eat, a girl named Lizzie Schauer accosted a man one evening, requesting to be directed to a certain address. She was arrested by some Parkhurst spies who were patrolling the streets, waiting for women to accost them. The girl claimed to have come from Jersey City, and to be honest and respectable. None the less, when she was hauled up before a police magistrate next morning, the magistrate sent her over to the Island for several weeks for being a disorderly character. The *Journal* immediately took the matter up. It hired a police-court shyster to defend her, it printed photographs of the girl, caricatures of the police magistrate, and ideal pictures of the noble police-court shyster. It poured into the ears of the community in wild shrieks the wrong done to Lizzie Schauer. It finally so scared the hapless police magistrate that he interposed no objection when attempts were made to get her off the Island. Then the *Journal* triumphantly printed fac-similes of the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar check which it had paid to the police-court shyster, and fac-similes of the receipt which the police-court shyster had signed for the check. All of this caused an immense sensation in down-town New York on the East and West Side, although I doubt very much whether Fifth Avenue, Lexington Avenue, or Madison Avenue knew anything at all about it. It was "good newspaper business," and it made people talk about the *Journal*. Besides, it was presumably "protecting female innocence." But I am pained to be obliged to add that the relatives of Lizzie Schauer subsequently admitted that she was a bad lot, and that she had given birth to an illegitimate child several years before.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1896.

There is but one army in the world that is hard to enter (says the *Sun*), and that is the little army of the United States. There is no great rush to enter the service, but there are always many more men offering than are needed. The physical test for applicants is extremely severe, while the applicant must have a fair education and proper certificates of character from at least two reputable persons. It is still true that less than a majority of those seeking to enter the service are native Americans, but it is required that every man enlisting shall at least have declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, and the effort is if possible to obtain natives. The stripe of men applying is remarkably good. Reenlistments are frequent, and as about half a score of non-commissioned officers receive commissions every year, the man that holds by the service has a chance to do well. It is said that favoritism is unknown in the matter of promotions from the ranks in the United States army. Of course, education, good manners, and all other gifts naturally help a man forward in the army as elsewhere. Recruiting officers find that the chief thing that brings to them the kind of men they want is temporary embarrassment. The man who is a chronic ne'er-do-well has no chance whatever at a recruiting office, and the man of vicious habits is equally hopeless. Perhaps a man with a ragged coat would not necessarily be rejected were he of good physique and properly recommended; but it is easy to see that the requirements of perfect health, good repute, fair education, and decent habits must insure a high average of character among enlisted men.

The recent strike among the street-car men in Philadelphia has (says the *Nation*) served incidentally to show one advantage of the high-license system that prevails in Pennsylvania. It has always been held that the large sum demanded for the privilege of conducting a saloon not only must incline the holders of licenses to obey the law when its violation threatened so heavy a loss as the withdrawal of the privilege, but also would secure a higher order of men as saloon-keepers than when anybody can get the chance to sell liquor for a petty sum. This theory has been demonstrated to be correct in Philadelphia. Appreciating the danger to the public peace involved in keeping the saloons open evenings while many thousands of idle and desperate men were abroad, the director of public safety requested the holders of licenses to close their places at the end of the afternoon. He could only ask this, not require it, as the law gives no city official the right to close saloons except during the hours required by the State law; and yet the mere request was universally complied with throughout the city. Such action would hardly be possible in a city of low license.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who goes with the Ashantee expedition, has taken the precaution to insure his life for five hundred thousand dollars.

Mme. Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, who was recently divorced from her husband, Alphonse Daudet's son, is about to marry a young doctor of Paris.

Charles Lecocq, the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot" and other light operas, is seeking a divorce from his wife. Despite twenty years of married life, incompatibility of temper is the plea put forward.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson spent their honeymoon in Rome, but took their Christmas dinner in Florence with Consul Davis, who is a brother of Richard Harding Davis. After New Year's they were to go to London, to remain six months.

Colonel C. A. Lincoln, a poor farmer of Cowley County, Kas., and said to be a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, has suddenly become a Populist leader. He has made dates for one hundred meetings in school-houses in Bourbon County. He assumes the characteristics of "Old Abe."

Cornelius Vaoderbilt, whose wealth is estimated at something like one hundred millions of dollars, was elated, the other day, because he was able to eat a few stewed oysters. Mr. Vanderbilt for years has suffered from acute dyspepsia, and has been pleased enough when a bit of graham cracker and a sip of malted milk did not bring agony to him.

The De Reszké brothers, as they have to be very careful in their living in order to preserve their voices, rarely accept dinner invitations. Recently, however, they did so, and the result was that both were unable to sing the day after. As they receive, in addition to their salaries, a percentage of the receipts, they calculated the dinner cost them several thousand dollars.

Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York *Sun*, is today busier than ever as a literal toiler in the newspaper vineyard. Joe Howard, Jr., gives this pen-picture of him in a recent letter from New York: "Scores of thousands of people, who daily cross our City Hall Park, see, sitting near a window in the north-west corner of the Sun Building, at least three hundred days in every year, a venerable figure, intent upon manuscript or printed matter."

Giovanni Caserio, the younger brother of Santo Caserio, who assassinated President Carnot, has been kept under police surveillance, though he did not share in the least the anarchist ideas of his brother. That prevented him from finding work; and finally he entered a Capuchin convent, at Borgo San Donnino. After three months of residence there, when he was to be accepted as a regular monk and brother, the superior, who is a Frenchman, being apprised of the identity of Caserio, drove him out of the convent. The young man is now asking from the government permission to change his name.

George Augustus Sala had a peculiarly uncertain temper. Once, at a dinner given by him in honor of Henry Irving, Lord Rosebery, who was among the guests, made a speech gently hantering the actor. Sala instantly took offense, and delivered a terrific tirade, which began with "Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, you have dared this night to insult a man who has served his country in every quarter of the globe." And so on at great length, with tremendous vehemence. The table was thunderstruck, but Lord Rosebery made another speech, which soothed the fiery veteran and finally reduced him to tears.

Lord Dunraven was accused by the late General Sheridan of gross discourtesy as long ago as 1874. In that year, Dunraven called upon Sheridan and presented letters of introduction. The general supplied him with letters to the commanding officers in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, and from these officers Lord Dunraven received every courtesy during his Western trip. He failed to acknowledge any of the civilities shown him, and left for England without a word to General Sheridan. In his slaughtering of big game in Western hunting, Lord Dunraven brought upon himself the reproach of being unsportsman-like.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, will not be a candidate for reelection. His withdrawal from public life will extinguish one of the most notable personal dynasties which has ever existed in American politics. Senator Cameron, the father of the retiring senator, was for nearly forty of his seventy-eight years the supreme boss in Pennsylvania politics. For thirty years of that period he was United States Senator, and an aggressive and influential factor in national affairs. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860 was due in part to his course in abandoning Mr. Seward at a critical juncture in the contest. His resignation as senator was followed by the immediate election of the son, who, upon his retirement in 1897, will have occupied the place for twenty years.

A. F. Mummery, the accomplished author of "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus," by all odds the most delightful and spirited hook of the kind which has appeared since Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps," has perished on the terrible slopes of the Nanga Parbat, a peak of the Himalaya Mountains, being overtaken by an avalanche in an inaccessible pass, with the two native guides who are so often referred to in his volume. Mrs. Mummery, Geoffrey Hastings (the "Hastings" of the hook), and Dr. Norman Collie, all well-known members of the Alpine Club, were engaged with Mr. Mummery in the attempt on the peak, but none of them were with him at the time of the calamity. The exact location of the hodies is not known, and they have not been recovered, owing to a vast snow-fall around the Nanga Parbat.

SELLING A MINE.

A Mexican Dnn's Experience with a Tenderfoot.

Don Manuel Escorda had recently come into possession of a small silver mine, and, according to the immemorial custom of mine owners, he was extremely anxious to sell it to some one else.

Dnn Manuel began preliminaries by preparing an expert, and this gentleman prepared a report. A few disagreeable people expressed entire disbelief in both; but, as Don Manuel had found occasion to observe before, this is a skeptical age. As a matter of fact, he held a low opinion of that sagacity upon which the world, and especially the commercial world, so prided itself. There was that exploded idea, for instance, about there being always large numbers of widows and orphans scattered about the globe, simply waiting to be taken in, and fraudulently entreated by any astute person who chose to take the trouble. For his part, although he had often gone to great exertion in attempting to turn an honest penny at their expense, Don Manuel had invariably found that the average widow held fixed and inconvenient ideas as to interest, while an orphan had once nearly succeeded in overreaching Don Manuel himself.

Although he snuggled diligently for a purchaser for his latest acquisition, during several months he sought in vain. So unpromising seemed his quest that he felt on the verge of despair; when, at the last moment, a beneficent Providence threw an Englishman across his path. Not an elderly, case-hardened Englishman either, but a nice, fresh, heedless youth, apparently but just out of leading-strings. Moreover, as though to prove that he had been sent especially on Don Manuel's behalf, he had plenty of money.

The lad's name was Frank Jerthingham—a gentleman so completely beyond the capacity of the ordinary Mexican tongue that its owner came to be known simply as "El Amigo de Dnn Manuel." The latter gentleman was charmed by the bestowal of this title, as it seemed to give him a sort of prescriptive right in his young friend, besides serving to warn off any other adventurer who might be casting covetous eyes upon his prize. Don Manuel lost no time in bringing the merits of his mine to the notice of his Amigo, and in enlarging upon the fortune to be derived from it. The report, which he exhibited with pride, set forth that the mine contained free-milling ore of a high grade, and that in order to work it with satisfaction and profit, a very small capital, with but a trifling amount of labor, were all that would be required. In fact, after perusing this document, it seemed impossible to feel any other emotion than wonder that Don Manuel could bring himself to part with so promising a property. There was, however, one trifling omission, which, had it been known, might have altered somewhat the complexion of affairs. This circumstance was that for many years the mine had been full of water, and that it was extremely doubtful whether, even by the aid of the costliest pumps, the flooding could be altogether remedied.

But this depressing fact being carefully withheld from the Amigo, he cheerfully sold out several thousand pounds' worth of consols, in order to put the money so obtained into this very desirable investment. To extenuation of his action, it should be explained that he had but recently come of age, and was anxious to prove to his late trustees that he was fit to be trusted with the management of his own affairs. Also, he had been brought up by a maideo aunt in that policy of thinking oo evil, which usually results in its votaries suffering from a good deal.

The wonder was how he ever got so far as Mexico without being fleeced. His native shrewdness may have protected him to some extent, but when Don Manuel got hold of him, matters put on a different aspect. When he was first let into the secret of the existence of the mine, he regarded it as a mark of confidence and esteem, surprising from a comparative stranger. Dnn Manuel fostered this view by declaring that he had already refused several good offers, on the ground that the people making them did not intend working the ore themselves, and he would not lend his countenance to a mere speculation.

The Amigo blushed with pleasure and paid half the purchase-money in advance. Before completing the purchase, however, he was to accompany Don Manuel oo a visit of inspection.

The mine being situated at some distance from the city, they arranged to ride there one day, speed the night at the village *maison*, and return the next day. This plan was carried out, and on their arrival they were met by a man in Don Manuel's employ, who conducted them at once to the mine. It was already provided with a cage, so there was no necessity to going down at once. The new owner gazed at the surface with delight, while his companion held a whispered consultation with the man. Then the two seated themselves in the cage, preparatory to being lowered. They were let down very slowly, in order, as Don Manuel explained, that his young friend might examine the walls at his leisure, thus assuring himself of the richness of the quartz.

The Amigo, being extremely ignorant of the whole subject, did his best to look wise. It may be imagined; however, that there was little inten-

tion of allowing the youthful purchaser to go very far, and, accordingly, at a preconcerted secret signal, the cage began unmistakably to ascend again. The Englishman exclaimed with surprise, and Don Manuel gave vent to impatient ejaculations concerning the stupidity of natives.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, with seeming anger, when they reached the top. The man in charge of the windlass, with many excuses, said that he had just discovered a flaw in the chain, and did not think it safe for the señors to descend further until this had been repaired. Therefore, he had drawn them up as quickly as possible.

The Amigo was enchanted with what he had already seen, and went off to the *maison* in a contented frame of mind. The lad was too excited to sleep, and lay tossing upon his uncomfortable bed until daybreak, when he arose and dressed.

He felt that he could not tear himself away from his newly acquired property without seeing it once more, if only from the outside; so he went quietly out of the house, and directed his steps toward the mine. It did not take him long to reach it, and he gradually became possessed by an overwhelming desire to go down again. He was a lightweight, and if he chose to risk the faulty chain, the chances were that nothing serious would happen. Crossing over to where an Indian was regarding him curiously from the door of a solitary hut nearby, he contrived, in guide-book Spanish, to make known his wishes.

He explained the reason of yesterday's interrupted descent, and asked the man if he could not secure the chain with rope, and then lower him into the mine. The Indian indulged in a broad grin before replying.

"The chain is all right," he said, slowly. "We of the village, we know why it is not permitted that the señor descend. If the señor give me pesos, then will I tell him things of much value." The Amigo hesitated, while a sort of chill passed over his youthful enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what," he said, after a moment's pause; "don't say any more, but lower me into the mine, and let me find out for myself what is wrong. Then, if I see that you have spoken truly, you shall have money."

"Good," replied the mao; "it is as the señor pleases. But it is desirable that he look about him with care, and give the signal to be drawn up, with much speed."

The two walked over to the mouth of the mine, where the Amigo stepped into the cage, while his new acquaintance went to the windlass and began lowering him. The lad had taken the precaution of carrying a candle, and by its aid he recognized all the land-marks that they had passed the previous day. He gazed at the glistening walls with curiosity, and then the fancy seized him to glance below, in order to see how far he still was from the bottom.

As he looked, he recoiled in horror, for beneath him rose a perfect sea of black water, stagnant and dull. It almost touched the cage, which he saw ooticed had stopped, and it filled the mine.

This, then, was the reason of yesterday's frustrated journey, and he had been cheated grossly. He was no financial genius, after all, but only a raw youth who had come very near being outwitted by a Mexican sharper. He flushed angrily in the semi-darkness as he signaled to be drawn up.

Don Manuel had behaved shamefully, but he would get even somehow. And by the time that he reached *terra firma*, the outlines of a plan of revenge were shaping themselves in his brain.

The Indian came forward with a smile. "Did the señor see enough?" he asked.

"Plenty," replied the youth, laconically.

"Look here," he continued, presently. "I may want you to do something for me in an hour or two. Will you wait about here until I return? If you do as I tell you without saying anything, I'll pay you well. See, here is a handful of pesos to go on with, and you shall have more afterwards."

"The señor is a *caballero* of degree," said the mao, gravely, "and I will serve him with devotion."

"Theo stay here," replied the Amigo; "and when I come back, don't take any notice of me unless I speak to you."

He found Don Manuel just on the point of sitting down to breakfast, and he joined him to the meal, giving his best to appear at ease, and giving oo hint of the manner in which he had spent the last hour.

When they had finished, he suggested that while the horses were being saddled, he and Dnn Manuel should stroll along in the direction of the mine; and the latter, nothing loth to increase the infatuation of his young friend, willingly consented. As they drew near that interesting spot, they saw that, with the exception of a stray Indian standing idly near the windlass, there was no one in sight.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Amigo, as though struck by a sudden idea, "I should so much like to have a lump of that quartz to take away with me. Let's go down a few feet and knock a bit off. That man over there would lower us, and if we did oot go far, there would be no danger of the rope breaking. Do come!"

Now, Don Manuel had hoped that all risk of discovery was over, and he did not at all enjoy the notion of running deliberately into danger again. Still, he felt obliged to give a reluctant consent. "But I won't go any distance," he declared, firmly; "it would be extremely dangerous!"

"It would, indeed!" responded the Amigo, dryly.

"We had better send for my man to let us down," suggested Don Manuel, when he had yielded the point.

"Oh, it is not worth while for such a few feet," said the Amigo; "that Indian over there will do just as well."

"But he will not know how far to send us," objected Don Manuel.

"Show him yourself, then," returned the lad. "You can tell how far it is safe to go."

Somewhat soothed by this concession, Dnn Manuel gave the necessary instructions. This done, he stepped back to the cage, and, with true Mexican politeness, motioned to his companion to be seated. But not to be outdone in courtesy, the latter insisted upon giving the older man precedence, and after much hesitation Dnn Manuel seated himself. Scarcely had he done so, when the Indian, in obedience to a rapid gesture from his patron of the morning, swung the cage off, and began to lower it with its sole occupant.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Dnn Manuel, excitedly. "My Amigo is coming with me!"

"No, he is not," replied that young gentleman, calmly. "You seem to be unacquainted with some important details in the character of your mine," he went on, "and I am going to give you an opportunity of finding them out. I have already done so, and do not, therefore, intend to descend again. I hope that you will have a pleasant expedition. Good-bye!"

"Let me out!" screamed Dnn Manuel, as the cage began to sink. "I won't go down! I shall be drowned! Murderers! Murderers!"

As his head disappeared from view and his voice grew fainter, the lad went over to the man at the windlass. "Lower him quickly," he said, "so that when he touches water we shall hear the splash. Then pull him up as fast as you can, but don't bring him quite to the top."

The Indian nodded, proceeding to obey his instructions to the letter. As the cage went deeper, Dnn Manuel's agonized entreaties died away in the distance, until at last a wild yell and a ooise of water showed that he had gone far enough. He was then drawn back to within a foot of the mouth of the mine, where he hung helplessly in space, a drenched and shivering object.

"You see I was right," said his Amigo; "you had omitted to acquaint yourself with important particulars. Now, I know that you still have my check for half the purchase-money in your pocket, because you told me so yesterday. So I will give you your choice. You may hand it to me at once, or you may still further increase your store of information regarding that mine by exploring it again."

"The money belongs to me," exclaimed Dnn Manuel, angrily. "How dare you attempt to rob me in this way? Still, as the property appears to be less valuable than I thought, I will let you off paying the half that you still owe me. That ought to content you."

"Perhaps. But it doesn't," replied the Amigo, quietly. "Lower him again," he added to the Indian.

"Wretch! brigand! I'll give you the check! Pull me up! pull me up! Oh, *que desgracia!*" yelled Dnn Manuel, as he began to descend.

But his persecutors paid no attention to these appeals. Once more was heard that significant splash, and once more was Dnn Manuel drawn to the surface, looking even more like a drowned rat than before.

With his wet hands he tried to dash the water out of his eyes; then, without a word, he commenced fumbling in his pockets. After several efforts he succeeded in drawing out a damp pocket-book, and, diving hastily into its recesses, he produced a piece of paper which he reluctantly held out to his tormentor.

"Take it!" he said, with a mellifluous, though forcible, Spanish oath, "and let me out of this place!"

The Amigo stooped down cautiously to possess himself of the check, then stood up to examine it carefully. Having assured himself that it was indeed his own, he tore it into minute fragments and threw the pieces down the mine. "There, that's done with," he said; "and now you can come out. I hope that you have not taken a chill!"

Disdaining to notice this civility, Dnn Manuel stepped on to the ground, and was beginning to walk sulkily away, when a new thought appeared to strike him. "Look here!" he inquired, "are you an orphan?"

"Yes," replied his late Amigo, with surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I might have known it," growled Dnn Manuel. "No other class of human being has ever got the better of me. Before I enter upon another business negotiation, I'll have a medical certificate to say that the man's relatives are all alive!"—"From 'Some Unconventional People,' by Mrs. J. Gladwyn Jehu. Published by Roberts Brothers.

MOTHER BAILEY'S PETTICOAT.

A Tale of the War of 1812.

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these marvelous traditions? Whence these old Colonial legends, With the smell and smoke of battle, With the sound of Indian war-whoops, With the whirl of Indian arrows, And the tramp of British redcoats, And the stanch and brave resistance Of the dames of fair New England?

I should answer, I should tell you, From the blue Thames River Valley, From the land of the Mohicans, From Noank and Mystic River, From the country of the Pequots, From the broad plains of Pegnonoc, From the "Old Hive of the Aversys," From Miantonomas' wigwam, From the hunting-grounds of Uncas, From the corn-fields of New England, From Connecticut's rough hill-slopes. I have heard them from my mother, As in other days she heard them; Listen to the words I bring you— Childhood tales my mother told me.

Of the spoke of "Mother Bailey"— Mistress Anna Warner Bailey, As a maiden she was comely, Bright blue eyes and golden tresses, She, the helle of all the country— Cruel massacre and bloodshed Branded hatred of oppression, On her soul, a flaming imprint; As a matron, tall and stately, She was born to wear the purple; As a wife, most true and faithful, Good wife she of Captain Bailey, Relict of Elijah Bailey; Forty years was he Postmaster, In the little town of Groton.

Honored much was Mother Bailey, Loved and feared, and much respected; Statesmen, poets, politicians, Loved to talk with Mother Bailey. Thrice, the Great Chief of the Nation, Andrew Jackson, and Van Buren, But the third I can not tell you, Were the guests at her own fireside.

Summers came, and winters lingered, Generations dawned and vanished; Boys grew up from youth to manhood, Girls to matrons and to mothers, Mother Bailey told them stories, Told them of the Revolution— Tales of loyalty and service, Fired their hearts with love of Freedom. Tender to the weak and suffering, She was stern, vindictive Justice To all recreants and cowards— Dogmatic old politician!

Kindred soul to Andrew Jackson, Big boys whispered to their brothers, "Toe the mark! There's Mother Bailey"; And a mantle of sedateness, Wrapped about each simpering maiden Munching caraway in church time, When she felt that Mother Bailey Turned her keen blue eyes upon her; And each corner-grocery voter Cast a democratic ballot, All for fear of Mother Bailey, And the lightning of her anger, And the intermittent thunder Of her fierce denunciation— Woman's Suffrage was dreamed of, But she ruled the town elections.

Long ago, in eighteen thirteen, In the Harbor of New London, Came the British Squadron sailing Straight upon the peaceful city. Brave Decatur held the stronghold, Old Fort Trumbull, in the Harbor, With his little fleet of vessels, With his garrison of soldiers; Blanced their cheeks with apprehension— "Must we be mown down like field-grass? We have guns, and we have powder, Give us wadding for the cannon, Or the city's doom is written!" Swift the runners scoured the country, Calling loud to each householder, Here a shawl and there a blanket Furnished wadding for the soldiers. Quick as lightning, Mother Bailey, Standing in the village highway, Drew the scissors from her pocket, Cut the cord that bound her girdle, Held aloft her own new garment— Petticoat of scarlet flannel!

"Strip it into shreds and ribbons, Ram it through the cannon's muzzle; Let your aim be true and telling, Hurl it straight to British insides." Then with loud hurrahs the soldiers, Raised it on a pike-staff, shouting, "Let the Macedonian hear it As an ensign, at her masthead." And the echo of their shouting, Rang from Maine to Carolina, While Decatur won the battle. This was in the late October; Golden-rod and purple aster Wreathed the hills with autumn glory; Maples flung their scarlet banners, Clear-cut, on a turquoise background, Types of victory and conquest.

From her brave deed learn this lesson: Do at once the thing that's nearest; Fold not helpless hands in silence, While the storm-cloud lowers above you; Sit not dumbly, while the current All around you swirls and eddies; Act, and speak, like Mother Bailey— Give your petticoat, if need be. This is why, my friends, I bring you, This old tale of Mother Bailey. This is why to-day, in Groton, A brave company of women—" Daughters of the Revolution"— Name their Chapter, in her honor, "Chapter Anna Warner Bailey." —Frances Lester Rowland in the Independent.

An Englishman in Ceylon recently turned Mohammedan, and proposes to take as a second wife the daughter of a European official.

LITERARY NOTES.

Rochefort's Fanciful Memoirs.

In the reminiscences which Henri Rochefort has been publishing recently in the *Paris Jour*, he tells the story of a visit which Mgr. Sibour, the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris, made to the Lycée Saint-Louis not long after the days of June, 1848. The young Republican was appointed to deliver an address in verse to the prelate. Machiavellian beyond his years, he delayed handing in any copy of his verses until the very moment of their delivery. Theo he rose, he says, and broke out into a revolutionary psalm which almost caused his masters and the professors to sweat blood. Especially he urged that protection and care should be given to the children of those who had been executed. After all these years, four verses of the poem, which give an idea of its general tone, remain vividly in his mind:

"Sans savoir si le père, accourant au péril,
Et hâvant l'échafaud pour prendre le fusil,
Fut responsable ou non de la guerre civile,
A ses fils orphelins vous offrez un asile."

Now comes Charles Maurras, of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, who finds that the manuscript of Rochefort's poem has been carefully preserved, and he gives to the *Revue* a photographic reproduction of it, in the strikingly handsome handwriting of its young author and signed by him. The real text differs sensibly from Rochefort's account of it. There is no republican severity in it, no protest against the scaffold, no talk of the "fusil" of the insurgent; while about the children of the condemned he roars you as gently as any sucking dove. Not one of the lines which M. Rochefort quotes appears in the manuscript, nor is there anything in it which resembles them.

The Authors' Club and its Book.

A recent query concerning the volume published by the Authors' Club of New York city has been thus answered by Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who was a member of the publishing committee:

"The hook of the Authors' Club, which bears the title 'Liber Scriptorum,' had the ill-fortune to come out at the very time when the country's financial depression was at the lowest. This apparently was all that prevented the entire edition from going off at once. As it was, although the cost of printing and binding was heavy, we made a net profit of a good many thousand dollars. A few copies are still left. Quite as gratifying to us as its pecuniary success was the fact that, of its numerous reviewers, not one gave it anything but praise. 'It was found that, while every member of the club wished it to have a permanent home, very few thought it advisable, in any event, to have a club-house in the usual sense of that term. It happens that, though we are all authors, we do not all belong to the traditional class of poor authors. We have a millionaire or two among us; and one of these, who says he takes more pride in this club than in any other organization to which he belongs, generously made it a present of a permanent home, in a suite of rooms constructed purposely for it in a fire-proof building. With a fraction of the profits of 'Liber Scriptorum' we have furnished and decorated these rooms to our hearts' content, and here we take comfort in meeting one another and entertaining our friends. 'The original manuscripts of the one hundred and nine stories, essays, and poems in our book were skillfully laid, sumptuously bound by Stykeman in three great volumes, and placed in a leather case. This we had intended to sell to the highest bidder; but when we learned that the author of 'Triumph of Democracy' [Andrew Carnegie] was fond of collecting rare manuscripts, the club, with one voice, said: 'Let us make him a present of this, to indicate our appreciation of his generosity to us.' Accordingly, the presentation was made—with something to eat, something to drink, proper speeches, and what the boys called 'a Greek chorus,' and everybody was happy. 'Since the book was published, four of its contributors have passed away—Major Joseph Kirkland, of Chicago; Howard Seely, of Brooklyn; and Professor H. H. Boyesen and Dr. William S. Mayo, of New York."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Editor Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, has been so surprisingly successful with his latest idea, "The Penny Poets"—selections from the best poets, sold for a penny—that he is going to branch out with a series of "Penny Popular Novels." The novels are to be condensed from standard works. It is said that the first edition will consist of two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

In its account of the funeral of Alexandre Dumas, the *Journal des Débats* states that a bunch of roses veiled in crape was sent by a number of English dramatic authors, among them, "J. Commins Can, Arthur-W. Piners, R.-C. Cartou, Robert Buchanau."

Beatrice Harraden's novel of Californian life is called "Hilda Strafford."

The first number of the new volume of *Harper's Weekly* contained the opening chapters of a new serial of a Scotch feud of the latter part of the sixteenth century, by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Raiders," etc.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has a play to write, and she wants to do it within a week. Of course, the plot and its developments are already worked out in her mind, and she thinks that she can dictate it to a stenographer in that time. As Mrs. Craigie is said never to have dictated a line to a stenographer, it is probable that she will find difficulty in rattling off a play without practice.

In reviewing Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," the *Sketch* says: "The book is the record of a two days' double fight—the fight of

Confederate against Secesh, and the fight, in the nature of a young Confederate soldier, of the Truly Brave against the Cowardly." It is not to be expected of an English journal that its knowledge of American geography and politics should save it from calling a Northern man "a young Confederate," but the meaning of the words "Confederate" and "secession" should have prevented the first error.

It took forty thousand copies of Rudyard Kipling's new "Jungle Book" to satisfy the first demand in America and England. Another large edition is now on the presses.

A wonderful "find" of valuable letters is reported to have been made in Caithness Castle. The letters, several hundred in number, are dated 1800-1850, and deal with various phases of Scots minstrelsy and contemporary literary affairs. There are, also, a number of confidential letters of Byron, Scott, Moore, Dickens, and other eminent *littérateurs*. They are all addressed to George Thomson, who planned the well-known "Miscellany of Scottish Song."

Zola is to visit England again in the spring. He is credited with the intention of studying the provincial Englishman in Manchester and other leading cities, and the industrial and social life of the people.

Harper's Weekly for January 11th will contain a double-page picture of E. H. Blashfield's decorations of the dome of the new Congressional Library; "The Isthmus of Panama," illustrated, by Richard Harding Davis; and "Gold-Mining in Guayana," the scene of the Venezuelan boundary dispute.

"The Tribulations of an Author," an amusing article in *Life* of December 5th, was made up of actual notices of Mr. Paul L. Ford's novel, "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

Marion Crawford's "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" will soon be dramatized.

Mme. Sarah Grand's American publishers not only paid her London publisher, Heinemann, but they paid her a ten per cent. royalty, which is not much as royalties go these days, but it brought her in more than ten thousand dollars.

Of Captain Charles King, the writer of army stories, *Leslie's Weekly* says:

"He used to be known as the 'hny-soldier' when he was an orderly on the staff of his father, the first officer commissioned a brigadier-general in Wisconsin. He was then only fifteen years old, but a mature and manly youth. Lincoln, his father's friend, appointed him a cadet at West Point in 1862, and he is now the adjutant-general of Wisconsin, in which his fellow-cadet, Upham, is governor. It was at the instance of the editor of a country weekly, for which Captain King was writing, that he was induced to attempt a war novel. The first product of his pen discouraged him, for several publishers refused it, and it was not until last year, when the author's fame was well established, that it was printed in *Lippincott's Magazine*."

Miss Kingsley, the African explorer, has returned to London, armed with diaries and note-books, which she has submitted to London publishers, and they will be published early in the year. Besides her notes, Miss Kingsley has made sketches and taken photographs, and as her experiences have been unique, and as she is said to be a bright writer, a most interesting book may be expected.

Dr. Coan Doyle has gone as far as the Pyramids in search of health for his wife. When he got there, he was informed by his proud hotel-keeper that his "Sherlock Holmes" had been translated into Arabic and issued to the local police as a text-book.

Henry Norman's work on "The Near East" will be issued early in the spring.

J. M. Barrie is more conscious of his limitations than are some of his fellow-workers of the period. At the repeated solicitation of his journalist friends, he consented some time ago to write the life of the late Alexander Russell, of the *Scotsman*, but he immediately relinquished the task when he perceived that biographical writing lay altogether outside his particular sphere of work.

Thomas Hardy's new novel, "Jude the Obscure," has been received by the critics of this country and of England with a unanimity that is as refreshing as it is condemnatory of the book.

The January *Traveler* has as its frontispiece a colored photograph of the Volcano of Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands, and the contents include illustrated articles on palmistry, by Jane Seymour Klink; experiences at Oxford, by Arthur Inkersley; the luxuries of modern railway travel, by W. V. Bryan; Santa Barbara, by H. Edwards; and San Leandro and Alameda County's water supply, by Mrs. E. S. Marshall.

A friend of Eugene Field, who was extremely amused by a certain *Chap-Book* narrative of a London dinner-table conversation between Field and Mrs. Humphry Ward, wrote to Mr. Field inquiring if the story was really true. The reply was:

"The story in the *Chap-Book* is poorly told, but it is true. My remark about having been caught in a tree was but part of a conversation I had with Mrs. Ward. We were dining at Lang's, and the subject under discussion was Barnum's circus—then showing in London. I said that I felt under lasting obligations to Barnum, for

he had discovered me and caught me when I lived in a tree in Missouri. We talked also about the Cronin case. Mrs. Ward asked me if I knew the murderers. I answered that I knew them intimately, and that the hanging of Burke (whom you will recall as the most brutal of the murderers) would be a grievous blow to Chicago society. In this and other similar ways I made the hour particularly interesting to Mrs. Ward, Professor Leckey, and others near me at that dinner."

It would be a help to our knowledge of Mrs. Ward if we could know just what sort of impression Mr. Field's information left upon her mind.

Stanley Weyman cast the manuscript of his first novel into the fire. Since his stories gained vogue, he has become a very methodical writer. He considers about a thousand words a sufficient day's work. Much of his work has been done in a house-boat on the river in the early morning. Although Mr. Weyman has been compared to Dumas, he has read but few of the French novelist's books. Stevenson and Kipling are his favorite authors.

A forthcoming volume will contain a translation of the memoirs of Bertrand Baière, that notorious member of the Committee of Public Safety who was called by Macaulay the greatest liar, debauchee, coward, and brute that ever lived. The memoirs are said to show that Macaulay was wrong.

A very remarkable Tennyson manuscript has just come to light. This is a short story in prose written when the late poet laureate was fourteen years of age. "Mungo the American," as it is called, will be incorporated by Lord Tennyson in his biography of his father. The manuscript is sufficiently authenticated, as it was given by the poet laureate to Miss Jane Yonge, who was for many years governess in the Tennyson family.

ENGLISH POETS ON ENGLAND.

*The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.*

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

St. George's Day.

I see the strong coerce the weak,
And labor overwrought rebel;
I hear the useless tread-mill creak,
The prisoner cursing in his cell;
I see the loafer-burnished wall;
I hear the rotting match-girl whine;
I see the unslept switchmen fall;
I hear the explosion in the mine;
I see along the heedless street
The sandwichmen trudge through the mire;
I hear the tired quick-tripping feet
Of sad gay girls who ply for hire.

* * * * *

Hoarsely they beg of fate to give
A little lightning of their woe,
A little time to love, to live,
A little time to think and know.
I see where from the slums may rise
Some unexpected, dreadful dawn—
The gleam of steel and scowling eyes,
A flash of women's faces wan!

—John Davidson in *Fleet Street Eclogues*.

"Where is the Flag of England?"

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, South, and East, and West:
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races
To cozen, coerce, and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign:
For the English flag is there!

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels

Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or wretchedly starve and die!
And where the heath-comber harries
The isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel,
'Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft has cursed it

With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arah has hissed his hatred
As he spits at its folds in death.
The hapless fellow has feared it
On Tel-el-Kehir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,

It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder,
As he ravished with sword and flame.
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacres dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the Flag of England?

Seek the lands where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once glad islands,
Where death and disease are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now hatters on human life!

"Where is the Flag of England?

Go! sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer, and Bibles, and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the Flag of England is there!"

—London Truth.

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SOZODONT



The posters of Marie Wainwright that have decorated the town for the past week are enough to have created a prejudice against her in the mind of the most faithfully admiring. No one ever noticed posters until lately. But since people who could paint took to making them, they have sprung into an unwonted prominence, and one has little sentiments for and against the actors who have artistic posters and the actors who have ugly ones.

Marie Wainwright's is a dreadful one. It depicts her as a large lady, ogling the world with a pair of huge china-blue eyes, such as never shone but in the head of a *bébé jumeau*, from under a thatch of corn-colored hair. It hears no resemblance to her, and it is a pity that people who have never seen her should form their opinion of her from this glaring lithograph. She is a very handsome woman, and though she does roll up her eyes as the poster represents her, it is only in moments of thrilling emotion, and even then they do not look so round and so staringly cerulean as they do in the pictures of her on the dead-walls and board-fences.

Resolutely eliminating from one's consciousness the impression created by the lithograph, one finds Miss Wainwright just the same fair actress, just the same pretty woman as she was on her last visit. She is one of those dependable sort of players who can always be relied upon to do just so well and no better, and yet who can also always be relied upon never to make a failure. Genius has its freaks and talents, its bad days, its moments of blight, and its moments of growth and expansion. But a pretty face remains a pretty face through a good many well-wearing years, smiling charmingly, palio with the deadly hue of pearl powder, and blushing the modest pink of rouge. A good intelligence, an artistic conscience, a capacity for hard work, a clever dressmaker—these are the tools that Nature places in the hands of the woman who, looking into her glass and seeing there an attractive reflection, thinks that destiny has created her to tread the footsteps of Sarah Siddons and Rachel.

Miss Wainwright would have made a better actress if she had not been so good-looking. The continued consciousness of herself hampers her powers of dramatic expression at every turn. It is an extraordinary thing that actresses of intelligence and experience can not seem to learn the value of simplicity and naturalness. Audiences are passing out of that callow stage in their evolution when they would meekly accept facial grimaces as the evidence of heart-rending emotions, and a few stereotyped gestures as the normal expression of excruciating mental anguish. To please us, the player has got to study nature more and himself less. It seems a simple thing to form an idea of a character and act that idea according to strict consistency with nature and truth, and yet so few players do this that one comes to the conclusion that there must be some trick about it that is as hard to learn as the riddle of the sphinx.

The scene in "Daughters of Eve" between Rose and her father is a typical scene where truthful rendering would have elevated the sentiment, and the usual stage rendering reduces it to the level of melodramatic ordinariness. It must be admitted, however, that the authors of the play, in their ignorance of stage-craft and construction, gave the players in this instance an almost impossible task. Rose and her father agonize and speculate about a letter they have received, water it with tears, have nervous tremors over it that shake them like ague, hold it off and wonder at it, tell each other all about the person who wrote it, but only at the last extremity of curiosity and desperation do they conceive the brilliant idea of opening it and reading it. It is one of the clumsiest pieces of stage-work imaginable. All the story about Rhoda and her deviations from the path of rectitude should have come into the first act, and when the letter came, Mr. Wycherly and his other daughter could have opened it like rational beings, and agonized as much as they liked afterward.

In this scene, Miss Wainwright, held in the grip of emotional tradition, overdid the sorrow of the respectable and kind-hearted sister. Good women on the stage have more tears at their beck and call than ever Amelia Sedley had. Whether it is the frequency and abundance of their lachrymal display, or whether it is, as they say of novel-writers, that it takes a genius to make the good heroine interesting and attractive, the noble woman of the drama can be tedious when she wants. Rose's appeal to her father and her denunciation of the evil male of the species were over-intense and

over-emotional. If Miss Wainwright would be simpler, quieter in these moments, the act and the character would gain greatly in pathos, in feeling, in dignity. The question is, not what will be the most effective way of rendering this scene, but how would a real woman of that temperament act under those circumstances.

The play itself turns on a somewhat novel idea, full of dramatic possibilities. It strains probability to the utmost, but that Shakespeare deigned to steal the same sort of idea, reconciles one to its singularities. The twin sisters, whose resemblance to each other is perfect, develop on different lines. One blooms modestly into a lily-like maturity in the peaceful shelter of a country home. The other drifts away to the great modern Babylon, and there, in the zenith of a brilliant beauty, becomes the queen of a set, the members of which are similar to those in Dumas's play, whom he compared to the defective peaches, each having someblemish or spot of rottenness. Destiny, however, has set its seal upon the sisters, and their stars, drawn together by the mysterious influences of fate, cross and bring disaster.

As a vehicle for showing off the versatile talents of an emotional actress, the play is a success; as a drama of human life and interest, it is marred by clumsy construction and defective delineation of character. Two men wrote it, and it would lead the observer to imagine that the two authors, whenever they read anything striking in the papers or noticed anything effective on the stage, said to each other, "We've got to work that into the play." Rose's tirade against the iniquities of men that go unpunished and unnoticed sounds like the echoes from a thousand women's clubs and a thousand women's novels. It is mere clap-trap, introduced in deference to the fashionable attitude of the mind of society at the present moment. A subject of that sort has got to be treated from the standpoint of deeds and results, not from that of debating-club talk.

Another style that has influenced the authors strongly is that of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Ideal Husband." The third act has a distinctly Wildean flavor. It reminds one of those plays of his where lords, and dukes, and countesses, and duchesses flog epigrams at each other, standing lazily about fire-places or lounging on settees. Lady Kitty's drawing-room does not, it is true, seem to offer hospitality to quite so exclusive and elegant a set as that which thronged the gilded halls where Lady Windermere and Mrs. Erylne had their little passage of arms. Her notabilities are somewhat fly-blown; her cavaliers, with long titles and large mustaches, of the style of Captain Duceace and Major Loder. The lovely ladies who flirt their fans and drag their silken trains over her hired carpets are not of the cast of Vere de Vere, or, if they are, Vere de Vere won't acknowledge it. The scene, in fact, is also reminiscent of many in that play of Dumas's, before quoted, to which he gave the name of "Le Demi-Monde," not dreaming that its cleverly descriptive title would, in the course of time, be so diverted from its original meaning.

Miss Wainwright's personation of Rhoda, the bright particular star of this galaxy, was more interesting than that of Rose. Vivacity suits her better than sentiment. Sentiment is, indeed, a tricky thing, and to measure one's talents openly with it is a deed of daring. There is not much sentiment about Rhoda, though her acquaintances all tell each other, with wise nods of the head, that though she is a flighty creature, she has a heart that will make its presence felt some day. Until its discovery, Rhoda is gay and high-spirited, and attends the *soirées* of Lady Kitty Harlow in a wonderful gown of white silk, with ropes of pearls confining it over the shoulders and two big bunches of yellow flowers decorating either side of the corsage, and a third planted just in the middle of her back between her shoulders. Her acting when Hawthorne, coming suddenly upon her, takes her for her sister, was attractive and quite natural. And her little, careless, good-natured laugh from the doorway—the indifferent laugh of a woman to whom a man in a state of *le vin triste* is not an object of repulsion or terror—was a touch full of life and meaning.

The action of Hawthorne in this scene is inconsistent and stagey as the action of Rose in the act before, when she flies into an unaccountable rage because he showed her photograph to his friends. The swift with which Hawthorne's mind, dulled as it is with intoxication, grasps the entire situation, is only to be equaled by the mental dexterity of a lightning calculator. He remembers that his friends said Rose's photograph was that of a woman known in London as Rhoda Dentry. He sees this woman before him, and some one tells him she is Rose's twin sister. Thereupon he sets his teeth and begins to denounce her. Ruffling up his hair, he stands under the chandelier and he gives it to her. There is nothing in the career of this light-minded lady he doesn't seem to have guessed at one fell swoop. As for Rose's inexplicable conduct in sending him away from her, that is all as clear to him as day. Altogether, he seems to have had a sort of brain-wave or second sight, all the more marvelous in a man who five minutes before had been reeling dreamily about the room in a condition of pensive inebriety.

YVETTE GUILBERT'S OPINIONS.

Yvette Guilbert has spent most of her time in the Hotel Savoy since she has been in New York, but she has very well-defined opinions on the city and its inhabitants. When a *Sun* reporter asked her opinion of New York, she replied:

"I expected to see something that was truly American. But I couldn't find even a toy to send home that hadn't come from either Germany or France, or been made in imitation of a foreign toy. New York is not like Paris, it's a German town. The shops are Viennese. I have found one thing in the shops that is distinctly American, and that is the little girls who cry 'cash' and the shop-girls who call 'cash.' As soon as I get home I'm going to have somebody write me a song which I have already planned. The refrain of every verse is to be 'Cash!' and in the first stanza I will explain how in the American shops the girls all cry 'Cash!' In the second verse it will be a little girl that cries 'Cash!' and so on until when she becomes older and is no longer a good shop-girl, she still continues to call 'Cash!'"

She denied the rumor that she was to marry a rich stock-broker named Hirsch as soon as he had accumulated two millions of dollars, or any one else, "because I never expect to find a man good enough for me," and she declared that "divorce would be the one perfect human institution if it were not so closely connected with matrimony."

Of course she was asked her opinion of American women, to which she responded:

"They are charming. Like the French, not the English. They have the truly feminine quality that appeals to one, and while they may not be so regularly beautiful as the Englishwomen, they are more attractive, and they dress better. I never could be moved by those tall, regular-featured women, with their dreadful clothes, their beautiful skins, and their curly hair. They are like figures in a museum. Even Mrs. Langtry never affected me except as a statue might have with a sign on it, 'Visitors must not touch.' Nobody wanted to touch, either."

Mlle. Guilbert was vastly amused at the way American audiences laughed at the wrong places in her songs.

She was asked why she had never acted in comedy, and answered:

"Because I am unique in a peculiar field. Sardou and Meilhac both offered to write plays for me. Catulle Mendès told me I was a born tragedienne. Which of these was right? I prefer anyhow to remain absolutely unique. Besides that, the French people will not allow me to change myself to the slightest extent. I must remain always the same Yvette, red-headed, black-gloved, and with my low-cut ball-gowns, if I want to keep in the affections of Paris; and I do. I am a queen there in my own way. Everybody knows my face, and when I go out, half the time I carry no money with me. Then, if I want any, I tell my coachman to drive to a shop, and I go in and get as much money as I need. Sometimes I offer my card, but they always know me."

Like many other French artists, Mlle. Guilbert takes herself very seriously. She was asked what impression she expected to make on her time, and replied:

"I represent the spirit of the end of the century. My picture has been put in the *Lycée* at Paris alongside Rachel's. I shall be always looked upon in French art as having been the typical figure of my day. Rachel represented its earlier periods. I represent the France of the last years of the century."

Yvette showed no false modesty when she was asked the secret of her success. She replied:

"I attribute it to my voice. Verdi told me that I possessed more than anybody else he had ever heard sing the highest art of the singer. That is the power of cultivating the voice to express the feeling of the lines, the sentiment of the song. Saint-Saëns, Gounod, and Thome have told me the same thing. It's especially interesting, because I haven't any voice to speak of, and never studied music."

Finally, to a query as to whether she was coming to America again, she answered:

"Yes. But not to a music-hall. I shall take my own company, and sing in the theatres. It seems to be impossible over here for anybody to realize that a woman who sings in a music-hall can be an artist and a woman of the world who has associated with the brightest people in Europe. They think that I ought to come down to the theatre in a cable-car, and when I am through, get on a car and go home."

Even if no one else thoroughly appreciates Mlle.

Yvette Guilbert, she can rejoice in the knowledge that at least one person perceives and acknowledges her good points. And it must be a further satisfaction to reflect that this discriminating person is herself.

W. Roberts says that of the 1,300 books printed before the beginning of the sixteenth century, "not more than 300 are of any importance to the book-collector"; of the 50,000 published in the seventeenth century, "not more than, perhaps, 50 are now held in estimation"; and of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, "not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after."

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Nights,

"The Love Chase," Friday Night and Saturday Matinee,

"Camille," Saturday and Sunday Nights, "An Unequal Match."

Next Attraction—The Only Grand Opera this Season,

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Next Week, Monday, Jan. 13th, Second and Last Week

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Monday and Thursday Nights, "Marmion." Tuesday

Night, "Othello." Wednesday Night, "Macbeth." Friday

Night and Saturday Matinee, "Romeo and Juliet" (Mr. James as Mercutio). Saturday Night, "Hamlet."

Sunday Night (last performance), "Macbeth."

Monday, Jan. 20th, IN OLD KENTUCKY.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A New Romantic Drama.

"Marmion," the new romantic drama which is to receive its first production to San Francisco at the California Theatre next Monday night, adheres very closely to Scott's poem, on which it is based; some of the notable incidents are the parting of Marmion and Constance de Beverley, the combat with the spectre knight on Cotswood Heath, the scene at the Scottish court where King James delivers his philippic against England, the trial and execution of Constance de Beverley, and, finally, the Battle of Flodden Field. The author of the play is Percy Sage, a son of Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson, who adapted Sardou's "A Woman's Silence," "Americans Abroad," and "The Gay Parisians" for the Frohman companies. It is his first essay at dramatization, but the general approval which the play has received sufficiently indicate his success.

"Marmion" will be given by Louis James on Monday and Thursday nights; he will appear as Othello on Tuesday; "Macbeth" will be repeated on Wednesday and Sunday; on Friday and at the Saturday matinee "Romeo and Juliet" will be played; and "Hamlet" will be given only once—on Saturday night.

The Frawley Company again at the Columbia.

The Frawley Company had a very cordial reception at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. The first entrance of each of the principal members was greeted with friendly applause, and Mr. Frawley was compelled to reply to the ovation he received, which he did in a few well-chosen words. The play, "The Lost Paradise," is a well constructed American drama, dealing with the relations of labor and capital, and had excellent parts for Mr. Frawley, as a man who had risen from the ranks and later becomes the champion of his fellow-workmen, and for Miss Keonard, who evinced much emotional power in the last act, where she learns of her father's crime and the sacrifice the young superintendent has made for her.

Crane's play, "The Senator," is to be given all next week. It is the last play Mr. Crane was seen to before he turned his back on San Francisco and banished our city to the limbo of "jay towns," and his company included the late Georgie Drew Barrymore as the widow and a lot of capable people. The Frawley Company will give it an excellent cast. Maclay Arbuckle will be the senator, Frawley will be the Lieutenant Schuyler, George W. Leslie the senator's private secretary, Miss Kennark the Mabel Deoman, Belle Archer the Mrs. Armstrong, and Blanche Bates the Mrs. Hilary.

A Standard Melodrama.

"The Fugitive," which has been presented at Morosco's Grand Opera House during the past week and will be continued this (Saturday) and Sunday evenings, is almost a classic among melodramas. Tom Cravo, who wrote it, was a master of stage-craft, and he ever wrote a stronger play. It is well cast at the Grand Opera House, with Coulter Briker as the manly hero, Fred J. Butler as the polished and detestable villain, Maud Edoa Hall as the loyal heroine, Charles Swain and Charles Lothian as the comedians, A. C. Heederson as a dishonored father, and Lillian Hayes as the errand daughter, and the shipwreck scene in the third act is very well managed.

Next week "A Long Lane" is to be produced. It is a five-act comedy-drama by Sedley Brown and has been given in most of the large cities of the East, though this is its first production here.

Marie Wainwright's Last Week.

Marie Wainwright will begin her second week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night with a handsomely costumed revival of Sheridan Knowles's comedy, "The Love Chase." The leading female rôle is one that has been a favorite with the great comedy actresses for nearly sixty years, and in it Miss Wainwright will have the support of Barton Hill as Wildrake and Hattie Russell as the Widow Green.

"The Love Chase" will be repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. On Friday night, Miss Wainwright will be seen for the first time in this city in "Camille," which should be a performance of unusual interest, and she will repeat the play at the Saturday matinee. For Saturday and Sunday nights, the farewell performances, Tom Taylor's comedy, "An Unequal Match," is announced.

Continued Popularity of "Ixion."

The second edition of "Ixion; or, The Man of the Wheel," with its new songs and specialties, is quite as popular as the burlesque was when it was first put on. Every night the house is packed in all its parts, and the audience is very liberal in its applause.

Ferris Hartman, Thomas C. Leary, Mabella Baker, and W. H. West make the most of the fun, and the vocal honors fall to Raffael, Pache, Broderick, Alice Carle, Laura Millard, and the two children, Gerie Carlisle and Pearl Landers, the latter couple getting many encores for their duets.

"Ixion" will run all next week, and for how much

longer it is impossible to tell, for its popularity shows no sign of abatement. "The Gentle Savage," described as "an American satirical opera," is to follow it.

The Tavery Opera Season.

The Tavery Grand Opera Company is to follow Marie Wainwright at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, January 20th. The troupe played a successful engagement here a year ago, and it is improved in some respects since then. Among the singers are Mme. Tavery, Thèa Dorre, Mlle. Lichter, Bella Tomlios, Sofia Romaoi, Suzanne Ryaoo, Albert Guile, F. Michelena, Payne Clark, Max Eugeoe, Signor Abramhoff, and C. William Schuster.

The repertoire of the company is a long one; the operas to be sung during the season at the Baldwin will be chosen from among the following: "Aida," "L'Africain," "Les Huguenots," "Bohemian Girl," "La Souboull," "The Flying Dutchman," "Faust," "Mignon," "Rigoletto," "The Jewess," "Traviata," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Martha," "Trovatore," and "William Tell."

Notes.

Yvette Guilbert is now singing "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back" in English in New York, and, as an encore, "Linger Looger, Lucy."

The shares of some of the London music-halls and theatres are excellent investments. The directors of the Gaiety Theatre declared a twenty per cent. dividend for the half-year ending December 31st.

George Bancroft, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, of the London Theatres, is going to adopt the stage as a profession. His first appearance will be at the St. James's Theatre in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"In Old Kentucky" is to come to the California Theatre on Monday, January 20th, at the close of Louis James's engagement. Laura Burt, the original Madge of the play, will be in the company, and the band of pickanionies will number twenty.

At the celebration of the pontifical high mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, on Christmas Day, Mme. Melba sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," with harp and violin accompaniment. Eight thousand were in the cathedral, admitted on tickets, and as many more were kept out by the policemen on guard at the doors.

Kyle Bellevue and Mrs. Potter are to appear at Daly's Theatre, in New York, during the present month, and it is rumored that Mr. Daly intends to revive several Shakespearean plays, with them in the principal rôles. "Romeo and Juliet" will be the first of the series, and there is a possibility that "Hamlet" may follow. In England Mr. Bellevue is highly esteemed as a Shakespearean actor.

Emilienne d'Alençon, one of the noted demi-mondaines of Paris, is now the bright particular star of the show at the Folies Bergère. She pays the management for the privilege of being allowed to "go on" superbly dressed and studded with diamonds. She is costumed in a chemise only, and the reason she gives for it is that she has lost all she possessed through speculating in African gold mines, and is worth only "what she stands in."

Richard Harland, treasurer of the Frederick Ward company, may be heir to the title and estate of the late Sir Edward James Harland, the famous Irish ship-builder, who died on Christmas Eve, leaving property valued at five millions of dollars. The dead baronet was Richard Harland's uncle, and he thought a good deal of the young man, but the latter has a cousin, now supposed to be in South Africa, who may be the son of the elder brother of Sir Edward.

When "The Artist's Model" was given its first production in New York, the audience was much intrigued over one of the bounding beauties who could not be identified with any character on the printed cast. When the first entr'acte came, a deputa-tion of admirers sent an usher behind the scenes to find out who she was. It was then discovered that by some terrible error her name had been left off the programme. She nearly fainted away when she heard of the omission; but she recovered in time to send out word that her name was Skipworth, with only one p.

Mary Anderson de Navarro makes an accusation in her contribution—"My Early Days on the Stage"—to a Philadelphia publication that has called forth a reply from Barton Hill, now a member of Marie Wainwright's company at the Baldwin. Referring to her first appearance in this city, Mrs. de Navarro states that the California Theatre company "ridiculed" her work and subjected her to "unkind remarks" and "continual taunts," adding that they "nearly broke her spirit by unkindness."

To this Mr. Hill replies:

"Justice to the dead—to John McCullough, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Henry Edwards, Walter Leman, John Wilson, Stephen Leach, Nelson Decker; justice to the living—to Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, Ellie Wilton, Alice Harrison, Carrie Wyatt, Belle Chapman, T. W. Keene, W. A. Mestayer, E. J. Buckley, N.

Long, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pateman, Robert Eberle, and others, demands that I should deny the possibility of such conduct on their part. I was not present at the time, being on my way from Chicago, bringing Edwin Booth, his wife and daughter, by special car to the coast, but we arrived in season to witness 'our Mary's' successes as Parthenia and Meg Merrilies, and to share in the enthusiasm which she admits the company awarded them."

"I can only suppose that, in what she terms 'her impatience to put down quickly what she wants to say,' the ever-to-be-cherished Mary Anderson has unwittingly done an injustice to a company whose generosity, kindness, and ability are too well remembered in San Francisco to deserve a doubt, and I am sure that every living member of it will join with me in this earnest and respectful protest."

Statistics relative to the accidents which have happened on the Swiss and French Alps during the past year have been published by the French Alpine Club. Three persons lost their lives on Mont Blanc, namely, Herr Schnurdreber, of Prague, and two guides. Previously, a M. Holzhausen had a narrow escape. He was for twenty minutes buried under an avalanche, and was rescued in a deplorable condition. On August 24th last, Emile Rey, a guide, who was accompanying an Englishman to the summit of the Giant's Needle, lost his footing and was dashed to pieces. These were the fatal accidents on the French Alps, but the list of casualties for Switzerland is much longer. It includes three Englishmen; Miss Sampson, of London, who was killed near Zermatt; a Berneese prior and an engineer from Lucerne. Eight persons lost their lives in the Tyrol and on the Italian Alps. The Alpine Club has also noted the accidents which happened to persons plucking edelweiss on the brink of the precipices, or to daring but unskillful mountain-climbers, who persisted in making ascents without guides. The accidents of this kind are said to be very numerous every year, and do not serve as the least warning to other foolhardy persons.

The people, janitors and their families, whose homes are at the top of the tall buildings in Eastern cities, live, in most cases, very much to themselves, and seldom visit each other. The location of the homes makes calling after nightfall a physical impossibility. The elevators in many of the great buildings stop early in the evening, and it would require an hour's work to reach a neighbor who lived within speaking distance across the street. It would be necessary to climb down some twenty flights of stairs and then climb up as many more. It is also noticeable that the heads of families are from force of habit very regular in their habits, so far as coming home early at night is concerned. The idea of climbing twenty flights of stairs in the dark at a very late hour is enough to force almost any man into signing a temperance pledge.

Pauline Lucca, the opera-singer, who has dropped out of public notice since her retirement from the stage seven years ago, lives in Vicova, and has taken up schooling young girls for operatic work. She confines herself to twelve pupils a year and devotes but three hours a day to the work. She exercises great care in selecting them, as she hopes to make of each a famous singer and actress.

Palmistry.

One of the most interesting articles on the subject of Palmistry that has ever been written, appears in the January number of *The Traveler*, over the signature of Jane Seymour Klink, the highest authority on the subject in California. It occupies two pages, with six illustrations, and is written in a clear and most entertaining style, so that those who read it can readily become an amateur in the art. It has grown to be quite a fad among the best class of society. A handsome photograph of one of San Francisco's most prominent society ladies appears in *The Traveler* for the first time. Price, 10 cents per copy, at any news-stand.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

The new year was ushered in with many brilliant social events in Eastern cities. At Washington, for example, a brilliant hall was given by Senator and Mrs. Brice, which was the event of the social season. The handsome home of the Brices was decorated with Christmas greens and berries. Mrs. Brice was assisted in receiving by her daughters and by Mrs. J. J. Brice, of California. The cotillion was danced after supper, led by Baron von Ketteler, of the German Embassy, and Miss Helen Brice. There were nine sets of favors, among them silver-topped smelling-bottles for the ladies and silver-mounted rabbit's feet for the men. There were any number of other pretty favors. The figure which was the prettiest was one in which the dancers carried top balloons of varied colors. On Staten Island the Richmond County Hunt Club gave its annual ball, which took place in the Hotel Castleton at St. George. The hall-rooms were decorated with the colors of the club—red, white, and green. Everywhere were fox-heads, saddles, and all kinds of hunting paraphernalia. The ladies present wore powdered hair and patches, while the members of the club wore pink hunting-coats. After supper there was a set of lancers in which the ladies of the reception committee and the prominent members of the hunt club participated; the dance was accompanied by the singing of such familiar hunting songs as "A Hunting We Will Go," "Tally-Ho," and "John Peel." At Pelham Manor, near the Westchester Country Club, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Allen gave a ball on New-Year's Eve at their beautiful home, Bolton Priory. Nearly all of the members of the country club gave dinner-parties that night, every room at the club-house was occupied, and all of the dinner-parties met at Bolton Priory at the Allens' ball. Supper was served precisely at midnight, and after supper the Virginia reel and other old-fashioned country dances were indulged in. At Annapolis the cadets gave their regular New-Year's Eve ball. At Hempstead, on Long Island, the leading spirits of the Meadowbrook, Cedarhurst, and Westchester Hunt Clubs met at a leap-year party which was given at the country seat of Charles R. Carroll. Like the other affairs of which we have spoken, this was largely a hunt ball with Christmas decorations. At Lakewood, N. J., at Tuxedo, N. J., and at other winter resorts, there were halls given on New-Year's Eve, all of which were brilliant and successful.

A M. Henri Bouchot has been hunting among the records of the court of the first Napoleon, and he has found the accounts of one Leroy, who was the Worth of the period. He had on his lists over three hundred names, including those of all of the great ladies. Leroy was a bad character, having been a gambler, a rake, and a usurer, but he rose to be the arbiter of fashions in the imperial court, and collected in a vast establishment in the Rue de la Loi everything that women wanted in the way of raiment. He supplied not only gowns, but head-gear, flowers, and feathers. His best customer was the Empress Josephine, whose annual bills ran up to one hundred and fifty thousand francs. Some of the lesser ladies of the court, such as the Duchess de Bassano, spent only about fifteen thousand francs a year with Leroy, while Mme. Campan, the famous school-mistress of noble maidens, must have been a quiet dresser, because she spent only two hundred and fifty francs a year at the Leroy establishment.

While in this line, it may be well to note a recent paragraph in the London *Telegraph*, which speaks of a "dry-goods store" on Twenty-Third Street, New York, whose manager told the *Telegraph* correspondent that he had upon his books forty accounts of ladies in various States who spent for dresses and dress-goods over ten thousand dollars per annum each. He names to the astonished correspondent one New York lady who buys each year for herself and daughters fifty thousand dollars' worth of articles of apparel and adornments. The *Telegraph* admits that American women have more taste than those of England, and that they "constantly contrive to lend to their garments a grace and distinction not frequently seen in European capitals." "Ten thousand dollars per annum for dresses, however," says the *Telegraph*, "or even two thousand dollars, is too much." This is an assertion in which most American husbands will agree with the English newspaper.

A wide-spread belief is that it is impossible for unchaperoned and unescorted women to walk un-insulted on the streets of Paris. A recent number of the Boston *Transcript* contains a paragraph in which a writer says: "If such a condition of affairs ever did exist, there is no trace of it now. Both in London and in Paris two women together can go to a respectable place of entertainment, unaccompanied by a man, without a thought of being spoken to or even looked at. If anything contrary to this occurs, it is apt to be the woman's own fault, quite as it would be in the United States." If this is true, matters have changed very much in Paris of late years.

Talk of chaperonage, Hannah Wentworth, senior writing in the *Bazar*, has an excellent article

in a recent issue entitled "Chaperones and Chaperonage." She says with much justice that the fashion of chaperonage, which "has become so general as we have grown older and wiser here in America," is one which commends itself to the judgment of all prudent people. There is no doubt that she is right. But there is one point about chaperonage which we have not often seen touched upon, and that is that it is by no means the dreadful and irksome social custom which it is believed to be in many small Western towns and villages. In the large cities of the United States—in San Francisco, for example—chaperonage is obligatory. But none the less the selection of a chaperon is made another means of adding to the pleasure of the party. There are among the younger married women of San Francisco many who are very popular, who are gracious, witty, and charming, and these are the ones who are almost invariably selected for chaperones. It frequently happens that a popular young matron of this description will find herself invited by five or six different parties on a single evening to be a chaperone. No duenna-like odium attaches to the office here. On the contrary, it is one in which a woman is clothed with equal dignity and grace, and it is our opinion that the young married women here who act as chaperones have just as good a time as the girls do, and a better time than they used to have when they were unmarried themselves.

Two Christmas presents in a London shop attracted much attention this year. They were dressing-bags. One was for an Austrian princess and the other for the wife of an American millionaire. The princess's dressing-bag was in polished crocodile skin, with the fittings in solid silver and ivory. The millionaire's bag, however, "laid over" that of the princess. Her bag was of long-grained green morocco, lined with green corded silk, while the trifle accessories were made of real tortoise-shell, with eighteen-carat-gold monograms, stoppers, and other accessories.

The sudden cold wave in the East afforded opportunities for skating to the many house-parties that had met to spend Christmas in the country. This was notably the case at Tuxedo. The mild weather which had lasted up to Christmas-time had kept the foliage in almost summer-like verdure, and the beautiful little lake at Tuxedo was bordered with green moss, while brilliant red berries still hung on the shrubs. The green and dark-red lily pads were crystallized in the ice on the edge of the lake. The costumes of the skaters were charming. Many of the ladies who were seated to rest wore scarlet cloaks thrown over their shoulders, making charming hits of color amid the forest trees. The costumes were many of them very pretty. One lady wore a deep-red *sang de boeuf* serge skirt coming to the ankles, a tight-fitting Astracan jacket, and a black toque with a scarlet wing. Another wore a tan-colored skirt and tight, sleeveless jacket of fawn-skin, dappled with the white spots peculiar to young deer, velveteen tan-colored sleeves with some white spots, and a toque of brown fur with a black aigrette. It may be remarked that the short skirts worn for bicycling are not nearly so graceful for skating, and that those who wore them moderately long looked by far the better.

A writer in a fashion journal remarks on the vast change that has taken place in personal cleanliness within the last century. When ladies wear powdered hair nowadays, and when they make such herculean efforts to get their hair clean again, it will give them an idea of what their great-grandmothers must have endured when they wore their hair powdered all the time. In fact, paint, patches, and powdered hair were not conducive to thorough neatness. People in the days of powder depended more on strong perfumes than on soap and water. Many will recall the well-known lines in which Pope revenged himself on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, brilliant and intellectual as she was, had, as has been tersely said, "an inadequate appreciation of clean linen." In fact, many a famous beauty of that time was "by turns a slattern or a belle." It is disconcerting to know that the famous Duchess of Devonshire was "a dowdy in the morning, that critical hour when a woman should be as fresh as Venus rising from the waves." In fact, if any one of the masculine half of humanity were to be suddenly transplanted back a hundred years, it is to be feared that he would flee from the presence of some of the last century beauties, holding his nose.

The "Literary Hack" who made his confession in the *Forum* not long ago answers in the current number his many critics. What he most objects to is that they think he ought to be able to live on \$5,000 a year. He says that "on such an income a man can not live in a house in a pleasant quarter of New York. He can not supply his family with more than the necessities of life, and he and his wife and children must forego all the pleasures which cost anything to obtain." Commenting on this, the *Critic* says that the "Literary Hack" is right; that there are people who pay as high as \$1,500 a year for houses that are not in pleasant neighborhoods in New York, but who stay there because the rent is low; that a house for which

you would pay \$1,000 in London costs \$3,000 a year in New York; that the "Literary Hack," with his \$5,000 a year, would have to live in an apartment; that an apartment in New York costing \$1,200 a year contains dark rooms, little air, and no sunshine. The *Critic* further remarks that there are many literary workers whose incomes are \$5,000 a year, but that they can barely make both ends meet, and such luxuries as the theatre and the opera are out of the question. From the foregoing, it is evident that people with less than \$5,000 a year income had better avoid New York.

One of the new horrors of existence we note in a fashion journal under the heading, "Bread and Butter Letters." After laying down the law to man, careless man, in regard to answering promptly dinner invitations, and always making his dinner calls or party calls, this social censor says that it is now absolutely obligatory that a man who has spent a day or two at a country-place shall, on his return home, immediately write a note to his hostess expressing his gratification at her hospitality. The man who does not do this shall be anathema.

The fashions for men this winter are very conservative. It is a reaction from the 1895 craze of two years ago, when hell-crowned hats and inordinately long coat-tails were the fashion. In ties this winter, fashion runs to red. All shades of red seem to be fashionable. The Ascot and the Teck are the favorite wide scarfs, and the club tie, which is nothing but a plain bow, still enjoys great popularity. In neckwear, there is an Ascot made up in a loose way from a wide scarf which is like a muffler. It ties in a very pretty *negligé* shape, which is the effect desired, as the made-up tie is not permissible. The four-in-hand still holds its own, as it will always do. The most popular tie, however, is the club tie, and the smart guardsmen in London, who lead the fashions, wear it more than anything else. The high-banded, turn-down, or "poke" collar is much worn in the morning. These collars are about two and a half inches in front and two inches in the back. Although extreme swells do not tolerate collars separate from the shirts, still they are looked upon as being too finical, as many men believe that collars, particularly those of which we speak, set better when they are separate from the shirt than when they are attached to it. The influence of golf is noticed in the wearing of knickers and such golf toggery, not only in the country, but even in city clubs; men wear russet hoots, with thick, protruding soles and rounded toes; those who do not like russet, wear black leather hoots made in the same fashion, with heavy, protruding soles. Men still incline to black hose, although dark brown and dark gray may be worn in the morning. Jewelry for men has almost disappeared. Even a watch-chain must be very small—a light, cord-like gold chain. The fashionable walking-stick is of dark wood, with a crook handle and light silver mounting. In hats, the Homburg or soft felt hat is still much worn, gray with a deep black ribbon being the favorite. Derbys are worn in deep and light browns and black. The silk hat is almost straight up and down. As a whole, as we have said, there are few marked changes in men's fashions this winter.

There are some amusing things about the Christmas season. It is related in *Harper's Bazar* that a certain lady, with a small income and a large heart, worried a good deal over a family of impecunious cousins—girls who can not earn their own living, and hang helplessly on the nearest human being. She worried so much that she finally concluded to give up her Christmas presents to her own family, and sent the impecunious cousins a good-sized check instead. But a few days afterward she met the girls at a tea, and, to her amazement, each one wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist. "Cousin Jane, you're a dear," they said; "we are so grateful for your gift. We have wanted these buckles for a year." Cousin Jane's feelings, as she thought of her home Christmas sacrificed, may be imagined. It reminded her of another friend who once gave up going to hear Patti with her son and daughter in order that she might send the money for the three tickets—fifteen dollars—to relatives she knew to be hard up. When she heard, a few days afterward, that the impecunious relatives had "blown in" the fifteen dollars for three Patti tickets, she withdrew from the charity business.

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Lord Esher, who, when president of the court of appeal, used to keep up a running fire of "chaff" on learned counsel, sometimes got a Roland for his Oliver—as when a young barrister, in the course of argument, stated that no reasonable person could doubt one particular proposition. "But I doubt it very much," said the judge. The youthful advocate, not one whit abashed, replied, "I said no reasonable person, my lord." The Master of the Rolls could only gasp, "Proceed, sir, proceed."

A Boston painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters. When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

On the eve of leaving London for Canada, Mrs. Bronke, who wrote "The History of Emily Mortague," the first novel written in Canada, gave a farewell party, Hannah More Johnson and Boswell being of the company. Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early, and apparently departed after wishing his hostess health and happiness. Shortly after a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running down-stairs, the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer. "Madam," said he, ponderously, "I sent for you down-stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

Kioglake, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a façy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gnut was beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are." It was Kioglake who uttered one of the neatest of mots on the peculiar character of the *Times*. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing an announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed: "Heavens! that brings the *Times* into relations with humanity."

A prestidigitator, in the course of an exhibition in New York recently, had one of the audience select one card from a pack and then he handed a sheet of paper to another spectator, a timid-looking blonde man. The professor, who did not see the card, announced that after it had been returned to the pack the description of it would be found written on the paper. The card was the eight of hearts. It was taken out by the professor. "Is that it—the eight of hearts?" asked the professor. "That's all right," answered the timid-looking man. But he was a very conscientious man, and later he insisted on telling the audience that the professor had written on the paper, "Please say 'That's all right.'"

The *Bookman* tells a story of a well-known author (in whom the discriminating reader may recognize Laurence Hutton), who owns a remarkable collection of death masks of distinguished men. Having heard that a certain foreigner had made by permission a mask of Eugene Field, he wrote and courteously asked whether a replica of it might be secured. A reply was soon received couched in very brusque language, to the effect that no replica would be furnished, but that the original mask might be purchased of him for a thousand dollars. Whereupon the author sat down and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Mr. Eugene Field, but offer to sell me the original for a thousand dollars. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, as also of any mask of yourself; for I feel certain that when the time comes for the making of the latter, there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek."

"Very truly yours,"

Once, when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil Hall were being rocked by an earthquake. The orator was to the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity of individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible swaying of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue. Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand

firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and, save the loog breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!"

The Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir, who has just died in Paris, was in his younger days famous as a delist. One evening, meeting his cousin, the Marquis du Hallays, in the foyer of the Opéra, he walked up to him and, in the course of conversation, remarked: "Isn't it odd, my dear fellow, that, quarrelsome as you and I are, we should never have fought with one another?" "That's true," replied Du Hallays; "but that can always be remedied." And on the strength of that, the two cousins met in mortal combat on the following morning, the encounter resulting in the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir having his right hand pierced by his adversary's rapier, which, while it rendered a continuance of the fight impossible, left the other hand free to grasp that of his cousin in undiminished friendship a moment afterward. On another occasion, when he was about to fight a duel in which he was entirely in the right and his adversary in the wrong, he suddenly discovered that his opponent was a perfect novice in swordsmanship, and that he would, therefore, have him completely at his mercy. So he strode up to him and, in the presence of twenty or thirty persons, presented the most courteous and full apology. Almost dumfounded, the latter inquired why the marquis assumed such an extraordinary course. "Because," he returned, "it would really be too unfortunate if I were to fight with a *maçette* (greenhorn)," and with that he made a low bow and then turned his back upon him.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To a Divinely Green Cow.
Under a turgid sky of autumn day,
Against a sunset reveling in tone,
Beside a scraggy stack of purple hay,
O most divine green cow! you stand alone,
And munch on grasses, red and blue and pink,
And every color save a simple green.
Tell me, sweet one, in calf hood did you think
That some day by a man you would be seen
Who had chromato-psendo-hélepbis, eh?
And that you'd be a picture by Monet?

—Life.

Woman and Her Wheel.

(After Tennyson, by an Old-Fashioned Fellow.)

Turn, woman, turn thy wheel in garments loud;
Turn thy wild wheel through dust that's like a cloud;
Thy wheel and thee some love, and some do hate.

Turn, woman, turn thy wheel, through smile or frown
Of those who watch thy whollings up and down;
Thy skill is little, but thy pluck is great.
Smile the rude boys and bowl behind their hands,
Frowns the grave cit: the worldling understands;
Woman is woman, and mistress of her fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel, amid the staring crowd!
Thy wheel and thee are loud, and yet allowed;
Thy wheel and thee some love, but I do hate!

—Punch.

Plea of the Milk Merchant.

SCENE—A back-yard, secluded. In the foreground a pump. Enter MERCHANT, with milk-pails.

MILK MERCHANT—

The quality of cow's milk is not strained,
It streameth from the udder of the cow
Into the pail beneath; it is twice skimmed,
Once by the wholesale, second by the retail;
'Tis thinnest when 'tis carried to the door
Of the consumer; and it incubates
A typhoid microbe better than the air.
This pump doth show how good hydraulic power,
The attribute of profit in the trade,
Can be applied despite the law of queens.
But milkmen are above the dread of law,
It is enthroned upon the judge's bench,
And concrete stalks in guise constabular;
But legal power doth then seem least majestic
When a milkman tips a policeman. Therefore I,
Though evil be my deed, pump thus—and thus.

[Pumps.]

Though I observe a nice discrimination
In course of pumping, lest it chance that some
Anxious customer with a test-tube pry
For foreign bodies in the virgin milk.

[Ceases pumping.]

Ghosts are Pale and Shadowy,
Say those who profess to have interviewed them.
Whether spooks are tallow-faced or not, mortals
are whose blood is thin and watery in consequence
of imperfect assimilation. When invalids resort to
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that un-
equalled tonic persistently, they soon "pick up"
in strength, flesh, and color. It should be used also
to prevent malarial, rheumatic, and kidney complaints,
and to remedy sick headache and nervousness.

"Did the missionary bring tears to the eyes of
the natives?" "No, but he made their mouths
water."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Steelman's Soothing Powders relieve feverishness
and prevent fits and convulsions during the teething
period.

EDITORS IN CONGRESS.

There are twenty-seven editors in the present Congress. Nine other members were formerly in that profession and four others learned the printer's trade and followed it in their younger days. The list of editors is as follows:

Mr. Dingley, Lewiston Journal.
Mr. Boutelle, Bangor Whig and Courier.
Mr. Barrett, Boston Advertiser.
Senator Chandler, Concord Monitor.
Senator Hawley, Hartford Courant.
Mr. Quigg, New York Press.
Mr. Cummings, New York Sun.
Mr. McClellan, New York Journal.
Mr. Black, Johnston (N. Y.) Journal.
Mr. Maboney, Buffalo Express.
Mr. Robinson, Media (Pa.) Ledger.
Mr. Scranton, Scranton (Pa.) Republican.
Mr. Acheson, Washington (Pa.) Observer.
Mr. Russell, Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat.
Mr. Bartboldt, St. Louis Tribune.
Mr. Gibson, Knoxville (Tenn.) Daily Chronicle.
Senator Pritchard, Roan Mountain (N. C.) Republican.
Senator Pritchard, Clinton (N. Y.) Canaanian.
Mr. Taft, Cincinnati Times-Star.
Mr. Downing, Virginia (Ill.) Equivocal.
Mr. Perkins, Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.
Mr. Clark, Keokuk Gate City.
Senator Peffer, the Kansas Farmer.
Mr. Heatwole, Northfield (Minn.) News.
Senator Mantle, Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain.
Mr. Cannon, Salt Lake Herald.

"What do you think of these trousers, Parker?"
"Simply deafening, my dear boy."—*Harper's Bazar*.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Argonaut
OK
WHISKEY
is
Five Years
in Wood
before
Bottling.

E. MARTIN & CO.

411 Market Street
SAN FRANCISCO.

—THE—

Argonaut
Clubbing List for 1896

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.50
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.50
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.85
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Oting.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.25
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	5.25
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.75
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.25
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.50
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	10.50
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SS. Colon..... January 18th
SS. City of Sydney..... January 18th
SS. San Blas..... January 28th
SS. San Jann..... February 8th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Peru.....Saturday, January 13, at 3 P. M.

City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, February 6, at 3 P. M.

City of Peking.....(via Honolulu), Tues., Feb. 25, at 3 P. M.

China.....Saturday, March 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.

Afridi.....(Cargo only).....Thursday, January 9

Coptic.....(Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 28

Gaelic.....Saturday, February 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in

Alaska, 9 A. M. Jan. 15, 30, Feb. 14.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30,

and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay,

Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Jan. 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, 31, and

every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles,

and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28,

and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping

only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles,

Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Jan. 6, 10, 14, 18,

22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz,

Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette*

Valley, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office,

Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,

Sailing from Liverpool and New

York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK.

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and

accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favor-
able terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.

Second cabin, majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40.

Steering tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the

leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,

29 Broadway, New York.

GLADDING McBEAN & CO.

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1358 & 1360 MARKET STREET, S. F.

MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN, CAL.

SOCIETY.

The Sabin Cotillion.

Miss Grace Sabin gave an enjoyable cotillion on Friday evening at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, 2828 California Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Virginia Belknap, daughter of Judge Belknap, of Carson City, Nev., who is the guest of Miss Sabin. The cotillion was danced in the large ball-room, and there were five national figures, the favors for each being symbolic of the countries represented, which were America, Germany, France, Ireland, and Spain. Mr. George Gardiner, of Oakland, was the leader, and Miss Belknap was his partner. At midnight supper was served, and it was followed by regular dances for a couple of hours. Among Miss Sabin's guests were:

Miss Virginia Belknap, Miss Crowell, of Oakland, Miss Leila Burton, Miss Minnie Burton, Misses King, of Portland, Or., Miss Bernice Brown, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Fay Rambo, Miss Alice Sprague, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Alice Coven, Miss Sara Rice, Miss Edith Bishop, Miss Florence Gardiner, Miss Della Mills, Miss Jewett, Miss Bertie Bruce, Mr. George Gardiner, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Willard Wayman, Mr. Archibald Rice, Mr. Guy Cochran, Mr. John Reynolds, Mr. William McLane, Mr. William McNeil, Mr. Franklin Brooks, Mr. William Humphreys, Mr. Robert McKee, Mr. Henry Dutton, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Walter Crowell, Mr. Albert Conner, Mr. G. Brown, Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Mr. Percy Butler, and Mr. Percy King.

The Richelieu Dinner-Dance.

The guests at the Hotel Richelieu enjoyed a dinner-dance last Saturday evening. The dining-room was handsomely decorated, and special guests were at almost all of the tables. A string orchestra played during the service of the dinner, and afterward for dancing until midnight, when a supper was served. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Mosley, Mr. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Samuel Hort, Mrs. George M. Stoney, Mrs. John Boggs, Miss Marjorie Young, Miss Mamie Barling, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Hush, of Fruitvale, Misses Preston, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Mamie Findley, Miss Ripley, Miss Alice Boggs, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Cora Smedberg, General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., Dr. Lorini, Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. W. H. Magee, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Dr. M. Herzstein, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Louis Bruguière, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. G. Chauncey Boardman, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. Peter J. Donahue, and Baron von Balveren.

Friday Fortnightly Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave a cotillion at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, which was quite well attended. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, and Mrs. Gordon Blanding were the chaperones. Mr. Allan Garwood Wright led the german, having Miss Jessie Glascock as his partner. Several figures were danced, and the pleasant affair ended at midnight. Light refreshments were served.

The young ladies in the first set were Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Sophie Pierce, and Miss Ida Belle Palmer.

The next cotillion, on January 24th, will be led

by Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and the leap-year cotillion, on February 13th, by Miss Ella Hobart.

The Kip Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 901 Eddy Street, in honor of their daughter, Miss Mary Kip. Those invited to meet her comprised Miss Breeze, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Graham, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Helen Boss, Miss Schneely, Miss Taylor, Miss Clementina Kip, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. W. D. Forbes, Mr. Schooley, Mr. Lawrence McKinstry, Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. P. Summerall, U. S. A., Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John W. Joyce, U. S. A.

There lives at Nantes an old lady of the best family, called Mlle. Dubuc de Rivry, who watches with great interest the events at Constantinople, and is going, they say, to set aside all false shame, and relate in a series of Mémoires her experiences in the palace of the Sultan himself, where she lived many years. M. Dubuc de Rivry, her father, after heavy losses, having decided to try his luck in some French colony, embarked with his family—his wife, a son, and a remarkably beautiful daughter. In those days of slow sailing, adventures were more frequent than now, and the ship which carried the noble emigrants was attacked by pirates, who killed or made prisoners every one on board. Mlle. Dubuc was spared and treated with the greatest care and honor, her beauty having been her safeguard; but, in spite of her supplications and two or three attempts at suicide, she was taken at once to the Sultan Mahmoud the Second, who bought her and installed her superbly in his harem. She soon became the favorite wife of the sovereign, and bore him a son, who became Sultan himself, under the name of Abdul Aziz. Later she obtained her liberty and returned to France. In 1867, when Abdul Aziz went to Paris for the exhibition, he disappeared for a few days, and only two of his secretaries, who accompanied him, knew on what errand he had been, and the story of the old lady with whom their master spent a week at Nantes. Mlle. Dubuc de Rivry is now just eighty years old and in perfect health, her intellect being very clear still; and her nephew, who will write under her dictation, has already arranged with a Parisian paper for the publication of the curious souvenir.

Major Sandbach, of the Royal Artillery, hunting a lioness in Somaliland, the other day, attempted a bold act, when he had fired his last cartridge, in thrusting the barrel of his rifle down the animal's throat. His *shikari*, or native huntsman, the only person beside him, after discharging both barrels of the second gun, had been killed by a blow from the paw of the enraged beast. The major, apparently, had thrust his right arm far into the mouth of the lioness, for her jaws closed fast upon it; he then tried, with his left hand, to force her jaws open, but she bit the left hand and arm while he was endeavoring to get himself free. Some of his native followers came up and killed her with spears. Major Sandbach was rescued alive. If surgery and medical care had been at hand, there is reason to believe that his injuries would not have been mortal; but ten days were occupied in carrying him to Aden, where the wounds of his right arm were found to be gangrened. The limb was then amputated, of course; it was, unhappily, too late, and Major Sandbach died.

Vegetarian boots are advertised in London; the uppers are made of *pannus corium*, the soles of closely water-proofed flax belting. To show that the skins of slaughtered animals are not necessary, the vegetarians say that "india-rubber, gutta-percha, steel, and iron, and brass nails and brass caps, cashmere and cotton, elastic and webbing, wool and list, cork and straw, silk and jute, and even brown paper and wax go to form the modern mystery which still carries the old name of boot or shoe."

A time-piece presented by Philippe Egalité to George the Fourth when he was Prince of Wales, was recently sold at the Double sale in Paris. It is in the shape of a negress's head, with jewels in the wool and a jeweled clasp for the handkerchief. A pair of open-work ear-rings hang from the ears; on pulling one, the hour is shown in the right eye and the minute in the left; on pulling the other, a set of bells chimes the hour.

Mazzantini, the great Spanish bull-fighter, was a railway porter before he found his present occupation. Growing weary of his humble work, he said: "I must make money. In Spain there are only two ways—to be a tenor or a bull-fighter. I can't sing, but I know I can kill a bull." He began in a small way, and soon became the greatest bull-killing artist in Spain.

Turkish coffee is not all coffee. Throughout the East it is mixed with large quantities of barley or rye meal, which makes it thick, and prevents it from exciting the nerves too much.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jane F. Masten, daughter of Mr. N. K. Masten, to Mr. Edwin C. Ewell.

Mrs. David Bixler will give a musicale at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, January 12th, at her residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets. The executants will be Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine, and the vocal soloist will be Miss Sofia Newland. An interesting programme will be presented.

The Friday Night Club will give a leap-year cotillion and bal poudré at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening. The german will be led by Miss Sally Maynard, assisted by Miss Emily Hager and Miss Sara Collier. The officers of the army and navy are expected to wear their uniforms and the members of the Burlingame Club to wear their plok coats.

The Saturday Evening Club will give a dancing-party this evening at Lunt's Hall.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 1414 California Street. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Judge and Mrs. John Curry, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, and Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna entertained a party of friends at dinner last Tuesday evening at their residence, 2264 Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their home, 1801 Van Ness Avenue, at which there were twenty married couples.

Miss Fraocres Curry gave a lunch-party last Thursday at her home in honor of Miss Virginia Belknap, of Carson City, Nev. Those invited to meet her were Miss Grace Sabin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Helen Boss, Miss Bliss, Miss Graham, Miss Timie O'Connor, and Miss Rose Hooper.

The Misses Juliette and Hannah Williams entertained a number of young ladies at luncheon last Tuesday at the University Club.

Mrs. William L. Ashe gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Monday in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall, *née* Ashe.

Mrs. George A. Pope gave a matinée tea on Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue, and hospitably entertained about two hundred and fifty of her lady friends. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Sara Collier, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Anna Head, and Miss Daisy Casserly. The hours of the tea were from four until six o'clock.

Miss Edith McBean gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening, and afterward entertained her guests at supper at the University Club.

An enjoyable hop was given by the officers and ladies at the Presidio last Tuesday evening, which was well attended.

A dance was given on the United States steamship *Adams* at Vallejo on Friday evening, and it was attended by several people from this city.

Depositors in French post-office savings banks in 1894 were 2,280,061, an increase of 200,000 for the year. The deposits amounted to 690,000,000 francs, an increase of 62,000,000 francs.

Californian Refinement Acknowledged Abroad.

The Paris *Figaro* complimented Californians on their refinement and discrimination of taste, owing to their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. If the consumption of high-grade wines should prove a criterion to the standard of cultivation of a people, the Californians have again merited this compliment for the year just closed, as may be seen from the following statistics, compiled by Mr. A. Vignier, from custom-house records for the year 1895:

Pommery.....	6,000
Mumm.....	3,500
Dry Monopole.....	2,200
Roederer.....	1,138
Veuve Cliquot.....	630
Moet and Chandon.....	340
Perrier Jouet.....	300
Irroy.....	100
Sundries.....	1,713
	15,921

Pommery Sec is also most in demand in London and at the select resorts on the Continent of Europe—Exchange.

Photos Framed or Bound in Mats.

R. R. Hill, 724½ Market Street. Telephone, "Black 141." Christmas work quickly attended to.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET Street, Columbian Building, is making cabinets at cut-rate prices.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.



—One of the wonders of California—

is the finest Winter Resort in the State. Sheltered among the hills from cold winds and damp fogs, it is an Invalid's Paradise; and the seven famous mineral springs offer treatments and cures for all sorts of diseases and ailments.

THE DR. DEIMEL Linen-Mesh Underwear

The softest material ever worn next to the skin—healthful, cleanly, and durable. Can be worn at all seasons of the year without fear of sudden changes of temperature. Never cold like plain linen, but warm like wool; but never overheating, irritating, or cumbersome. Absorbs all moisture from skin and dries quickly. Highly recommended by physicians.

For sale only at store,

214 POST STREET.

All O. K. if they were FRESH

COCOA MUST be fresh to have greatest strength and nourishing power.

Several standard makes are pure and all that—but they are made far away, handled and rehandled by wholesalers and retailers—and come to you "good and old" and correspondingly weak.

Ghirardelli's is made HERE—not ahead of the demand but just as needed by the local retail trade.

It's strongest—goes farthest.

Ghirardelli's Cocoa is FRESH



Absolutely Pure.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Dutton have arrived in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Randolph Neumann and Mr. William L. Gerstle will leave for Canada and the Eastern States next Wednesday, and will be away two months.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing will pass the coming summer in this city.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, of Oakland, expects a visit soon from her daughter, Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbets, of New York.

Mr. W. H. Magee left last Wednesday for Central America, and will be away about six months.

Miss Chapin returned from San Mateo last Saturday after a prolonged absence, and is residing at 712 Sutter Street.

Mr. George E. P. Hall was in Paris during the new-year holidays.

Mrs. Charles Ray is passing the winter with Mr. Ray's mother at 1227 Nineteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

General Edward Kirkpatrick has gone to Mexico, and will be away about a month. Mrs. Kirkpatrick will remain at Coronado until his return.

Dr. Robert Eugene Payne has returned to the city after an absence of three years, and will remain here permanently. He is residing at 2326 California Street with his brothers, Dr. R. W. Payne and Dr. C. S. Payne.

Dr. Francis L. Bosqui has returned to his home in Ross Valley after a year's absence in the East.

Mrs. David Bixler will receive on the third and fourth Fridays in January and February at her residence, corner Pierce and Union Streets.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, of this city, and Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, are visiting Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in Phoenix, Arizona.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard, who has been confined to his bed for three months through illness, is now convalescent.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N., has been appointed captain.

Colonel Charles R. Suter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to assume the duties here that have been temporarily in charge of Lieutenant Joseph E. Kuhn, U. S. A., and also the duties of Division Engineer of the Pacific Division.

Major Charles E. L. B. Davis, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in Washington, D. C., and ordered to assume charge of the duties from which Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. H. Benyard, U. S. A., has been relieved, and also the duties temporarily in charge of Lieutenant Charles L. Potter, U. S. A.

Ensign H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., has been appointed lieutenant.

Junior Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., has been appointed lieutenant.

Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, U. S. A. (retired), is residing at 20 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Gnechter, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed Artillery Inspector for this department.

Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., will leave next week on the *Boston* for the Asiatic Station, where he will have three years of sea duty.

Captain J. R. Brinckle, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on sick leave at 1603 Broome Street, Wilmington, Del.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., is taking a two weeks' leave of absence.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, daughter of Captain Gilbert E. Overton, U. S. A., is here from Los Angeles on a visit to Colonel and Mrs. A. S. Kimball, U. S. A., at their residence, 3203 Pacific Avenue.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., passed the new-year holidays in Washington, D. C.

General J. M. Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), has resigned as a member from the Metropolitan Club of Washington, D. C. He was the vice-president and a director of the club.

Colonel J. G. C. Lee, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, is visiting Captain and Mrs. Mills, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., on Governor's Island, N. Y.

Dr. Louis Brechin, U. S. A., is quite ill with malaria while at his residence, 1703 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Captain R. Dickens, U. S. M. C., will report for duty on the *Philadelphia* on February 10th.

Lieutenant P. J. Werlich, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant J. H. L. Holcombe, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant J. M. Moore, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., no leave, is at the United Service Club in New York city.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is at the United Service Club in New York city. He is investigating the subject of smokeless powders.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to the president of the army retiring board at Fort Leavenworth for examination by the board.

Lieutenant R. M. Schofield, U. S. A., arrived here from the East last Thursday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

The Secretary of War has directed the board of officers, convened at the Presidio last March, to examine the officers of the Engineers' Corps to determine their fitness for promotion, and has appointed a new board. The details of the new board is: Colonel Charles R. Suter, Corps of Engineers; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, Deputy Surgeon-General; Major Charles E. L. B. Davis, Corps of Engineers; Captain Walter L. Fisk, Corps of Engineers; First Lieutenant George M. Wells, Assistant Surgeon. The board will meet at the call of the president, Colonel Suter. Lieutenant Harry Taylor, Corps of Engineers, is the only officer so far who has been ordered by the Secretary of War to appear before the board for examination. He will appear at such time as he may be required.

Dainty Novelties.

The social season is the harvest-time of the stationers. The demand for stationery and engraving is at its height, and never before have so many novelties been brought forward as this year. Without exception, the finest display ever seen here is that of Cooper, the Market Street stationer. A remarkable variety of pretty note-papers greets the eye, and the display of engraved wedding and reception invitations is particularly commendable.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

Leap Year.

Yes [said the Society Man], I suppose that Leap Year Cotillion is going to be great fun. But you wouldn't believe it, would you?—not a girl has asked me to dance it. I have sat patiently in my office awaiting invitations, but not a maiden has come. Odd, ain't it? And now it's all made up, and the seats are full. Guess I'll have to be a wall-flower. What?

"In my office?" you ask. Figure of speech, dear boy. My office hours for accepting leap-year proposals are every other twenty-ninth of February, from half-past two to three. Not bad that, eh? Think I'll use it at the cotillion. But on second thoughts, no I won't. Keep it for a dinner. Requires too much thought for a cotillion. "Every other twenty-ninth of February"—tell that to a débutante, she wouldn't know what you meant. Some of 'em don't know whether February occasionally has twenty-nine days, or regularly has thirty-nine. Fact. What?

But talking about the leap-year cotillion. Yes, I suppose it will be great fun. Girls take the men out from the dressing-room door, take 'em to supper, and all that sort of thing, you know. Men got nothing to say.

I'm a wall-flower myself. Think I'll go as a Male Dowager. What's the matter with powdering my hair? Women are going to powder—why shouldn't I? Then I'll wear a high waistcoat, a low shirt-collar, and a frogged swallow-tail of the vintage of 1860. What's the matter with that? I'll sit in the second row with the Female Dowagers, and wear the same weak automatic smile.

Give you my word I will. Great fun, I think. Better than staying away, as a lot of men are doing, because no girl has asked them. Suppose the girls always acted that way—what a ghastly vacancy there would be at dances. But the dear little creatures! They go to cotillions without partners, and sit around and bravely smile, when their hearts are sometimes full of bitterness. But they don't sulk, and stay away, as some of the men are doing. Do 'em good—what? See how they like their own medicine.

Talking about Male Dowagers, saw four papas the other night yawning in the smoking-room, where I had rushed in for a cigarette. Poor old boys—yet they weren't so very old, either—fathers of débutantes. Glad I'm not a débutante's father. Think I see myself when I'm fifty, hanging around a ball-room at two A. M., waiting for mademoiselle my daughter to have "just one more dance." Yes, I'm glad I'm not a débutante's father. Who so happy, gay, and free as a jolly bachelor? Tra-la-la!

Tra-la!
[There's a sort of minor note to that second "tra-la." Eh?]

Talking of débutantes, I said a rather good thing the other day. Told a girl I was a débutante myself. Only in my second season. Ha, ha! Not bad, eh? Know what she said? Why, confound her, she asked me if I "counted my seasons in leap-years."

What are you laughing at? No, I don't think it's funny at all. Call it rather a nasty dig, myself. But then it was one of those Elderly Girls. They're always saying satirical things. And some of them are quite clever, too. Confound them.

Thanks—no, I won't take whisky. Nor gin. Too coarse. Think I'll take some vermouth—the French, not the Italian—just a dash of orange bitters, with a bit of lemon peel. Want something light and giddy—going to a pink tea.

It is the genial habitude of the English judiciary (says a London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*) to affect an infantile ignorance of anything but purely judicial matters. In a celebrated trial, Lord Coleridge asked, with due solemnity: "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" a young person who at that time was the most celebrated dancer on the English stage. In like manner Sir Henry Hawkins not long ago propounded the query, "What is hay?" and Lord Halbury wanted to know on one occasion "Who was Pigott?" In a libel suit against Mr. Gilbert, an even more imbecile affectation of judicial ignorance was evinced by Lord Russell. Sir Edward Clarke read from a book of the plaintiff's description of Chopin's "umber-shaded hair." "What shade?" asked Lord Russell. "Umbre," replied Sir Edward. "Yes, but what is that?" persisted the chief-justice. At this point the feelings of the jury were too much for them. With a unanimity reminiscent of the policeman in "The Pirates of Penzance," they chanted in expostulatory chorus, "brown, my lord, brown," and the case proceeded.

A foot-race from Marathon to Athens, twenty-six miles, probably in memory of Phidippides, will be one of the features of the Olympic games, which begin on April 5th and continue till April 15th. They will include, besides foot and cycle races, long and high jumps, pole vault, putting the weight, fencing, shooting, tennis, cricket, football, gymnastics, swimming, and yacht-races. Eight hundred German gymnastic societies are going to enter the games.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Adolph Bauer will give two Chopin piano recitals at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons, January 19th and 26th, at the Hotel St. Nicholas. The programme of the first recital will comprise the fourteen waltzes of Chopin. Mr. Bauer traveled for fully four years as solo pianist with Messrs. Wilhelmj, Sarasate, Remenyi, and Mme. Camilla Urso, and made the most pronounced success. Mr. Bauer has been studying under Mr. Leon Planté, Chopin's favorite pupil in Paris, for two years.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give a concert at Beethoven Hall on Wednesday evening, January 22d, assisted by Mr. Nathan Landsberger and Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr. Among the numbers to be presented are the piano trio by Tchaikowsky, Saint-Saëns's duo for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven, the Nardini violin sonata, the Scarlatti Pastoral, and the Grieg suite in old style.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a song recital at Golden Gate Hall at three o'clock this afternoon. He will be assisted by Mme. Anna Brune, Miss Alma Berglund, Mrs. Melvin-Dewing, Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, Mr. J. M. Robinson, Mr. Frederick Maurier, Miss Constance Jordan, Mr. V. Schlott, and Mr. O. Schlott.

The first of Paderewski's recitals will take place at the California Theatre on Monday night, February 10th. This will be followed by another on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th and one on Friday afternoon, the 14th. Tickets for the recitals are to cost from one to five dollars, according to location.

The Late John W. Coleman.

By the death of the late John W. Coleman, the State and the city lose a valuable citizen. From his arrival here in 1854, Mr. Coleman was identified with the upbuilding of the commonwealth. In the early days he was a miner, and later he became one of the leading spirits of the mining-stock board, of which he was president for a number of years. He was also president of the first telegraph company started on the coast. He was for a number of years president of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, and at the time of his death he was president and director in railroad, electric power, gas, and other corporations. His was a busy and useful life, and its ending comes all too soon. He leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter, who will receive in their affliction the sympathies of a large circle of friends.

Nothing would please the Spanish troops in Cuba more at this time than a declaration of peace, although more than one correspondent can testify to their courage. At Colon, the fierce yells of the black infantry of Maceo and the sight of thousands of glistening *machetes* in the hands of men who seemed at the time anything but human, was enough to strike terror into the heart of the bravest soldier. But at those times the Spaniards did not flinch. The lines stood against the rebel charges, and the bayonet and *machete* clashed for hours at close quarters. In the centre of the line at that famous fight hardly a gun was fired, but the din of cries from five thousand throats filled the air and rendered inaudible the moans of the dying. After the first onslaught, the armies were as of fiends, not men. It was man to man, but not blow for blow, for the recruit from Spain was no match for the athletic Cuban, who, from boyhood, had wielded the *machete* at his home, in the cane-fields, or riding through the brush. It is as much an adjunct to the Cuban boy as the penknife is to the youth of our own country.

The following curious apology appeared in the latest copy of the *Illustrated London News*: "Our attention has been called by a contemporary to a curious error in our illustration last week of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra at Windsor Castle. The artist who witnessed the interesting scene has, by a strange oversight, represented her majesty as giving her arm to one of her Indian retainers, Gholam Mustapha, who is her Indian secretary. As a matter of fact, the queen would not take the arm of any one under the rank of a sovereign, and Gholam Mustapha is merely in the habit of supporting her majesty's arm at the elbow when the queen finds any difficulty in walking."

Living pictures have made their appearance in the New York shop-windows lately. One of the big stores in Twenty-Third Street had two girls, dressed in fashionable gowns and cloaks, sit and drink a cup of tea with a third girl, who acted as hostess. After one cup of tea, the girls made their adieux quite as they would have done in real life, only to reappear soon, wearing different dresses and cloaks.

Mme. Oyama, the beautiful wife of the Field-Marshal of Japan, is a graduate of Vassar, and was valedictorian of her class at that institution. She is an accomplished linguist, holds the position of chief lady-in-waiting to the empress, draws the highest salary of any woman at court, and instructs in European manners and etiquette.

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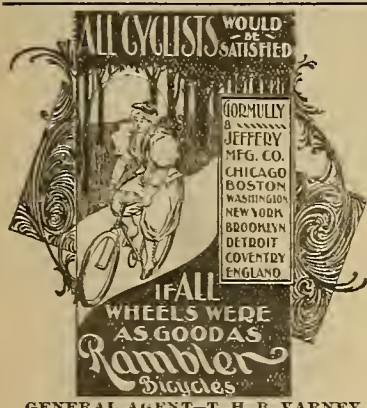
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

First office-boy—"You pull a big stroke with the old man, don't you?" Second office-boy—"You bet I do! We ride the same kind of hike."—*Puck*.

She—"I have heard that you said I was fond of the sound of my own voice." He—"Well, you have yourself admitted that you like music."—*Philadelphia Record*.

He—"Were you alarmed, darling, when I kissed you so suddenly in the conservatory last night?" Darling—"Not a bit. I rather thought it was you."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why," demanded the court, "did you kill your wife?" The defendant's head sank upon his breast. "We were both opposed to divorce," he faltered.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Salesman—"Do you want to have your goods sent by any particular express?" Customer—"Certainly, if you can find a particular express. I can't."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

"Hear what happened to Davis? Held up on Broadway at two o'clock this morning." "I saw him at one, and he looked as if he'd need something of that kind before long."—*Puck*.

Bobby—"Popper, what do they have to have a man to pray for Congress for?" Mr. Ferry—"They don't. He takes a look at Congress, and then prays for the country."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Harry—"What girl was that you had in tow last evening?" Willy (indignantly)—"What you are pleased to call 'tow' is usually spoken of by people of culture as 'blonde tresses.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

"You," said the disgusted gambler, "don't know enough to come in when it rains." "Perhaps not," said the man-who-had-been there, with a wan smile; "but I do know enough to stay out on a pat flush."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Behind the scenes": First judge—"Breach of promise still running?" Second judge—"Going wonderfully. No standing room. What are you doing?" First judge—"A building contract. Wretched business; not a soul in the place."—*Punch*.

"The saloon," said the Prohibitionist boarder, "kills more men every year than war." "Why shouldn't it?" asked the Cheerful Idiot; "it gets better action, so to speak. In battle, only one ball out of every eighty-five takes effect."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Old Quiverful—"And so you want to take our daughter from us; you want to take her from us suddenly without a word of warning?" Young Goslow—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against, I'm willing to listen."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Bagley—"That's the young Englishman who came over to try to marry old Rockly's daughter." Gagley—"How is he getting along?" Bagley—"He's not quite sure. He called on Miss Rockly last night; the old man kicked him out and she asked him to call again."—*Truth*.

Mrs. Nouvo Reesh—"She called me a bar-maid, and I flew at her and pulled her hair." Mrs. Top-lofty—"Oh, how terrible! Still even that didn't justify you in fighting her." Mrs. Nouvo Reesh—"Yes, but if you had ever been a bar-maid, you would understand how mad it made me."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

She—"Oh, Mr. Jones—those two lovely poems of yours in this week's—a—a—" He (a political star of the seventh magnitude)—"You mean my two sonnets in the *Weekly Sundew*?" She—"Yes; how exquisite they both are!" He (much pleased)—"And which did you like best?" She—"Oh—the longer one!"—*Ex*.

"And you admit that you are a publisher of that pernicious form of reading known as the dime novel?" asked the long-faced man; "did you ever reflect, sir, how many have been ruined by your publications?" The man with the large diamond lighted a big, fat cigar. "Pho!" said he; "ten cents never ruined nobody."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"This affair took place Christmas night, did it?" said the detective. "Yes, sir." "And the man you speak of passed you on the street next morning?" "He did." "Was there anything peculiar in his appearance?" "Yes, sir; he wore a bright new necktie." "Shucks! So did everybody else. Give me something more definite."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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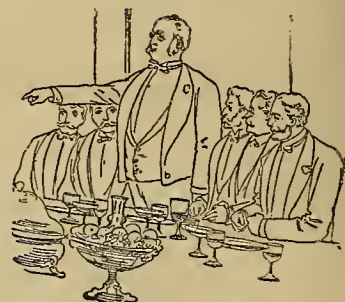
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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 20, 1896.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

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Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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The midnight call issued by Mr. Cleveland and his Treasury

Secretary for a popular loan of \$100,000,000, Democratic Maladministration.

Democratic extravagance and inefficiency, has surprised the country. It was believed that Mr. Cleveland would make another secret deal with J. Pierpont Morgan and other friends of his former law partner, Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson. But Congress and the press of the country showed such hostility to another iniquitous bond deal that it alarmed Cleveland and Carlisle. It was therefore determined to make the loan what is called a "popular loan," although

the administration has not the remotest idea that it will be a success. It is believed in administration circles, and very generally in financial circles, that the "popular loan" will fail, and that the bonds will be again scooped up by Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his foreign associates.

That this should be the case is almost inevitable. The people generally are not familiar with the conditions of subscribing for bonds, while the banking syndicate is. It is difficult to make clear to the masses of the people that a "four-per-cent. bond" does not mean a bond bringing them in four per cent. net. Then, too, they are unfamiliar with the methods of subscription. Thousands of persons with a good knowledge of business would not know how to subscribe for the proposed government bonds. In order to show how cumbersome the methods of subscription are, we will outline the procedure. If a person has \$10,000 in gold and wants to exchange it for government bonds, he makes application in writing, giving his name and address in full, and states how much he will give above par for bonds. He bids, in short, but does not know what his neighbor is bidding. For a \$100 bond he must give so many dollars extra, according to his judgment. The United States Government promises to pay him back his \$100 at the end of thirty years, paying in addition interest at the rate of four per cent. for each \$100, the interest payable quarterly. The bidder must send his bid to Washington, addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury. It must reach there not later than midnight of Wednesday, February 5, 1896. As to the price, the last bonds issued were bought by the syndicate for \$104.50. They went on the market for \$112, and at one time rose to \$123. The intending bidder must offer more than \$105—how much more he will have to guess. In sending his bid, he must say what denomination of bond he wants—\$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, or \$10,000; also, whether he wants coupon or registered bonds. The coupon bond has little exchange slips attached to it, which the holder cuts off quarterly and deposits in his bank as money. The registered bond has no coupons, and it is payable only to the person in whose name it is registered. If his bid is accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury, he is notified to that effect, and on presenting this notification, with the receipt, at a United States Sub-Treasury, he is given the bonds. From San Francisco bidders, exchange on New York would be required in addition to the price of the bonds.

Now, how many people are prepared to go through this procedure for the purpose of securing bonds? If a given price were named for the bonds, the matter would be clearer. But the average citizen would hesitate about forwarding individual bids in gold, and bidding against long-headed financiers who are familiar with a business concerning which he knows nothing. Then as to the question of obtaining the gold. On this coast, practically the only currency is gold. Throughout the rest of the United States, gold is rarely seen. As we have said, the extra cost for exchange on New York will doubtless prevent any large sum being subscribed here. But in the East, if citizens wish to subscribe for the bonds, where would they get their gold? The present loan is effected for the sole purpose of adding to the gold reserve in the Treasury, depleted by Democratic incompetency. There is no hoard of gold in this country as there was in France, when so many millions of francs were raised to pay for the Franco-Prussian War. Nearly all of the people of the United States have their money deposited in savings banks, in commercial banks, or invested in various ways. According to the Comptroller of the Currency, there were, on January 1, 1896, nine million individual bank depositors in the United States. The owner having gold hoarded away in cellars, in stockings, and in other hiding-places would make an inappreciable percentage of the population. Therefore, when the citizens of the United States are asked to subscribe for a gold loan, the only place they could get the gold would be by going to their banks for it. The banks would draw it from the United States Sub-Treasuries. There would thus be presented the curious spectacle of a procession of people pre-

sending greenbacks, Treasury notes, and silver certificates at one window of the Treasury and drawing out its gold, to pay them in at another window of the Treasury for the purchase of bonds to replenish its gold.

A further reason why this loan will not be a success as a popular loan is because the people of this country do not believe that the government should be borrowing money. They know that its lack of funds is due to an unproductive tariff. They know that the revenues of the country are not equal to its expenditures. They know that the reason the revenues do not equal its expenditures is because a stubborn President and a visionary political party have chosen to reduce its tariff duties below a living level. They know that Mr. Cleveland and his administration have borrowed in the last eighteen months \$162,315,400. They know that they paid to a syndicate of Shylocks five per cent. interest on \$100,000,000 of that amount. They know that this loan was restricted to this syndicate of Shylocks. They know that the present "popular loan" is scheduled at four per cent. instead of five. They know that the credit of this country is as high as that of any country in the world—or was, under Republican rule. Therefore, with all these facts before them, and with the spectacle of a great, rich, and prosperous country driven to borrowing money from foreign bankers at usurious rates of interest in a time of profound peace, it will not be strange if the people of the United States fail to respond to this "popular loan."

This issue of bonds will make \$262,000,000 borrowed in a year and a half by the present Democratic administration—over a quarter of a billion of dollars. All of this has been borrowed needlessly, in the opinion of the people. They believe that borrowing these millions would have been unnecessary if the government had been properly and economically conducted. These millions have been borrowed, in the belief of many, without due warrant of law. Under an old statute, which has been strained almost to the point of breaking, Mr. Cleveland has been borrowing these enormous sums without the consent or approval of Congress. There never was a time in the history of the United States when such power was given to one man. The power which Mr. Cleveland claims is greater and more arbitrary than that of any constitutional sovereign in the known world. The only civilized sovereign who can borrow money without the consent of his people is the Czar of Russia. If there is anything that is fundamental in our system of government, it is that the people shall control the expenditure of the money raised from them by taxation. It was for thwarting the popular will in this regard that Charles the First lost his throne and his head. This is the first time in the history of the American people that its constitutional head has adopted unconstitutional means of carrying on the government. That a free people submits to such usurpation is unheard of. Only the patience and the patriotism of the American people impel them to submit, knowing that it is not many months before this iniquitous administration must come to an end.

But what a spectacle is that which confronts us in this great republic to-day! Compare it with that which took place in another republic twenty-five years ago—the Republic of France. On the 26th of June, 1871, a loan was decreed of two milliards of francs—four hundred millions of dollars; on the 27th of June, the subscription was announced; on the night of the 27th–28th of June, hundreds of thousands of people stood in long lines in every *arrondissement* in France, waiting for the hooks to open in the morning; on the 28th of June, the loan was subscribed *twice over*, entirely in France. Thus in one day the vast sum of four milliards of francs—about eight hundred millions of dollars—was subscribed to a national loan in a single European country about the size of the State of California.

One-eighth of this vast sum—one hundred millions—is all that is asked of the American people to-day. Yet do we see them rushing forward to pour their gold into the national treasury? No. And why? Are Americans less patriotic than Frenchmen? A thousand times no! But the reason

is plain. When the French people rushed to the rescue of their distressed country with their boarded wealth, they had implicit faith in the men who guided the ship of state. Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Grévy—these were some of the men who lifted their bleeding country from out the morass where the third Napoleon had left her, and brought her to the proud position she occupies to-day. But the American people have no such confidence in the politicians now in power. They gaze with the utmost distrust on Cleveland and the men around him. Unlike the French statesmen of whom we spoke but now, these men took their country when she was prosperous, and brought her almost to the verge of ruin. They brought one financial panic on the country; a resultant depression of two years from which the country still suffers; they have looted the Treasury; depleted the gold reserve; impaired the credit of the country; added enormously to the national debt; increased the interest account; decreased the revenue; and now we are almost on the verge of another panic. Small wonder that the American people are not responding enthusiastically to this call for a "popular loan"; small wonder that they are reluctant to pay their hard-earned dollars to replenish a treasury depleted by Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, and the gang of Democratic incompetents whom the Creator, in his inscrutable wisdom, permits to misgovern this unfortunate country.

When good faith, justice, and humanity were outraged in South Africa the other day by a robber foray against the Boers, the world let England know how it loathed her and her hoary policy of piracy. England, which is a moral and respectable pirate, after a pause to get over her amazement and catch her breath, has turned a bold front to the world. What the immediate result in Europe may be is not yet discernible. Everything depends on whether England or Germany shall first be able to come to an understanding with Russia and France.

War does not seem probable; but whether it shall come or not, the German emperor's message to the Boers has been of inestimable value to the South African republic. When the failure of Filibuster Jameson became known, the English Government hastened to disown him and to express its Christian regrets for the lawless invasion, but had not William's telegram to Kruger been sent, the wrath which England is now directing at the emperor would have spent itself on the Boers, who once more have shown their readiness to use arms against Englishmen and their ability to whip them. Jameson is a popular hero in England. His name is cheered in the theatres, and the new laureate has written an equally fearsome and fervid poem in celebration of his disgraceful raid. The London *Times* says "the march will remain a glorious tradition for the Anglo-Saxon race."

The English have oppressed and plundered the Boer time out of mind, driving him from one point to another in Africa, and always farther into the wilds. These hardy pioneers could no sooner settle and make homes than the English appeared, lusting for their lands, and, by fraud or open force, dispossessed them. The Dutch Boers, it should be remembered, were the first to colonize South Africa, planting themselves at the Cape of Good Hope in the seventeenth century. There was presently an influx of French Huguenots, who coalesced with their Dutch Protestant brethren, and the descendants of these mingling immigrants are the sturdy Boers of to-day. Then came the British, who have pushed them back as British greed commanded. The English convention of 1852 left the Boers in peaceful possession of the Transvaal for twenty-five years, when the discovery of gold in their territory had the usual result. The British annexed the republic—that is to say, stole it.

But the Boers rose in defense of their homes and their liberties. The war that ensued was closed by the battle of Majuba Hill. The storming and capture of that seemingly impregnable position, held by English regular troops, excited the admiration of the world. England made peace, and since 1881 the Boers have had a free republic, with the one limitation that their dealings with foreign powers shall be through England. In return for this suzerainty, the British Government solemnly bound itself to restrain its subjects from aggression on the little commonwealth. How faithful England has been to this covenant recent events show. In the judgment of mankind, the Boers will be justified in throwing off the last touch of the British hand with the help of Germany or any other power they can get to come to their aid. There can be no safety for these courageous and long-suffering people so long as they are compelled to trust to British honor. They are guilty of two unpardonable offenses. One is that they have property which the English covet, the other is that they have beaten the English in battle. Notwithstanding the professions of the British Government, the British people feel that the disgrace of Majuba Hill and the defeat of Jameson must be

wiped out by a new subjugation and looting of the Boers. Instead of feeling shame at the invasion of the republic by a British highwayman, England glorifies the highwayman and thirsts for the blood (and belongings) of the valiant Boers who fought so well.

The present sentiment of the English toward these people, who repelled an assault that can not be overmatched in criminality in the history of England's freebooting career, is sufficiently revealed by the London press. For example, the *Standard* in an editorial expresses dissatisfaction at the delay in delivering up Jameson, who under the law of nations deserves death, and says: "President Kruger has for the moment the advantage of position, but he will do wisely to act with moderate judgment." The *Times*, also in reference to the holding of Jameson, says: "It will not be reasonable for the Boers to push their pretensions too far." These utterances are eminently English in their insolence and their dull refusal to see the point of view of others. Suppose the Boers had done what Jameson did—invaded Cape Colony, for instance, and killed subjects of the queen. Would Great Britain have imitated the moderation of President Kruger and agreed to turn over the invading Boers to their home government for punishment?

England may utter words of menace to Germany, and parade her fleet, but she is on exhibition before the world as a robber who has been detected in the act. She is seeking to carry it off with swagger, but the foul wrong done the Boers by Jameson's raid, which the world now believes was with the secret approval of the British Government, is not to be obscured by a truculent press or a manoeuvring fleet. That people, who have conquered from the wilderness by their industry all that they possess, and secured with their arms their liberties, are under the eyes of mankind. They stand for human freedom and property rights. Though England's rapacity is equal to her insolence, she has a clear understanding of her interests, and is the last nation on earth which desires war, for she least of all can afford to engage in it.

The president of the American Protective Association, in his annual message to the order, pitches into President Cleveland, and rebukes him in very severe language because of his "obsequious present of a magnificently bound copy of the American Constitution to the Pope." We can not agree with the president of the American Protective Association in these strictures on Mr. Cleveland. We are glad that he has sent a copy of the American Constitution to the Pope. We think a copy of it was very much needed in the Vatican, and we hope His Holiness will read it. It is excellent reading. It is good reading for anybody—and particularly for the Pope. From it, he may learn under what system of laws a small community of a few millions of Protestant people, scattered along the Atlantic sea-board, has increased to a population of seventy millions, stretching across a vast continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. From it he may learn how this Protestant people secured by their laws entire liberty of conscience. From it he may learn how liberty of conscience and religious freedom have made this country vast and powerful, rich and great. From its perusal he may know what free men may do in a land where their consciences are unshackled and free from the rule of priestcraft. From it he may be informed touching the immeasurable advantages of the separation of church and state—something which, we are informed, he doubts. But this country is a gigantic object-lesson in that regard. And further, as His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth claims control over the consciences of some millions of Roman Catholics in this country, he may learn from the perusal of the United States Constitution—as well as from the Bible—that no man can serve two masters.

On the whole, we do not see how any good and patriotic American can agree with the president of the American Protective Association in condemning President Cleveland for sending a copy of the United States Constitution to the Pope. It was evidently needed. We hope the Pope will read it, and be profited thereby.

California holds her place as the first among the gold-producing States. The director of the mint has made an estimate of the output of gold by the United States for 1895. His estimates are always reasonably near the real figures. Last year, according to him, California yielded \$15,600,000 in gold. Colorado yielded \$15,000,000. This is a very close second. In 1894, Colorado's output of gold was \$11,200,000, and of silver, \$14,700,000. For 1895 the figures are: gold, \$15,000,000; silver, \$14,200,000. Thus it is seen that Colorado's gold output has gone ahead of its silver product.

There has been some disposition on the part of Colorado to claim that she has beaten California in the output of gold for 1895. But the estimates of the director of the mint,

given above, are corroborated by the figures of Wells, Fargo & Co., which show that in 1895 they transported in California \$14,004,108 in gold, and in Colorado \$13,386,271.

Considering the richness of the mines in the Cripple Creek district and the intense interest displayed throughout Colorado in mining by her men of means, there is apparent ground for the expectation that California will be passed in the race in 1896. During two years now Colorado has come perilously near to us. But we are not among those who think that California is going to lose her place as the banner gold State, which she has always held. If there is activity in Colorado, there is also activity in California. We are not making so much noise about it as our neighbor, but mining here is reviving in a way and to an extent that soon will be felt by the people. We are benefiting by the advertising which has been given the industry in South Africa and Colorado. Men who are informed as to where the world's mineral wealth lies, know that nowhere is there a better field for capital than California. She has been neglected for a good many years, but the moment money begins to inquire for this species of investment, mining experts rise to give the information that the Golden State is still the richest region on the globe. Her ledges, her gravel deposits, her conglomerate reefs as yet have been but touched here and there.

The hard times of the past three years have turned money toward mining. Capital has suffered in both manufacturing and trade. Legislation, tariffs, popular discontent, hard times or good times, do not affect the value of a gold mine. If you have one, it goes on producing regardless of everything which tells for or against other kinds of property.

The extraordinary richness of some of our mines, notably the Utica, has impressed itself upon capitalists everywhere, and their agents are here on the lookout for good bargains which bave in them like possibilities. We are, moreover, catching the overflow from Africa and Colorado. In both those fields prices have been run up inordinately, and mines may yet be had in California at reasonable figures. It is true that our prospectors and other holders of undeveloped properties, who have not the means to work them, are betraying a tendency to stiffen in their demands. While that is only human nature, it is not good business sense. At present it is California's interest to invite capital and do nothing to repel it.

It is within the *Argonaut's* knowledge that Eastern capital, especially New York capital, is quietly reaching out toward our mines. We know that several companies, representing millions, formed for the purpose of making mining investments, are represented here by agents who are authorized to purchase to almost any amount upon solid showings. Efforts are being made to buy some of our largest producing mines, but men who in these days own producing gold mines are not in the mood to sell them. They know of no better way to make use of their money than to hold on.

The present year, we are confident, will see at least the secure beginning of a great mining development in California. To this end there is but one thing necessary—capital, and that is coming. Indeed, it is here, but not yet in sufficient quantities. We are doing but a retail business in mines, whereas nature has fitted us to do the largest wholesale business on earth, not even excepting Africa. California is destined to be at the head of all gold-producers.

Elsewhere in this issue we have discussed at length the "popular loan." It is only necessary to add to that article the statement that the ostentatious "dissolution" of the bond syndicate, by J. Pierpont Morgan's proclamation of Wednesday, January 15th, is part of the elaborate scheme to throw dust in the eyes of the American people. There can be no doubt that Morgan organized his syndicate as a result of an understanding with Cleveland and Carlisle; he could not have succeeded in organizing it without such an understanding. But the intense feeling excited among the people at the prospect of another "syndicate bond deal" alarmed Cleveland; hence the midnight call for subscriptions to a "popular loan," and this dramatic "dissolution" of the syndicate. But the money will go to Mr. Cleveland's friends, all the same. The "popular loan" will not succeed; if it is subscribed for, it will be by the banks and not by the people. The difference between the previous bond deal and this will be that the syndicate bankers will prey upon the people as privateers instead of in a squadron. The "dissolution" of the Cleveland & Morgan Syndicate must make the devil laugh.

The dispute between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuela boundary has been retired to the background since the African complication arose. There is no question, however, that England's new troubles have strengthened the hands of this country. Already the organs of the ministry

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THE CONSTITUTION
SENT TO THE
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GOLD MINES
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AND COLORADO.

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GAN SYNDICATE.

ENGLAND'S
CHANGE OF FRONT
ABOUT VENEZUELA.

are ceasing to show their teeth and beginning to talk arbitration. It is characteristically English that they should awaken to the merits of arbitration with the United States when war with other powers threatens. Africa, indeed, promises to bring the whole world to the American view of the Venezuelan matter. Germany was very strong in her disapprobation of the United States interfering in the affairs of another continent, and would have none of the Monroe doctrine. In this position Germany was backed by all the European powers, even tacitly by our long-time friend Russia. Yet Germany, under the first temptation, has straightway gone and done exactly the same thing the United States did, to wit, interfered in a dispute in another continent. And she has followed it up with a threat of war much more direct and disturbing than Mr. Cleveland's.

The Transvaal is an independent and autonomous republic, and Germany does not pretend to maintain a protectorate over it, any more than the United States does over Venezuela. Indeed, Germany's conduct, from the European standpoint, is immeasurably more flagrant than ours, for the Transvaal republic is under treaty to let England exclusively attend to its relations with foreign powers. Nevertheless, Germany has assumed a right to communicate directly with the Boers and to interfere with England's efforts at territorial aggression. The German Government can not claim that its own safety is in any degree menaced by any steps which the English might take against the Boers; it can only assert a right to interfere on the ground that its interests are involved. That is precisely the ground on which the United States interfered between England and Venezuela. While the *Argonaut* expressed its opinion that the United States would be unwise in going to war with Great Britain over the boundary of Venezuela, it did not hesitate to declare its detestation of the British methods of aggression in South America. But, correspondingly, while we look on the British invasion of the Transvaal as piracy, we do not believe that Germany has any more warrant for going to war over that invasion of the Boers' boundary in South Africa than the United States has to go to war with Great Britain over the invasion of the Venezuelan boundary in South America.

It is obvious, however, that the African imbroglio has tremendously reinforced the case of the United States. If the European powers admit the right of Germany to intervene in a dispute between Great Britain and the Transvaal, as they have tacitly done, they can not consistently oppose the right of the United States to intervene in a dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. Moreover, valuable new light is being thrown on our controversy which has affected British opinion advantageously to us. Mr. Henry Norman, the American correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, has not only been awakening his countrymen to a knowledge of the state of the public mind in the United States, but by his researches into the documentary history of the Venezuelan frontier dispute he has unearthed highly important facts. He has found an early map, favoring the contention of Venezuela regarding the Schomburgk line, and a body of evidence which invalidates the British claim to Point Barima. He shows that eleven years ago Lord Granville virtually concluded a treaty with Venezuela providing for arbitration of the whole dispute on the same lines as proposed by Mr. Olney, and that Lord Salisbury set this aside when he succeeded Lord Granville. Correspondence between Lord Aberdeen and the Venezuelan minister to London fifty-five years ago, and between the British consul at Caracas and the governor of British Guiana, is quoted to show that the Schomburgk line was discredited—the same line that Lord Salisbury has declared to be the unalterable boundary which can not be arbitrated. Lord Aberdeen, at the request of the Government of Venezuela, removed the Schomburgk posts. The line was originally proposed by Lord Aberdeen merely as a preliminary to discussion. Mr. Norman justly argues that the removal of the posts was practical evidence that the line was not regarded by its proposer as the definitive boundary which Salisbury now insists upon.

In brief, Mr. Norman has brought fresh and strong support to the historical proposition that Great Britain's claims have been grossly inconsistent. She has proposed successively the Schomburgk line, the extended Schomburgk, the Granville, the Aberdeen, the first Rosebery, the Salisbury, and the second Rosebery. And it is significant of the meaning of things that these lines show an almost uninterrupted advance of England's claim. Salisbury offered his real reason for the present English position when he spoke of "the gradual spread over the country of British settlements which her majesty's government can not, in justice to the inhabitants, offer to surrender to foreign rule." Had Jameson succeeded in his "spread" to the Boer republic, England, doubtless, would have felt the same noble disinclination to surrender him and his raiding brethren, and those who came after them, to foreign rule.

The efforts of Mr. Norman and others have resulted in

a marked change of opinion in Great Britain in favor of arbitration. That is all the United States has asked from the first, and now Great Britain seems disposed to grant it. That is as it should be. But the attitude of some of our statesmen a few weeks ago, when they demanded that England should be "forced to arbitrate," was not unlike that of the Irishman who announced that he was going to keep the peace if he had to whip everybody in the house to do it.

Recently quite an addition was made to the police force of San Francisco. The examinations here are principally physical; the elaborate civil-service questions submitted to candidates in some other American cities are not in vogue here. The principal requirements made by the San Francisco Police Commissioners in the recent appointments were that the candidates should be men of good character, sound physically, and the preference was given to natives of California. This last rule was an excellent one—it would imply, among other things, a good knowledge of the people and of local conditions, things which strangers or semi-strangers would not be familiar with, and also the probabilities of a fair common-school education, as the schools of California stand high, and most native Californians have passed through them. But whatever may have been their schooling or lack of schooling, we do not believe that any of the candidates in the recent San Francisco competition for appointment to the police force could have produced the following gem. It came from the pen of an Hibernian gentleman in New York, who had an ambition to be "wan of the finest." According to the civil-service rules in vogue there, he was required to answer in writing a number of questions. Here are some of them, with his answers:

Q.—Who is the governor of New York State? A.—Grover Cleveland.

Q.—Who is mayor of New York city? A.—Richard Croker.

Q.—What is the north-eastern State of the Union? A.—Africa.

Q.—What States border on the Mississippi? A.—The Hudson.

Q.—What is the usual process of dealing with a prisoner from the time of his arrest until his conviction? A.—One month.

Q.—What is the population of Brooklyn? A.—New York.

The candidate was not appointed. Some days afterward, his patron, Commissioner Forrester, of the Brooklyn Police Department, asked, with some warmth, why his Hibernian henchman had been plucked. For answer, the secretary placed before him his *protégé's* papers. Commissioner Forrester read them, and ceased kicking.

There are many men who do not believe in friendship—
AMERICANS they do not believe in anything which can
IN not be reckoned in dollars and cents. To
SOUTH AFRICA. them "friendship" means getting something out of their friends, and if they can not get anything out of them—business, loans, political, social, or financial advantages, or something material—their "friendship" disappears. Such men, in moments of confidence, will cynically admit that they do not believe in friendship unless there is "something in it."

We do not agree with these abnormal men. We think that they are few in number, and we hope they are. Many of them get rich through robbing their friends, through usury, and other crooked paths to wealth. But they live abhorred and die despised. Many of them extend their lack of human feeling to the other sex, and hence avoid matrimony. Some of them are too mean to marry. But occasionally one of them, in his lonely old age, will surprise the community by marrying his cook.

Let us turn from the contemplation of these ignoble specimens of humanity to pleasanter sides of human nature. There is much in friendship. There is much in the friendship of men. Some think that it is a stronger and more enduring sentiment than the friendship—or the love—of men and women. But waiving that, the world would not be worth living in were it not for friendship. And occasionally something occurs which shows how strong that feeling is.

What we had particularly in mind when we began this paragraph was the arrest of John Hays Hammond in Johannesburg. "Jack" Hammond—as he is familiarly called—is very well known all over the mining world, and particularly on the Pacific Coast. When the news of his arrest was cabled to this country, the number of dispatches which poured into Washington was amazing. They came from everywhere. From the large cities of the East; from the mining camps of the West; from London, urging friends to set the State Department at work; from San Francisco, where he had lived so long; from personal friends, from business friends, from mere acquaintances—from all over the world there showered dispatches asking the United States Government to intercede for Hammond.

It was done. Our State Department asked the British Foreign Office to look out for Hammond and the other Americans in Johannesburg. We are doubtful whether this will do them much good. It seems to us that the Boer

government would be more inclined to heed a direct request from our government than one through British channels. They have no love for the British. They have every reason not to love them.

Let us hope that no harm will come to "Jack" Hammond or the other Americans imprisoned at Johannesburg. It will probably result in nothing more serious than temporary detention and a light fine.

But how striking is the friendly sympathy for "Jack" Hammond which actuated this shower of telegrams from all over the world. The most cold-nosed cynic that ever lived must admit that most of the senders could expect nothing material in return for their sympathy and their influence—in short, that there was "nothing in it" for them. And even if "Jack" Hammond should be mulcted in a heavy fine by the Boer government, he may become a little poorer in this world's goods, but he is evidently very rich in friends.

The long delay in beginning the San Francisco Post-office, THE NEW or Federal building, is due to the Democratic depletion of the Treasury. A large sum of money has been appropriated by Congress for beginning the work, and there is a certain amount left over from the appropriation for purchasing the lot. But Secretary Carlisle is reluctant to let any money go out of the Treasury, and is doing everything possible to retard all payments in order to keep up the appearance of a Treasury balance. There is some very queer hook-keeping being done in the Treasury just now in order to hoodwink the people. There are now one hundred and fifty-three public buildings in various stages of erection. On all of these Secretary Carlisle is holding back funds appropriated by Congress.

In regard to the San Francisco building, his plea is that the working force in the supervising architect's office is inadequate, hence the plans can not be prepared. It would be difficult to reconcile this statement with the fact that Supervising Architect Aitkin was on this coast not long ago, and spent some months here on a junketing trip. Why did not Secretary Carlisle keep him at work at his office, preparing plans for the San Francisco post-office?

We call the attention of the Democratic workingmen of San Francisco—and there are many idle ones—to the fact that a lot has been purchased for a post-office in San Francisco; that Congress has appropriated money to begin work on the building; that the reason work is not begun, is because Secretary Carlisle is using the money to keep up a fictitious balance in the Treasury—a Treasury which has been emptied by the fraudulent tariff and fool financial policy of the Democratic party. How do the Democratic workingmen of San Francisco like Mr. Carlisle's methods?

The way the American people are being hunkoed by hank-
THE ers, with the tacit permission of Cleveland
BUNCO and the Democratic administration, is shown
BOND DEAL. by a dispatch from London, which says: "Bids for the new loan will be made for foreign investors; gold is now going back to the United States. It is understood to be merely horrowed. People paying the premium for it in New York agree to return the gold in sixty days. Thus they obtain the specie needed to pay for the new bonds; but after securing these they must pay back the gold, and will doubtless procure most of it from the Treasury by presenting greenbacks for redemption." Thus, the new loan, which is being negotiated by Cleveland to "replenish the gold reserve," will be effected with "horrowed gold"—horrowed for sixty days. Then it will all be sent back to Europe again. There never was quite so hold a hunko game played on a people before.

A bill has been introduced by Congressman Bowers, of California, prohibiting the issuance of legal-
SILVER tender notes in less denominations than five
AND SMALL dollars. We hope the bill will pass. After
PAPER MONEY. it has passed, we hope that at the next session of Congress a bill will be passed, prohibiting paper money of less denominations than ten dollars. The *Argonaut* has always been in favor of retiring these small denominations of paper money. They are unknown in European countries—except in bankrupt countries like Italy, or countries which are not upon a specie basis, like Russia. In England, the smallest legal-tender paper money is the five-pound note—about twenty-five dollars. In nearly all the European countries there is no small paper money. Yet in the United States there are three hundred and eighteen millions of dollars circulating in small paper money. If this were retired, it would make room for that much silver. It is not used at all in the East, and very little in the West. It is only in California—a gold State—that silver is largely used. If the silver men in the East and West would stop talking so much about using silver, and begin to use it, the silver question would settle itself.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

An Episode in the Life of an English Rancher's Wife in Napa Valley.

The Major was one of the many well-born Englishmen who come to California with a younger son's portion and a small monthly allowance, and hope to make a fortune on a vineyard or a wheat ranch. The plan always looks feasible in England, and the agent assures his victim that the thousand pounds will buy a ten-acre plot, plant vines, build a decent buagalow, and tide the owner over until the vines shall bear and briog him a harvest of good American gold.

The Major was going the way of many of his English friends. The one-thousand-pound legacy was gone, and the monthly allowance of twenty pounds (which, viewed from a distance, seemed large) always grew painfully small as it oared California and the debts it was supposed to cover. The Major's little mountain vineyard had been destroyed by phylloxera, and he was living on the uocertain promise of a number of green shoots, called, respectfully, "the olive orchard." But the Major was not unhappy. When he was not tilling the soil, he sat on his little veranda, with his briarwood pipe between his teeth, and studied the long, narrow, picturesque Napa Valley far below.

It may be that the Major's failure to succeed in the grape business was not the fault of the country, but that his geial, uopractical nature was the true obstacle to success. The Major was, in fact, the most helpless Englishman who ever came to California to take care of himself. The poor fellow became so convinced of this after a short trial that he engaged a man to act as valet to himself and incidentally cook the meals for both. The Major was a solitary bachelor then. The gods alone know in what uopropitious moment he picked up Pete, to hang about his neck, a mill-stone of inefficiency. Pete's poverty must have been his recommendation and the Major's poverty the excuse for keeping him. Pete had about as much knowledge of laying out and cariog for a man's wardrobe as the Major had of runniog a ranch. The consequence was that the Major often presented himself at his friends' houses in the most surprising garb, a combination of white duck trousers, black frock-coat, and russet hunting-boots being one of Pete's masterpieces. In his capacity as cook, Pete was not one whit more efficient, and often suffered meotal agony over the ponderous directions of the Major's French cook-book, which were like the hieroglyphics of the ancients to his clouded otellect. Considering the diet of sour bread and toned meats which Pete provided, it is only less than marvelous that his benefactor was still alive.

When the Major married Ellie Smith, a pretty San Francisco girl, Pete was promoted to be maoager of the ranch, and expended his grooming talents on the pet mule. The Major's wife was "artistic." She had studied sketching, and did some really clever bits. Her admiriog husband was sure that she possessed the divine afflatus, and consequently much time was devoted to art and little time to ranchiog.

But this was not without protest from one individual. Not that he was disturbed by lack of work, but poor Pete was oftener than not the unwilling model for Ellie's clever studies. One day Pete posed for "The Man with the Hoe." His temper was particularly tried on that occasion, for he had taken up his tool with the honest inteotion of weeding the primitive vegetable-garden. Though he had scudded through the hack-yard and climbed the rear fence, he had not counted oo meeting his youog mistress in the harn-yard. He began to wrestle with the weeds, and ad preteoded not to see her. His education, however, had not included a sight of Millet's picture, or he would have fled down the mountain-side in utter despair.

"Stop, stop, Peter, right there. Don't move an inch," called the sweet voice that drove him to madness. "Ken-oeth," Ellie called to her husband, "look. Isn't it wonderful? The lights, the pose, the very landscape like——"

"The Man with the Hoe," shouted the Major, gleefully. "I'll get your paints, Ellie. Hold on, Pete," and before that honest son of toil had time to collect his scattered senses, he found himself posing in a very uncomfortable attitude, with the Napa Valley lying at his feet and the Major's familiar phrases ringing in his ears—"Fine pose—jolly good subject—delicious coloring."

After Pete had posed for a hundred or more indifferent works of art without names, he began to think of deserting his master and leaving him to a just and awful fate. But this stupendous blow was averted by the arrival of Brompton Edwards, another Englishman, who had come to learn practical ranching under the direction of his father's old friend, the Major.

After a week had been given up to driving his *protégé* about the valley and introducing him to the English colony, the Major returned to his daily routine of pruning olive-trees and digging out worm-eaten grape-vines. Ellie soon discovered in the young man's clean-cut features and fine, athletic figure an entirely new field for art-study, and Edwards found the time pass more pleasantly as a model than as an embryo rancher. They were together during most of the daylight hours. When Brompton was not posing for a wild Norseman or a Greek hero, he was sitting very close to Ellie, criticising, in soft, caressing tones, the sketches of himself which she had been doing. Without actually straying from the path of duty, Ellie was treading on dangerously uncertain territory. She quite frankly admitted to herself that she was pretty and charming, and, being of that mind, she did not repress comparisons between her husband and the younger man.

Matters had arrived at a state where a warm-hearted but vain young woman needed a friend with the strength to hold up a good, powerful, unrelenting mirror for her to gaze into. Pete could have held up the mirror with right good will, but he did not know how. In those days he followed the Major around with dog-like devotion, and only glowered when Ellie came out to the orchard one morning with her paints, and succeeded in bringing upon herself a scolding

from her over-indulgent hushand. She held her head very high and stiff, and marched over the hill some distance away, where she seated herself and pretended to sketch, but was in reality oursiog her injured feelings to keep them alive. The Major watched her disappear with a pained expression on his good-natured face, and then went dejectedly into the house. Pete was deeply incensed against Ellie, and made another solemn vow to desert the ranch. It was the ninety-and-ninth time that he had done so, and this time he sealed the vow with an oath.

The long grass on the Napa hills was burned and crisp, and Ellie was daubing yellow ochre and burnt umber over her canvas with vicious strokes. She was not giving any attention to her work, however, for an athletic form stood between her and the landscape, and she was indulging in a very foolish day-dream. To do the little woman justice, she was not in love with Brompton, but her vanity had been stimulated to such wonderful activity by his youthful gallantries that she fancied he was deeply iofatuated with her. She wondered if he would ever tell her that he loved her. If she could only have some test of his love, what a satisfaction it would be!

* * * * *

Over on the mountain-side, a half-mile away, Pete leaned on his hoe, and watched a thread of fire crawling, like a red snake, through the uoderbrush of chaparral and manzanita. He knew only too well that no human power could stop it, and that within a few minutes the gentle breeze would cause a flying spark to fall upon the long, dry grass, and puff!—the crawling snake would become a great swirling, galloping mass of flame and smoke, and would pass over the very place where Ellie sat sulking and dreaming. Pete had firmly determined to leave the ranch. He had washed his hands of these people. He would not—but the grass was on fire, and Pete made a dash for the house, yelling at the top of his lungs for the Major.

The volume of smoke was rising high when Ellie rose to her feet and sniffed the air. Before she could gather up her paints, a thin rim of fire ran along the top of the little hill above her. The small birds and insects rose from the ground with a whirr, and scattered down the hill-side. Ellie glanced quickly backward, and saw the fire licking up the grass as it bore down upon her and the smoke rolling heavenward in dense, sooty clouds. She did not lose her presence of mind, but remembered a small plowed field a short distance away, where the flames could not reach her, and ran nimhly down the hill, with her fluttering skirts gathering cockle-burs and sticker-weed as she sped.

When she was fairly on the plowed ground and gasping for breath, she saw the youog Englishmao tearing along the hill at a frantic rate. Through the smoke he looked pale and frightened. Ellie felt a thrill of satisfaction: here was the longed-for proof of his love, he thought she was in danger and had come to her rescue. A deep blush mounted to her cheeks, and her heart beat to suffocation. But he did not seem to see her. It was evident to her that he was crazed with fear and would plunge into the fire in search of her. Merciful God! he would be hurned.

"Bromptoo," she screamed, "dear Brompton, I am here—safe!"

The fire was very close, and she had to throw herself flat upon the ground to escape being hurned. She gave one more despairing cry as she felt the hot breath scorch her clothing: "Brompton, Brompton, Brompton!"

A great wave of smoke and flame swept around the edges of the plowed ground, and for a minute nothing could be seen or heard. Fortunately for Ellie, the dry grass hurned like tinder, and the fire was soon roaring down the hill toward the valley.

When Ellie, choked and frightened, lifted her head, she saw the thin, loog, scantily clad legs of her husband bounding over the blackened earth toward her. His duck trousers were smeared with soot, and he had a wet blanket about his shoulders. He could not speak, but caught Ellie in his arms and hurst into stifled sobs.

Back of them was heard the voice of Brompton Edwards. "Hello there, Major," he called; "I had a very narrow squeak of it. My hammock and hooks are hurned to tinder by this. By Jove, old fellow, you are hurned yourself, aren't you? Your wife was safe enough. I knew she could take care of herself."

But Ellie hurried her head in the wet blanket with a shudder, and hurst into tears of shame and contrition.

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a hundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plaguey scared in my life. Thought you'd be hurned sure, Miss Ellie. Me an' the Major'll have a fine time next week clearing——"

For Pete had reconsidered his ninety-and-ninth vow. Indeed, it was only a week later when he was speculating if there was ever a happier couple than the Major and his Ellie. And Pete heamed as he thought of the ignoble part Brompton Edwards played on the day of the fire.

STELLA WALTHALL BELCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1896.

General Mahien, Governor of Besançon, has received a postal order he had sent to his son, who was serving in Madagascar, indorsed, "Died two months ago." This was the first intimation he had that anything was wrong with his son. There have been many cases of the kind throughout France, and there is a deep feeling of indignation against the criminal carelessness of the War Department.

The growing scarcity of fur-bearing animals suggests to a writer in the London *Spectator* the feasibility of breeding such animals on farms in Siberia. Last spring, he says, a single silver fox-skin sold in London for eight hundred and fifty dollars, and he believes that silver foxes, as well as many nther desirable fur-bearing animals, could be hred in great numbers in the prpper climate.

STUPEFIED BRITONS.

They can not Understand why Americans Dislike Them—They Think it must be a Mistake—They Apparently Think We Love Them.

This has been a dismal Christmas week. Christmas Day was raw and gloomy in London, and the sky overhead obscured by a yellow mist. It looked as if we were going to have one of our yellow fogs, a "Loodon particular," but a gale is howling around our coasts which will hlow the fog away. A fierce gale raged along the coast yesterday, and this morning there are many sad tales of lives lost at sea. There is deep and sincere mourning for the brave life-boat men who were drowned in trying to save the lives of some seamen off Kingstown. It was a gloomy Christmas morning and the week was a gloomy one, considering the strained situation between Great Britain and the United States.

The position of Americans in London during the last ten days has been most peculiar. Those who have lived here long have naturally been heset with questions by their British friends. The feeling has not been one of animosity toward the United States, as might be imagined, but of un-mixed wonder. The newspapers have been very much more hectoriog in their tone than the people themselves, if I may judge by the tone of the men in various clubs. Even in the Tory clubs the tone has not heeo hostile to America. The newspapers have joined in a chorus of seearing, but then newspapers are always rather more humptious than the people. But the seearing tone has been confined to the minor weeklies, and such unconsidered fly-sheets as litter this vast human hive. The great journals like the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Chronicle*, have taken a more conservative view of the situation, although I must freely coofess that they have by no means advocated hack-iog down before Mr. Cleveland's implied threat. For all of them seem to be under the impression that the United States can not be in earnest in its protest over the disputed boundary. But from the remarks of the American journals which have been cabled over here, it is evident that they are very much in earnest.

The people in London have not only been amazed by the firm stand taken by the United States in regard to the Venezuelan boundary, but they have been plunged into a condition resembling stupefaction by the comments of the American journals. To find that so much animosity, nay, even hatred, exists in the United States for Great Britain, has amazed people here. It was always believed that such manifestations of dislike as occurred in the public prints of the United States were due to a desire to cater to the Irish vote, and that in many cases the papers thus voicing their hatred for Englaod were controlled by Irishmen or Irish-Americans. It was believed that these journals by no means typified the feelings of the average American. But from the summaries which have been cabled here by the American correspondents of the London papers, it would seem as if there were a vast chorus of hatred for Englaod rising and swelling throughout the whole of the United States. This, as I say, has amazed the English. They have no such feeling for Americans. They affect that semi-patronizog, top-lofty tone in speakiog of the United States which they assume toward all the nations of the world, and which seems to be iograind in the English character. It has succeeded in irritatog every nation in the world, and the English now have an opportunity to see what bitter feeling it has caused in America. There are many other reasons for the dislike of England which evidently exists in the United States, but I must confess that I thiook most of it is due to this supercilious attitude of England and Englishmen toward all things foreign.

One of the comic sides of this commotion has been the scare caused among the literary men. You probably have had cabled over by this time the extraordinary document issued by the writers of Great Britain to the writers of the United States. About thirteen hundred English men and women who live by the pen issued a fervid appeal for peace. They have discovered that it would be a "fratricidal strife" for England and the United States to go to war over Venezuela. While they endeavored to convey the impression that it was only philanthropic and fraternal feelings which impelled them to issue this appeal, I can not refrain from thinking that it was based on selfish, rather than altruistic motives. Among the various other thiogs that would go to smash in case of a war between Great Britain and the United States, one would be the international copyright law. The writers of Great Britain have been reaping a rich harvest during the last few years, ever since that law went into effect. Previous to that time, their gains from the United States were merely minimal, coming from small sums paid them for advance sheets by American publishers. Now, protected by the international copyright law, they dispose of the right for serial productinn to London papers, to provincial papers, to daily papers in the United States, and to magazines in the United States; afterwards, they sell the right for book production to book publishers in the United States, and finally to book publishers in their own country. In this way they are accumulating fortunes. Mr. Hall Caine with his "Manxman," Mr. Anthony Hope with his "Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. J. M. Barrie with his "Window in Thrums," Mr. S. R. Crockett with his "Stickit Minister," Mr. Rudyard Kipling with his Jungle Books and his syndicate stories, Mr. Stanley Weyman with his "Minister of France," Mr. Conan Doyle with his "Sherlock Holmes"—did all these gentlemen sign this appeal purely through a desire for the preservation of friendly feelings between two great countries, or was it because they feared they might lose their royalties on further books? PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 27, 1895.

Prince Scipione Borghese, having married a rich wife, is about to buy hack for 1,700,000 francs the Palazzo Borghese in Rome.

THE CITY OF THE CREOLES.

Bright Pictures of New Orleans from Grace King's New Book—
The "Filles à la Cassette"—Stories of the Old Dueling
Days—Social Status of the Quadroons.

A very interesting book on "New Orleans: The Place and the People," has been written by Grace King, whose "Balcony Stories" and other sketches of Creole life will be recalled with pleasure. There is so much that is romantic in the history of the Crescent City, its social life has been so picturesque, and it has so many features that make it unique among American cities, that such a book could not fail to be readable, and Miss King, herself a native and saturated with the traditions of the place, and at the same time an unusually graceful writer, has acquitted herself of her task most creditably.

One of the gibes the scoffers have been wont to throw at the New Orleans Creoles when they boasted of their long and high ancestry, has been a sneering reference to the *filles à la cassette*, from whom many of them claim descent; the term has been wrongly applied, and the imputation has been that these were the scum of Paris in the days of the Pompadour, deported to lead a better life as the wives of colonists in the New World. We have here collated practically all that Miss King has to say on this subject. The first exportations were made when John Law, the Napoleon of finance who engineered the South Sea Bubble, was conducting the finances of France in the Rue Quincampoix and was pushing the Louisiana colonies. Miss King says:

Emigration to Louisiana must be kept up, by fair means or by foul. Human beings would—*faute de mieux*, human beings at least could—be procured in Paris. The orders were given; so much money per head. There was no time to choose, select, or examine, and no disposition. It was a dog-catcher's work; and dog-catchers performed it. Streets were scoured at night of their human refuse; the contents of hospitals, refuges, and reformatories were brought out wholesale, servant girls were waylaid, children were kidnapped. Michelet writes: "... The mere transportation from Paris is so severe that it drove many to despair. A body of girls arose in revolt from ill-treatment at La Rochelle. Armed only with their nails and teeth, they attacked their guards. They wanted to be killed. The barbarians fired on them, wounded a great many, and killed six." ...

Out of the hell of lust, passion, and avarice that reigned in Paris during the last days of the System there, and out of the tempest of fury, ruin, and disgrace that followed the *déchéance*, ship after ship loaded and sailed for the New World and the new life. ... Dumped, like ballast, upon the arid, glittering sands of Dauphin Island or Biloxi, ill from the voyage, without shelter, without food, without employment, blinded, tortured by the rays of a tropical sun, fevered, and dying of the epidemic from the West Indian Islands; with piles of brute African slaves rotting on the beach before them—the emigrants to this worse hell must have sighed for the hell they had left. It is easy to believe the statement of the colonial records, that most of the unfortunates died in their misery. ...

Despite the great mortality at Dauphin Island and Biloxi, the number of emigrants and slaves maintained a steady movement into the colony, and they were not all the nettles of Paris streets. For his concessions on the Arkansas, Law sent out a shipload of frugal, hardy, thrifty Germans; incomparable colonial stock they proved. Entire plantations also were equipped from the best peasant class of France.

From the beginning, the Mobile days of the colony, the emigration of women being always meagre, there had been a constant appeal to the mother country for that requisite of colonial settlement—wives. The Canadians of position, who were married, brought their wives with them to Louisiana, and many of them had grown daughters who naturally became the wives of the young Canadians, also in good position. The French officers, younger sons of noble families, who could only marry their equals, led their life of bachelorhood in gay and frolicsome uncourtly, the absence of wives being, it is feared, by them considered a dispensation rather than a deprivation. But for the rough, the crude human material of the colony, the hardy pioneers of the axe and hatchet, there could be no possibility of domesticity in their log cabins, unless a paternal government came to their aid. ... And from time to time the paternal government would respond, and ships would be freighted in France, and sail as in an allegory to the port of Hymen. ...

"When they were landed," Dumont writes, "they were all lodged in the same house, with a sentinel at the door. They were permitted to be seen during the day, in order that a choice might be made, but as soon as night fell, all access to them was guarded *à toutes forces*. It was not long before they were married and provided for. Indeed, their number never agreed with the number of aspirants who presented themselves. ...

The last shipment of girls sent by the mother country was an interesting lot of sixty, who, intended as wives only for young men of established character and means, were of authenticated spotless reputation, having been carefully selected from good families. They are known as *les filles à la cassette*, from the little trunk or *cassette*, containing a trousseau, given each one by the company. They stayed in the convent, while the young men of character and means availed themselves of the notable opportunity offered. Here and there in the State, tracing up some Creole family, one comes to a *filie à la cassette*; and it is a tribute to the careful selection of the company that she seems always found maintaining the recommendation of her good reputation and that of her family.

Soon a number of Ursuline nuns were sent out to the colony, and one of them gives this description of the colonists' wives:

"The women here are extremely ignorant as to the means of securing their salvation, but they are very expert in the art of displaying their beauty. There is so much luxury in this town that there is no distinction among the classes so far as dress goes. The magnificence of display is equal in all. Most of them reduce themselves and their family to the hard lot of living at home on nothing but sagamity, and flaunt abroad in robes of velvet and damask, ornamented with the most costly ribbons. They paint and rouge to hide the ravages of time, and wear on their faces, as embellishment, small black patches." In another letter she finds it impossible to realize that she is in Louisiana, there being "as much magnificence and politeness" there as in France, and gold and silver stuffs in common wear, although costing three times as much as in the mother country.

A French traveler who visited New Orleans soon after the purchase of Louisiana by the United States gives this description of the inhabitants:

The population consisted of French, Spaniards, Anglo-Americans, Bohemians, negroes, mulattoes. The money-makers of the place were the wholesale merchants; the retailers, cabaretiers, and peddlers were for the most part Catalans. The tailors, dressmakers, and bakers were French; carpentering was almost a monopoly of the colored. "Winter is the gay season, halls are frequent. Indeed, in a place so bare of the means of education, and where the privileges of religion are so curtailed, there is an abundance of amusement. ... But in no country of the world is there practiced such religious toleration." Our traveler found the elegance of France displayed in the entertainments, and the import of luxuries out of keeping with so small and so new a place: Malaga, Bordeaux, Madeira, olive oil (a most important article of consumption), brandied fruits, liqueurs, vinegars, sausages, anchovies, almonds, raisins, prunes, cheese, vermicelli. ...

"Women, dressed in calico and muslins, and never wearing those

that are faded and used, often changing colors and patterns, have the art of appearing only in fresh dresses. But it must be remembered that the Louisiana women are Frenchwomen. In general they are tall and dignified, and the whiteness of their skin is set off by their dress. Silks are worn only for balls and grand occasions. Headgear is not much used, the women having the good habit of going bareheaded in summer, and wearing in the winter only Madras kerchiefs.

"The men show themselves more enslaved to fashion than the women, going about in the heavy clothing of Europe, heads sunk in high collars, arms and hands lost in long sleeves, chins buried in triple cravats, legs incased in high boots with great flaps. Play, or gaming, is the recreation of the men. In the evening, when the business of the day is over, fortunes are lost over and over again by it. All indulge in it. ...

"The women are different; with all their beauty, they are without coquetry, and are devoted to their children and their husbands, who, *par parenthèse*, easily tire of the monotony of their society, and seek amusement elsewhere."

The recreation of the Creole ladies was dancing, and throughout the season they met regularly at the public halls, which in reality were not public, as only the one circle of the best society was admitted, and the guests were all friends and intimate. The refreshments consisted of orange-flower syrup and water and *eau sucrée*. Carriages were never used, presumably on account of the danger from the streets; ladies walked to the balls, preceded by slaves bearing lanterns, and followed by maids carrying their satin slippers. When the weather was too bad for the ball to take place, its postponement was announced by a crier through the streets, to the sound of a drum. It was always understood that the postponement was until the next fine evening.

Looking back upon it, across nearly a century's progress and sophistication, the *beau-monde* then appears a social Arcady. The refugees from France, St. Domingo, and the other French West Indian Islands, landed in the city generally without a cent, but with all the beauties, charms, education, and customs of generations of culture. The men became overseers, managers of plantations, clerks, teachers, musicians, actors, anything to make the first bare necessities of life. The women did sewing, embroidery, dress-making, millinery, living or lodging, not in the new brick houses, but in the little two-room cottages opposite or alongside. But, as a biographer of the time explains, thankful for the escapes they had had from unmentionable horrors, all were contented, satisfied, happy, and more charming men and women than ever. The evening came, the St. Domingo belle laid aside her day's task of sewing, donned her simple gown of muslin, and, accompanied by a chaperon and slave, went to the ball, where, in the dance, she met and made the most delightful society. Ah! the refugees from St. Domingo! Families are still pointed out in the city as refugees from St. Domingo, and there are still old negroes, here and there, who can relate how they were clinging to the breast when their mothers escaped with masters and mistresses from St. Domingo.

New Orleans was a great dueling-place in the early days of the century. On this subject Miss King writes:

In the childish days of the city, when disputes were scarce, we hear of the officers drawing their swords and fighting for pastime in the moonlight on the levee; for other humors there were always quiet and retirement to be found anywhere outside of the city walls. When the *émigrés* from France and the islands arrived with their different times and different manners, and when the disbanded soldiers from Bonaparte's armies dropped into the population, there was as great a *renaissance* in dueling as in the other condiments of life, so to speak. Fencing-masters flourished, and *salles d'escrime* were the places of fashionable culture for young men. In Paris, gentlemen would step out and fight *à l'improvvisu* "sous le fanal de la comédie." Young blades, returning from Paris, sharpened by encounters over there with blades noted in the whole European world, must therefore fight also *à l'improvvisu* "sous le fanal de l'opéra," otherwise the great lantern of the Orleans Theatre, whose circle of light on a broad, smooth pavement furnished as pretty conditions for the settlement of a question about a soprano's voice or a ballet-dancer's steps as could be desired anywhere. The weather not permitting this, all adjourned to Ponton's, the fashionable fencing-room, just below the theatre. "When we fought at Ponton's," "Oh, he gave me a beautiful thrust at Ponton's." ... This was the beginning of many a good friendship, and of many a good story of the fathers, uncles, cousins, and elder brothers of the young gentlemen at the Orleans college.

The stories of another generation take in the Oaks. ... Every body fought with everybody then; the score of duels was kept like the score of marriage offers of a belle. Individuals counted up eighteen, thirty, fifty of them. Mandeville Marigny fought with his brother-in-law. A father and a son fought duels the same day. On one Sunday in 1839, ten duels were fought. "Killed on the field of honor!" The legend is a common enough one in the old cemeteries.

Besides the great national differences between the Americans and Creoles, which were settled in a great national way, with shot-guns and rifles, there was every other imaginable difference settled under those trees—politics, love, hall-room etiquette, legal points, even scientific questions. A learned scientist, an hydraulic engineer, permitting himself to say (in justice to him, it was to exaggerate the importance of some personal theory) that the Mississippi was a mere rill in comparison to rivers in Europe, a Creole answered him: "Sir, I will never allow the Mississippi to be disparaged in my presence by an arrogant pretender to knowledge." A challenge followed, and the mouth of the defamer was cut across from one cheek to the other. In a hall-room a gentleman petitioned a belle: "Honor me with half this dance?" "Ask monsieur," she answered; "it belongs to him." "Never," spoke her cavalier, hearing her off in the waltz, and just catching the softly spoken, "Ah, vous êtes mal élevé." Not a word more was said. The next morning the critic received a challenge and in the afternoon a neat thrust. Almost every day for years the Gascon cow-herds in the neighborhood would see pilgrims on foot or in carriages wending their way to the Oaks; and the inquisitive would peep, and in the cool green light under the trees witness the reparation of honor as required by the code; a flashing, pretty sight from a distance, when the combatants were lithe and young and the *colichemardes* worthy of their art. ...

There were other duels under the oaks, which men pause in their reminiscences of the past to describe, but which women care not to tell nor to hear about. These were the duels with broadswords; particularly that noted series during the spring of 1840, when the *maîtres d'armes* themselves were the opponents; Creole, Frenchman, Italian, German, and Spaniard, fighting not for their personal honor, but to prove their art. There were also duels on horseback with broadswords. The historic one of this kind was fought on the "Plaine Raquette," in the Faubourg Marigny, between a young Creole and a French cavalry officer. Our chronicler gives the account of an eye-witness: "It was a handsome sight. The adversaries, stripped to the waist, were mounted on spirited horses. They rode up, nerved for the combat; the Frenchman heavy, somewhat ungainly, but with muscles like whip-cords, and a broad, hairy chest, which gave every evidence of strength and endurance; the Creole lighter in weight, admirably proportioned, counterbalanced with youthful suppleness his adversary's rigid strength. A clashing of steel, and—omitting the details—the Creole, by a rapid half-circle, and by a *coup de pointe à droite* plunged his blade through the body of the French officer."

The term "negro" was applied in New Orleans to the pure-blooded African; those of mixed race were "colored people" (*gens de couleur*), and of these latter there was a class which formed a race apart. Of them Miss King writes:

Besides the white and slave immigrations from the West Indian Islands, there was a large influx of free *gens de couleur* into the city—a class of population whose increase by immigration had been sternly legislated against. ... In comparison with the free colored people of New Orleans, they represented a distinct variety—a variety which their numbers made important, and for a time decisive in its influence on the home of their adoption.

The very thought of Miro's regulations seems absurd, as we hear of them in their boxes at the Orleans Theatre, rivaling the white

ladies in the tier below them, with their diamonds, Parisian head-dresses, and elegant toilets; and of the tropical splendor with which they shone at their weekly balls. These were the celebrated quadroon halls that divided the nights of the week with the halls given to the white ladies, where none but white men were allowed, and where strange gentlemen were always taken, as to the amusement *par excellence* in the city. ... The Duke of Saxe-Weimar confesses himself not indifferent to the tempting contrast offered by the two halls only a few blocks apart, and he constantly notes in his Journal how he, in the interests of science or amusement, fitted between them. He writes that the quadroon women who frequented these halls appeared almost white, and that from their skins no one would detect their origin; they dressed well and gracefully, conducted themselves with perfect propriety and modesty, and were all the time under the eyes of their mothers. Some of them possessed handsome fortunes, but their position in the community was most humiliating. They regarded negroes and mulattoes with unmixed contempt. Of a quadroon masquerade at the Théâtre St. Philippe, that he left a white *soirée* to visit, the duke says: "Several of them" (the quadroon ladies) "addressed me and coquetted with me in the most subtle and amusing manner." To an English traveler, the quadroon women were "the most beautiful he had ever seen, resembling the higher order of women among the high-class Hindoos: lovely countenances, full, dark, liquid eyes, lips of coral, teeth of pearl, sylph-like features, and such beautifully rounded limbs and exquisite gait and manners that they might furnish models for a Venus or a Hebe." ...

The free colored men, *per contra*, were retiring, modest, and industrious. The following notes are taken from an unpublished manuscript of Charles Gayarré on the subject:

"By 1830, some of these *gens de couleur* had arrived at such a degree of wealth as to own cotton and sugar plantations with numerous slaves. They educated their children, as they had been educated, in France. Those who chose to remain there attained, many of them, distinction in scientific and literary circles. In New Orleans they became musicians, merchants, and money and real-estate brokers. The humbler classes were mechanics; they monopolized the trade of shoemakers, a trade for which, even to this day, they have a special vocation; they were harbers, tailors, carpenters, upholsterers. They were notably successful hunters, and supplied the city with game. As tailors, they were almost exclusively patronized by the *élite*, so much so that the Legosisters, the Dumas, the Clovis, the Lacroix, acquired individually fortunes of several hundred thousands of dollars. This class was most respectable; they generally married women of their own status, and led lives quiet, dignified, and worthy, in homes of ease and comfort. A few who had reached a competency sufficient for it, attempted to settle in France, where there was no prejudice against their origin; but in more than one case the experiment was not satisfactory, and they returned to their former homes in Louisiana."

"In fact, the quadroons of Louisiana have always shown a strong local attachment, although in the State they were subjected to grievances which seemed to them unjust, if not cruel. It is true, they possessed many of the civil and legal rights enjoyed by the whites, as to the protection of person and property; but they were disqualified from political rights and social equality. But ... it is always to be remembered that in their contact with white men, they did not assume that creeping posture of debasement—nor did the whites expect it—which has more or less been forced upon them in fiction. In fact, their handsome, good-natured faces seem almost incapable of despair. It is true the whites were superior to them, but they, in their turn, were superior, and infinitely superior, to the blacks, and had as much objection to associating with the blacks on terms of equality as any white man could have to associating with them. At the New Orleans theatre they attended their mothers, wives, and sisters in the second tier, reserved exclusively for them, and where no white person of either sex would have been permitted to intrude. But they were not admitted to the quadroon balls, and when white gentlemen visited their families, it was the accepted etiquette for them never to be present."

"Nevertheless it must not be imagined that the amenities were not observed when the men of the races met, for business or otherwise; many anecdotes are told to illustrate this. The wealthy owner of a large sugar plantation lived in a parish where resided also a rich, highly educated sugar-planter of mixed blood, a man who had a reputation in his day for his rare and extensive library. Both planters met on a steamboat. When the hour for dinner struck, the white gentleman observed a small table set aside, at which his companion quietly took his place. Moved by this voluntary exhibition of humble acquiescence in the exigencies of his social position, the white gentleman, escorted by a friend, went over to the small table and addressed the solitary guest: 'We desire you to dine with us.' 'I am very grateful for your kindness, gentlemen,' was the reply, 'and I would cheerfully accept your invitation, but my presence at your table, if acceptable to you might be displeasing to others. Therefore, permit me to remain where I am.'"

"The free quadroon women of middle age were generally in easy circumstances, and comfortable in their mode of living. They owned slaves—skilful hair-dressers, fine washwomen, accomplished seamstresses, who brought them in a handsome revenue. Expert themselves at all kinds of needle-work, and not deficient in taste, some of them rose to the importance of *modistes*, and fashioned the dresses of the *élégantes* among the white ladies. Many of them made a specialty of making the fine linen shirts worn at that day by gentlemen, and were paid two dollars and a half apiece for them, at which rate of profit a quadroon woman could always earn an honest, comfortable living. Besides, they monopolized the renting, at high prices, of furnished rooms to white gentlemen. This monopoly was easily obtained, for it was difficult to equal them in attention to their tenants, and the tenants indeed would have been hard to please had they not been satisfied. These rooms, with their large post-beds, immaculate linen, snowy mosquito bars, were models of cleanliness and comfort. In the morning the nicest cup of hot coffee was brought to the bedside; in the evening, at the foot of the bed, there stood the never failing tub of fresh water with sweet-smelling towels. As landladies they were both menials and friends, and always affable and anxious to please. A cross one would have been a phenomenon. If their tenants fell ill, the old quadroons and, under their direction, the young ones, were the best and kindest of nurses. Many of them, particularly those who came from St. Domingo, were expert in the treatment of yellow fever. Their honesty was proverbial."

The desire of distinction, to rise from a lower level to social equality with a superior race, was implanted in the heart of the quadroon, as in that of all women. Hence an aversion on their part to marrying men of their own color, and hence their relaxation and deviation from, if not their complete denial of, the code of morality accepted by white women, and their consequent adoption of a separate standard of morals for themselves, and the forcing it upon the community and upon the men of their own color. Assuming as a merit and a distinction what is universally considered in the civilized world a shame and disgrace in their sex, their training and their daughters had but one end in view. Unscrupulous and pitiless by nature or circumstance as one chooses to view it, and secretly still claiming the racial license of Africa, they were, in regard to family purity, domestic peace, and household dignity, the most insidious and the deadliest foes a community ever possessed. Many of the quadroon belles, however, attained honorable marriage, and, removing to France, obtained full social recognition for themselves and their children.

The great ambition of the unmarried quadroon mothers was to have their children pass for whites, and so get access to the privileged class. To reach this end, there was nothing they would not attempt, no sacrifice they would not make. To protect society against one of their means, a law was passed making it a penal offense for a public officer in the discharge of his functions, when writing down the name of any colored free person, to fail to add the qualification *homme or femme de couleur libre*. But the officers of the law could be bribed, even the records of baptism tampered with; and the qualification once dropped, acted inversely as a patent of pure blood.

In these brief extracts we have given but a few glimpses of the brilliant panorama of New Orleans life that Miss King's book presents. There is not a dull page in it, and it fills a hitherto unoccupied niche in the library of American history.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

DIVORCE IN THE FOUR HUNDRED.

The Marriage of Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt and Mr. Oliver Belmont—
Both of Them Divorced—The Various Vanderbilt
Divorces—A Curious Divorce Quartet.

Two of the best-known books of "Gyp"—otherwise the Countess de Martel, a bright and sparkling Parisian writer—are "Autour du Mariage" and "Autour du Divorce." It is difficult to translate these phrases—a literal translation would be bald and meaningless. But as may be readily understood they discuss marriage and divorce. If the sparkling Parisian chronicler were writing in the United States instead of in Paris, she could devote much of her book, "Autour du Divorce," to the Four Hundred of New York, and particularly to the Vanderbilt family.

The most recent row in the Vanderbilt family is a comparatively unimportant one, but it serves to recall the rows that have gone before. It is the application of Mrs. Elizabeth Kissam for a separation from William W. Kissam, a nephew of William Kissam Vanderbilt, who was divorced a few months ago from Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt. Mrs. Elizabeth Kissam is a daughter of De Witt C. Brown, and her father has taken up his daughter's cause with great vigor. She alleges that her husband is an habitual drunkard, and brings further charges of abandonment and cruelty. Kissam went to a gold cure, but the cure did not soak in—after leaving it, he resumed his former habits. His wife then returned to her father's house. Kissam endeavored to get her to return to him, and she agreed that if he would keep sober for one month she would live with him again. He failed to do this—hence the suit for divorce. According to the allegations of his wife's attorneys, Mr. Kissam has a yearly income of eighteen hundred dollars, being the interest on a sum of money in the hands of the trustees of the estate of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He has this income for life. He also owns a house in New York, from which he receives one thousand dollars a year rent.

This suit for divorce, coming at almost the same time as the marriage of Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, brings up the subject of the numerous divorces in this circle. The day before yesterday, the announcement was made that Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt and Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont had been married by Mayor Strong, and were on their way to Newport to spend their honeymoon. While it was not exactly in the nature of a surprise, it came with a certain shock. The divorce between Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt and William K. Vanderbilt was so recent, the fact that the divorce was supposed to have been largely due to the attentions of Mr. Belmont, the further fact that these attentions had been so pointed—all of these facts made people think that Mrs. Vanderbilt would be rather slow in taking up new matrimonial bonds. But evidently these two coy young things could not remain long apart from one another, hence the sudden marriage.

Owing to the fact that both of the parties had been divorced, it was impossible to celebrate the marriage according to the rites of the Episcopal church, to which both of them ostensibly belong. I say "ostensibly," because while Mrs. Vanderbilt may be a churchwoman, Mr. Belmont has Jewish blood in his veins, although I believe his father renounced the Jewish faith. The marriage—*faute de mieux*—was celebrated, therefore, by Mayor Strong. The chief magistrate of the city repaired to the town residence of the lady, and there, in the presence of her spinster sister, Miss Armide Smith, Colonel Jay, and a couple of other friends, the ceremony took place. The mayor was interviewed by swarms of reporters shortly after, and among innumerable questions put to him, many asked him, "Did you kiss the bride?" To this the mayor laconically replied, "I decline to say." Whether the mayor feared that an answer might "incriminate him," or whether he considered that if he did kiss the lady it was a delicate matter between him and her, and not necessarily intended for publication but purely as an evidence of good faith, can not be told. But neither can the mayor's action be told. If he kissed, he did not tell.

The bridegroom, Mr. Belmont, was not a bachelor, as many people suppose, but, like his bride, a divorcee. A number of years ago he married a Miss Sarah Whiting, of New York city. They went abroad on their wedding tour, and separated a few months after the wedding. Rumor said at the time that the cause was the bridegroom's attentions to a lady while on their wedding tour. There is a child, the result of this marriage; the child is reared by the Whiting family in this city, but is not recognized by the Belmonts. Mrs. Belmont assumed her maiden name after her divorce, and some years ago married George Rives, a well-known lawyer of New York, although possibly he is not so well known as his brother Reginald, who is a four-in-hand whip of much repute, and who went out from here to your Horse Show in San Francisco a year or two ago to act as one of the judges. Reginald Rives married Mary C. Bulkley, a sister of Mrs. Prescott Lawrence. Prescott Lawrence is also a four-in-hand whip of national repute.

I spoke of Oliver Belmont's race. He is a son of August Belmont, who was a native of Aley, in the German Palatinate. August Belmont was a Jew, but when he married he renounced the Jewish faith and became an Episcopalian. The lady whom he married was the beautiful Miss Perry, a daughter of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. It is after him that Oliver Belmont is named. Oliver's mother was a woman of great beauty, and it was a common saying in New York that August Belmont was fully justified in abandoning his faith to win her, a most unusual thing for a Jew to do. The elder Belmont had a long and varied career, and was very much more of a personage in financial and political circles than are his sons. In 1841 he had an encounter with a Mr. William Hayward, of South Carolina, in the old Niblo's Garden Theatre. Hayward slapped Belmont in the face, and Belmont called him out. They fought near Elktown, Maryland, and Belmont was shot in the hip. It was thought that he was mortally wounded, but he re-

covered. It was to this hurt that his lameness for the rest of his life was due. Oliver Belmont, his son, was left a large fortune by his father, and is a most lavish entertainer. His place at Newport, called Belcourt, is one of the finest in America. His brother, Perry Belmont, is also a man of great wealth. He, at one time, was engaged to Marion Langdon, of New York, but the engagement was broken off. Miss Langdon afterwards married Royal Phelps Carroll, and, under the tutelage of her husband, has become a most enthusiastic yachtswoman. When Carroll crossed the Atlantic a couple of years ago in his yacht, the *Navahoe*, to race with the British yachtsmen in their own waters, his bride accompanied him. It must have been rather a wet and windy honeymoon, but Mrs. Carroll showed on the trip that she was as plucky as she is beautiful.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, before she married William K. Vanderbilt, was a Miss Alva Smith, of Mobile, daughter of Murray Forbes Smith, a cotton broker. Divorce seems to run in the family, for another sister, Miss Mimi Smith, married Fernando Yznaga, brother of the Duchess of Manchester and of Lady Lister Kaye. Mrs. Yznaga could not get along with her husband, so she got a divorce and married William G. Tiffany, of Paris, where they now reside. Another of the Smith girls married a French baron, Gaston de Fontenillat. They also had a stormy life, and after Mme. de Fontenillat had threatened to go on the stage unless the Vanderbilts would pay her a certain income, the couple separated and finally were divorced. In fact, the only member of the famous Smith family of Mobile who has not been divorced is Miss Armide Smith, the elder sister, the reason being that she never married. To carry out this chain of divorces, Fernando Yznaga, who became divorced from Alva Vanderbilt's sister, married *en secondes nocces* Miss Mabel Wright. This was one of those short marriages "while you wait." A few weeks ago, Miss Mabel Wright got a divorce from him, and has since married and become the Countess Zichy. Miss Alva Smith married William K. Vanderbilt nearly twenty years ago. Early in 1894, while cruising in the Mediterranean on his steam-yacht, the *Valiant*, with a party, there was a quarrel, and the party broke up. Mr. Belmont was one of the party. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have not lived together. Mrs. Vanderbilt began proceedings for divorce in the autumn of 1894. Mr. Vanderbilt did not oppose the proceedings, and it is even said that his conduct in Paris with the notorious *cocotte*, Nellie Neustetter, was intended to bring on a divorce. The divorce was granted in March, 1895. By its terms, Mrs. Vanderbilt was given an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year and the custody of her children. It is said that now she has married Belmont, himself a millionaire, she will renounce Willie K.'s alimony. But I am inclined to think she will bang on to it. Two hundred thousand dollars a year is a very good thing to have in the family.

While the Vanderbilts seem to have a somewhat mixed matrimonial record, the Astors, although an older family socially in New York, have also had trouble. Every one remembers the Coleman-Drayton-Hallet-Borrowe *esclandre*, and the fact that a divorce-suit has been brought by Coleman Drayton against his wife, making Hallet Borrowe co-respondent. This case has never come to trial, owing to the influence of the Astor family. Another Astor divorce is that of Miss Cary, a niece of Mrs. William Astor and a cousin of the young multi-millionaire, John Jacob Astor. Some years ago, this young lady married Baron de Steurs in Paris. They had a row after a short time, and the baron brought suit for divorce, making Count Zborowski co-respondent. The Baroness de Steurs went to South Dakota, and there succeeded in getting a divorce from her baron. Immediately on obtaining it, she was married to her count. She is now the Countess Zborowski. From this it is apparent that while the Astors have always prided themselves on keeping their family free from scandal, they have not succeeded in keeping out the taint of divorce in which the Vanderbilts have rioted.

Mr. Oliver Belmont engaged passage for Europe on one of the Cunard steamers some weeks ago, but it is now stated that he has abandoned his hooking, and that he and his bride will sail for the Mediterranean in about a fortnight. It is also said that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who are the new Mrs. Belmont's daughter and son-in-law, expect to join their mamma and mamma-in-law (respectively) in Cairo. They intend to spend the latter part of the winter in Egypt together. What a curious quartet! The Duke of Marlborough is the son of the late duke and of an English lady who got a divorce from him on the ground of adultery and cruelty. His father married again—an American lady, Lillian Hammersley. His wife, Consuelo, is the daughter of a woman who has divorced and married again, and she is married to a man who has been divorced and married again. I do not think that "Gyp," the Parisian writer of whom I spoke in the beginning of this letter, could match this quartet in any of her writings about divorce. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1896.

M. Bourgeois's progressive-death-duty bill, which was passed recently by the Chamber of Deputies, is a pretty sweeping measure. The lowest duties are paid by lineal descendants, rising from one and a quarter per cent. for sums under \$2,000, and one and three-quarters per cent. for sums under \$20,000, to four per cent., or a year's income for anything above \$400,000. A wife or husband who inherits above \$400,000 pays a duty of nine per cent., a brother or sister, fourteen; an uncle or nephew, sixteen; a more distant relation or a stranger in blood, twenty per cent.—a fifth of the whole property. This will be a serious blow to bequests to charitable or public institutions.

The change in the British Embassy is talked about in the diplomatic corps at Paris just now. Sir Philip Currie is spoken of as Lord Dufferin's probable successor. There have been but three British ambassadors in Paris during forty years.

THE MUTILATED HAND.

A Terrible Ordeal.

Strangers often look wonderingly at the blackened and sbriveled fingers of my left hand, and though usually too discreet to ask the cause, show their curiosity by their gaze. It is but lately that I can bear even to think of that night of anguish which left me thus mangled and made me old while yet a youth.

Thirty-seven years have passed since I so suffered, yet the marks of fear then graven on my face and the palsy of terror which possessed my soul ever remain.

My father was a boiler-maker and taught me his trade. In my twentieth year I was a master workman, and was always put where the hardest toil and greatest skill were needed.

One September night I had sought my bed, wearied with a day of hard toil, when a messenger from my employer brought me word that I was needed to repair a boiler at the largest gun-making works in the city. I felt too tired to go, but they would have no workman but me, and the job must be done that night, since the factory was engaged in a large contract, which must not be delayed. Night work meant double pay, and every extra bit of money gained hastened my marriage day, so I forced my wearied limbs to action, and hurried through the dark streets to my labor. The boiler was of the old two-flue style, and the leak was in the far end of one of the flues.

The job was slow and painful. I was forced to do most of the work while lying upon my back, but by the aid of the engineer and fireman I had nearly finished it by two o'clock. There was but an hour's work at trimming and caulking, which I could easily finish without their aid, so I let them go to gain a few hours' rest before their daily work began. Lack of sleep and the painful labor in a confined position had so benumbed my senses that as I struck the last blow I sank back and fell into the deepest slumber.

How long I lay thus, I know not. At last I dreamed that I was bound to the deck of a sinking ship and my helpless body was awash with the lapping waves. Now in a dumb stupor, between sleeping and waking, I felt their cold touch, and shrieking with terror I awoke. I was enshrouded in pitchy darkness. The swash of water still filled my ears, its clammy chilliness was stiffening my limbs, and its rising tide was covering my body as I lay nerveless with dread.

In a moment I recognized the full horror of my situation. While I was wrapped in the heavy sleep of exhaustion, the engineer had returned to his work for the day, and, supposing me long ago gone, had replaced the boiler-head and was filling the boiler with water.

For a moment I became a madman. I screamed with rage, cursed, and struck the cold iron of my tomb with clenched fists. I cried out against the cruelty of God which had destined me to so cruel a death. Thieves, ruffians, and murderers were free to enjoy the blue sky and glorious sunlight, while I, an honest workman, was entombed alive, to be slowly drowned or, still worse, holed to death. But there must be some mode of escape. I would not be drowned, like a rat in a flooded drain, without a struggle for life and freedom. I seized my hammer, crawled to the front, and struck, with all my force, upon the boiler-head. But before it was a thick iron hood, which deadened all sound to those without.

But, though their senses were so dull, mine were quickened to an unnatural sharpness, and a new sound, more piercing and more heart-rending, overpowered the splash of the falling water. It was the roar of the fire in the furnace below. Death by drowning was far less frightful than the one that now threatened me. There was but one hope, one chance of escape. If I could burst a hole through the iron and flood the blazing coals, I might save myself. Among my tools was a punch. Slowly I crawled through the water, growing sensibly warm, to the place where I had been working, and groped till I found it. Back in the same toilsome way till near the furnace door, I placed the punch in position, and, praying God's aid, I struck with all my force. But alas! the depth of the water caused my hammer to rebound, and a lukewarm splash upon my face showed me that my escape must be quicker than the quick death that threatened or it would never be. How could my blow be made effective? Suddenly a thrill of hope shot through my mind; I recalled a long countersink which I had been using. With this I might so lengthen the punch as to strike an effective blow. A third journey of anguish through the water, now almost hot, brought me, with my last hope, to the place where I had been trying to pierce the boiler plate. Putting the countersink upon the punch and holding their junction with my left hand, I prayed to God and struck a mighty blow. The tools flew apart, my left hand was frightfully cut, but God he thanked! I felt the iron yield beneath the punch. Again I placed the tools, and again I struck. Blow followed blow, and, though the beat was torture and each blow mutilated my already wounded hand, joy filled my heart, for I felt the depression growing deeper at each stroke.

At last the punch burst through the iron. I heard the fierce hiss of the water as it struck the blazing coals and the clang of the furnace door as the astonished fireman swung it to learn the cause of the steam's sudden escape. I quickly thrust my finger through the hole amid the rushing water, and heard his scream of terror at the sight. Then the quick fall of the rake upon the coals as the fire was drawn fell like angels' voices upon my ear, and I knew no more.

When I regained my senses, many days afterward, the girl I was to marry was sitting by my bedside, and I, a mangled wreck, was lying therein. This was thirty-seven years ago, yet still I often wake in agony from my sleep and hear the rush of water, the roar of flames, and the sharp hiss of steam.

ENGLAND'S FIGHTING STRENGTH.

It is Discussed by a Military Expert—Her Troops Abroad could not Abandon their Posts—Home Troops—Her Weakness Confessed by her Military Journals.

[The following article, written by an army officer, was prepared when the first threats of trouble were heard between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary. The facts concerning the British forces were taken, as the writer says, from British publications before President Cleveland's message appeared. Now that Great Britain is growing at Germany (and possibly at an European alliance), the article becomes all the more timely. The fact that the writer is an officer in the United States army gives the paper the value attaching to the views of an expert.—ENS.]

While the American people as a whole do not desire war, but prefer arbitration as a means of settling international questions, nevertheless the unanimity of sentiment which greeted the President's vigorous message warns us that there is a deep-seated feeling that England's schemes in Central and South America should be checked.

England has in her diplomatic and consular service some of the best-equipped men in the civilized world. The success which has attended her colonial system in all parts of the empire gives ample proof of this. But this very success has made many enemies for the British, and if she is compelled to recede from the claims made in the Venezuelan dispute, her defeat will be right welcome news in many quarters of the globe.

Any other nation but ours would, on the eve of such a crisis, take immediate steps to strengthen the defenses and raise her regiments to a war strength. Soldiers, especially cavalry and artillery, can not be made efficient in a few weeks, and yet in any possible war we would want a few brigades at once, to go to the front while volunteers were being mustered into service.

Let us glance at England's army and see what we should have to meet. England has, according to the last annual returns, exclusive of the native Indian forces, 219,121 men of all arms, distributed as follows:

Household Cavalry.....	1,315
Cavalry of the Line.....	18,265
Royal Horse Artillery.....	3,818
Field Artillery.....	14,417
Mountain Artillery.....	1,433
Garrison Artillery.....	17,440
Royal Engineers.....	7,480
Foot Guards.....	5,994
Infantry of the Line.....	136,665
Colonial Corps.....	5,073
Army Service Corps.....	3,527
Ordnance Store Corps.....	858
Corps of Armors.....	315
Medical Staff Corps.....	2,521

These troops are located at widely separated parts of the empire:

CAVALRY.

England and Wales—344 officers, 28 warrant officers, and 7,979 men.

Scotland—24 officers, 2 warrant officers, and 434 men.

Ireland—130 officers, 12 warrant officers, and 3,399 men.

Total home station—507 officers, 42 warrant officers, and 11,812 men.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

England and Wales—530 officers, 65 warrant officers, and 15,139 men.

Scotland—14 officers, 2 warrant officers, and 326 men.

Ireland—65 officers, 4 warrant officers, and 1,746 men.

Total home station—609 officers, 71 warrant officers, and 17,211 men.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

England and Wales—418 officers, 73 warrant officers, and 4,268 men.

Scotland—10 officers, 8 warrant officers, and 87 men.

Ireland—41 officers, 8 warrant officers, and 510 men.

INFANTRY.

England and Wales—1,551 officers, 287 warrant officers, and 44,865 men.

Scotland—99 officers, 20 warrant officers, and 2,698 men.

Ireland—673 officers, 91 warrant officers, and 19,700 men.

Total home station—2,323 officers, 398 warrant officers, and 67,353 men.

Total all arms home station—3,908 officers, 133 warrant officers, and 73,475 men.

Total in India, colonies, and Egypt—3,771 officers, 283 warrant officers, and 109,318 men.

The following is the composition of England's reserves:

The Army Reserve.....	82,947
The Militia.....	121,667
The Yeomanry Cavalry.....	10,014
The Volunteers.....	231,328

Total.....445,956

We may fairly consider that England's reserves are no better prepared for war than our National Guards, and, for offensive work on their part against our country, there need be no fear of the results, for there is no comparison between our National Guard to-day, so far as instruction in the use of fire-arms, camping, etc., and the militia of any former period. We may, without in any way underestimating our foe, conclude that so far as any new troops or volunteers to be called into service are concerned, we are on terms of equality with England.

In round numbers, England has less than 75,000 men on the home station, and less than 110,000 on foreign service, which practically includes the world. In a war with the United States, under existing circumstances, it would be impossible for England to spare many of her men from foreign stations for reasons which are apparent at a glance. Russia has always been friendly to us, and is England's only great rival in India. England would not dare to withdraw her troops from the Indian frontiers and trust all to the native regiments.

The garrisons of India include nearly 55,000 British infantry and other troops in proportion. India was drawn upon during the Egyptian campaign to some extent, but it is doubtful if many men could be spared except from the large garrisons.

The present method of providing the infantry garrisons for India and the colonies works well for ordinary purposes, but is highly injurious when it comes to mobilizing troops for war. This plan provides for one battalion at home and one abroad in each regiment, and it can be readily seen

that in a sudden emergency there would be no complete regiments to take the field in England. Such garrisons as those in Egypt, Malta, and Gibraltar could not well be drawn upon, since there are only two battalions of infantry in Egypt, three at Gibraltar, and seven at Malta. There would be little prospect of the United States operating against England at any of these places, but the garrisons would have to be kept in an efficient state for fear of making these strongholds a source of temptation to an enterprising enemy.

So far as land forces are concerned, the most England could do would be to render a very moderate addition to the Canadian forces from her regular establishment. This might serve to hold back the Americans for a brief time, but that Canada and all British America would soon fall into our hands, there can be no question.

It must not be imagined that all British troops are prepared to take the field at a moment's notice, or that they know any more of war than we do. Without considering the large number of veterans of our Civil War, for the great body of these men are too old to endure again the hardships of campaigning, we can produce a very fair-sized army of men trained during the past fifteen years in the regular service, provided it be made an object to them to return to the colors. These men would be absorbed in the skeleton regular regiments, and would be most useful in the early stages of any war with England. If we are to believe such English papers as the *Broad Arrow*, the *Admiralty* and *Horse Guards Gazette*, and *Army and Navy Gazette*, the British squadrons and battalions could by no means muster their quota of men for field duty. These papers contain frequent mention of the defects noticed in the various branches of the service, and the following extract from the leading article of the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette* of November 14, 1895, shows up some of their difficulties:

"Now, assuming that our twenty-one regiments of cavalry were of full strength and completely mounted, we should have an effective force of only 12,600 sabres, which is too few in proportion to our infantry; but we could not probably carry half that number upon any field upon horses that were sound—either too old nor too young—and properly trained. In fact, we have hardly any cavalry quarters where there are proper training and exercise-grounds at hand. Moreover, even if we had all these requisites to constitute a cavalry force, it truth effectively equipped, there would probably not be one single regiment—unless we can truly except the Household troops—that has ever been stationed together *au grand complet* for any length of time in the same locality or localities, so as to be exercised and manoeuvred as a perfect 'tactical unit,' or aggregate of troops and squadrons as 'tactical units'; still less are the regiments—irregular and incomplete as most of them are, both as to horses and troopers—ever brigaded, unless it may have latterly been in or about the training-camps and during the somewhat perfunctory annual (or occasional) so-called 'manoeuvres'—in which, at the best, there are but fragments of each regiment to represent an imaginary or a distantly dispersed regiment—to exhibit the regimental uniforms and colors of an invisible whole.

"How in the world can we expect cavalry to be perfected, even in drill, when the parts of every corps are so segregated from each other that neither do the officers sufficiently know each other, nor do more than a minority of the men know them, nor do they know more than a minority of the men—and, very likely, neither the ones nor the others know their mounts? Regiments required for service abroad, whether suddenly or in turn of roster (as we have no real reserve), are mobilized by having their deficiencies in the numbers of men and horses both—by especially of horses—supplied from different other regiments to remain at home; so that, when they get into the field, there is no solidarity, unity, or common idea of 'regimental system' among them; inasmuch that the wonder is not that they come to grief, however gloriously indeed—as did what were called the 'two brigades' at Balaklava—but that they should pull through such charges as those of Alwal and Balaklava at all; and still more that when hurled against intrenchments bristling with admirably served artillery, as the Lancers were at Alwal, they should have so brilliantly succeeded. . . . It may be adopted as a maxim that there should be no effective cavalry division in advance of every army corps moving forward, and in rear when retreating, besides a regiment of cavalry as the complement of each infantry division, and all this cavalry must in every case be perfectly mounted and equipped, to enable our own forces even to hold their own and escape decimation, if not destruction, if operating in the field against any other European army—excepting only a wretched imposture such as that of Portugal, but not excepting the next worst, which is Spain. Let us not invite disasters, as we did immediately before and upon the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and as, in fact, we had before that done in the Crimea, by a stupidly stolid or arrogant insouciance. Never underestimate a possible adversary."

Here, then, we have the Englishman's view of his own shortcomings; but it must be remembered that the defects are things that would be rapidly cured when once England saw fit to put forth her strength. There has never, from their earliest history, been any question as to the courage and dogged determination of English soldiers in the four quarters of the globe. They marched fairly and courageously against the intrenchments at Boston in 1776, and against Jackson's squirrel riflemen behind parapets at New Orleans. The siege of Chitral, and the march of the relieving force through the Shandur Pass, 12,400 feet above the sea-level, in the face of an active and brave enemy, within the past year, remind us that British officers and soldiers have not deteriorated in modern days, and that if war should come, worthy foemen would meet us in battle.

The United States is in no such plight as in 1861, so far as small arms for infantry and cavalry are concerned, and we have material for light batteries. We have a fair supply of Gatling and Hotchkiss guns, but a deficiency in heavy sea-coast guns exists. Much stress has been put upon this latter fact, and Congress has been roundly abused for not appropriating the hundred or more millions of dollars required for sea-coast defenses and armament. War is expensive, but so is constant preparation for it. It would certainly, for some years to come, settle the question as to the necessity of sea-coast defenses against modern ships, for we would have to try the value of torpedoes and sub-marine mines, operated by electricity, in nearly all our ports which are without modern high-power guns. If these proved as successful as many people hope for, then we need only fortify our largest cities on the sea-board. England has the most powerful navy in the world, and if she failed to accomplish all the horrible destruction our sea-board has been threatened with of late years, then we could settle upon a military policy, which, while guarding our interests, would at the same time be economical and in accordance with American ideas on the subject.

W. H. C.

JANUARY 6, 1896.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Abe" Buzzard, the notorious Pennsylvania outlaw, now serving a term in prison, has become totally blind.

Marion Butler, of North Carolina, thirty-two years old on his last birthday, is the youngest man in the United States Senate since the time of Henry Clay.

London society has been flocking to the rooms of the Fine Arts Association to see Edwin A. Abbey's paintings, and he himself is much sought after socially.

It is said that His Phantom Majesty, the Duc d'Orléans, is tired of being a co-respondent in English divorce courts and would like to marry an Austrian archduchess.

Ruskin once wrote to Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "If you wanted to oblige me, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing with me till you do that."

Sardou is now sixty-four years old, wrinkled, and half-blind, but in his elastic step and brilliant eye as youthful as a boy. He is said to have earned a million dollars from his plays. Yet his first play was a dire failure.

The Queen of Portugal has put her husband on a strict course of diet since his return home, as she found that his majesty had increased over twenty pounds in weight during his wanderings around the European courts.

There was not a member of the royal family within reach of the Duke and Duchess of York when their second son was born. The cabinet minister whose attendance was required by the law arrived thirteen hours too late.

Dr. Mary Walker is now living on a farm about three miles west of Oswego, N. Y. She is a familiar figure on the streets of the town. She always wears a full suit of black broadcloth, with frock-coat and silk hat, and walks with a cane.

Mrs. Langtry's daughter attracts much attention at the Niagara, London's new skating-rink. Her skill on the ice is more than ordinary, and her hearty rivals that possessed by her mother in the days when she was first called "The Jersey Lily."

John Wanamaker is credited with having done more than any other person to bring about the settlement of the great trolley strike in Philadelphia. He has enormous influence among the workingmen, and, though an extensive employer of labor, he has never had a strike.

The German emperor is said to have more curiosity than any man in Europe. Even the affairs of his domestics are not without interest for his majesty. "Does your wife expect to have any more children?" he once asked Uherfeld, his valet; to which the man confusedly answered, "If it please your majesty."

The wife and daughter of Count Leo Tolstoy were present at the first performance of the count's dramatized work, "The Power of Darkness," at the Alexandra Theatre in St. Petersburg. The dramatic representation is said to have been a signal success, but the critics show an inclination to damn the play with faint praise.

Dr. Fauvel, who recently died in Paris, had a larger practice in his special branch—diseases of the throat—than any other physician in the world. Yet his fee was only ten dollars. Among his patients were Gambetta, Queen Isabella, the Emperor of Brazil, the King of Roumania, Thiers, the Emperor Napoleon, the Princess Clotilde, the Comte de Paris, and the late Empress of Russia.

Elizabeth Ney, daughter of Marshal Ney, famous in Europe for her delicate work in sculpture, for twenty years has worked quietly in Texas, where she has been known as "The Strange Lady." Miss Ney—now Mrs. Montgomery—is said to be a very beautiful woman. In the Texas Building at the World's Fair was a finely wrought marble statue of General Sam Houston, the work of Mrs. Montgomery.

A few years ago, Sousa's entire income was the twelve hundred dollars a year he received as manager of the United States Marine Band. Last year his royalties on his marches amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Sousa is a native of Washington, where he has lived most of his life, and he is forty years of age. His father was a musician before him, and his first appearance in public as a performer was made when he was ten years old.

The late James G. Blaine never spoke to his personal friends about the famous tattoo cartoon of himself, issued in the Presidential campaign of 1884, without resorting to the bitterest language. It is now made known that nothing has so stirred President Cleveland in the cartoon line for several years as the one issued during the Hawaiian controversy. It depicted a great, big, fat colored woman seated in Mr. Cleveland's lap, and underneath was the legend: "Queen Lil is pretty close to Grover." The President, his friends say, was incensed at that cartoon quite as much as Mr. Blaine was over the tattoo affair.

Professor von Holst, the seven-thousand-dollar teacher of constitutional history at the University of Chicago, who declares that the anti-third term principle is not a part of the unwritten law and that the Monroe doctrine does not apply to our present controversy with England, is the son of a poor Livonian preacher and was educated at Heidelberg. He was a tutor in St. Petersburg in 1866, but had to leave Russia because of his political writings. He came to this country and remained until 1871, earning a poor living as a teacher. He then went to the University of Strassburg, and afterward to the University of Freiberg, leaving the latter institution to go to Chicago. His wife is an American and a Vassar graduate.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Official Poem."

The new laureate's "official poem" in the *London Times*, "Jameson's Ride," is called "the crowning disgrace inflicted on this long-suffering country by its official versifier," and the cable says it has "broken the spirit of all Englishmen who have seen it." Here are three stanzas:

Wrong, is it wrong? Well, may be; but I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a burgher's baby to be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue and prate and order; go tell them to save their breath;
Then over the Transvaal border and gallop for life or death.

Right sweet is the marksman's rattle, and sweeter the cannon's roar;
But 'tis bitterly hard to battle, beleaguered, and one to four.
I can tell you it wasn't a trifle to swarm over Krugersdorp
As they piled us with round and rifle, and plowed us again and again.

I suppose we were wrong—were madmen; still I think at the judgment day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men, there'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry; and as one of the baffled band
I would rather have had that foray than the crushings of all the rand.

Mr. Austro seems to have taken George R. Sims, the immortal author of "Ostler Joe," as his model. "Jameson's Ride" is about on a par with "The Life-Boat," which begins:

"Been out in the life-boat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what we call rough!
It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break
On the shore with a roar like the thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake;"

And so on. Really, it is difficult to imagine how the government came to appoint a man capable of such perfunctory jingle.

Death of Paul Verlaine.

Paul Verlaine, the well-known French poet, died in Paris on January 8th. Dr. Nordau, in his "Degeneration," calls him a "circulaire," which he defines thus:

"One in whom moods follow one another, cause one another in a soul whose will is not strong enough to control itself, and going through its natural emotional evolution. A repulsive, degenerate subject, with a symmetrical skull and Mongolian face, an impulsive vagabond and dipsomaniac, who, under most disgraceful circumstances, was put in jail; an emotional dreamer of feeble intellect, who painfully fights against his bad impulses, and in his misery often utters touching notes of complaint; a mystic, whose qualms of consciousness are flooded with ideas of God and the saints; a dotard, who manifests absence of any definite thought in his mind by incoherent speech and meaningless expressions and motley images."

Verlaine revolted against the *bourgeoisie*, which had made his erstwhile companion, the homely, smooth-flowing Coppée, its idol. He occupied the forty-first *fauteuil* of the French Academy for many years. He did not believe in starched collars. He was once well received in England, not by journalists, as was Zola, but by the leaders of letters and art. Verlaine was born in Metz in 1844, and published his first bundle of verse, "Poèmes Satureiens," in 1866; and since that time he had printed thirteen volumes of poetry, six volumes of prose, a one-act comedy in metre, and had in preparation at the time of his death three additional volumes of poetry. Verlaine followed all his life the intangible harmony of words and music, dreamed symphonies in rhyme and rhythm, of music in assonance and the sound of words. In a word, he shooed for symbolism in the harmony of form and thought.

A Lover who Loses Faith.

In "A Question of Faith," Miss L. Dougall's latest book, the same keen insight into character and dignified and thoughtful style are to be observed as in her other works, though it is in a lighter vein and less distinctly tinged with a moral purpose. The book is named from the situation between a pair of lovers. The lady has a secret in charge which she has promised not to divulge. Compromising circumstances arise which she will not explain, and the strain on her lover's confidence becomes too great. He loses his faith and she her love, since his trust is so easily clouded. The story is interesting, and the probabilities are adhered to in all particulars, except in the circumstances of the secret. A dying oilist might be in hiding in an English wood, and his father, half-crazed by grief, might threaten to hurl a passing stranger over a precipice unless she should bring food and aid, and the girl might accede and keep his secret; but it seems unlikely.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Between Two Bales of Hay.

"A Man of Two Minds," by Francis Tillan Buck, recounts the experiences of a callow youth who apparently figures in the writer's mind as a resplendent and romantic hero. He seeks to be loved by a woman "with both heart and mind"; and in pursuance of this object, he carries on two love-affairs at once. His innamoratas are intended to represent the two extremes of womankind. One

is a young girl who exhorts him to go to church every Sunday. The other is a married flirt of the most worldly and dangerous description. Every afternoon her admirer takes tea with her, and she strokes his hair as he sits, cup in hand, on a hassock at her feet. We learn that this sireo was "oot what one could call pretty, but the expression of her face was cooited in her mouth. Sheldon felt inclined to tell her that she was all mouth." This description seems to suggest dimly "Alice in Wonderland's" Cheshire cat. It is a book containing an unusually rich stock of inaptitudes.

Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The Advent of a Red-Headed Baby.

"A White Baby," by James Welsh, is a story of life in a negro village of South Carolina since the war. The meo all work at the Marl Flats, on the Ashley River, near Charleston, and the author writes with an evident knowledge of people and scenes. The *post-bellum* darkey living his life with his own kind, untroubled by regrets for the days "before the war," is uncommon in fiction, and strikes one with a pleasant sense of novelty.

To the tale, a full-blooded negro, the minister of the little settlement, marries a negro girl as black as himself. In due time a baby arrives, and, to the consternation of the parents and the scandal of the village, it proves to be red-headed and white. The explanation of the phenomenon, when it comes, is satisfactory to all. There has been an exchange of onrslings, and when their own ebony darling is restored to the couple, all is well.

The story is told with some humor, but more romance, and the revengeful act of the Widder Wyoioig, who mixed those children up, is far-fetched. There are a few puzzling points about the traosit of the two babies which the author seems to consider it wiser to leave unexplained.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

One of the most interesting of recent libel suits is that just concluded in London against W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, in which he was the victor. The Comtesse de Bremont, formerly of New York, who styled herself an interviewer, wrote Mr. Gilbert, asking for an interview. Mr. Gilbert replied that his regular charge for such an interview was twenty guineas. To this the lady answered she trusted she might soon have the opportunity of writing Mr. Gilbert's obituary without charge. Then Mr. Gilbert wrote the newspapers, giving his opinion of the countess, and hinting she was too countess at all. The lady retaliated by suing him for libel.

For several years Mrs. U. S. Grant has been writing her reminiscences. They will cover more than fifty years, and will contain more than one hundred thousand words. No arrangements have been yet made for publication.

The *Bazar*, issued on January 11th, contains the second installment of "Mrs. Gerald," by Maria Louise Pool, and a story by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled "The New-Year Guests."

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for January include the following:

"The Exploits of the Brigadier Gerard," by A. Conan Doyle; "Stonepastures," by Eleanor Stuart; "Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D., F.G.S.A.; "The Monroe Doctrine and Other Studies in American History," by Professor J. E. McMaster; "Old Faiths and New Facts," by William W. Kinsley; "Studies of Childhood," by Professor James Sully; "Criminal Sociology," by Professor E. Ferri; "The Story of the Solar System," by George F. Chambers; "Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," by Arthur Morrison; "Successors to the Title," by Mrs. L. B. Walford; "The Lost Stradivarius," by J. M. Falkner; and "The Wrong Man," by D. Gerard.

In order to prevent the publication of unauthorized biographies, it is announced that Mrs. George Augustus Sala intends to write the story of her husband's life.

The announcement that one of the magazines had secured the American rights to Bismarck's memoirs is now denied. It is said that the sum offered to the ex-chancellor's literary agent was twenty thousand dollars, but that he holds out for two thousand dollars more. Two of the six volumes which it will fill are already written, but it will not be published until after Bismarck's death.

The exhaustive biography of Stevenson, upon which Sidney Colvin is now engaged, will not be published probably for two or three years.

The London publishers, seeing that authors have organized themselves into a society, and that book-sellers have followed their example, have determined to have an association also.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the author of the Boy Travelers Series and other popular books of travel for young readers, died in New York on January 6th, at the age of sixty years. He began his career as a writer soon after the discovery of gold in Colorado, acting as a reporter and city editor of a Denver paper, and during the Civil War he acted as correspondent in the field for the New York Herald. His first journey around the world was made for the Herald, Colonel Knox ac-

companying an expedition sent out by an American company to put up a telegraph line across northern Asia. He had traveled nearly all over the world, and his many books described all the strange countries he had visited.

Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" has at last found an admirer, and in an unexpected quarter. This is the editor of an English periodical entitled *The Animals' Friend*, and the part he praises is the scene where Jude and Arabella kill the pig. The editor of *The Animals' Friend* characterizes Mr. Hardy as "a merciful mao," and writes:

"This chapter from Mr. Hardy's recently published novel has been placed at our disposal by the author for publication, the cruelties involved in slaughtering cattle for the meat market having been a grief to the distinguished novelist for many years. In thanking Mr. Hardy for his generous and kindly act, both in writing the chapter for the animals' sake and offering it to *The Animals' Friend* for our pages, we can only express the fervent hope that the larger and deeper spirit of humanity now arising will greatly mitigate, if not altogether extinguish, the horror and the cruelty of our present mode of slaughtering animals for food."

W. Clark Russell has written an article in reply to the question, "Ought a Boy to Go to Sea?" which is printed in *Harper's Round Table* of January 7th, in the series of articles on "How to Start in Life."

Lord Braxfield, a real personage, suggested to the late R. L. Stevenson the character of Weir of Hermiston, the hero of the unfinished story which is to be published serially during the winter. The scene is laid in Scotland, and the period is the winter and spring of 1813-14.

Felix Gras, the Provençal romancer, is soon to be introduced to American readers by the Appletons. His story, "The Reds of the Midi," has been translated by Mrs. Janvier, and the book is to have an introduction written by Mr. Janvier. It is a story of peasant life before and during the French Revolution, and it describes some picturesque incidents of the Terror. The same firm will presently publish Mme. Sarab Grand's new novel—which is understood to be another "social problem" study. Mr. Crockett's new novel, "Cleg-Kelly: Arab of the City," will be brought from their presses in March.

Baron Tauchnitz has followed the example of the Harpers in arranging to pay for the Continental rights of "Trilby" a larger sum than was at first agreed upon.

Mr. G. A. Sala shared the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, who said that he did not care a curse about what he had written. The journalist once supplied an editor with an article, and the editor asked him whether he would object to a few alterations being made in it. Mr. Sala wrote in reply: "I have fulfilled my contract in delivering to you the required weight of raw meat. How you cook it, whether you roast it, or boil it, or hash it, or mince it, I neither care nor want to know."

The London *Literary World* prints this account of the bogus interview with Mr. Hall Caine after his visit to the cell of Holmes, the alleged murderer:

"When I was in Philadelphia, it was suggested to me by influential people that I should see so evidently strange a being as Holmes, the murderer. I accordingly visited him with as little fuss as possible; but when I got back to New York, I found the papers had head-lines such as 'Hall Caine in Holmes's Cell.' And I was at once invaded by interviewers, to whom I declined to say a word for many reasons, and for one especially, because the man was then waiting his second trial, and I thought that any comment on his case would be grossly unfair. Finally a newspaper man came and asked me to look at a bundle of manuscript which he said Holmes had written, and would I write something about it. I refused, and later he said the newspaper he represented would give me two hundred and fifty dollars if I would repeat to a stenographer what I had been saying in informal chat in connection with the manuscript. I replied that I wouldn't do it for five thousand dollars or any sum whatever. Well, the next thing was the publication of an alleged interview with me, which interview I repudiated at once."

R. L. Stevenson's unpublished history of his own family is to appear in a forthcoming volume of the Edinburgh edition of his works. It ends with the story of the great achievement of his grandfather's life in the building of the Bell Rock lighthouse.

William Morris, the poet, recently said in an interview that he did not know whether Alfred Austin was a suitable poet laureate or not. He never read his books, but supposed he was a decent sort of literary man. The poet laureateship was a court office that had been accidentally held by two great poets. He knew that Lord Tennyson had taken the office with reluctance. It was the queen's right to choose whom she liked, and nobody cared whom she selected.

James Gordon Bennett has engaged Paul Bourget to travel through Japan, and record his impressions in a series of letters to the New York Herald.

Major Toselli's death in Abyssinia and the conduct of his native servants reads like a page of Roman history. After sending on the wounded and those who could escape, Toselli faced the enemy and held them back till the ammunition failed and he was killed. When they saw their master dead, two of the servants shot themselves through the head with revolvers, while a third stabbed himself to the heart with a dagger.

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LITERARY NOTES.

American History in Fiction.

Hezekiah Butterworth has made an excellent combination of historic fact and fiction in the series of tales which began with "The Patriarchal Master." He has told in each volume an absorbing story of some young fellow's adventures in a critical period of American history, and in each case there has loomed large in the background a great historical personage.

Samuel Adams, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Marcus Whitman have been presented to Mr. Butterworth's readers in this way, and now he has treated Lafayette in the same way in a story entitled "The Knight of Liberty." The tale opens with an account of that famous banquet at Metz, where the gallant young Frenchman first heard, from the brother of George the Third, of the American colonists' struggle for liberty, and it follows the various stages of his career in its close.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Story for Old-Fashioned Girls.

Young people nowadays seem to choose their own reading, and they select literary food of the most highly concentrated and stimulating sort. To the young girls who are growing up on "Trilby," "Jude the Obscure," and such diet, "Girls New and Old," by L. M. Meade, will be as flavorless as weak gruel. The old-fashioned girl, brought up by an old-fashioned mother, will find it a pleasant little story of English school life. The suggestion of a religious sentiment which appears here and there is not overdone, and the descriptions of the daily doings at a boarding-school are varied by plenty of incident. The girl who sets the bad example of envy and detraction is painted in colors too lurid to be true to life, and the liberality of rich people toward poor young girls seeking an education is quite fairy-like; but the book is healthy in tone, and the young people who choose this sort of reading are not apt to cavil at too obvious a moral.

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

Precept and Example.

"Architects of Fate; or, Steps to Success and Power," by Orison Sweet Mardeo, is a book designed to inspire young people to character-building, self-culture, and noble achievement.

The author's aim has been to show, through concrete examples that have pith, point, and purpose, that it is the man with one unwavering aim who cuts his way through opposition and forges to the front; that, in this age where everything is pusher or pushed, he who would succeed must hold his ground and push hard; that what are stumbling-blocks and defeats to the weak and vacillating are but stepping-stones and victories to the strong and determined. The style of the book is vigorous and convincing, and it is an excellent book to put in the hands of a young man or woman.

There are twenty-six full-page portraits of Phillips Brooks, Commodore Perry, Sir Walter Scott, Garfield, Agassiz, George Eliot, and other famous men and women scattered through the book, and it is carefully indexed.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Stories of California and Arizona.

"Life in Shut-In Valley," by Clara Spalding Brown, is a volume containing a dozen short stories whose scenes are laid in California and Arizona. Some are located in mining-camps, some on ranches, but all run to sentimental themes. Several relate the trials of toiling and heart-hungry wives of matter-of-fact husbands; there are a few love tales, and one burglar story. "Mrs. Brighton's Burglar" is a youth of decidedly soft fibre, who is sermonized into an honest man in the twinkling of an eye. It is to be feared, however, that gentlemen of his profession are less easily moved to repentance, and not apt to stop on their midnight raids in shed an orphan boy's tears. The stories are crude, but they are easy reading and are of the kind that generally command an appreciative feminine audience.

Published by the Editor Publishing Company, Dayton.

Aubrey Beardsley and Bohemia.

Percival Pnllard, in his novel, "Cape of Storms," shows a touch of the Aubrey Beardsley craze. That eccentric draughtsman is suggested in the hero, Dick Lancaster, a young artist who mounts to fame by his *bizarre* sketches in black and white; and the fantastic figure on the paper cover of the book recalls the exterior of the *Chap Book*. There is a Bohemian set of journalists and artists in the story who are written up *con amore*. The rattle of light rattles they keep up is clever, but they scintillate too many epigrams for complete naturalness. "Listening to some meo make moral reflections is like turning over the pages of an *édition de luxe* with inky fingers"; and "Zola and Howells are supposed to give us real life; the one flushes the sewers, the other hands us weak tea"—in this kind of "verbal pitch and toss," as the author denominates it, the book abounds. Over all the dia-

logue there is a veneer of cynicism and pessimism, and there is much said concerning the artificiality of city life.

The heroine, Dorothy Ware, belongs to that fatiguing class from which it seems impossible to escape in modern fiction—a woman who has taken the fatal step aside and acquired a past; and Dick Lancaster is the New Man of the novelists, who condones such offenses with enthusiasm, on the score of equality between the sexes.

The book is, on the whole, interesting and clever, though it leaves behind a dissatisfied sense that it represents an unreal phase of life.

Published by The Echn, Chicago.

A Book by a Tramp.

Like Josiah Flynt, Alvan Francis Sanborn has put on the outward semblance of a tramp, and devoted himself for a season to a study of vagrants and their haunts. He has slept in most of the tramp lodging-houses in Boston, and has written a book filled with his experiences, called "Mondy's Lodging House." It takes enthusiasm to endure a life of hardships and privations like this, even for a brief space, but Mr. Sanborn seems to have plenty of it. He has even derived enjoyment from his tour, and he caught the spirit of his part so well that he counts among his most disagreeable experiences the compulsory bath and the bed and meal he had to work for at the "Wayfarers' Lodge." The sketches are written simply and directly, and though the details given are often exceedingly unsavory, the book is interesting from its absolute truthfulness.

Published by Capeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

A limited edition of six hundred copies of "Beside the Narraugaus and Other Poems," by Arthur John Lockhart, each copy numbered and signed by the author, has been published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo; price, \$1.00.

"Chumley's Post," by William O. Stoddard, is a lively hays' tale of frontier life, setting forth the adventures of a young settler in Western Nebraska, in the days when the Indians were more numerous and more dangerous than they are today. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Fettered Yet Free," by Annie S. Swao, is apparently aimed from a taste for alliteration rather than any particular aptness in the title. The book belongs to the order of fiction that slips as easily from the pen as babbling commonplaces from some women's lips. It rattles of a girl who wants to marry a fortune-hunter; of her parents' disapproval and his consequent faint-heartedness; of her leaving the home nest and the honest man who loves her and working her way in London; of her return to find herself cut out by another girl with the man she is now prepared to love. All this and much more trickles out like an evenly flowing and monotonous little streamlet. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Eight lectures on the history of the church in the first three centuries, delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, during the past year by the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, have been published in a volume entitled "From Jerusalem to Nicea." Their subjects are: "The Rise and Spread of Christianity," "The Organization of the Early Church," "The Apostolic Fathers," "The Struggle with Heathenism: The Persecutions," "The Struggle with Heathenism: The Apologists," "The Struggle with the Church: Heresies," "The Christian School of Alexandria," and "The First Ecumenical Council." The book is indexed, and the lectures are preceded by a list of the books consulted in their preparation. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"The Wonders of Modern Mechanism" is the title of a book in which Charles H. Cochrane, M. E., has given a *resumé* of recent progress in mechanical, physical, and engineering science. It is a big book of four hundred pages, fully illustrated, and presents a remarkable record of human achievement in tall buildings, bridges, tunnels, canals, electrical appliances of many kinds, ocean greyhounds, guns and armor, submarine boats, flying machines, horseless vehicles, bicycles, compressed-air mechanisms, rapid transit, mining, photo-mechanical processes, printing, and many other industries and arts. The work is so well up to date as to include an account of the new acetylene gas that is to do so much for illuminating purposes. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

"Miss Grace of All Souls," by William Edwards Tirebuck, is the story of an English girl, a vicar's daughter, who, in a time of strikes and labor troubles, abandons class prejudices and gives her sympathy to the working orders. She goes still further, and gives her heart to one of their number. The scene is among the pit collieries of the North of England, and one gives an inward groan to find the pages thickly embroidered with "aws" and "theers," "nowts" and "hissens." The story is written with earnestness, and seeks to illustrate the social problems of the day: the struggle be-

tween labor and capital, the real disunion of English church and state, the weight of class distinctions. It fails, however, to awaken a corresponding fervor in the reader. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Eunice Quince," by Dane Conyngham, is given the sub-title "A New England Romance," but its only kinship to the *genre* stories of that region, so abundant of late years, is in the scene. There is an occasional Aunt Abby peeling the dough from the edge of an apple-pie, a faithful Bethiah polishing the brasses till you could see your face in them; but the book is, to the main, a sentimental and hackneyed love-story. Doubtless romantic young school-girls will revel in the beautiful Eunice who refuses Philip because he is ancestorless; and they will experience rapture when she visits her wealthy aunt and walks away with the hearts of New York swelled; and will sigh with happiness when she returns to the noble Philip and shyly confesses that she has loved him always. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Josephine Crewe," by Helen M. Boulton, is a wild and improbable tale, and an unpleasant one as well. The heroine is taken as a child of twelve from the London slums, where she has lived with her mother in the midst of the lowest degradation, and transplanted to an English country rectory, the home of her uncle. Here she meets some brutal boy cousins, one of whom is depicted as an incipient genius. An affection arises between the two which is not impaired by a wanton kick administered by him on her wounded foot. There is nothing enjoyable about the book, much space being given to descriptions of brutality and viciousness. In this respect there is a resemblance to the novels of the younger Brontë sisters, and the rector's hays in their uncouthness seem modeled on the Yorke household in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley." Published by Loogmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

THE RIVAL POETS.

The following poem by William Watsoo—one of the former aspirants for the laureateship—has caused a great sensation in England, its denunciation of Great Britain's policy in the Armenian atrocities being so scathing that it has brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of thousands of Englishmen:

THE PURPLE EAST.

Never, O craven England, never more
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayers of a people, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and autumn's thrashing floor
Been winnowed; winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; then only sleepest: and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou mightst have stanch'd yet runs;

And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons:
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, prapped by thee,
Abdol, the Damned, on his infernal throne.

Yon in high places; yon that drive the steeds
Of empire; yon that say unto our hosts,
"Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world; lo! from a land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts—
Upraid you parleying while a people bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand.
On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!

Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickenings of fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the hutchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate
Fire and the plague-wind are compassionate,
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravens seas,
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cry
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

This has called forth from Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate, the following reply:

Comrade, to whom I stretched a comrade's hand,
Ere fame found hers to greet you, and whom still
Right bravely singing up the sacred Hill,
I watch from where its cloudless peaks expand,
Think not that you my love now less command,
If to you, willful, I oppose my will;
And pray you not untune sweet voice to shrill
In harsh upbraiding of the Mother Land.
To mock her is to soil one's self with shame,
Nor is the rhyme yet written that can mar
The scroll emblazoned with her fadless fame,
"Sloping to twilight." Blinded that you are,
Look, in her hand shines Freedom's sword aflame,
And on her forehead glows the morning star.

But she, not you, nor any child of song,
Must sound the hour the friendless to befriend,
And with unmitigable justice rend
The ensanguined tappings from the Rod of Wrong.
I, too, cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long
Shall ghoul's assail and not one glaive defend?"
But God's great patience never comes to end,
And, by long suffering, vengeance grows more strong.
So from unseasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who hears within her breast
Wails from the East and clamors from the West.
Nay, should the clamor and the wails increase,
Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best,
Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace.

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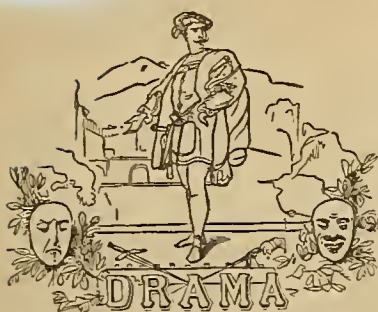
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When the great character of a great imaginative work is lifted from its environment in a book and put in the environment of a drama, it becomes a different creature in a different sphere, against a different background, as Carmen did in her translation from Merimee's story to Bizet's opera, or else dwindles away into a stage nonentity that some celebrated player may choose to personate for a season, as Clara Morris did Jane Eyre. The popular novel, the narrative poem, rarely bears transplanting from the library-table to the far side of the footlights. In the transit its glow of life, its thrill of passionate romance, is lost like the beauty of sea-weed that vanishes when the delicate flowers of ocean are carried from the shore.

There have been successful adaptations; that is, adaptations that have drawn audiences and excited comment; but these, like "Tribby," win their success from the popularity of the book they generally parody. "Camille" is almost the only dramatization of a favorite novel that has lived longer than the novel itself. No one reads "La Dame aux Camélias" now, any more than people read N. P. Willis or "Thaddeus of Warsaw," but "Camille" has life in her yet for a good many hard-working seasons, and many lithe and lambent-eyed beauties will arise and put the melancholy pulmonarian through her paces before she quits this mortal scene forever. "Magda" is also an adaptation of a book which, over here, at least, is little known. It may be remarked, however, that these two plays were made by the authors of the novels, not by outside dramatists. Such a success is almost unique in stage annals. It is like that of Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat, which is said to be the only case on record where a translation is superior to its original.

But, oh, how daring must be the adapter who bares his big right arm and makes a play out of "Marmion"! With alarm, with terror, one imagines him cutting and snipping at those enchanted cantos, getting in his deadly work on those scenes of splendor that have been the magic places of chivalry and romance since first we knew how to read, plucking the heart out of the mystery of Constance de Beverley's unhappy love and fear-some fate, writing "dialogue" for Marmion, and working up Sir Walter's ideas into good dramatic points for the curtain to fall on.

There are people who assume toward Sir Walter an attitude of easy patronage. They pat him on the head, and say he did well for his age. They, in their youth, remember to have enjoyed some of his books, and recommend them now as good stories for young people. His poems are stirring, but inclined to jingle. To these must the words of the Psalmist come readily—"Philistia, be thou glad of me!" A shining figure in Philistia must be that creature who can not thrill to the clash of steel, and tremble to the measured tread of the armed battalions that sweep so grandly through those martial pages.

What tremendous fancies teemed in the brain of the old Scotchman! What a pageant goes tramping by, with banners flying and belm and hauberk gleaming, to the tourney and the court. The glamour of chivalry shines over it all; the figures of a gallant day possess the scene—the knights in their coats of mail, the yellow-locked Saxon princesses, the swarthy Crusaders burned by Paynim suns. The Knight of the Couchant Lenard breaks his trust for the summons of a royal lady's white band; the Templar throws aside the vows of his order and his knighthood for the light of a Jewess's dark eyes. Then comes another era, and in the Highlands echo the pibrochs of the mustering clans and the tartans gleam among the heather. Those were the days of great fighting, of the glow and throb of that wild romance that the Wizard of the North had in his heart and on his pen; the days of fierce hates and fiery loves, of blood and battle, of the dare-devil soldier, like Dundee and Sir Dugald Dalgetty; of the goddess made woman, like Di Vernon and Flora McIvor; of ill-starred loves, like Effie Dean's; of awesome tragedies, like that of the bridal of Lammermoor. Of Scott's metrical novels, "Marmion" stands first. To the heart where an ember of romance

still smolders, it is a joy forever. It is maddening to hear the voice of complacent mediocrity sum up its merits in the phrase "a favorite poem for boys." From first to last it glows with the ardor of a noble picturesqueness. Across its pages sound the tramp of soldiers and the blast of the trumpet, the clangor of meeting armies, and the ringing of sword against sword. The rude life of the camp, the midnight resting-place of the marching retinue, give place to the tapestried halls of Norham Castle, where Lady Heron throws her sidelong glances at the king, and the gloomy oubliettes of the Abbey of St. Cuthbert's, where a recreant nun pays the penalty of broken vows. Through it all, splendid in the insolence of his own triumphs and his sovereign's favor, passes the figure of the magnificent adventurer, "no carpet-knight so trim, but in close fight a warrior grim, in camps a leader sage." The fair-haired horse-boy, who for three years followed in his train in the jerkin and hose of a page, is only shown to the reader by the wavering light of the cresset in the dungeons of the abbey.

In Percy Sage's adaptation of "Marmion," the adapter seems to be determined to change everything that can be changed. He can not prevail upon himself to let well alone, and he must always improve a little on Sir Walter. The antics he makes Constance de Beverley go through before he allows her to die in the dungeon are worthy of the invention of Old Sleuth. Through the first two acts, Constance comes gliding in and out like an unlaidd ghost, two cowed and soft-footed friars dogging her footsteps with the faithfulness of Mary's little lamb. Mr. Sage has had some difficulty in getting up a second act at all, hence he resorted to the expedient of having Constance make a second escape from St. Cuthbert's, pursue Marmion on his way to Scotland, and catch up with him at that very wayside inn where he feels the deadly oppression and premonition of her death. Here the friars keep stealing in at one door as she steals out at the other, and after they have done this several times, the holy men get exasperated, hurry their pace, jump out at Constance, and one long-drawn, piercing shriek leads one to believe that this time they have her safe and sound.

In her death scene, Mr. Sage introduces a vial of poison. He entirely excludes the tragic and terrible prophetic mood that the awe of her approaching death creates in the unhappy nun. Her accomplice in the attempted murder of Lady Claire is also eliminated from the scene. Constance has a little vial of poison, which she takes, then has stage visions, and is hustled into the aperture of her tomb, which the friars begin to wall up with large blocks of stone. It is at this moment that a trumpet sounds above and a mighty voice is heard calling. The abbesses and the abbots, all sitting in a row on the judgment seat, prick up their ears, and down the winding stair comes Lord Marmion, with six trusty henchmen at his heels. He seizes a pickaxe, and with one blow knocks down the wall. Constance staggers out and falls in his arms, dead, while the abbesses and the abbots and the six trusty henchmen all look on with languid interest.

The piece ends with the battle of Flodden Field, which rages furiously in the wings, but never gets on the stage. A clashing of steel goes on that almost drowns the billing and cooing of De Wilton and Lady Claire, who meet here for the first time since De Wilton's return to the world. The erstwhile Palmer is a true lover, for, though he is done up in fine fighting trim, with jointed mail over his legs and arms and a helmet with a visor and a long pink plume coming out of the top of it, he forgets all about the battle, and has a scene of love-making with Lady Claire that Sir Walter, who loved a good fighter every time, would not have thought at all suitable in the moment of war. The sudden sight of his long-lost love was, however, some excuse for De Wilton. The first glimpse of her astonished him immensely, for, with lowered visor, he approached her and faltered, "Claire, do you not know me?" and then seemed hurt that she did not.

The death of Marmion ended the play, but was untimely cut in twain by the lowering of the curtain before the gentleman had quite died. The curtain, however, went up again, and Marmion went on dying, till he had accomplished his last words and bade a decent farewell to this mortal scene. It was a singular fact that Mr. Percy Sage entirely left out the Douglas. This had its advantages, for there was certainly nobody in Mr. James's company who could act the Douglas as that magnificent figure should be acted. One likes to keep undisturbed one's own conception of the scene where Douglas, folding his cloak around him, refused the hand of his despised guest:

"My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation stone,
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

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Yvette à New York.

Apocryph of Yvette Guilbert's statement in the interview from which we printed some extracts last week, to the effect that she intended to have a song written about the American shop-girls who cry "Cash!" the New York Sun prints the following—which is not, perhaps, just what she wanted:

Me voici donc en Amérique!
Ze English langue I no her speak.
Eh, bien! I make in one small week
Ze—what you call him?—mash.
But when I cherche ze caractère
Américain, I find nowhere,
Except one mot extraordinaire:
"Cash! cash!"

Quand je vais dans un magasin
For shopping à l'Américain,
Ze floor-walkaire, one great big man,
Pull me his grand' moustache.

Ze saleslady to talk I try,
She understand me not; for why?
She always at ze shop-girls cry:
"Cash! cash!"

Ah! les New Yorkais aiment Yvette,
They like her little chansonnette,
Because Yvette—don't you forget!
She gave them not ze trash.
She gave them songs so gay and leste,
She never give them any rest,
And they give her what they have best:
Cash! cash!

Partout, partout, j'entends qu'ce mot:
Ze girls, ze ladies, men also,
Ma foi! I think ze country go.

To—how you say?—to smash.
Oh, I don't like it—ça m'ennuie,
Je m'en vais back to cher Paris:
And zis is what I take with me:
Cash! cash!—Henry Tyrrell.

—"THE ADVERTISEMENT ONCE MORE," is the title of an instructive pamphlet by Mr. John Manning, of No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, which within the compass of 22 pages compresses a good deal of information about advertising, both on its scientific and practical sides, of both of which the author-publisher has for years been a student. Not only the meaning and functions of advertising, but its literature, forms, cost, etc., are intelligently handled in a way to make the publication of use to business men. There is constant need of much information from an authoritative source, and Mr. Manning's pamphlet, which is sold for 25 cents, will be worth many times its cost to every merchant who shall send for a copy of it, and shall profit by its hints.—The Philadelphia Record, Dec. 31, 1895.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Chimmie Fadden" on the Stage.

The dramatization of Edward W. Townsend's Chimmie Fadden sketches, in which the author had the assistance of Augustus Thomas's experience as a playwright, was "tried on the dog" in a Connecticut town some time ago, but it received its first production in New York at the Garden Theatre last Monday.

Of course many changes were needed to fit the sketches for representation on the stage. In the first two acts, Chimmie is shown as his native heath, the Bowery, where he rescues Miss Fanny from insult in the first act, himself being badly wounded, and is visited on his sick-bed by her and her friends in the second. In the third act, Chimmie, now employed as a page at the Van Courtlands' country-place, is suspected of complicity in a burglary of the house, and in the fourth he is proved innocent and marries the Duchess.

The first two acts are given up to character sketches and life on the Bowery; the last two are of a higher grade of comedy, and there are some clever complications and witty dialogue in the love-affairs of Mr. Burton and Miss Fanny and Chimmie and her maid. Charles H. Hopper is said to have exhibited an admirable conception of Chimmie, and the play is evidently a success.

A Popular Racing Play.

"In Old Kentucky" is to be the attraction at the California Theatre for the next two weeks, commencing on Monday night. The play was a great popular success when it was given at the same theatre, some months ago, and it ran for a year at the Academy of Music in New York. Its chief novel features are a horse-race on the stage and the pick-aninny hand of twenty little darkies ranging from eight to thirteen years; in addition, it is a well-constructed play with a good plot. Laura Burt, the original Madge, heads the company, which also includes Ralph Stuart, H. B. Bradley, Paul Scott, Pierce Kingsley, John H. Mack, Burt Grant, Charles Powell, Robert Bihls, Alace M. Snyder, Kate Glassford, and others.

Tom Keene will follow "In Old Kentucky," his engagement beginning on Tuesday night, February 17th, as the first of the Paderewski recitals will take place on Monday night, February 18th.

An American Naval Drama.

With all this war talk going on, the revival of "The Ensign" by the Frawley Company at the Columbia Theatre next week is quite timely. The play hinges on the capture of the Southern Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, by Captain Charles Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto*, from the British steamer, *Trent*, in the port of Havana, and around this historical incident a highly interesting naval drama has been written.

The performance will have added interest from the facts that in it H. S. Duffield, the new stage-manager, will make his first appearance with the company, and so will Little Mildred, the child actress. Blanche Bates will have a chance to show what she can do in a sweet and emotional rôle. Almost the entire strength of the company is required to fill out the cast of characters.

"The Man Without a Country."

Sedley Brown's comedy drama, "A Long Lane," has been the play of the week at Morosco's Grand Opera House. The various members of the company have been well suited in their rôles, and the performance has been an eminently satisfactory one. But the management has an inflexible rule that no play shall be continued beyond its first week, and consequently there is a new piece announced for Monday night. This is James Haskin's drama, "The Man Without a Country," which has never yet been seen in San Francisco. It is described as a highly sensational play, and popular approval of it is confidently expected.

In it a new member of the stock company will make her first appearance here, in the person of Woody Van Dyke, a child actress. Though there is no new "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or "Editha's Burglar" in sight, there seems to be a boom in child-actresses, and, not to be beaten by the Columbia or the Tivoli, Manager Morosco has joined the procession by adding Woody Van Dyke to his company. She is said to be quite clever.

The Coming Opera Season.

Marie Wainwright will present Tom Tallyn's "An Unequal Match" for the last two performances of her engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings, and then darkness will enshroud the pretty theatre for a fortnight. Some company has gone wrong, and the engagement had to be canceled.

The Tavery Grand Opera Company will re-open the theatre on Monday, February 3d. This organization contains neither Calves nor Patts, but it is a well-trained troupe of capable singers, and it may be confidently expected that it will give us as enjoyable a season of opera as it did a year ago. Mme. Tavery has been a great singer, the little Dorre made a decided hit here last year and has since been repeating that success throughout the coun-

try, and the other members of the company fill it out to a very complete organization. They have a very extended repertoire, too, and will present some interesting novelties during the season.

"Ixion's" Long Run.

It was intended that "The Gentle Savage" should be produced at the Tivoli Opera House next Monday evening, but "Ixion" is so popular that the management has wisely decided to put off the new piece for another week. "Ixion," therefore, will begin its last week on Monday, making its record five weeks. In these days of feverish craving for novelty, it is a very good showing. But it is well deserved, for the cast and manner of production are excellent, and new songs and specialties are introduced every week.

"The Gentle Savage" is postponed till January 27th, when it will be given a most careful mounting. If it is the same "Gentle Savage" that Henry E. Dixey had in his bag so long, it ought to have a good part for the comedian. A revival of "Der Freischütz" will follow it.

A Famous Newspaper Man.

Rarely is it that a newspaper writer has attracted so much attention as has of late Henry Norman, correspondent of the *London Chronicle*. He came to Washington to investigate the Monroe doctrine, the state of the Venezuelan question, and public opinion in America. The dispatches which he sent to his newspaper in London have had a most profound effect upon public opinion there.

Although of English birth, Henry Norman is a citizen of the world. He spent his boyhood in Paris and then graduated at Harvard University. After Harvard, he took a two-year post-graduate course at Leipzig. He then went on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where he remained four years. He was sent on many missions for that paper, for which he was well fitted, owing to his knowledge of languages, of which he speaks and writes six. He left the *Gazette* on inheriting a moderate fortune, and began traveling for pleasure. He stopped in Egypt for a time, and wrote a number of magazine articles about that interesting country. He then went to Japan, and published two books—one, "The Real Japan," the other, "People and Politics of the Far East"—both of which are looked upon as authorities. On his return to London he fell in love with Menie Muriel Dowie, a young lady who traveled alone in masculine garb through the wildest part of Europe, and subsequently published her experiences in a book called "A Girl in the Carpathian Mountains." The marriage is a very happy one.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Norman joined the staff of the *Daily Chronicle* in London as literary editor. He has since been promoted to the position of assistant to the editor-in-chief, Mr. H. W. Massingham. Before coming to Washington to ascertain the facts about the Monroe doctrine, he had just returned from Constantinople, where his dispatches about the Armenian atrocities caused a sensation in London. Norman has visited nearly every country on the globe, and has been in every State of the Union except six. He is yet under forty years of age.

Norman is well-known in San Francisco. He was here some years ago, and spent several months in this city. His stay here is remembered on account of a misunderstanding between him and W. R. Hearst, to whom he brought letters of introduction. Hearst took quite a fancy to Norman, and the two were constantly together. One day, however, there appeared in the *Examiner* an article lampooning Norman, and caricaturing him as suspended with dripping garments from the end of a boat-hook. The article went on to say that Norman had jumped into the hay at the behest of a lady, and insinuated that he was drunk. Norman was highly incensed at this article, and Hearst was much put out at its publication. He sent an apology to Norman, in which he informed him he had discharged Henderson, his managing editor. On receipt of this, Norman, for some reason or other, published Hearst's private letter in staring black type in the advertising columns of the *Chronicle*. It was now the turn of Hearst to be offended. He claimed that Norman had violated all the ethics in publishing a private letter. The incident ended there. But the breach was never healed between the two journalists.

Albert Chevalier is coming to America at last, having engaged to sing his coster songs at Koster and Bial's in New York, beginning some time in March. His engagement is for four weeks, and he is to get three thousand dollars a week. He is probably the best-known music-hall artist in London to-day, but how American audiences will take him is a question. There is more pathos than fun in his songs, and his art is very subtle. But so was Guilbert's, and she sang in a foreign tongue, and yet the American public liked her.

The concerts to be given by Sousa's Band under the management of Friedlander, Gottloh & Co. will take place in the Mechanics' Pavilion. They will begin some time next month.

Guild of Arts and Crafts.

The Guild of Arts and Crafts of San Francisco will hold an exhibition illustrative of printing and its related arts, at the Partington Studio, 424 Pine Street. There will be a private view for the members and annual subscribers on Saturday evening, January 18th. The exhibition will be open to the public, afternoon and evening, from January 20th to 25th, inclusive, at twenty-five cents admission. There will be on view:

Books from the earliest period to the present time; original drawings for book illustrations; book-plates; sumptuous bindings, old and modern; etching and etchings, with press in operation; lithography, with full illustration of process; engraving on wood, steel, and copper; reproductive processes—zincotypes, half-tones, chromatic printing, etc., with the original drawings; type-casting, electrotyping; the newspaper—chronological exhibit, modern processes of composition, stereotyping, etc.; poster exhibit, etc.

Professor Bernard Moses, of the State University, has charge of the book collections. Maynor Sutro has contributed some of his rarest books, Miss Hohart has permitted the exhibition of her portfolio of etchings and original drawings by Gibson, Wenzel, and others, and the Buckingham and Harrison collections will also be seen. There will be many other features that will make the exhibition very interesting.

Edward W. Townsend gave a reading from his books in the Y. M. C. A. Building last Saturday afternoon. The occasion was an entertainment for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association, and there were other numbers on the programme, but the chief interest centred in Mr. Townsend's reading. First he read two scenes, descriptive of the Bowery, from his novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements," and then he read the story of Chimmie's marriage to the Duchess and their wedding journey to Niagara Falls. It was a great pleasure to the many who were present to hear Mr. Townsend's interpretation of his writings, and it is to be hoped that he can be persuaded to read again before he returns to the East.

Pinero's new play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," which was produced in New York a few nights ago, is a double-barreled "purpose drama." It has two heroines, and one of them illustrates the dangers of that freedom from control which fashionable girls now crave, while the other is a horrible example of the evils entailed by undue jealousy. In one scene, the venturesome wife has an interview with the suspecting wife's husband, while the latter is listening behind a screen, and the former gets recklessly drunk and proposes an elopement.

Corinne in "Hendrik Hudson, Jr.," Peter Dailey in "The Night Clerk," Edward Milton Royle's new play, "Mexico," and Roland Reed in two new plays are among the attractions hooked at the California Theatre.

— ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 23D, MESSRS. Baldwin & Hammond will sell at their salesroom, No. 11 Montgomery Street, the property of the Pacific Improvement Company situated on Market, Valencia, Mission, and Twelfth Streets. This property is situated only three blocks from the City Hall, in that portion of the city that has been making the most rapid advances lately, and the sale offers a favorable opportunity to secure very desirable business and residence property. The terms of sale are one-quarter cash and the remainder in one, two, and three years, with interest at seven per cent. on the deferred payments.

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Dividend Notice.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 525 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

The many new-year parties in the East, concerning which we spoke in our last number, have been followed by a marked dullness in New York society. Dancing-parties had been announced by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, and Mrs. Twombly; but owing to the sudden death of Miss Twombly from pneumonia, all these affairs have been abandoned, and the various families are all in mourning. The social outlook in New York, therefore, is very dull. There now remain to look forward to only the two Assembly balls, the Cinderella balls, the Dancing Class, and the Patriarchs' dances. There will be the usual number of dinners and luncheons, but they are small affairs. In fact, it is in New York in this regard very much as it is in San Francisco. If it were not for the subscription dances, like the Patriarchs' and the Assembly halls, there would be very few large affairs throughout the social season in New York. In San Francisco this condition of affairs is even more marked. The dances of the Friday Night Cotillion Club make a rallying point for society. If they were to be given up, the social season would indeed be blank. Last year, for example, the only large private affair that was given was the Hager ball, and this season there has been but one, the Wallace ball. Matters seem to be in very much the same condition in New York.

In the East, there still continues, however, a certain amount of festivity in the country. Those who have country-places at Lennox went to them for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes took up a party of sixty last week, and had the largest dinner-dance ever given in Lennox in the winter. Mrs. Stokes's party were out driving in four-in-hands every day that they remained. At Lakewood, N. J., there were also a large number of house-parties from New York. At Orange, N. J., there was also much holiday festivity, and the Riding and Driving Club, which has its headquarters at Orange, took the lead in the holiday sports. Golf has been much in evidence at all the places we have mentioned. The cold weather did not set in around New York until after new-year's was over, so there was no sleighing or skating up to that time.

In Washington, the season is very gay. The Brices' new-year cotillion we mentioned last week. There were several California ladies there, including Mrs. J. J. Brice, a relative of the hostess. Another Californian was Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who was fairly blazing with diamonds. The most elegant affair of recent years in Washington was the breakfast given on New-Year's Day to the diplomatic corps by Secretary of State Olney and his wife. There were no new-year receptions except at official houses. The Marquis Sacripanti, who brought the cardinal's hat to Mgr. Satolli, has been in Washington, but has not figured much in society. He speaks no English. His white, crimson, and gold uniform make him very noticeable. The largest evening-party recently in Washington was that given by the Vice-President and Mrs. Stevenson to introduce their daughter. They stop at the Normandie, and the entire drawing-room floor was used for the ball. The Marine Band played, and all of the diplomatic corps attended. Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter also gave a large dance in their magnificent house; their daughter, who was recently married to Mr. George Curzon, was very much missed. In the present Cabinet circle, there is a marked dearth of young women. Taking the whole administration circle, there are but four—the two daughters of the Vice-President, Attorney-General Harmon's daughter, and Postmaster-General Wilson's daughter. Miss Herbert, the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, although a young woman, presides over her father's house, and therefore ranks with the wives of the Cabinet officers. There is no great whirl of gayety in Cabinet circles, which is probably due to the fact that few of the members of the Cabinet are wealthy.

Concerning Washington society, there is a vigorous blast from Senator Hill in a recent newspaper interview. Senator Hill says: "I think it would be a mighty good idea if the women were packed away and sent out of Washington, and the men left alone to attend to the business of the country. There are too many dinners and too much social dissipation in official circles at the capital. No man can go to these fashionable dinners night after night and stay up until morning attending social functions and be in any condition to grapple with the knotty problems forced upon our congressmen. I know I am called a rusty old bachelor, but any sensible man will agree with me. There is in Washington too much society and not enough attention to the study of public affairs." To people who know Washington society this is rather amusing. Out of the nearly four hundred members of the House of Representatives there are very few who are found at any social functions. In fact, there are very few among them who care to attend them. The majority of Congressional representatives come from the country, and are middle-aged lawyers, editors, and business men. They care nothing for society, and are wrapped up entirely in

politics. Most of them are men of moderate means, and when they bring their wives with them, they live in boarding-houses. They can not themselves afford to entertain, and about all the social functions they attend are the large official affairs given by the members of the Cabinet and the big receptions of the President and Mrs. Cleveland—say two or three in a year. As for the balls, dinners, and other affairs given by what are called "society leaders," most of the congressmen are distinctly not "in it." There are a few of the younger members, from the Eastern and Middle States, who pay some attention to dress and to society, but they are very few. As for the senators, most of them are elderly men, and men of a serious nature, who are never seen in society at all, except at an occasional official dinner. In fact, most of the members of Congress can be found in the evening at Chamberlain's or similar places, discussing politics. You will find them in the hotel lobbies, and a few of them in the Metropolitan Club, but you rarely find them "in society." We think Senator Hill's fears are unfounded.

Among the curiosities of matrimony has been a recent wedding in London. The bride was Lady Alhreda Fitzwilliam, a maiden lady of forty, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. The bridegroom was the Hon. Charles Bourke. He is over sixty years of age, and this is his first marriage. His brother, who acted as best man, was nearly as old as he, but the bridesmaids were all young and pretty. Talk about a middle-aged love story! When a maiden lady of forty marries a bachelor of sixty, it is very evident that the age is still undetermined when human beings cease to fall in love.

The recent robbery of Mrs. Townsend Burden's gems has turned the attention of New York to the enormous amount of money invested in such gewgaws. The value of the gems which were stolen from Mrs. Burden is said to be one hundred thousand dollars. The Burden house is next to the Brunswick Hotel, on Madison Square. Twenty-Sixth Street is little traveled there, and it is supposed that the burglars simply entered through the front windows. The safe in which Mrs. Burden kept her diamonds was unlocked, so it is believed that the burglars obtained a duplicate key by collusion with the servants. Nearly all of the women in New York who own large quantities of diamonds keep them in safes in their houses. Mrs. Bradley Martin lost her diamonds by burglary a few days after the marriage of Miss Martin and the Earl of Craven. Most of the jewelry safes in the houses of rich people in New York are now connected by wire with burglar-alarms, so arranged as to sound in all parts of the house, as well as at the police-stations. But the women who wish to be sure of their diamonds keep them either in the vaults under Tiffany's or in the safe-deposit companies. Mrs. Langtry left her famous diamond coronet with Tiffany each day during her stay in New York last season, wearing it in the evening. To give an idea of the amount of money invested in diamonds in New York, it is said that the following fifteen ladies possess gems aggregating in value one million five hundred thousand dollars: Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Henry Sloane, Countess Castellane, Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, Mrs. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. H. McKay Twombly, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, and Mrs. Whitney Warren.

Americans are often struck in Europe by the fact that clubs after the English and American style do not seem to flourish on the Continent. The reason is that few Frenchmen and Germans of the upper middle class care to pay the annual subscription required by a first-class club. The foreigners say that they can get all they want in the way of club comforts at restaurants and cafés. There is no doubt that those places are much more club-like abroad than they are at home. But to one who has experienced the comforts of a first-class club, either in England or America, the miscellaneousness of a foreign café or restaurant would not be agreeable.

A New York daily says that there is a boom starting for skirt-dancing among New York society girls. It mentions the names of Miss Sloane, Miss Burden, and Miss Clews as being interested in learning skirt-dancing. We are very much inclined to doubt the truth of this. It is quite true that skirt-dancing has been the fashion in England, and that many young women of birth have been willing to dance for their friends at country house-parties and to point their slippers toward the chandeliers for the delectation of the young men of the hunt clubs. It is even whispered, under the rose, that at some lively bouse-parties in England some of the more daring of the dancers have executed their saltatorial feats upon the billiard-tables. But our English sisters are more daring in many regards than American girls, and we are very much inclined to doubt whether any New York "society" girls will indulge in skirt-dancing, unless it be for gymnastic exercise or for

limbering their limbs in the privacy of their own boudoirs.

A ladies' club of the most aristocratic nature has been established in Warsaw. Some heart-burning has been caused, because the married women have been excluded. Only spinsters and widows are eligible for membership. Some of the younger married women are inclined to be angry at this; but the dowagers with marriageable daughters are quite resigned to it, as they say that the young widows, if they are engaged in amusing themselves at the club, will thus be kept out of mischief, which means getting hold of the marriageable men.

In New York, of late years, Sunday has become a favorite day for calling. It used to be considered rather a *bourgeois* day, inasmuch as people who were not in the Four Hundred made calls on that day. But society is just as busy in its pursuit of pleasure as ordinary people are in their pursuit of pelf. Ladies objected to losing an afternoon by staying at home when they might miss some amusement or entertainment which they desired to attend. Hence the New York men have found that in acquitting themselves of their duty-calls they were apt to find people in on Sundays. During the last couple of years it has become a favorite day for calling. This winter, informal entertainments have been held on Sundays. Informal teas have frequently taken place on Sunday afternoons and informal dinners in the evening. The same custom in regard to calling has grown up in San Francisco. Many ladies who have a "day at home" during the week are also at home on Sunday afternoons. There have been also a few informal teas held here this winter and last, and some high teas, on Sundays.

The famous motto, "Noblesse Oblige," had a striking exemplification when the Grand Duchess Sergius was presented at the court of St. Petersburg. As that Russian great lady was receiving the imperial kiss from the Czarina, the string which confined her priceless pearl necklace broke and the pearls rolled down her dress, rattling on the floor like hail. Without looking to the right or left, and without noticing the loss of her matchless pearls, the grand duchess retired courtesying from the room. An ordinary woman would have been rattled.

In a recent number, the San Francisco *Chronicle* recalls a ball given in San Francisco thirty-two years ago. It was the great civic and military ball given to the officers of the Russian fleet on the night of November 17, 1863. Russia kept a fleet anchored in San Francisco during the Civil War as a testimonial of friendship to the Union. It was decided in token of this friendship to give a grand ball to the officers. It was done under the auspices of the City Guard, a swell militia organization of that day. Tickets were one hundred dollars apiece, and about one thousand people attended. The article of which we speak gives interesting reminiscences of the ball, and it is striking to notice how customs have changed in thirty-two years. One of the most noted instances of that is in the bill of fare of the supper. On it there are sixty-eight separate courses. If any Russian, no matter how gargantuan his appetite, succeeded in wading through these sixty-eight courses, he must have been a man of mark. The menu began with "raw oysters, pickled oysters, fried oysters, and oyster patties," which will give some idea of its embarrassment of riches. This superfluity of oysters recalls the ancient anecdote of the market-man, who, being asked the price of eggs by a possible customer, replied that he had extra fresh country eggs, fresh country eggs, fresh eggs, omelette eggs, and eggs.

What is claimed to be the largest single pane of glass in the country was received at Hartford, Conn., from Belgium a few days ago. It is 12½ feet high, 15½ feet wide, half an inch thick, and weighs 1,800 pounds.



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Boyd & Dickson, San Francisco Agents,
505 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Hans von Bülow, while conducting a concert, was much annoyed at the noise made by some ladies in the audience. At last he could stand it no longer, and tapping for silence, he turned to the audience and said: "Remember, ladies, you are not saving Rome."

A Boston man asked a well-known Boston clergyman, one bitterly cold day last winter, why he did not have his church opened on week days, and let the poor come in and warm themselves. "Why, dear fellow," was the reply, "what are you talking about? Think of the carpets."

Douglas Jerrold was sometimes witty at the expense of his wife. He once told her, when she was no longer young, that he wished wives were like bank-notes, so that one of forty could be exchanged for two of twenty. On another occasion he was asked whom his wife was dancing with. "Some member of the Humane Society, I suppose," he replied.

When a friend once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself by the use of certain baths, he was struck with the decrease of Smith's size, and said: "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," replied the witty divine, "I have been here only ten days, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, the composer of England's famous national hymn, "Rule Britannia," was once called upon to judge between two very bad singers. After patiently hearing them, he said to one of the contestants: "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah!" cried the other exultingly, "then I win." "No," said Dr. Arne; "you can't sing at all!"

Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris, I went to see him, I told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One can not go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and that one can not endure for long together."

A well-known scientist, walking along a London street, came across an itinerant astronomer, and applying his eye to the instrument was astonished to see a beautiful full moon, although at the time the moon was only in her second quarter. The instrument was not a telescope at all, but simply a tube, with a hole where the eye-piece should be, and a transparent photograph of a full moon, with a light behind it, at the other end. On the scientist asking the exhibitor how he could so cheat the public, the man simply remarked: "It's all right, sir. I used to have a proper 'scope once, but I turned it up for this after an Irishman pitched into me for showing him only 'arf a moon. This way pays better and gives more satisfaction."

The late Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, when he was Bishop of Gloucester, suffered from toothache, and, by medical advice, resorted to narcotics to relieve the pain. One morning, after a night of great suffering, as he left the house to consult the doctor, Mrs. Thomson begged him not to allow the physician to prescribe a narcotic, as it affected his brain for several hours after taking it. On his way the bishop met the postman, who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it in the street, and read his appointment to the See of York. Instead of visiting the doctor, he hastened back to communicate the surprising news to his wife. "Zoe! Zoe!" he exclaimed, "what do you think has happened? I am Archbishop of York!" "There, there!" rejoined the wife; "what did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again, and are quite out of your head."

We printed this story before, some years ago, but it is good enough to tell again. In the early part of the war, when General Grant was in command of an expedition in South-Western Arkansas, a forced march brought them into a country where supplies were very scarce. One day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, who commanded the advance guard, found a farm-house where he secured an excellent meal by representing himself to be Brigadier-General Grant. He was on his way again before Grant reached the farm-house, and when the latter came up and asked for something to eat, he was informed that "General Grant had just eaten everything in the house except a pumpkin-pie." The general guessed what had happened and paid

the woman fifty cents for the pie, saying he would send back for it later. Then Grant rode on some fifteen miles to where the army was to go into camp for the night. There the various regiments were notified of a full parade at six-thirty. This was so unusual that it created a decided sensation. The parade was formed ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and, after the usual ceremonies, the assistant adjutant-general read the following order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.

"Special Order.
"Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin-pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.
U. S. GRANT,

"Brigadier-General, Commanding."

At seven o'clock the lieutenant fled out of camp with his one hundred men, amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort returned to camp about midnight, reporting that Wickfield had eaten the whole pie.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

Apollo and Daphne.

I wandered in the woodland glade;
I pierced the forest's gloomy shade:
Until, at last, upon a bank
Of ferns and violets I sank,
And laid my weary head to rest
Upon the forest's silent breast.

How long I slept I can not tell,
But when I woke, the sylvan dell
Alive with laughter seemed to be,
With fairy laughter, blithe and free.
I looked, and saw, not far away,
A wood-nymph, fair as dawning day.

Two eyes as bright as stars on high,
Peeping from out the azure sky;
Two lips as red as rubies rare,
Cheek—lilies blent with roses fair;
Hair black as is the raven's wing—
Such was the maid of whom I sing.

But suddenly she met my eyes,
And, with a loud cry of surprise,
Sprang to her feet, and thro' the wood
Flew like a bird, while I pursued.
Away o'er hill and plain we sped;
I still behind, and she ahead.

"O maiden Daphne, bear me speak!
Fly not to hide thy burning cheek!
But turn, and to thy panting swain
Come back, nor let me plead in vain!
And with delighted blushes, hear
Apollo's speeches in thine ear!"

But ever faster flew the maid,
And ever faster, still afraid
Lest I should lose her, on I sped
Until we reached the river-bed.
Then stretching wide her arms, she cried,
"O Father, save thy daughter's pride!"

Scarce had she spoken, when in haste,
My arms I threw around her waist;
And, swearing we should never part,
I clasped a rough stock to my heart.
Perseus heard his daughter's plea,
And changed her to a laurel-tree.

I plucked some leaves, and sorrowing said,
"O Daphne, this which crowns thy head
Shall ever sign of victory be,
A sacred emblem unto me.
Alas! sweet maiden of my choice,
Why didst thou then fear the Sun God's voice?"
—Beatrice Walton Childs.

With Thee.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We, whom in life the fates divide,
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well, for I should be
At last, dear, loving heart, with thee.

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, would feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song-bird's tone
At once across our rest be blown—
One breath of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain.
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be,
At last, dear, tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between,
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves;
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snow-drifts beat with wind and storm
My pillow, whose one thorn will be
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here
And wandering in useless quest,
Shall find their longed-for haven of rest;
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joy we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be
At last, dear, loving heart, with thee.

Sebastopol Was Not Impregnable,

For it was taken by assault, but a physique built up, a constitution fortified by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, may bid defiance to the assaults of malarious disease even in localities where it is most prevalent and malignant. Emigrants to the agree-breeding sections of the West should bear this in mind, and start with a supply. The Bitters promptly subdues dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints, nervousness, and biliousness.

A Very Desirable Calendar.

The calendar published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, this year, seems even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

Stedman's Soothing Powders relieve feverishness and prevent fits and convulsions during the teething period.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Cook (to mistress)—"Now I'm leavin' of yer, I may as well tell yer as th' key o' th' kitchen door fits yer store-room."—*Tit-Bits.*

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NOTICE
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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SS. City of Panama.....January 18th
SS. City of Sydney.....January 20th
SS. San Blas.....January 28th
SS. San Juan.....February 8th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
Pern.....Saturday, January 18, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, February 6, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....(via Honolulu), Tues. Feb. 25, at 3 P. M.
Doric.....Saturday, March 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896.
Coptic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 28
Gaelic.....Saturday, February 15
Doric.....Thursday, March 5
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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Jan. 15, 30, Feb. 14.
For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Jan. 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Jan. 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, to A. M. 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
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ON EVERY CAN.

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SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The cotillion and bal poudré given at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening by the Friday Night Club, was a brilliant affair. It was the last cotillion of the season, the one remaining meeting of the club being an assembly. It was a leap-year german, and Miss Sally Maynard was delegated to lead, with the assistance of Miss Emelie Hager and Miss Sara Collier.

Miss Maynard wore a stylish gown of white pineapple cloth finished with cardinal stripes, and a bodice of cardinal velvet. The corsage was high, and the sleeves were long and bouffant at the shoulders. She signaled the changes in the figures by means of a handsome gold whistle, which was presented by Mr. E. M. Greenway, and which bore the date of the cotillion and her monogram in engraved letters.

Miss Emelie Hager wore a handsome gown of pink tulle, with a Marie Antoinette bodice of silver cloth and pink tulle.

Miss Sara Collier appeared in a stylish gown of blue satin, trimmed with a berth of Valenciennes lace.

Miss Maynard introduced five figures in all—the "Grand Right and Left," "The Serpentine," "The Circles," "The Basket," and "The Military." In some of them calcium-light effects were used, adding much to their beauty. The gowns worn by the ladies were new and modish, and were by no means the least interesting feature of the ball. Some of the ladies wore white wigs, but the majority had their hair powdered. The officers of the army and navy wore their full-dress uniforms. At midnight, supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. Afterward there was regular dancing until two o'clock in the morning. Throughout the evening, leap-year rules were strictly observed. The affair was a great success in every way. Among those who danced were:

Mr. Rhodes Borden, Miss Juliet Garher, Lieutenant H. A. Benson, U. S. A., Mrs. H. A. Benson, Mr. Thomas H. Breeze, Miss Schneely, Mr. A. P. Brayton, Miss Watt, Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Miss Liela Barton, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Miss Bertha Smith, Mr. W. L. Carrigan, Miss Goodall, Mr. W. W. Chapin, Miss Dutton, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Miss Mary Kip, Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., Miss Mahel de Noon, Mr. George T. Cameron, Miss Frances Curry, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. George B. de Long, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., Miss Ida Gibbons, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Miss Helen Boss, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Miss Ella Hohart, Lieutenant Adrian S. Fleming, U. S. A., Miss Emma Botler, Mr. F. B. Findley, Miss Mamie Thomas, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Miss Minnie Burton, Mr. J. B. Grimwood, Miss Bertha Delheer, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss McNutt, Mr. F. A. Greewood, Miss Beatrice Tohin, Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Miss Meta Graham, Mr. J. A. Hart, Miss Alice Ann Clark, Mr. William R. Heath, Miss Laura Bates, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. E. T. Houghton, Miss Jessie Hooper, Mr. Stanley Jackson, Miss Hele Woolworth, Lieutenant J. W. Joyes, U. S. A., Miss Louise Harrington, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Miss Foote, Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Harry Kowles, Miss Helen Smith, Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, U. S. A., Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. Walter G. Landers, Miss Celia Tohin, Mr. Addison Mizner, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. Frederick E. Magee, Miss Belle Moon, Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Miss Genevieve Goad, Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Miss Clementina Kip, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Latham McMullin, Miss Eva Moody, Mr. Atherton Macondray, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Edwin McAfee, Miss Bowie, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Miss Grace Clark, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. Henry W. Poett, Miss Maraquita Collier, Mr. S. C. Pardee, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Mr. W. D. Page, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. C. F. Preston, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. C. F. Preston, Mr. A. B. Russell, Miss Stuhls, Mr. Frederick E. T. Reis, Miss Alice Ames, Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Miss Gertrude Bates, Mr. A. G. Rogers, Miss

Harrington, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Belle Hutchinson, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. G. Tucker Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Philip W. Tompkins, Miss Rose Hooper, Mr. Benedict H. Taylor, Miss Gertrude Forman, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Miss Hannah Williams, Mr. Howard Veeder, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle, Miss Mai Moody, Mr. Henry S. Wilson, Miss Amy McKee, Mr. George H. Wheaton, Miss Ethel Smith, Mr. A. P. Williams, Miss Jessie Glascock, Mr. A. G. Wright, Miss Juliette Williams, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Miss Josephine Blackmore, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Miss Jennie Blair, Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Miss Findley, Mr. Douglas Waterman, Miss Marjorie Young, Mr. Jerome W. Watson, Miss Eleanor Wood, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Lawrence McKinsty, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Miss Fanny Loughborough.

Among the rovers were:

Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. E. L. Brayton, Mr. William F. Breeze, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., Mr. A. W. Clement, Mr. C. L. Davis, Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. George H. Mendell, Mr. N. A. McCully, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. H. C. Rodgers, Mr. Louis C. Masten, and Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club as a compliment to Mrs. Harold Sewall, *nee* Ashe. The Hungarian Orchestra played and Mr. Frank Coffin's quartet sang during the evening. Mr. Phelan's guests comprised:

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Baron and Baroness von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. Harold Sewall, Mrs. Henry McLane Martin, Miss Ashe, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, and Mr. Colin M. Smith.

The Catherwood High Tea.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a high tea last Sunday evening at her residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets, and entertained a few friends in a most pleasant and informal way. During the evening musical selections were rendered by Miss Catherwood, Miss Harrington, Dr. Catherwood, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt. Among those present were:

Mrs. Harry Jerome, Miss Harrington, Miss McNutt, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Dr. Catherwood, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Lieutenant C. P. Sumnerall, U. S. A., and Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A.

The Fry Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry gave a lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 2510 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Isabel Grant. A string orchestra played during the service of the repast. Mrs. Fry's guests were:

Mrs. J. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Ryland E. Wallace, Mrs. A. M. Grimm, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. W. F. Finell, Mrs. Bender, Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. A. D. Holman, Mrs. G. A. Moore, Mrs. J. Partridge, Mrs. D. T. C. Perkins, Mrs. S. C. Buckhee, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Miss Isabel Grant, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Dorothy Stuhls, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Forbes, Miss Bates, Miss Fannie Grant, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss McKullin, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Bender.

The Woods Lunch-Party.

Miss Lottie Woods gave an international lunch-party last Wednesday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Woods, corner of California and Octavia Streets. There were ten tables and a different nation was represented at each in the decoration and table-ware. The menu was also representative of various nations, and as each course was served, a national air was played by the orchestra. It was a novel and enjoyable affair. Those present were:

Mrs. Frank N. Woods, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mrs. F. B. Lewis, Mrs. Horace Sperry, Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Spiers, Miss Walter Dutton, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Mahel de Noon, Miss May Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Belle O'Connor, Miss C. O'Connor, Miss Hecht, Miss Eloise Davis, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Florence Smith, Miss May Tucker, Mrs. Bernice Drow, Miss Mal Moody, Miss Eva Moody, Miss Dolheer, Misses Feldmann, Misses Allyne, Miss Sarah Coleman, Miss Frances Coleman, Miss May Whitney, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Zeile, Miss Brandt, Miss McNeil, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Burton, Miss Root, and Miss Bernice Bates.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Harry Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger have been in Los Angeles during the past fortnight. They are expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant returned from Santa Cruz last Monday. They passed two days there salmon fishing.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her sons, Mr. Callaghan Byrne and Mr. J. W. Byrne, who have been in Los Angeles for several months, will return to this city early in February.

Mr. J. C. Stuhls left last Tuesday to visit Texas and Louisiana for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. W. C. Murdoch, and Mr. H. F. Emeric passed last Saturday and Sunday in Santa Cruz, and were very successful in fishing for salmon.

Mme. Julie Rosewald, who has been the guest of Mrs.

Isaac Hecht since her return from Baltimore, is now residing permanently at 1824 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington are visiting San Diego for a couple of weeks.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton is making preparations to visit India.

Miss Grace Hecht is attending school in Baltimore.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. William L. Gerstle left for Canada and the Eastern States last Wednesday, and will be away two months.

Mr. J. H. Johns and Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., left for the East and Europe on Friday, the 17th inst.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen expects to leave for New York by the end of this month.

Mrs. Michael Castle is visiting at Coronado.

Count and Countess Festic di Tolna have arrived in Yokohama.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. Albert L. Stetson were at Coronado early in the week.

Miss Mattie Whittier has returned from a prolonged visit in Europe and the Eastern States.

Mrs. Helen W. Hart, of Oakland, who has lately been visiting her sister, Mrs. William C. Little, left for the East by the Sunset Limited train last Tuesday to attend the marriage, early in February, of her daughter, Mary, with Mr. S. Howell Jones, a prominent lawyer of Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are expected to return from the East early in February. Mr. Wilson will argue the Stanford case in Washington, D. C., next Thursday.

Mrs. S. E. Dutton is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, in New York city.

Miss Laura McKinsty has been at the Holland House in New York city during the past week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain D. F. Tozier, U. S. R. C. S., of the *Grant*, has been ordered to this city, presumably in connection with the trial of Captain M. A. Healy, of the *Bear*.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., will receive on Fridays at the Presidio and on Wednesdays in January at their two residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Percival J. Werlich, U. S. N., left last Tuesday for Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N., returned from the Asiatic Station last Saturday on the *Pernu*, and left Tuesday for New York. They have been in Yokohama about three years. Mrs. Stokes will be remembered as Miss Charlotte Birmingham, daughter of Captain John Birmingham, of this city.

The Secretary of War has ordered the following named officers to report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., president of the newly appointed examining board, for examination as to their fitness for promotion: First-Lieutenant Benjamin W. Lovell, Twenty-Fourth Infantry; Second-Lieutenant Harry R. Lee, Eleventh Infantry; Second-Lieutenant Edward T. Winston, Fourteenth Infantry; Second-Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry; and Second-Lieutenant Sydney A. Clomao, First Infantry.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Jewett Recital.

Miss Lillian O'Connell, of New York, gave a recital upon social life in colonial New England last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. John H. Jewett, 937 Bush Street. The reader appeared in the costumes of a Puritan maiden and a New England bride, and impressed her auditors very favorably. A second recital will be given at two o'clock this afternoon at Mrs. Jewett's residence.

Incidental to the recital, Miss Adler sang the old-fashioned hymn, "Wilmot," arranged by Weber, "There Sits a Bird on Every Tree," by Hattton, accompanied on the violin by Mr. Solomon, and "Oh, Fair, Oh, Sweet and Holy," by Otto Cantor, and the "Maids of Cadiz," accompanied by Miss Maroney. Mr. Solomon played Bach's aria on the G string, accompanied by Miss Pratt.

The Bixler Musicales.

Mrs. David Bixler entertained a large number of her friends last Sunday afternoon by giving a musicale at her residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets. The following excellent programme was presented:

Trio in B-flat—allegro moderato, Schubert, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heioe; "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Haydn, Miss Sophia Newland; (a) "Le Cygne," Saint-Saëns, (b) "La Farfalle," Sauret, Mr. Sigmund Beel; (a) "The Spinning-Wheel Song," (b) "Spring," G. Heoschel, Miss Sophia Newland; (a) Andante, Goltermann, (b) "Am Springbrunnen," Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; "Bonjour, Suzon!" Pessard, Miss Sophia Newland; Adagio and Menuet from Trio in B-flat, Goddard, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

A course in music, corresponding somewhat to that of Harvard and other Eastern institutions, embracing harmony, counterpoint, canon, and fugue, form, etc., is about to be instituted at Stanford University. The course will differ from that of the Eastern universities in that it will be made of as much practical use to the students, as educators, as possible. Students taking the course will be given a time credit of two hours. It is proposed also to inaugurate classes in voice culture and singing and to organize a choral society for the study of works of the great composers. Professor H. B. Pasmore has been selected to conduct the classes.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give a piano recital at Beethoven Hall next Wednesday evening, assisted by Mrs. Otto Bendix, Mr. Nathan Landsberger, and Mr. Louis von der Mehden.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jennie Cheesman, daughter of Mrs. Morton Cheesman, to Mr. W. H. Schumacher.

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Jarboe, daughter of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, and Mr. Jerome Case Bull will take place at St. Luke's Church on Thursday, February 6th, at noon.

The San Francisco Art Association is making preparations to end the winter season in a brilliant manner by giving a Mardi Gras ball at the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, February 18th. It is intended to make this affair eclipse anything ever given under the auspices of the Association, and all of the former entertainments and balls have been notable successes. It will be obligatory for the ladies to appear en masque and to wear either dominoes or fancy dresses, the latter being preferable. No obligations are placed upon the gentlemen, but it is desired that they appear in costume or in full-dress uniform if attached to the army or navy. The invitation, visé, and reception committees will be appointed in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will give a fancy-dress dinner at their residence next Saturday evening. The ladies will be attired in peasant costumes, and after dinner a series of living pictures will be given, followed by dancing.

The Misses Ethel, Helen, and Bertha Smith will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence, northeast corner of Webster and Broadway.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Burton, U. S. A., and the Misses Burton have issued cards for a leap-year dance to be given to the young people at the Presidio in the hop-room there on Wednesday evening, January 29th. The ladies will appear in dominoes and with masks.

Mrs. Clarence M. Mann, *née* Gage, will give a matinee tea at her residence, 3474 Washington Street, from three until five o'clock to-day.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give a cotillion at Lunt's Hall next Friday evening. It will be led by Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a theatre-party last Tuesday evening, and had as their guests Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Elma Graves, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mary B. Kip, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. A. W. Clement, Mr. E. L. Brayton, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Walter G. Landers, and Mr. Thomas H. Breeze.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner-party at their residence last Thursday evening, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. William R. Heath, and Mr. Henry Redington.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker gave an elaborate dinner at his residence on Thursday, January 16th, in honor of Mr. J. Sloat Fassett. Some sixteen ladies and gentlemen sat down to the repast.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a dinner-party at their residence on Van Ness Avenue on Friday evening, after which all attended the cotillion. Among their guests were Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. F. P. Deering, and Mr. Donald Y. Campbell.

A dinner-party in honor of Miss Ella Goad and Mr. C. Osgood Hooker was given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home, on Bush Street. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Jennie Hooker, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. A. H. Small.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon gave a dinner-party at his residence last Thursday evening, and entertained several of his friends.

Mr. Minthorn Tompkins, Jr., gave a theatre-party at the Columbia on Wednesday evening, followed by a supper at the University Club. His guests were Mrs. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, Miss Julia Tompkins, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. W. H. Fisher, and Mr. E. T. Messersmith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a six-handed euchre-party last Monday evening at their residence, 2508 Fillmore Street, which was enjoyed by quite a number of their friends.

A dinner was given at the University Club last Saturday evening in honor of Mr. C. Osgood Hooker. The others present were Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Francis Michael, Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. R. C. Foute entertained a few ladies at tea on Friday afternoon, January 10th, at her residence, 2123 California Street.

Mrs. Theodore F. Payne gave a large lunch-

party last Monday at her residence, 1409 Sut Street. A string orchestra played during the service of the repast.

Prior to the cotillion on Friday night, dinner-parties were given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Baron and Baroness von Schröder at their respective residences, and their guests afterward accompanied them to the ball.

The Bachelors and Benedicts of Oakland gave their second cotillion of this season last Wednesday evening at Militia Hall. It was a leap-year cotillion, and was led by Miss Amy McKee. There were about one hundred and fifty present. A supper was served at midnight, after which there was an hour of regular dancing.

Stanislaus August Poniatowski, the infant son of Prince and Princess Poniatowski, was christened by Archbishop Riordan, last Sunday afternoon, at St. Mary's Cathedral.

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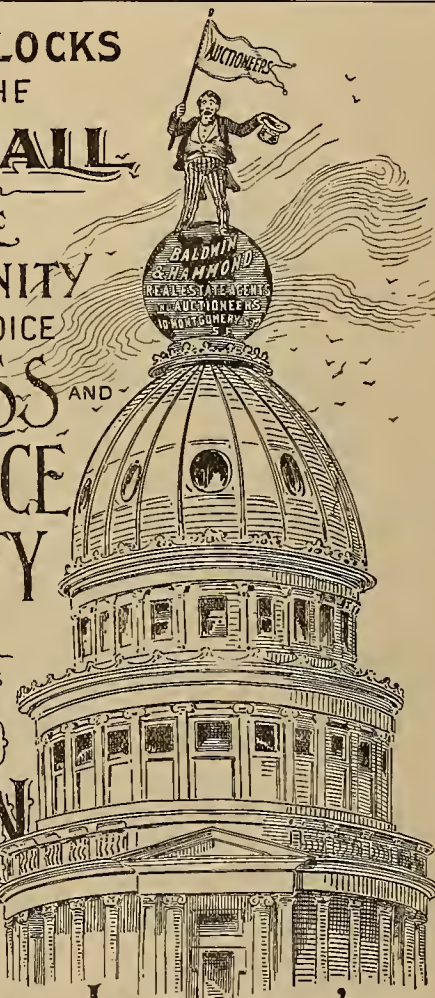
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wade—"Professor Garner is in Africa again, talking with monkeys." Butcher—"Giving pink teas?"—Puck.

Evangelist—"Do you ever have any revivals in your town?" Mr. Bute—"Nope; they mostly dies once they gits plugged."—Judge.

He (significantly)—"I am my father's only child, you know, Miss Blood." She—"Well, you can't blame him, Mr. Sappy."—Brooklyn Life.

Dr. Glade—"Do you know anybody who has a horse for sale?" Drover—"I reckon Hank Bitters has; I sold him one yesterday."—Truth.

Mr. X. (who has how-legs, to the photographer)—"For mercy's sake, hurry up, I can't hold my knees together any longer."—Fliegende Blätter.

"I tell you, Binks, tennis is a great game." "Really, Jones, you should be more careful in your English. Tennis was a great game."—Bazar.

Whyso—"This physiognomist says that aggressive, impulsive people generally have black eyes." Knowso—"If not at first, they get them later."—Truth.

Spanish general—"Why did you let the rebels defeat you?" Colonel—"I couldn't help it, general, they got to the telegraph office first."—Philadelphia Record.

The professor (awakening)—"Is there anybody in this room?" The burglar—"No, sir." The professor—"Oh, I thought there was." (Falls asleep again.)—Life.

Parrott—"Do you think that Henpeck could ever keep a secret from his wife?" Wiggins—"Well, I'll bet that he never lets her know what he really thinks of her!"—Truth.

Miss Gush—"Oh, captain, were you ever hoarded by a pirate?" Captain Storms—"Yes. He charged me eleven dollars a day for a hall-room on the fourth floor."—Indianapolis Journal.

Clara—"He broke off the engagement just because I wanted the ring reset." Maude—"How foolish of him!" Clara—"Wasn't it? But I am going to have it reset just the same."—Truth.

"No," said Mr. Wheeler, "I have my doubts about the bicycle being able to displace the horse. The time I tried it, the horse and huggy came out of the collision without a scratch."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jaggs—"I called him a liar, and then, seeing he had a shotgun, I turned to run." Brags—"Why didn't you withdraw the charge?" Jaggs—"Couldn't get at it. The doctor's boy withdrew most of it with a pair of tweezers for ten cents."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"Why do you start so?" He—"Did I understand you to say that your father is failing?" She—"Physically, I mean." He (settling back)—"Oh, all right! I was afraid it was something serious."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Oh, say!" Englishman—"I wouldn't want to hear more than the first line of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' to know that it was written by an American." American—"Why so?" Englishman—"The first two words tell me that plainly enough."—Truth.

Wife—"I mentioned to dear Kitty, in my letter, about the dear duchess calling upon us, and how sweet she was." Husband—"I suppose you did not say that her grace called for a charity subscription?" Wife—"Well, no. I did not think that sounded interesting."—Fun.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Wickwire, looking up from her paper, "but women are getting brave nowadays." "Brave?" echoed Mr. Wickwire. "Yes. Here's a story about a woman who shot a mouse. She—pshaw! I read it wrong. It was only a moose."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Figg—"What did you learn at school today?" Tommy—"Teacher told us how the cruel Emperor Nero used to amuse himself when he was a boy by pulling the legs off the flies." Mr. Figg—"Pulled their legs, did he? What became of him? Did he become a promoter?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 27, 1896.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling carriers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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The war sense of the United States seems to be in inverse ratio to its war spirit. As a nation, we are developing a fiery inclination to defy the universal earth; but between our fits of military truculence we exhibit a curious languor as to acquiring the means that would enable us to hack up our challenges, in case some other country should be so surprisingly rash as to accept one of them. If we are to be warlike in disposition, it is imbecile not to stand ready to be warlike

in fact. It is manifest that an almost united people, as well as a unanimous Congress, supports President Cleveland in his aggressive foreign policy. But it is also apparent that next to nothing is being done to fit the United States for maintaining such a policy. Ordinary judgment suggests to the unexcited mind that a power with a skeleton army and a small navy is scarcely justified in taking a strong stand in foreign politics. If we are really going to depart from our traditional policy of avoiding foreign entanglements, it is imperative that we shall have much less eloquence at the national capital and immeasurably heavier appropriations for the army and navy. Making faces at foreign nations is not very dignified, and that is precisely what threats of war mean from a power that is not armed to make good its menaces.

Our willingness, not to say eagerness, to engage in war with England is amazing when we contrast her navy with our own. She has in her entire navy 316 vessels, while we have 81. Of these two fleets, she has 158 modern ships of war, carrying 1,238 guns, while we have in commission 50 modern vessels, with 382 guns. Of course, in this total she includes her dispatch-boats, training-ships, and the rest, but still England has a navy of 316 vessels, while we, on a similar footing, have but 81. There are at present more British ships in what might be called American waters than there are ships of the United States. The North Atlantic British squadron, the South Atlantic British squadron (most of which is not far from the West Indies, and hence the Gulf coast), the North Pacific British squadron, the South Pacific British squadron—all these ships are cruising about within easy reach of our coasts, and ready for business, while Congress is talking and the American press is breathing flame and slaughter. Our navy, though small, is excellent, and could give a good account of itself if free to seek its localities for fighting, but it is scattered, small as it is, all over the world, and has also thrown upon it the burden of coast defense. Our coast armament is in a deplorable state—or, rather, it does not exist. There are three modern guns at San Francisco, and three at New York, but no other portion of the Atlantic or Pacific coast can properly be called protected. Boston, Portsmouth, Providence, Bristol, all of Narragansett Bay, Newport, New London, Bridgeport, all of Long Island Sound, Delaware Bay, Baltimore, Philadelphia, all of Chesapeake Bay, Washington, the capital of the nation, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, all of Puget Sound, Portland, San Diego—all of these points are entirely unprotected. The enthusiasm of the inland population is inspiring, but cheers and editorials can not defend the rich cities of the sea-board. The cold truth is that at the present moment the United States, in comparison with England, is in about the position of a naked man who should go up against a man in armor.

It would be madness in us to plunge into a conflict while we are at this disadvantage. Before risking war we should have a navy at least distantly approaching that of Great Britain in number of ships and efficiency, and that is not to be had without the expenditure of a great deal of money and time. We have the money, and if we retain the possession of our wits, we will take the time. In a few years we can place ourselves in the rank we held at the close of the Civil War—that of the greatest naval power in the world. Let Congress supply the coin and the ships will appear, not magically, but in due season. The Union Iron Works of this city, for illustration, has just intimated to the Navy Department that it will build duplicates of the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* for \$2,250,000 each, with an addition of three per cent. for the expense of transporting material to the Pacific Coast—roughly speaking, for \$2,500,000 apiece. If, therefore, we wish to have as many ships as England, putting the estimate at 300 vessels, and if we wanted all of our new navy to be modern ships of the first class, the sum required would be \$750,000,000. This, of course, is a high estimate. Many of the vessels that swell England's total are torpedo-boats and other small craft costing much less. Suppose we cut the amount in two. For \$375,000,000 we would be equipped to meet the British on the seas. We

might as well, therefore, begin at once finding the \$375,000,000 for a navy, and set about building it without delay. Mr. Cleveland seems to be quite willing to plunge the country into war, but neither he nor his party have yet found out any means of raising the money for current expenses, much less for war. It is calculated by military experts that a very moderate system of coast defenses would cost at least \$200,000,000. This is even more important than the creation of a powerful navy. The latter is needful to carry out our new policy and inspire respect among foreign powers, but the former is vital for the preservation of our coast cities, particularly if we should happen to become embroiled with not England merely, but a coalition of three or four European countries, which is not impossible.

It is quite true that no combination of powers could conquer the United States. But at present any first-rate power could attack our coast cities and wreck them. That being so, we should not postpone until war is upon us the business of manufacturing our sword and shield.

We have been hearing much of late about James Monroe, but very little about George Washington. Two of the most striking pieces of advice given his countrymen by the great soldier and statesman who led our Revolutionary armies to success were, "Beware of foreign entanglements" and "In time of peace prepare for war." It seems to us that the words of Washington are more deeply impregnated with wisdom than are those of James Monroe. But things must be accepted as they exist. If the country believes that the Monroe doctrine means foreign entanglements, the nation must forthwith be placed upon a footing in accordance with this belief. If we are to entangle ourselves in the affairs of Venezuela, Cuba, Hawaii, Samoa, Chile, Armenia, and those of any people who want our assistance, it is merely the part of common sense that we should arm ourselves. Not to do so is folly. Yet the United States is utterly unprepared for any kind of war—it has no defenses against hostile fleets and it is even less prepared to carry on an offensive war in South America or elsewhere. Let us stop making faces, and arm. The contrast between our militant speech and our empty hands is liable to bring down upon us the contemptuous ridicule of the armed nations of the world.

California's delegation in Congress has given every sign that it is anxious to further legislation which shall enable the hydraulic miners to resume work under conditions that can do the farmers no injury. There is not a man of sense in the State who does not desire such legislation, for every man of sense understands how important an element in California's prosperity hydraulic mining is. Nevertheless, the delegation is hindered seriously, if not fatally, by the course of the Anti-Débris Association, which has sent from Sacramento to Congress a protest against any aid whatever being extended to the miners. The dispatches say that lawyers, solicitous for a continuance of the conflict which yields them fees, are behind this remarkable protest. It would seem so. The protest at best is equally unreasonable and untimely. Not only does it object to the resumption of mining on grounds that appeal exclusively to the agriculturist, but it lectures Congress on the unconstitutionality of the proposed relief bills. "The Government of the United States," say the Anti-Débris Association, "is committed to the preservation of the navigation of the rivers of the State. Hydraulic mining is a menace to that navigability. Hydraulic mining is a private business, and the government has no right to aid a private business." That logic is capable of an extension that would be as disastrous to river commerce and farming in the Sacramento Valley as to the hydraulic miners. Running steamboats on streams is a private business. Therefore the government has no right to aid a private business by spending money to preserve the navigability of the rivers. Farming is also a private business, which is made profitable in the Sacramento Valley, because the national treasury defrays the cost of dredging the streams and thus gives the ranchers cheap transportation of their products to market.

This argument, when employed against the miners by the

farmers, is as selfish as it is stupid. The miners have no right to destroy the property of the farmers. But they have as clear a right to ask that the government shall protect them in their business as the ranchers have. To prevent débris from flowing into the rivers is as much a governmental duty as dredging the streams after débris has flowed in. One way is to stop the miners from working, and shut down the mines. That is what the government is doing now. Another way is to allow the miners to work, but to prevent the débris from flowing into navigable streams. That is what the government ought to do. That is what the government may do, if the Sacramento Valley farmers will stop quarreling with the miners long enough for Congress to find out what California wants.

The equities of this matter are not obscure. Beyond question, the miners must not be allowed to fill the rivers with débris or injure agricultural lands. The latter are a permanent source of wealth which must be handed down to posterity, whereas mines are sooner or later exhausted. But that is not equivalent to saying that the mines shall not be worked. Capital has been lawfully invested in them, and their owners are entitled to conditions under which they may develop them, when it is practicable for engineering skill and money, in reason, to supply those conditions. That is all the miners ask. Mines that are so situated as to render impounding dams useless must remain unworked in the superior interest of agriculture and navigation. The government's interest in the gold mines of California is obvious. Gold mining is not purely a "private industry." As we have often said, California's gold mines are vital to the United States. If this State were suddenly to be wiped out of existence, she would be more missed than any State in the Union. Regardless of the many millions in gold she has poured into the National Treasury since 1849, it is sufficient to say that in the last four months twenty millions in gold have been shipped from California to the United States Treasury, and only eighteen months ago twenty millions more were shipped from here on a single train. Even with her hydraulic mines closed down, California is adding to the national wealth fifteen millions in gold every year. If those mines were in operation, she would soon be producing over thirty millions annually. The "hard times" which have hung over this State antedate the Democratic panic of 1893, although, of course, they were accentuated by that crisis. If all our mines were in operation, there would be no more "hard times" in this State.

The life of a great industry, one of high moment to the country as well as to those immediately engaged in it, is dependent upon the action of Congress. Representative Barham, in a letter to the supervisors of Sacramento County, says:

"I think it is the duty of this government to construct dams, impound the débris, and do all things necessary to allow the mines to be fully operated. This work should be done by the government to protect the farmer and preserve the navigable rivers of California. There is not the slightest reason for a conflict between the farmer and the miner on this subject."

That is entirely true. We presumed that the question had long ago advanced beyond the position taken by the Anti-Débris Association, and that intelligent Sacramento Valley farmers were as anxious as other people to see hydraulic-mining resumed. We took it for granted that they had come to know with Congressman Barham that "it is of the utmost importance to farmers that the mining interests of our State should be developed, since mining produces a home market for much of the products of the farm and puts in circulation millions of dollars in gold." But if the Sacramento farmers are blind to all interests save their own (which we can not believe, notwithstanding the protest of the Anti-Débris Association), the people of California have a broader judgment. Mining is looking up in this State. Capital is coming in, and more is wanted. It is comprehended by those who are able to appreciate our present industrial and commercial requirements that nothing is so much to be desired as a wide-spread reawakening of activity in the mining districts. That would stimulate every industry in the State, agriculture included, and drive out the hard times under which we have been so long suffering. It is to the common interest, therefore, that the hydraulic mines should not lie idle when by government aid they can be roused from the enforced sleep that has been so injurious to California. The Anti-Débris Association purports to represent the Sacramento Valley farmers. The remainder of the population ought to be heard by Congress through the press and otherwise. The question is not a local one, nor is any handful of men, farmers or others, entitled to speak for the whole of California.

As to the contention of the Anti-Débris Association, that government aid should not be extended to impound mining débris and prevent it from flowing into streams, we have this to say: The United States Government is at present sorely in need of gold; it has been borrowing it from numerous syndicates of bankers at home and foreign bank-

ers; it is now trying to raise gold by a so-called "popular loan," which in reality will be a bankers' loan; it paid to the Morgan Syndicate something like eighteen millions of profit in negotiating the last loan of one hundred millions. Now the mountains and foot-hills of California are full of gold. Many hundreds of millions could be taken from those auriferous beds if the government would impound the débris. Suppose the government had expended that eighteen-million "commission" to bankers in impounding dams. Is it "fostering a private industry" for the government to do that? And if it is, which is the better "private industry" for the government to foster—one by which employment is given to thousands of men; one by which the mines of a great State, now silent as by a wizard's wand, may again become quickened into life; a "private industry" by which new dollars are taken out of the ground, to be added to the national wealth, and a golden stream poured into the National Treasury? Or should the government foster a "private industry" by which a lot of Shylocks in Lombard Street, London, and Wall Street, New York, pour gold into one window of the Treasury and take it out at another? If the government is going to pay money for getting gold, it could infinitely better pay it out in this State by rendering hydraulic mining possible than by giving it up as virtual black-mail to European bankers.

There are things cropping up in the dispatches now and then, which tend to show what an interesting lot of people are the South American nations over whose troubles the people of this country are so eager to go to war. One of these is the fact, as cabled from Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, that "at an anti-English meeting, an effigy of Lord Salisbury was hanged by the neck to an improvised gibbet, dragged through the streets, and then shot to pieces." This is the people for whom we are trying to arrange a dispute with a country of which Salisbury is prime minister. Such proceedings do not seem calculated to allay animosities.

We note also in the dispatches that President Crespo, chief executive of Venezuela, has gone to Macao, accompanied by his body-guard of three hundred and fifty men! President Cleveland takes his walks and drives abroad without any body-guard at all; Lord Salisbury drives to his office in Downing Street in a plain carriage, without any pomp or any soldiers. But President Crespo knows his loving Venezuelans better than we do; he probably knows that he needs a strong body-guard. He is doubtless right. If he finishes his term without being shot or hanged, or if he does not steal everything in sight, and then flee the country, as his predecessor, Guzman Blanco, did, he will differ from most Spanish-American presidents.

Admiral Gherardi, who is a stout-hearted American tar, and therefore by no means a man of peace, does not speak very highly of these South Americans, for whom he will have to fight, if Mr. Cleveland brings on his war. The admiral says in an interview: "These South Americans do not like us. You can not depend upon their word. They have no true republics there, as we use the term. They have no use for us except to protect them. But none the less, we shall not allow Great Britain to interfere with Venezuela, not because we love her, but because she is on this side of the water."

As a final and somewhat ludicrous comment on the thrifty attitude of our friends, the Venezuelans, toward the United States, we note in a Caracas dispatch a statement to the effect that the Venezuelan Government has just ordered a large quantity of war supplies. And where? In Germany.

This caps the climax. The United States generously offers to hack up with her ships, her guns, and the bodies of her citizens this squalid greaser country in its boundary disputes. Venezuela handsomely accepts this offer to protect her from European aggression, and then proceeds to buy her war material, not from us, but from Europe.

A fortnight ago we printed an article in these columns on the decline of marriage in San Francisco, in which there appeared a comparison with the marriage statistics in Eastern cities. Several communications have been sent to us regarding this article, and as all of them are in about the same strain, the printing of a single one will probably represent the other writers. All of those who have criticised the article are women, and all seem to take the view expressed in the following communication:

MY DEAR ARGONAUT: I notice that you are once more concerned to know why our young men do not marry. If you really want to know, I will tell you. It is this: Not the woman and not the man alone is to blame, but that peculiar phase of society that declares, as you do, that woman is intended by the Almighty to be a Creature to administer to the comfort and pleasure of the man, and never a human Individual in her own right—that social decree which countenances and maintains the unfortunate class which Aldrich calls "The Modern Andromeda," in his poem on another page of your last issue. I know an hundred and one marriageable young men, straight,

and tall, and fair to look upon; and maidens enough who are sweet, and good, and womanly. I certainly maintain that the maidens would not say them nay, and yet among them there is no marrying.

It is the young men who weigh and ponder, and finally reject or neglect the lot of matrimony. Why is this? It is because society has seen to it that the young man does not, humanly and naturally, need marriage. Society permits marriage to be a luxury merely, that he may take or leave, according as he chooses to pay the price or no. Otherwise the young girl whom he meets in her home would be so sweet and dear to him that he would soon be married, because he would have been honestly and naturally "in love."

M. L. W. C.

"M. L. W. C." says that it is neither the woman nor the man who is to blame for the decline of matrimony, but "that peculiar phase of society that declares, as you [we] do, that woman is intended by the Almighty to be a Creature to administer to the comfort and pleasure of the man, and never a human Individual in her own right—that social decree which countenances and maintains the unfortunate class."

We may remark that the *Argonaut* has never maintained that woman "is intended by the Almighty to be a creature to administer to the comfort and pleasure of the man," but, on the contrary, has steadfastly advocated the right of woman to decide whether she shall or shall not marry, the right to earn her livelihood, and, in short, the right to assert her own individuality. We have also pointed out, it is true, that the inculcation of this spirit of independence—which we believe to be the inherent right of every human being—is detrimental to matrimony. Men are not attracted by women of such extreme independence of thought and character. But the choice rests with the women. If they choose to exercise the God-given attributes of independence of thought and action, and thereby relinquish the many softer and more womanly qualities which attract men, it is their right to do so. We do not condemn them. On the contrary, every human being, whether man or woman, who develops to the utmost that which in them lies, has our honest admiration.

As to the "social decree which countenances and maintains the unfortunate class," permit us to point out to our correspondent that all social questions and all social decrees are regulated entirely by women. Men have little to do with the Draconian laws which control the female sex. The "unfortunate class" of which our correspondent speaks are women, and they are the daughters of women. There is a French proverb which says: "Like mother, like daughter." Chaste mothers will conceive and rear chaste daughters, as a rule. If all the women in the world were chaste, there would be no unchaste men. Further than that, it is the women themselves who control the "social decrees." Those decrees affect the treatment of men as well as women. Do good women hallow unchaste men? Do good mothers refuse wealthy suitors for their daughters' hands when these wealthy suitors have led unchaste lives? If that be the fact, it is not patent to the casual observer.

But as we have said, the reformation of society rests entirely with the women. Let them begin with reforming the unchaste of their own sex; when they have accomplished that, there will be no unchaste men—necessarily. They might begin by attempting to reform the men, but that would be beginning at the wrong end.

The pleasant intelligence comes from Chicago that all the newspapers there have united in an agreement that after February 1st they will abandon the use of chromos as gifts to subscribers, and also discontinue the various guessing prizes and other cheap-john devices for attracting the weak-minded and increasing their circulation.

The proprietors of the Chicago journals have discovered some facts that ought to be instructive to the press of the whole country. When one of them began offering pictures or lottery prizes, its competitors followed suit. Therefore, none derived a special advantage. Such has been the race for preëminence in this line that some of the Chicago papers occasionally expended as much as two or three thousand dollars for colored pictures for a single number. The proprietors met recently and compared experiences. They figured out that they were paying six hundred thousand dollars a year for these stimulants to subscribers, and getting next to nothing in return, as the people thus induced to take any given paper were not of a class who could be held. Each paper as it hid for them got them in turn. The net result of giving away more than half a million dollars a year was stationary subscription lists and poorer newspapers. So these able editors have determined to quit throwing money out of the window and use it in improving their newspapers.

The *Argonaut* congratulates the Chicago publishers on their late awakening to a state of facts that ought to have been obvious without an illuminating resort to experiment. And the congratulations go to the readers of the Chicago newspapers also. We predict that a material increase in circulation will follow.

At present all the "great dailies" everywhere, from New

York to San Francisco, are practicing the folly of which the Chicago press is about to cure itself, and the public—the civilized public—is more than weary of it. Newspapers must be taken. They are as necessary to existence as the visits of the butcher and baker. But when a man subscribes for a paper in order that he may keep himself informed on what is going forward in the world, he would rather be spared pages of matter which shout to him that the publishers of the sheet are engaged in other lines of business than journalism. Appeals to him in black type to solve "mystery pages," guess at the number of letters in a forthcoming mammoth edition, endeavor to tell how a half-finished story should end, try his luck at the bean-jar game by cutting out a coupon and inclosing ten cents therewith to the business-office—all this is an intolerable impertinence and a heavy offense. The subscriber pays for a newspaper, not the advertising circular of a publisher who is feverishly running a kind of country fair as a side-show, with the equivalents of thimble-rigging, roulette, faro, and pool-box all complete. The publisher who does this takes as great a liberty as would the butcher or baker who, after delivering in the area what had been ordered, should mount the front steps, ring the door-bell, and invite the householder to engage in a game of three-card monte there and then, or to step around the corner and patronize the fine mock auction which the enterprising tradesman was conducting in addition to his bakery or butchery. Should one's hatter or tailor hire a brass band to go around daily and serenade his patrons, the joyful procession including transparencies urging them to purchase tickets in raffles for watches and turkeys, the proceeding would be as seemly as is the conduct of the newspaper proprietor who hells through his publication demands on defenseless readers to play at his various games—none of which are intended for the reader's benefit, but all for that of the modest proprietor.

The return of the Chicago press to journalism will, let us hope, provoke emulation. There will be a wide-spread desire to see newspapers that are simply newspapers—journals that have no street-fakir attachments. It must be that a marked gain in dignity and interest will result. The current newspaper has no dignity, since most of the intellectual energy employed in its production exhausts itself in efforts to imitate the wandering night merchant who, under a flaring lamp, puts on a false nose and twangs a hanjo to draw a crowd. As for interest, the judicious confine themselves strictly to the news, which must be hunted through jungles of tangled typography and oozy masses of useless writing.

The Chicago newspapers, having put themselves under a new and better law, will necessarily develop in obedience to that law. They commit themselves to a kind of journalism the coming of which will relieve existence of a daily exasperation. The chromo gone, the guessing contest closed, and the mystery page melted down, the brains of the officers will, we humbly trust, go into the paper, and the editor instead of the business-manager become the important figure of the establishment. How gladly, how gratefully would the average man in every American city welcome a newspaper that should give him only the news, and the news prepared in such a way as to make the marvelous enterprise of the publisher in getting it a secondary matter. A sedate paper, shorn of callopie head-lines, reduced to a few pages, and dispensing with the witty reporter—that is one of the dreams of modern life which all but a few sanguine beings had given up expecting to see realized. But the Chicago example will lead to that—slowly, yet, we believe, surely. Twenty years ago there were such newspapers. A vile success or two, like Storey's Chicago *Times* and Pulitzer's New York *World*, swung the journalistic pendulum away from them. Now the new departure in Chicago indicates that it is about to swing back again.

It is already evident that President Cleveland did not at the time realize the full force of the language used by him in his celebrated "war message." This was shown by the panic into which he was plunged by the crash in Wall Street—with which he is so intimately connected by personal and business relations—as well as by his wild appeal to Congress in his supplementary message two days after the first, and immediately following the stock-brokers' panic. This fact is further borne out by his remarks on Senator Davis's resolution "extending" the Monroe doctrine. According to a Washington dispatch, he authorized Senator Smith, of New Jersey, to say for him: "I regard the Davis resolution as mischievous, inopportune, and unfortunate." The dispatch further says that Mr. Cleveland believes that "the policy adopted by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations strikes at the heart of the principle of arbitration."

He is unquestionably right. But we are sorry he is making the discovery at this late day. He himself struck a blow at the principle of arbitration when he issued his famous "war message." It was couched in such language

that it left Great Britain absolutely nothing to do but to retreat, and left her no avenue whatever by which to retreat gracefully. In the language of diplomacy, it was a "mise en demeure"—a curt demand to do something at once, with an implied threat of war if it he not done.

Great Britain has been sincerely trying, ever since Mr. Cleveland's message amazed the world, to find some way to yield to the demands of the United States without unnecessary humiliation. She has no desire for war, least of all with this country, and has trouble enough on her hands without quarreling with us. But Mr. Cleveland's language has left her no way out of the difficulty. European diplomats are trained in the use of words; they do not expect equal care from American statesmen, who have no diplomatic training. That they are right in not expecting it is shown by the extraordinary mess into which Ambassador Bayard has plunged himself through indiscreet talk. That gentleman, ambassador from one great nation to another, has been making public speeches in a foreign land, and sharply criticising the government of his own country with a freedom that would have been impossible to the youngest *attaché* of a Bulgarian legation—even when drunk.

Therefore it is that Europe, despite its wonder at Mr. Cleveland's language, did not consider it as a declaration of war—which it certainly would have done had it come from one European nation to another. So considering it, Europe did not expect England to look upon it in that light. It was the unanimous opinion of European diplomatists that while on the face of it the message practically constituted a declaration of war, in reality it was not to be so taken, in view of the ignorance of diplomatic usage of the person who wrote it. These facts have leaked into Mr. Cleveland's understanding during the last four weeks. The further fact that England is trying to come to some understanding with the United States and Venezuela—if Venezuela and the United States will permit her to do so—has also trickled into his brain. Above all, his millionaire friends in Wall Street, who fear that war will "break stocks," are bringing strong pressure to bear upon him to "relieve the tension." These are the reasons why Mr. Cleveland's mind is undergoing a great change. These are the reasons why he looks upon Senator Davis's resolution—which a month ago was right in line with the Cleveland "war message"—as "mischievous, inopportune, and unfortunate."

We have before had occasion to remark on the inefficient way in which vital statistics are kept by the health board in San Francisco. When BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN SAN FRANCISCO. MAX O'Rell made his celebrated slurs on the women of San Francisco, by stating that the illegitimate birth-rate here was four times higher than in Paris, we found it impossible to ascertain at the health office here what the illegitimate birth-rate was in San Francisco. We were simply told that "no statistics were kept of illegitimate births." It would be difficult to tell why—such statistics are kept in all the large cities of the world. However, it appears from recent developments that not only are there no figures concerning illegitimate births kept in San Francisco, but that all the statistics concerning births are so inadequately kept that they are false upon their face. During the last fiscal year, for example, the figures of the health office show that 3,697 males died, and 1,160 males were born. This is an excess of male deaths over births of 2,537 per annum, which is ridiculous. If the depopulation of males continued at that rate, in another generation there would be few males left. San Francisco would then come to resemble Paraguay at the time when nearly all her male citizens had been killed off in a bloody civil war; we should find the few remnants of the male population of San Francisco seated each in a circle of adoring females, who would ceaselessly roll cigarettes for him and listen to him talk through his *sombrero*.

But the trouble is not with the birth-rate, or with the males or females of San Francisco, but with the health office. If there is any industry which is suffering in San Francisco, it is not the hahy industry. During the hard times of the last three years, the hahy industry has met with no set-back. In the richer quarters of the city, you see, on every pleasant afternoon, countless nurse-maids propelling in perambulators goggle-eyed if aristocratic infants; in Golden Gate Park every day when it is not stormy, you may see swell equipages rolling by with liveried lackeys, the inside occupied only by nurses and hahies. In the poorer quarters of the city, the thriving condition of the hahy industry is even more notable; the babies there are so numerous that you are apt to step on them.

No: there are many sins of omission and commission which may be laid at San Francisco's door, but not that. Her parsons may get into trouble; her streets may be badly paved and ill cleaned; her wrangling clergymen may split the heavens with their controversial yells—but San Francisco goes on serenely propagating and multiplying,

according to the Scriptural injunction. Therefore it is that the figures of her health office are not only unjust, but, as we have said, ludicrously false upon their face.

For example, statistics show that Buffalo, which now claims a population of 335,060, has an average monthly birth-rate of 746; Milwaukee, which now claims a population of 250,000, has an average monthly birth-rate of 644; while San Francisco, with a population about the same (say 320,000), has an average monthly birth-rate of 359. It is possible that our death-rate may be higher than that of these inland cities, although we do not think so; but it is preposterous that our birth-rate should be so low.

We recommend to the San Francisco Health Board a method of procedure which was found very effective in New York a few years ago. The health department there experienced the same difficulty in keeping its vital statistics accurately. They simply began arresting and fining all physicians who failed to report births, and all clergymen who failed to report marriages. It worked beautifully. The most careless medico, the most procrastinating parson, after one arrest, never repeated his offense. We hope the health board here will try this simple plan.

An interesting and novel question came up this week in the San Francisco Superior Court before Judge Slack. A washerwoman, one Elizabeth Cavanagh, won a lottery prize of fifteen thousand dollars, which she immediately invested in real estate, recording it in her own name. At this her husband, Maurice Cavanagh, took umbrage, fearing that he and their four children might be left unprovided for. He has brought suit to have Mrs. Cavanagh's real estate declared community property.

Under the Civil Code of California, "All property owned by the husband (or wife) before marriage and that acquired afterward by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, with the rents, issues, and profits thereof, is his (or her) separate property." The code further says: "All other property acquired after marriage by either the husband or the wife, or both, is community property." From this it is evident that the point will be a difficult one to decide. Mrs. Cavanagh's attorneys will take the ground that the lottery prize was "a gift," hence not community property.

But lotteries are illegal under the law of this State. Was not the acquisition of the fifteen thousand dollars by Mrs. Cavanagh *contra bonos mores*? Can the court take cognizance of the method of its acquisition when it is without the law? Here he fine points for the lawyers.

But whatever may be the result of this case, it has brought to light another corroboration of the gamblers' belief in "washerwoman's luck." The mystic figures "4-11-44," which have been used in jokes without number, and whose origin so few understand, were once played by a washerwoman in a New York "policy shop," winning her a fabulous sum—for a washerwoman. In "policy-shop" circles they were thereafter known as "the washerwoman's gig," and were played persistently for years, but they never won again. The quarrel in the Cavanagh family shows that there are lucky washerwomen in San Francisco as well as in New York.

Washington dispatches say that Justice Stephen J. Field is "willing to retire if he is allowed to name his own successor." We do not believe that these statements are correct, and even if they were, we do not believe that President Cleveland would allow Judge Field to name his own successor. There is no love lost between the two men. Judge Field has often been reputed as saying that he was determined to retain his office until the end of the present Democratic administration, in order to prevent Cleveland from appointing his successor. Cleveland is a tolerably stubborn man, but so is Judge Field. The aged justice is still in full possession of his mental faculties, and there are younger men on the Supreme Bench who can not do as much work as he. We hope that he will stick to his determination and to his post. If he retains his position until the end of the present Democratic administration, there will be no danger of Mr. Cleveland's packing the Supreme Bench to pass the iniquitous Democratic income-tax bill.

The recent wide-spread rain-storm has practically insured a bounteous wheat-crop in California. A short crop in Australia, and reported short crops in India and Argentina, have sent wheat booming upward. It rose in one day this week from \$1.11 to \$1.14½. It looks as if the 80-cent wheat of the Democratic panic days were a thing of the past. Now, if Mr. Cleveland does not declare war on the world, we shall have plenty of wheat to sell and plenty of purchasers. If he does declare war, our farmers will have to leave the plow and go and fight in Venezuelan jungles. Then wheat will go higher, but we shall be buying it.

CLEVELAND'S
CHANGE OF
HEART.

LOVE MY DOG.

A Simple Tale of Army Life, with Various and Assorted Morals.

Duffy was the property of Caldwell, of the Tenth, and was looked upon in the light of an inheritance, having come down to him from Wentworth—of the same—when the latter had been ordered away.

Caldwell went into Wentworth's quarters at once, and found Duffy rubbing up a pair of his ex-master's discarded boots, with a view to using them himself. He liked the man's looks and he liked the condition of the vacated quarters, with their slate-gray painted wood-work, so he took the quarters and agreed to take Duffy at a striker's usual rate of remuneration.

Duffy entered promptly upon his duties, and was entirely satisfactory. He had no incumbrances in the way of family or sweethearts, and he was faithful to a degree that was occasionally exasperating. For six months he served Caldwell in singleness of purpose, having in that time been incapacitated only for six days; that is, for forty-eight hours after each of the paymaster's visits; and Caldwell, knowing the ways of strikers, made no objection. Duffy slept uproariously in his room, and Caldwell made his own fires, and brushed his own clothes, and went with unblackened boots. In the interim, no hour was too early for rising, none too late to sit up and keep logs on the andirons that the rooms might be warm and cheerful for the "leftinant," no duty imposed too arduous, provided it served Caldwell's ends.

Blackstone, seeing the excellence of Duffy, departed from the strict code of honesty in the matter of servants which governs the army, and made overtures to the model striker. Blackstone had no business to do it, and Duffy knew it, and a fine and inscrutable grin came upon his Hibernian mouth.

Blackstone had said, with an assumption of off-handedness: "Duffy, what do you get?"

Having due regard for his employer's credit in the world, he answered, calmly: "Twenty dollars, sor."

"Get out!" said Blackstone.

"Yes, sor," replied Duffy.

"I want to know the truth, not lies like that."

"Ye'd best ask the leftinant, sor. I disremember."

"He works you deuced bard."

"Does be, then?"

"My man is no good. Suppose you come to me. You won't have to sit up to all bours for me."

Duffy only smiled, but the smile was not pleasing.

"What do you think of it, Duffy?"

"I niver think, sor. The leftinant says I'm to do as I'm told and not think."

Upon this Blackstone went away, and Duffy saluted him respectfully. In justice to the officer's common sense, it must be said that it was only partial intoxication which could have led him to place himself in such a position toward a soldier.

Duffy did not repeat the conversation to Caldwell, because he knew it would make trouble between the two men, and Caldwell—whose disposition was not of the mildest—bad several quarrels on his hands as it was.

The lieutenant fell into the habit of keeping the striker up very late, night after night, so Duffy inspected his pockets several times in succession while Caldwell was sleeping as soundly as if justice had been the soporific, and not, as was the case, sutler's whisky; and he judged, from the fact that sometimes there was much loose change and again almost nothing, that his master was playing too much at cards. There was nothing to be done. Duffy did not consider that his duties as striker included the moral guidance of his superior. He reflected that it would be a good thing if Caldwell should get married; only then be, Duffy, would very likely lose his place. So he sat up night after night, and it grew monotonous.

Just at this period there came into Duffy's life a yellow and white dog. Exactly why it should have wandered to the door upon one wet and freezing night when Duffy was in a particularly weary frame of mind, and where it came from, he never knew. It was well after midnight, and Duffy was sprawled in a leather chair of the troop saddler's manufacture, dozing with both ears open, when there came a scratching at the door. Duffy thought it was the lieutenant trying to find the knob. It had never been so bad as that yet, nevertheless the striker went and opened the door, to be rewarded by the sight of an extremely small and miserable dog, with piteous eyes.

Now Duffy was only a soldier, and a soldier loves nothing on earth or in heaven as he does a cur; so Duffy called the dog in, and warmed it and fed it, and watched it with satisfaction beaming all over his face. It was spotted and dirty and wounded and woefully thin, but Duffy took it to his heart. He spent three nights before the fire, no longer lonely, contentedly trying to find a name for that dog. At last he determined to call it "Bessie," after the much-admired daughter of the commanding officer, and with a complete disregard for the entire inappropriateness of the name.

After he had settled this to his satisfaction, he tried to discover accomplishments in the creature. "Here, Bessie, old boy. Set up now, set up. Can't you set up? Well, then, give us your paw, here, paw, paw, now. Can't you give us your paw? Well, then, lie down; charge, charge, charge—down, lie down, down. Can't you charge? Well, then, speak, speak, Bessie, sp-e-a-k, speak now. Wow!—speak." But Bessie could only follow him with his bright, curious eyes and come when called. So the solace of many more hours of patient waiting lay in teaching Bessie these and many other tricks, until he was the most accomplished dog in all the garrison and greatly beloved at the barracks. Duffy was a little annoyed about the comment the inappropriate name called forth, but he insisted that it was as good as another, and the incongruity was soon lost in Bessie's popularity.

Caldwell saw the dog only on rare occasions. It stayed in its master's room, and slept on his bed, and waxed fat in retirement. He had spoken to it several times, but otherwise took no notice of its existence, which secretly irritated Duffy. But Caldwell was preoccupied, and not quite himself. He came home a good deal the worse for wine one night, and Bessie, being in his way, got a kick that sent him crouching to his master's side. Caldwell might far better have kicked Duffy; however, the striker understood and sympathized with the lieutenant's condition. He himself could never have kicked a dog, even after pay-day, but all men are not alike; so Duffy petted Bessie and shut him up in his own room, and returned to look after the bodily comfort of his master.

This—considering the wine—was pardonable; but the next offense could not be condoned. It occurred in broad daylight and Caldwell was sober. He had been having an explanation with the commanding officer, and that gentleman had made reflection upon some of the lieutenant's fast growing habits that had exasperated the already over-worried junior almost beyond endurance. He strode into his quarters and found Duffy, who was not expecting him, dividing his attention between Bessie's charms and the buckle of his master's belt. Now Bessie's disposition inclined him to forgive; he ran to Caldwell, looked up to his face with soft, affectionate eyes, and put his little paws, one yellow and one white, upon his knee. Caldwell did not dare to kick the commandant, but he kicked Bessie—and broke the yellow paw. It was the one always beld out to Duffy to greet him.

Duffy bandaged the paw, and in time it grew well. But Duffy bated Caldwell with the most dangerous of hatreds—a silent and a waiting one.

Caldwell's habits did not improve. His fondness for whisky, whether good or bad, continued. He had good whisky in his room, and Duffy knew it; for he belonged to the old school of strikers who do not look upon cigars or liquor as private property.

One day, after Bessie's foot was well, Duffy went to get a drink, because his spirits were low. There was very little whisky in the decanter, barely half a glassful, and an idea suddenly flashed into the striker's mind. Caldwell was officer of the day. He never started to make the rounds without taking enough liquor to keep him warm, and Duffy knew it and saw his revenge laid bare.

The striker took Bessie for a walk over to the hospital, to show the steward the mended paw.

"Say!" said Duffy, "I've got the toothache. I didn't sleep none last night. Hev ye got some—what's that ye give me once? Laudanum, was it? Kin ye let me bev a bit?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," the steward answered, and went into the dispensary to get it.

"Shall I take all that?" inquired the striker, with sweet simplicity.

"Lord! no, man. Put some on cotton and stick it in the tooth."

"Ob! And what wud it do to me if I wuz to swallow it? Wud it kill me?"

"No, there ain't enough for that. It would put you pretty fast asleep, though."

"Oh!" said Duffy again.

Then Bessie went through his tricks for the steward, and trotted back home at his master's heels.

That night Caldwell finished the whisky in the decanter, and grumbled that the sutler was selling him vile-tasting stuff, then started off a little while afterward to make his rounds. The next day he was under arrest—for drunkenness on duty.

And Duffy, who had, with well-played reluctance, given some of the most damaging testimony in regard to Caldwell's habits at the court-martial, which dismissed the latter, said good-bye to the disgraced man with a sparkle—which was not of tears—in his eyes; and he told Bessie to give the "leftinant the right paw." Which was the yellow one.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1896.

The ship *Mowhan*, now in Portland, took on board as ballast, on leaving Belfast, two thousand tons of Irish soil, which, when leveled off, made quite a stretch of ground, and the ship's company proceeded to put it to good use by planting a stock of garden truck in it. The seeds came up all right, and the plants flourished finely, and, when the ship was in the tropics, grew with great rapidity. As they progressed toward the Horn, and the weather grew colder, things came to perfection rapidly. The crew and ship's apprentices amused themselves by weeding and cultivating the plants, and all bad green vegetables to their heart's content. As they came around the Horn, the garden was replanted. The only drawback to the garden were the weeds, which grew so rapidly that they could hardly be kept down.

The young Czarina flatly refuses to conform to certain Russian customs—smoking, for instance. She has requested her ladies-in-waiting not to approach her if there is an odor of tobacco on their clothes. All the Russian grand duchesses smoke like chimneys, including the Czarina's sister, the Grand Duchess Sergius. On entering a room, one day, where several of these ladies were enjoying cigarettes, her imperial majesty looked reprovingly round, and said: "I consider a cigarette in a woman's mouth is as bad as an oath in a man's."

It is more than thirty years since the last gun of the Civil War was fired, and we are still paying, for interest and pensions, more than three millions of dollars a week as the cost of that struggle.

Dimmick, the great elephant-catcher, is authority for the statement that but twenty-four white elephants have been caught since the commencement of the Christian era.

A MILLIONAIRE ACTRESS.

Max Lebaudy Leaves Twenty Millions of Francs to Mlle. de Marsy—How he was Black-Mailed, Hounded, and Driven to Death—Arrest of the Black-Mailers.

A pistol-shot to-day opened up a perfect net-work of scandal and black-mail. M. Meyer, a banker, committed suicide by shooting himself in the office of his bank. It is believed that he was one of those suspected of black-mailing Lebaudy. A few days ago another banker, M. Balensi, who also was charged with black-mailing Lebaudy, and for whom warrants were out, absconded, leaving liabilities amounting to six millions of francs. Balensi is said to have black-mailed Lebaudy out of two millions of francs. Four days ago, one Count Cesti, who also claims to be a "banker," was arrested on a charge of having black-mailed Lebaudy out of one million francs. On the ninth of January, the Viscount Elric de Civry was arrested, charged with black-mailing Lebaudy out of a large sum, amount unspecified. This viscount is a grandson of the crazy Charles, Duke of Brunswick, and his English left-handed wife. He was also a pretended friend of Lebaudy and his confidential secretary at a salary of fifty thousand francs a year.

The arrest which has caused the greatest sensation, however, is that of M. Rosenthal, a well-known newspaper writer, whose pen-name is "Jacques St. Cere." The police claim to have documents showing that Rosenthal promised to secure Lebaudy's discharge from the army for four millions of francs. He appears to have received twenty-five thousand francs on account. The position of this fellow may be understood when I say that he is one of the leading writers of the Paris *Figaro*, and that he has been the accredited Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* for several years. He also writes regularly for that elegantly vicious weekly, *La Vie Parisienne*. He was a prominent figure in that circle of Parisian society known as the *haute finance*, which includes rich foreigners, rich bankers, and rich Jews. He even had a salon of his own in the Rue Auber, and it is at his apartment there that the police found the incriminating papers which resulted in his arrest. For some time this little Rosenthal has imposed himself on the *Figaro*, the New York *Herald*, and Paris generally, as an authority on foreign politics. It is now said that he is in the pay of Germany, but then they always say that in France about any disgraced journalist. However, there is nothing too bad to say of Rosenthal, for a black-mailer is a creature to be despised of all men. It is whispered that Rosenthal intends to betray some of the other newspaper black-mailers who have been dipping their fingers into Lebaudy's millions, and who also, it appears, have organized a sort of swindling syndicate for the purpose of levying black-mail on the Monte Carlo gambling-hell. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald* says nothing about the arrest of its trusted correspondent, but the *Figaro* weeps over him.

Altogether the black-mailing revelations are the sensation of the day. About the only person near to Lebaudy who appears not to have robbed him was his mistress, Mlle. de Marsy. She seems to have been loyal and faithful to him to the end. She may have had interested motives, as she was an actress, whose connection with the Comédie-Française brought her in not more than twenty-five thousand francs a year. But there were other women with whom Max Lebaudy had much to do who were more mercenary, and Mlle. Marsy certainly has won the sympathy of Paris in her loss of her lover, even if he did leave her some millions.

The story of the death of Lebaudy has been told frequently of late. It is only necessary to say that the French nation is heartily ashamed of the conduct of its army officials. Lebaudy was conscripted, and had to serve his term as other and poorer men do. But because he was a millionaire, the Socialist newspapers denounced his superior officers for granting him the slightest indulgences. He was hounded and driven from pillar to post, and if he was granted a furlough of forty-eight hours—which he usually spent at the race-track, because he was very fond of horses—an outcry in the Socialistic press would so scare his officers that he would be at once recalled. He was a poor little creature with weak lungs, and his constitution was undermined by dissipation. He was utterly unable to keep up under the hardships of barrack life, and was soon sent to the hospital. But because one of the military hospitals was near the little cottage occupied by his inamorata, Mlle. Marsy—a little cottage which she called the "Villa Fanny"—and because he occasionally, through the indulgence of the surgeon in charge of the hospital, was able to spend a day at her little cottage, again the outcry was raised. He was driven from place to place, from one hospital to another, until finally he brought up in a military hospital which was filled with soldiers returned from Antananarivo, with Madagascar fever. This finished him, and the poor little devil died.

Mlle. Marsy was with little Lebaudy when he died. By special permission of the chief surgeon of the hospital, she was allowed to be by his side. The fever from which he had suffered had brought on congestion of the lungs, and owing to their weak condition, he succumbed. She wrote to a friend: "Poor boy. I had, at any rate, the consolation of being able to stay with him to the last." According to the friends of Mlle. Marsy, she and Lebaudy were to have been married if he had lived. His share of his father's estate amounts to about twenty-seven millions of francs. He has spent a great deal of it, but it is only a couple of years since he came into his fortune, and it is probable that he has left at least twenty millions of francs. He will leave her the richest woman in Europe.

So all that the newspaper black-mailers and the howlers of the Radical press have accomplished is to drive a poor little devil to death who would have died in any event in a few years, and to have made a poor actress one of the multi-millionaires of the world.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, January 11, 1896.

VENEZUELA.

The South American Republic Described by One who Knows—
The Country, the People, and its Commercial Possibilities—Venezuelan Admiration for the United States.

La Guayra is the sea-port of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. It is a typical Spanish-American town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is strung picturesquely along a narrow beach, with only one street worthy the name, a rather pretentious custom-house, and the usual cathedrals and plazas. The town has a sleepy air, is possessed of beggars and fleas galore, and is the hottest spot on earth; nevertheless, it is a busy place, being connected with other countries by no less than eight lines of steamers, and it exports enormous quantities of coffee, cocoa, and cabinet-woods—principally to the United States. Just back of the town is a mountain, glistening with myriad tints as it rises up eight thousand feet, wall and battlement running up the spurs of the great eminence, while beyond and around tower innumerable peaks of the Venezuelan range of the Andes.

La Guayra has an interesting history. Above the city, among the rocks, are the remains of old Spanish forts, which have been the scenes of many bloody conflicts with the pirates who were once so plentiful in these parts. High upon the mountain-side is an old castle, now a heap of ruins, which was at one time the residence of the governor of the Spanish colonies, and it is now haloed with a wealth of legends as romantic as those of the castled Rhine. Here it was, as readers of Kingsley's charming novel, "Westward, Ho!" will remember, that the Rose of Devon lived an unhappy life with her Spanish husband, and where she was sought and found by Aymas and Frank Leigh.

Caracas, the capital, is just beyond the range of mountains that rises behind La Guayra. The two cities are only five miles apart by air line, but the railroad journey between them is twenty-four miles, owing to the fact that the road is compelled to go around and tunnel through the mountains. The trains run slowly and with caution, and it requires about three hours to reach the capital. The scenery is of Alpine grandeur, with now and then glimpses of most inviting valleys, all lustre and brightness, with their birds of bright plumage, and golden sunshine, and gayly painted blossoms. Far above, the fleecy clouds drape the mountain peaks, and in the distance is seen the flashing waters of the sea.

Caracas is one of the most delightful places of residence in the world. The thermometer registers about sixty degrees at midnight and mounts to eighty at noon; but there is always a refreshing breeze from the ocean. The city lies in a deep, narrow valley, or depression, through which a river of sweet water flows, and all around are the snow-clad mountains. The houses are of uniform appearance, grouped compactly in monotonous squares, white, flat-roofed, with red tiles, with iron-barred windows, built of adobe, and, owing to the frequency of earthquakes, rarely above one story. In the great earthquake of 1812, every building went down and over twenty thousand people were killed. Yet Caracas is a handsome and modern city of eighty thousand people.

It is a federal district, like our own Washington, with a governor selected by the president. In a little room occupied by the governor, the declaration of Venezuelan independence was signed, and upon the wall is a picture commemorating the event. Beside it, in a rich gilt frame, hangs the most precious relic in all South America—the banner Pizarro carried in the conquest of Peru. It is of beautiful silk, once a deep pink but now badly faded, about four feet square, and bears a blazon of the Spanish arms, embroidered in gold. A marriage registry is also kept in this room, for the government does not acknowledge the authority of the Roman Catholic Church to solemnize marriages, and a civil ceremony is necessary to legitimate wedlock.

In the midst of a fine plaza is the imposing capitol building, the Palacio Federal. It covers two acres, is of two stories, and is said to be the tallest structure in the city. In the centre of the building is a circular park, paved with marble, and filled with fountains, statuary, rare flowers, and singing birds. A wide balcony overlooks it. In the east end of the capitol is a long room, uncarpeted, the floor being of inlaid woods of variegated colors, in which the official balls and receptions are held. The offices of the state officials are in the two wings of the palace, and in the west end are the halls of congress—the Senate and the Deputies.

Congress assembles on the twentieth of February of each year. Venezuela is divided into twenty States, one federal district, and one territory (Amazonas), and each State is entitled to two senators, elected for a term of four years by the direct vote of the people. The Chamber of Deputies has one member for each twenty-five thousand population, elected for two years by the people. Every second year, immediately after organizing for a session, the congress elects sixteen of its own members as a council whose duty it is to select from its members a president of the republic and two vice-presidents, by ballot. This council is supposed to be always in session, possesses arbitrary powers, and is intended as a check upon the president. When Guzman Blanco was president, however, the council was a mere figure-head, and, for that matter, so was congress.

Caracas has an excellent police system, extensive water-works, a fine street-car service; it is lighted by electricity; it has a telephone exchange, with over five hundred subscribers, and branch lines to other cities; and the postal and telegraph facilities are of praiseworthy efficiency. Three hundred years ago, that prince of pirates, Sir Francis Drake, captured and pillaged Caracas, and in more recent years the city and country suffered again at the hands of a typical South American politician—Antonio Guzman Blanco. Yet his régime was of great benefit to Venezuela, and his career is interesting. He was born in Caracas in 1830, and his father was the private secretary of the famous Bolivar, the George Washington of Venezuela. Guzman was born in an atmosphere of revolution, and, when a mere boy, he became a soldier and led a checkered

and eventful life until the year 1875, when a successful revolution elevated him to the presidency.

During the following eighteen years his authority in the republic was absolute. He was the "boss" of Venezuela. While an able, courageous, and crafty man, he was exceedingly vain. He caused numerous statues, bearing highly laudatory descriptions of himself, to be erected in the plazas of every city and town of the country. He was true to his friends, however, as he was relentless to his foes, and he gave the republic peace and prosperity. Venezuela had always been a Roman Catholic country, and the priests were its real rulers. President Blanco, though born and raised a Roman Catholic, possessed sense enough to see that this was all wrong, and had the resolution necessary to remedy it. He defied the Pope, and suppressed all the monasteries and convents, drove out the priests and nuns, and confiscated all church property, using it for educational purposes. The congress, at his dictation, passed a law declaring the church of Venezuela to be independent of the Roman Episcopate, and ordered that parish priests should be elected by the people, the bishop by the rectors of the parishes, and the archbishop by congress, returning to the uses of the primitive church founded by Jesus Christ and his apostles.

Such radical reforms were bound to cause trouble; but by tact and resolution Blanco managed to keep the factions quiet, and it was not until 1893 that the storm broke and a revolution, inspired by the priests, swept over the country like a flame of fire. President Blanco, however, knew the temper of the people and the uncertainty of official tenure, and he had "feathered his nest." He is now in Paris, and is said to possess the wealth of an East Indian prince.

In spite of his despotism and selfishness, Guzman Blanco left a monument which will ever keep his memory green in Venezuela—the free-school system. To-day there are two thousand schools, corresponding to our primary and grammar grades, which have an enrollment of more than one hundred thousand pupils. The government maintains about thirty colleges, two excellent universities, schools for training teachers, a school for arts and trades, and a naval and military academy. The huge Carmelite monastery, covering a whole block, was confiscated with the rest, remodeled, and converted into a college for the teaching of science, law, medicine, and nearly everything except theology. An excellent library and museum, under the charge of a German scientist, is attached to it.

Guzman Blanco was succeeded in the presidency by General Crespo, who is now largely in the public eye, owing to the boundary dispute with England. He is a tall, heavy-set man, with a countenance revealing force and determination.

The Venezuelans are the politest people in the world. They have inherited the courtesy of the Spaniards, and improved upon it. They are naturally intelligent and aristocratic, have refined tastes in art and music, and are intensely patriotic. The lower classes—half Spanish and half Indian—are jovial, ambitionless, mercurial. They love bright colors, gay songs, dancing, and lively music, and are much addicted to the use of *aguardiente* (a cheap kind of ardent spirits), but an intoxicated man is a rare sight. The negroes, who compose a large percentage of the population, evince an almost insatiable desire to learn, and the average attendance at school of the blacks is large.

The etiquette ruling the habits of the ladies of the better classes is the same as in nearly all Spanish-American countries—it being highly improper for them to appear alone upon the streets or in public places. The Venezuelan señoritas are pretty, graceful, have exquisite figures, and are vivacious and intelligent. They dress in the latest Paris styles, and the wives and daughters of the wealthy have their dresses made abroad. Society is delightful in Caracas, and during the winter season there is much gayety. At the theatres and balls, the dresses and jewels worn by the ladies will compare favorably with what may be seen in San Francisco.

Macuto, upon the coast below La Guayra, is the fashionable watering-place—the Newport of Venezuela. There are several excellent hotels there and places of amusement. The sharks are so numerous that the government caused a circular pen of piling to be erected, reaching about a hundred feet into the sea. The pen is divided equally by a stone wall, one side being intended for ladies and the other for gentlemen. Everybody bathes *au naturel*—except ladies whose charms are in the sere and yellow leaf—and they wear something that reminded me of a night-dress.

Venezuelans use charcoal for fuel, and there are no stoves or chimneys about their homes. Gas costs five dollars a thousand feet. The windows of their homes and buildings have neither glass nor blinds, but iron bars and heavy shutters are used instead. The floors are of either earth or tile, and the paper is pasted upon the bare walls. A feature of every house is the little court (*patio*), and many of them, especially among the wealthy, are exquisite spots, cooled by a plashing fountain where gold-fish swim, made melodious by sweet-voiced songsters in the luxuriant foliage, and fragrant with tube-roses and oleanders.

The area of Venezuela is about one-seventh as large as that of the United States, and its population by the last census was two and a half millions. It is about the same as that of Massachusetts. About two per cent. of the entire population is white. The country could sustain an enormous population, nearly one hundred millions, in fact, for the soil is exceedingly fertile and yields two crops a year without irrigation or fertilization. Here is raised the best coffee in the world, and the coffee plantations (*quintas*) are extensive and very productive. The Caracas chocolate is famous the world over. Down in the provinces north and west of the Orinoco River are over two hundred million acres of forest lands, and here are rosewood, satin-wood, mahogany, and white and black ebony in abundance.

The Venezuelans have the profoundest respect for the United States and its institutions; they copy us in many things, and venerate the memory of our patriots as sincerely as they do the memory of their own adored Simon Bolivar.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1896.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Laureate Austin (says the *Chicago Tribune*) has been reading the press clippings about himself, and he is for war.

Grandmother Sarah Bernhardt gave a Christmas party and had a tree for Mlle. Simone Bernhardt's friends this year.

Rudyard Kipling has not moved from Brattleboro, Vt., to Waite, Vt. Waite is the name of a new post-office recently established for Mr. Kipling's convenience, near his home.

Mary French Field, eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, is preparing herself to give public readings from her father's favorite poems. She is a handsome girl about nineteen years old.

Dr. Jameson, the South African adventurer, is well known in Montana. He made Helena his head-quarters during several visits to the North-West between 1875 and 1886, and at different times he spent several weeks hunting and fishing on Mussel Shells Creek and in the Judith basin.

John Keifel, a jeweler living in Carbon, Ind., was a school-mate of Francis Schlatter, the Denver healer, when they were boys together near Zurich, Switzerland. Keifel says that Schlatter was a bard student and went crazy trying to discover perpetual motion. He was taken to an asylum, and after eighteen months was released as cured.

America seemed to have gone daft over Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), who has now returned home. The rumor of her marrying George Moore, the English novelist, is still mooted, but her family and friends deny such a possibility. Every Sunday at home she has a place set for him at dinner, and he is at liberty to come or not.

Miss Clara Barton is the first woman who ever held an official position under the United States Government. When she was about twenty-four years of age, she was appointed clerk in the Patent Office, which had then been organized but a few years, and she was still holding that position when she commenced her philanthropic work at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861.

Among the new-year appointments to the Legion of Honor, in celebration of the centenary of the French Institute, are Professor Simon Newcomb, the American astronomer; Alexander Agassiz, the American naturalist; and Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, the American physicist, who were appointed officers of the Legion of Honor, and Adolph Hall, also an American, who was appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

President Kruger, of the South African Republic, is in his sixty-ninth year, but is still a wonderfully strong and active man. He is now serving his third term as president, and is commonly known as "Oom Paul," or "Uncle Paul." He has been twice married, and has a family of ten sons and daughters. He and his wife belong to the Doppers, a strict sect of Dutch Protestants, with peculiarities of manner and dress that somewhat resemble the Quakers.

In New York society the most important coming-out announced is that of young Elliott Shepard, grandson of William H. Vanderbilt and favorite nephew of Willie K. Vanderbilt. Elliott's mother's country house on the Hudson River has cost her more than two millions of dollars and contains about two hundred rooms. Twelve rooms belong to Elliott. He has everything there that a spoiled prince of a realm could cry for. His coming-out will rival the Sloane-Burden wedding.

Lord Wolseley gives an interesting account of his first meeting with Henry M. Stanley. The Coomassie affair had become a hand-to-hand fight when Lord Wolseley noticed a man in civilian attire, literally surrounded, but who went on calmly potting Ashantees with his rifle. Lord Wolseley was much impressed with the man's coolness, and inquired his name. "You were lucky to escape," said Wolseley afterward; "didn't you see that you were surrounded?" "Well," replied Stanley, "I was too much occupied with the niggers in front to pay much attention to those behind."

Winfield S. Stratton, the owner of the famous Independence Mine, of Cripple Creek, who was a poor carpenter three or four years ago, is now worth \$20,000,000, and he could get \$12,000,000 for his mine any day. When asked recently why he did not sell, he replied: "What could I do with such money? I could not manage such a large sum in one bunch; I would certainly lose it. I have enough trouble with \$200,000 income per month now. I can't find any investment for it." Mr. Stratton will have no partners in any of his mining ventures. He owns outright ten mines, and also a quarter of all the stock of the Portland Mining Company, which is incorporated for 3,000,000 shares, selling on the market to-day at \$2 per share, besides the controlling interest in two other companies.

Charles Crowley, business manager of the Phoenix (Ariz.) *Gazette*, gives the following as the reason why General Crook retired: When Crook started after Geronimo in the seventies, he took only a small force of soldiers, but a large force of Indian scouts. When he got down to Sonora, Mexico, these scouts turned traitors, threw away the provisions, and filled up all the water-holes. When the men finally overtook Geronimo, they were half-starved and nearly famished. Geronimo was quick to take in the situation, and, after surrounding Crook's small force, told the general he would either have to make terms or be annihilated. Crook, under those circumstances and to save his men, decided to make terms, and, according to the dictation of Geronimo, promised as a United States soldier and a gentleman not to make war upon the Indians any more. When he came back he was retired at his own request, and General Nelson A. Miles succeeded him. It sounds fishy.

"CHIMMIE FADDEN."

The First Production of Ned Townsend's New Piece in New York—
The Unexpected Success of Chimmie's Mother—
The Piece Makes a Hit.

The theatrical event of the week has been, without question, the production of "Chimmie Fadden," a dramatization of Mr. Edward W. Townsend's very successful dialect story. On the bills the play is ascribed only to Mr. Townsend, although it is understood that Augustus Thomas assisted him in the dramatization. But Mr. Thomas says very frankly that all of the dialogue is Mr. Townsend's, and that what he has done is simply to recast Mr. Townsend's work and put it into dramatic form, for which his long experience as a playwright has qualified him. The history of "Chimmie" is well known. Mr. Townsend began writing a series of dialect sketches of the East Side, in which the principal character was one Chimmie Fadden. They made an instantaneous success, and gradually he added various characters, some of them from the upper stratum of society, and a thread of plot began to run through the sketches. When he had written a sufficient number, he conceived the idea of putting them into book-form. When published, the book made an enormous hit, and is still selling by the thousands. It is remarkable what a hold it has taken upon the affections of New Yorkers. Chimmie's curious slang, his references to "twirling the growler" and his aspersions upon feather-headed gentlemen as having "rats in de garret," and his familiar shibboleth, "W'at t'ell," are on everybody's lips. It is a little startling for a stranger to hear a "society girl" round off a sentence with "W'at t'ell," but she always says it in a way which implies that it is a quotation.

The play is based on these lines: In the first act the scene is laid in the Bowery, near Division Street. All sorts of queer foreigners figure in the scene. There are German grocers, Irish saloon-keepers, Greek fruit-venders, and Dago organ-grinders. The Van Courtlands, to which family belongs the lady sired by the individual whom Chimmie calls "His Whiskers," one Miss Fanny, are engaged in slumming. They are insulted, and Chimmie takes up their cause. A rough-and-tumble fight ensues, which is generated from a window by Mrs. Murphy, Chimmie's mother. Chimmie is "cut," and Miss Van Courtland and her French maid, "The Duchess," make good their escape. In the second act the scene is laid in Chimmie's home. It is presided over by Mrs. Murphy, Chimmie's mother, an elderly laundress with a pronounced taste for gin. The Van Courtlands have come there to reward Chimmie for his bravery. Chimmie will not accept money, and plays the noble Bowery tough to perfection. In this act he is foolish enough to loan his father's tools to a friend, who, in the language of the Bowery, has "been away," which is a delicate Bowery euphuism for "doing time," or having been in the penitentiary. In the third act the tools of Chimmie's deceased papa are used for a burglary, and Chimmie is unjustly suspected. In the fourth act, Chimmie is cleared from the accusation of the burglary, and marries "The Duchess," Miss Fanny's French maid. Everybody else gets married, and the curtain falls on a united and much married company.

There are many expedients in the play that are somewhat familiar, such, for example, as the tool-chest of the departed Fadden, and the chisel with the name of James Fadden cut on the handle which Chimmie loaned to his friend Larry, and which was subsequently used to pry open the window of the Van Courtland house. This seems a little unreal. So, too, does the scene in the tenement-house, with all the swells in Mrs. Murphy's living-room listening while Chimmie does a variety-hall song and dance. But none the less there is much original humor in the piece, and it apparently pleases the audience. One of the curious features of the play is the prominence won by an entirely unexpected character. It is the case in many plays. When "Our American Cousin" was first produced, it was written around the rôle of Asa Trenchard, the stage Yankee, but the elder Sothorn, who played the part of Lord Dundreary, at once captured the audience, and Asa Trenchard faded into the dim perspective. Afterward the play was looked upon as being Lord Dundreary, and in fact it was better known by that name than by its own name of "Our American Cousin." So, too, with the play of "Chimmie Fadden." While the title-rôle, as played by Mr. Charles Hopper, was a success, it was more than equaled by that of Chimmie's mother. Mr. Hopper, the stage Fadden, is a short man of rather a stocky build, with a heavy face and heavy manner, but he is funny in his own way, and his continual references to "farmers," "bokes," "skates," "fly cops," and "lead pipes," brought down the house.

But Mrs. Murphy, as played by Marie Bates, scored the triumph of the evening. It was a difficult rôle to play, for a female drunkard is an unpleasant character, but Mrs. Murphy had a sort of unctuous humor that saved the rôle from disgusting the audience. When she stood at the window of her tenement watching the rough-and-tumble fight between Chimmie and Moxie, she was great. When she "lowered the growler" by a string to the bar-room on the ground-floor of the tenement, the house was doubled up with laughter. The other characters were well enough played, although they amount to very little beside Chimmie and Mrs. Murphy. The young woman who played "The Duchess" might have come from Paris, Ky., instead of Paris on the Seine, judging from her extraordinary accent. Mr. Paul, the yachtsman, philosopher, and lover of "small hots," was played by Sidney Price, and he was fairly good. The other characters are colorless. As a whole, however, the piece went very well, and it is probable that it will have a long run.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold.

Friday, September 23, 1869.

Zounds! how the price went flashing through
Wall Street, William, Broad Street, New!
All the specie in the land
Held in one Ring by a giant hand—
For millions more it was ready to pay,
And throttle the Street on hangman's day.
Up from the Gold Pit's nether hell,
While the innocent fountain rose and fell,
Loud and higher the bidding rose,
And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes.
It seemed as if Satan himself were in it;
Lifting it—one per cent, a minute—
Through the bellowing broker, there amid,
Who made the terrible, final bid!
High over all, and ever higher,
Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer—
A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart—
"Five millions more! and for any part
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Israel Freyer—the Government Jew—
Good as the best-soaked through and through
With credit gained in the year he sold
Our Treasury's precious hoard of gold;
Now through his thankless mouth rings out
The leaguers' last and cruellest shout!
Pity the shorts? Not they, indeed,
While a single rival's left to bleed!
Down come dealers in silks and hides,
Crowding the Gold-Room's rounded sides,
Jostling, trampling each other's feet,
Uttering groans in the outer street;
Watching, with upturned faces pale,
The scurrying index mark its tale;
Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer—
That ominous voice, would it never tire?
"Five millions more!—for any part
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart)
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One Hundred and Sixty! Can't he true.
What will the bears at forty do?
How will the merchants pay their dues?
How will the country stand the news?
What'll the hanks—but listen! hold!
In screwing upward the price of gold
To that dangerous, last particular peg,
They had killed their Goose with the Golden Egg!
Just there the metal came pouring out,
All ways at once, like a water-spout,
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!
Small need to open the Washington main,
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!
It came by runners, it came by wire,
To answer the bid of Israel Freyer;
It poured in millions from every side,
And almost strangled him as he cried—
"I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like Vulcan after Jupiter's kick,
Or the apboristical Rocket's stick,
Down, down, down, the premium fell,
Faster than this rude rhyme can tell!
Thirty per cent, the index slid,
Yet Freyer still kept making his bid—
"One Hundred and Sixty for any part!"
The sudden ruin had crazed his heart,
Shattered his senses, cracked his brain,
And left him crying, again and again—
Still making his bid at the market's top
(Like the Dutchman's leg that never could stop),
"One Hundred and Sixty—Five Millions more!"
Till they dragged him, howling, off the floor.
The very last words that seller and buyer
Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer—
A cry to remember long as they live—
Were: "I'll take Five Millions more! I'll give
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Suppose (to avoid the appearance of evil)
There's such a thing as a Personal Devil,
It would seem that his Highness here got hold,
For once, of a bellowing Bull in Gold!
Whether hulk or hear, it wouldn't much matter
Should Israel Freyer keep up his clatter
On earth or under it (as, they say,
He is doomed) till the general Judgment Day.
When the Clerk, as he cites him to answer for't,
Shall bid him keep silence in that Court!
But it matters most, as it seems to me,
That my countrymen, great and strong, and free,
So marvel at fellows who seem to win,
That if even a clown can only begin
By stealing a railroad, and use its purse
For cornering stocks and gold, or—worse—
For buying a Judge and Legislature,
And sinking still lower poor human nature,
The gaping public, whatever hefall,
Will swallow him, tandem, harlots, and all!
While our rich men drivel and stand amazed
At the dust and pother his gang have raised,
And make us remember a nursery tale
Of the four-and-twenty who feared one snail.

What's bred in the bone will breed, you know;
Clowns and their trainers, high and low,
Will cut such capers, long as they dare,
While honest Poverty says its prayer.
But tell me what prayer or fast can save
Some hoary candidate for the grave,
The market's wrinkled Giant Despair,
Muttering, brooding, and scheming there—
Founding a college or building a church
Lest Heaven should leave him in the lurch!
Better come out in the rival way,
Issue your scrip in the open day,
And pour your wealth in the grimy fist
Of some gross-mouthed, gambling pugilist;
Leave toil and poverty where they lie,
Pass thinkers, workers, artists by;
Your pot-house fag from his counters bring,
And make him into a Railway king!
Between such Gentiles and such Jews
Little enough one finds to choose:
Either the other will buy and use,
Eat the meat and throw him the bone,
And leave him to stand the brunt alone.

Let the tempest come, that's gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere!—E. C. Steadman.

A Southsea, England, gentleman who undertook to drive a horseless carriage, the other day, on the highway was fined one shilling and fifteen shillings and seven pence costs for not sending a man with a flag twenty yards ahead of his locomotive, when it was in motion.

A LOST CRAVAT.

The Romantic Adventure of an Artist at the Louvre.

When I arrived at Paris, I was poor—very poor. Like so many others, I hoped to find there both fortune and glory. I hoped to become a great painter, and I was only twenty years old. While I was waiting for fame and fortune, both of which, I am glad to say, came at last, I breakfasted and dined very lightly. Sometimes I did not breakfast at all, and I often, as our English friends say, dined with Duke Humphrey. How in the world I ever succeeded in living, I can not now explain. Ah, youth, youth, all-powerful talisman that you are! I had youth. Now that I have won fortune, nothing has ever rendered me so happy as in those days when, although poor, I felt life bounding within me. I *lived* then. I was poor as Job, yet richer than Croesus.

A worthy shop-keeper in the country town from which I came wrote to me, out of the goodness of his heart, and gave me an order to make a copy of a Teniers. At once, full of ardor, I hastened to the great gallery of the Louvre. From the very first day I did good work. That I was thus going to earn some money would have made me work, but the pleasure I experienced in copying a favorite picture made me work quickly and well. Ah, the pictures of Teniers! What sensations they awakened in my being, these fat and bursting burghers, with their plump and rubicund cheeks, the laughter-wrinkles around their pop-eyes, thrusting their jolly noses into their tankards! There was no sentiment of envy roused in me in gazing upon their pictured merriment. But I did think that if I could have taken myself away from the unquiet life of Paris, from our noisy streets, from our modern houses, I would have preferred to share their life—that of sitting ever under grape arbors, wassailing, singing, and clinking pots.

The third morning after my task had begun I repaired to the Louvre. Just as I was about to enter, the officious guardian, in his green and gold uniform, made me an agitated sign, carrying his hand to his neck. I remembered having seen the same gesture at the theatre. Don't you remember that when Don Cæsar de Bazan hears the news that he is going to be hanged, he puts his hand to his neck, and feels of it as if he already felt the fatal cord? Just so gesticulated the green and gold guardian. I stared at him stupidly, and then looked around me. Anybody in sight? Coming around the corner was a young woman, but she was invisible to him. There was nobody else. Evidently it was to me that this funeral gesture was addressed. I did not understand him, and therefore crossed the threshold. I had scarce ascended three steps of the staircase, when a loud cry resounded behind me: "Stop—you have no cravat!"

Imitating the gesture of Don Cæsar de Bazan, I carried my hand to my neck. Alas, it was true! I had lost my cravat.

Don't laugh. I didn't laugh. It was my only cravat. It was one of those cheap black knots which are fastened around the collar-button with a rubber band. Five minutes before entering the court-yard of the Louvre, I had stopped in the Rue de Rivoli, gazed at myself complacently in a shop-window mirror, and had adjusted my cravat. Alas! I had done more than adjust my cravat, I had lost it.

"It is against the rules," said the guardian, severely, "to permit any one to enter the gallery without a cravat."

Well, he was right. There must be rules in the great national galleries, and while they will admit shabby people, they will not admit people in rags, in their shirt-sleeves, or without cravats.

At this moment the lady who had been rounding the corner passed near me. I felt myself growing red and pale at once, and I turned in the direction of the guardian in order to look away from the pretty visitor, who, as she passed, brushed me with her silken gown. She wore the prettiest little blue cravat around her neck that one could imagine. Yes, I couldn't help but notice it in looking out of the corner of my eye at her white neck.

I stood there stunned. The guardian enjoyed my consternation. He was happy. In this moment he exercised the exalted pleasure of authority. A policeman who orders you to "move on" experiences the same secret joy. It is that feeling, doubtless, which actuated Cæsar and Napoleon.

I remained there for some minutes, gazing at this little great man. I had nothing in my wardrobe which resembled in the slightest degree a cravat, and I had not a penny about me with which to buy one. To whom could I address myself? I was from the country. I knew no one in Paris. I had no comrades from whom I could borrow a knot of ribbon. What a humiliation! And yet, above there in the gallery, the wassailers were waiting for me, laughing and drinking under the grape arbor.

I left the vestibule. I entered the great square of the Louvre, and crossed it mechanically. Yet as I did so I felt instinctively that there was some one following me. I divined that it was a woman, and that it was the woman whom I had met in the door, and who had turned and re-descended the staircase at the moment of my misadventure. Why had she followed me? Had I not turned my face in order to avoid her glance? Heaven preserve us from inquisitive people.

She overtook me. It was in truth the lady of the staircase. She stopped in front of me, looking at me timidly, with a charming embarrassment. She seemed moved and troubled. Her beautiful eyes were tear-dimmed. But, said I to myself, what has become of the pretty rihon she just wore around her neck? Her hands were buried in a rich muff. As she stopped and looked at me, she withdrew one of her hands from her muff. I saw in her fingers the light-blue silk cravat, ornamented at its ends with white lace. "An entrance ticket," said she to me, in a half whisper, and she hurried away.

Here the artist stopped, and meditated long.

"You followed her, I suppose?" asked his friend.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1896.

Golf is played under difficulties at Buluwayo, as the natives have taken a fancy to the balls, and lie in wait for them and string them with the heads of their necklaces.

"I never dreamed of it for a moment. The wassailers of Teniers were waiting for me."

"And you entered the Louvre in a blue cravat with lace ends?"

"Without the least affectation, without false shame, and perhaps with a certain pride as I triumphantly passed the green and gold guardian at the door."

"And you found her some day somewhere, this pretty woman, at the sea-side, in the mountains, in society? No? But you are married—did she not become your wife?"

"I did not say," remarked the painter, dryly.

"But your story is not finished."

"I am a painter, my dear boy. I finish pictures, but I never knew how to finish a story."—*Adapted from the French for the Argonaut.*

A HERO TO HIS VALET.

The Emperor Napoleon as Pictured in the "Memoirs of Constant"—How he Dressed and How he Ate—His Relations with Josephine, Marie Louise, and Other Women.

An estimate of Napoleon's character founded entirely on the "Memoirs of Constant, First Valet de Chambre of the Emperor," would be very incomplete; but when taken in conjunction with the unnumbered publications relating to the imperial epoch, the book has its recognized place of value. The excellent translation into English made by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin will therefore be received with interest.

For a period of nearly fifteen years, extending from 1800 to 1814, the time of the departure for Elba, Constant remained in the service of Napoleon, seeing him under the most intimate circumstances. "I can only speak," says Constant, "of the hero en *deshabille*"; and the memoirs, in fact, give him from a valet's point of view, recounting his personal habits, the details of his toilet, the events of his private life, his relations toward both his wives, his *amours*. Constant entertained a profound conviction of his master's greatness, as well as a sincere affection for him. He has, however, the following strictures to make concerning the emperor's niggardliness in the household:

The emperor, who endowed the majority of his generals so magnificently, who was so liberal to his armies, and to whom, on the other hand, France owes so many fine monuments, was not at all generous, but, if I must say it, a little miserly in his household. Perhaps he somewhat resembled those rich, vain persons who economize very closely at home in order to shine more brilliantly abroad. He made very few, not to say no presents, to his attendants. Even New-Year's day passed without unloosening his purse-strings.

To offset this, there are many stories tending to show his benevolence to the poor and his liberality to officers and soldiers. The following anecdote is of that nature:

Some time after the taking of Dantzic (May 24, 1807), the emperor, wishing to recompense Marshal Lefebvre for his recent services, had him summoned at six o'clock in the morning. . . . On seeing him, Napoleon waved his hand to him: "Good-day, *monieur le duc*, sit down beside me."

Astonished to hear himself addressed by this title, the marshal thought at first that the emperor was jesting; but seeing that he made a parade of calling him *monieur le duc*, he was ashamed by it for a moment. To increase his confusion, the emperor said: "Do you like chocolate, *monieur le duc*?" "Why . . . yes, sire," "Eh! well, you won't breakfast on it, but I am going to give you a pound from the city of Dantzic itself; for since you have conquered it, it is quite just that it should bring you in something." Thereupon the emperor left the table, opened a small casket, took from it a packet to the shape of a long square, and gave it to Marshal Lefebvre, saying: "Duc de Dantzic, accept this chocolate; little presents nourish friendship." The marshal thanked his majesty, took the chocolate, and sat down again at table with the emperor and Marshal Berthier. . . .

On returning home, the Marshal Duc de Dantzic, suspecting a surprise in the little packet given him by the emperor, made haste to open it, and found within one hundred thousand *louis* in bank-notes.

Concerning his habits at table, the valet says:

The emperor ate very fast; he scarcely remained a dozen minutes at table. When he had finished dining, he rose and went into the family sitting-room; but the Empress Josephine remained, and signaled the guests to do likewise; sometimes, however, she followed his majesty, and then the ladies of the palace doubtless indemnified themselves in their apartments, where they were served with whatever they desired.

One day, when Prince Eugene rose from the table immediately after the emperor, the latter turned and said: "But you have not had time to dine, Eugene?" "Pardon me," replied the prince, "I dined beforehand." The other guests probably thought it was not a useless precaution. . . . In addition to this habit, and even as a first result of his haste, the emperor by no means ate in a cleanly manner. He preferred to use his fingers instead of a fork, or even a spoon; we were careful to put the dish he liked best within his reach. He drew it to him, dipping his bread in the sauce and the gravy—which did not prevent the dish from circulating. . . .

Napoleon's habit of rapid eating often caused him to suffer violent pains in the stomach. His manner of hearing this sort of discomfort is thus described:

One day one of the valets on duty came in a great hurry to notify me that the emperor was urgently calling for me; that his dinner had disagreed with him, and he was suffering very much. I ran to his majesty's chamber and found him stretched at full length on the carpet; it was his habit when he felt indisposed. The Empress Josephine was sitting beside him, with his head upon her lap. He whined and stormed by turns, for the emperor supported this sort of pain worse than the thousand more serious accidents incident to camp life; and the hero of Arcola, whose life had been risked in a hundred battles, and elsewhere than in combats, without his courage being taken unawares, showed himself more than effeminate for a trifling hurt, a hoho.

Every morning between seven and eight o'clock, no matter what had been the hour of retiring, Constant entered the emperor's sleeping-room to assist him at his toilet. Among the many details given of this ceremony we find the following account of Napoleon acting as his own harber:

When the emperor first acquired this habit, he availed himself, like everybody else, of a mirror attached to the window; but he came so near it, and besmeared himself so recklessly with soap, that the glass, the window-panes, the curtains, and his own dress were covered with it. To remedy this inconvenience, a council of attendants was summoned, and it was resolved that Roustan should hold the mirror for his majesty. When the emperor had shaved one side, he turned the other to the light and made Roustan go from left to right, or from right to left, according to the side on which he had begun. The toilet-table was transferred in like manner.

In every other respect, Napoleon allowed himself to be

served by his attendants. On this subject, Constant says, with naive admiration:

The emperor was born, one might say, to be waited on by *valets de chambre*. While yet a general, he had three, and he was served with as much luxury as when in the highest station; from that period he received all the attentions which I have just described, and which it was almost impossible for him to dispense with. Etiquette changed nothing in this respect; it augmented the number of his attendants, decorated them with new titles, but it could not surround him with more attentions.

The valet thus discusses his master's habits on retiring:

The emperor had no fixed hour for retiring; sometimes he went to bed at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, but more frequently he sat up until two, three, or four in the morning. He was very quickly undressed, for it was his habit, on entering his chamber, to throw each piece of his apparel in every direction; his coat on the floor, his grand cord on the carpet, his watch flying on the bed, his hat to a distance on a chair, and thus with all his garments, one after another. When he was in a good humor, he called me, in a loud voice, with this sort of cry: "Ohé! oh! oh!" At other times, when he was dissatisfied, it was: "Monsieur! Monsieur Constant!" At all seasons it was necessary to warm his bed; he never dispensed with this except in the greatest heats. His habit of undressing himself in haste sometimes gave me nothing to do on coming in but to present him with his bandana.

When he comes to Napoleon's dress, Constant waxes eloquent. Among many details we find the following:

Under the Consulate he followed the existing fashion by having his coat-tails extremely long. Later, the fashion having changed, they were worn much shorter, but the emperor adhered singularly to the length of his, and I had great difficulty in inducing him to give them up. Even then it was only by a trick that I managed it. Every time I ordered a new coat for his majesty, I recommended the tailor to shorten the tails by a good inch, until at last, without the emperor's noticing it, they ceased to be ridiculous. . . . The emperor's vests and breeches were always of white cashmere. He changed them every morning. They were washed only three or four times. Two hours after leaving his chamber, it often happened that his breeches were all spotted with ink, thanks to his habit of wiping his pen on them and shaking ink all around him by striking his pen against the table. However, as he dressed in the morning for the whole day, he did not change his toilet on that account, but remained in this state until night. I have already said that he wore none but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and fine, were lined with silk. The whole inside of his boots was lined with white fustian. Whenever one of his legs itched, he rubbed it with the heel of the boot or shoe with which the other leg was shod, thus heightening the effect of the spilled ink.

Here is an incident concerning Josephine:

I do not know on which of these journeys it was that his majesty had decided not to take the Empress Josephine. . . . He ordered that everything should be in readiness for a start at one o'clock in the morning, so hour at which the empress was usually asleep; but in spite of all precautions, some indiscretion made the empress aware of what was going on. The emperor had promised that she should accompany him on his next journey. And yet he had deceived her and was going without her! . . . At once she called her women; but impatient with their slowness, her majesty sprang out of the foot of the bed, slipped on the first article of clothing that came under her hand, ran out of the chamber in slippers and without stockings. Crying like a little child that is being taken back to school, she ran through the apartments, descended the stairs with rapid steps, and threw herself into the emperor's arms just as he was getting into the carriage. It was high time, for in another minute he would have been off. As nearly always happened when he saw his wife in tears, the emperor was moved; she perceived it, and already she was crouching down in the bottom of the carriage; but her majesty was not half dressed. The emperor covered her with his pelisse, and before starting, himself gave orders that at the first relay his wife should find all that she might need.

There are several stories told of the favors bestowed by Princess Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, on M. de Canouville, a handsome young officer who was for a time her *cher ami*. The following relates to a present made by the Czar to Napoleon:

Alexander gave the emperor three superb sable pelisses. One of them the emperor gave to his sister, the Princess Pauline, and another to Madame the Princess de Ponte-Corvo. The third he had covered with green velvet and trimmed with gilt frogs. It was this pelisse that he constantly wore in Russia. . . . A few days later, while the emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, M. de Canouville made his appearance, mounted on a skittish horse which he had great ado to keep still. This caused some disorder, and attracted the attention of his majesty, who, on looking at M. de Canouville, recognized the pelisse he had offered his sister metamorphosed into a hussar's jacket. It cost the emperor something to restrain his anger. "Monsieur de Canouville," he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "your horse is young, his blood is too hot; you will go and cool him off in Russia." Three days later M. de Canouville had quitted Paris.

Much space is given to the amours of Napoleon, with all of which Constant seems to have had a thorough acquaintance. Apropos of the rumored paternity of Hortense's first child, he says:

One's gorge rises with disgust and indignation when such revolting absurdities are told and repeated. If these worthy fabricators are to be believed, the First Consul must have seduced his wife's daughter before giving her in marriage to his own brother. One has only to put such a thing into words to make its falsity comprehended. I know the love affairs of the emperor better than anybody; in that sort of clandestine connections he dreaded scandal and hated the boastings of vice, and I can affirm on my honor that the infamous desires which have been attributed to him never germinated in his heart. Like all those, and even better than all those who approached Mlle. de Beauharnais, because he knew his step-daughter more intimately, he had the tenderest affection for her; but this sentiment was entirely paternal, and mademoiselle responded to it with that respectful fear which a well-bred girl experiences in the presence of her father.

The *liaison* which Napoleon carried on with the fair Pole who bore him a son is described at length, but the facts are too well known to need repetition. The affair with Mlle. E.—, who also made him a father, is briefly related, its conclusion being told in these words:

The emperor's connection with Mlle. E.— did not last long. One day she came with her mother to Fontainebleau, where the court was. She went up to his majesty's apartment and asked me to announce her. The emperor was extremely displeased with this proceeding, and sent me to say to Mlle. E.— on his part, that he forebade her ever to present herself before him without his permission, and not to stay a single moment longer at Fontainebleau. In spite of this severity to the mother, the emperor tenderly loved the son. I often fetched him to him; he would caress and give him a hundred delicacies, and was much amused with his vivacity and his repetitions, which were very witty for his age.

This child and that of the beautiful Pole are, with the King of Rome, the only children the emperor had. He never had any daughters, and I think he would not have liked to have any.

Another gallant adventure which Napoleon conducted with Mme. Gazani, aroused the jealousy of Josephine. The valet says:

One day, when he had an appointment with this dame in the little apartments, he ordered me to remain in his chamber, and to tell everybody who came to ask for him, even the empress herself, that he was working in his cabinet with a minister. . . . They had been

together but a few minutes, when the empress came into the emperor's chamber and asked me what her husband was doing. "Madame, the emperor is much occupied at this moment; he is working in his cabinet with a minister." "Coostant, I wish to go in." "That is impossible, madame; I have received formal orders not to disturb his majesty, not even for her majesty the empress." Thereupon the latter turned away dissatisfied, and even angry. At the end of half an hour she came back, and as she renewed her request, I was obliged to renew my response. I was distressed to see her majesty's chagrin, but I could not disobey my orders. That same evening, at his *couché*, the emperor said to me, in a severe tone, that the empress assured him that he certainly could not believe that. "No," replied the emperor, returning to the amiable tone with which he usually honored me, "I know you well enough to be assured of your discretion; but woe to the fools who gossip, if I succeed in discovering them." At the *couché* of the next day, the empress entered just as the emperor was getting into bed, and his majesty said to her before me: "It is very wrong, Josephine, to attribute lies to this poor Coostant; he is not the man to tell you such a story as you have brought to me." The empress sat down on the side of the bed, began to laugh, and put her pretty little hand on her husband's mouth.

When Napoleon's marriage to Marie Louise takes place, he appears as a very ardent lover. The meeting of the pair, which occurred while the new empress was on her way to Paris to celebrate the civil ceremony after the marriage by proxy had taken place, is thus described:

When his majesty knew the empress was within ten leagues of Soissons, he could no longer restrain his impatience, and shouting to me with all his lungs, "Ohé! oh! Constant, order a carriage without a livery, and come and dress me." The emperor wished to take the empress by surprise, and present himself without being announced, and he laughed like a child at the effect this interview must produce. His toilet was made with more exquisite cleanliness, if that were possible, than usual, and, with the coquetry of glory, he put on the gray great-coat which he had worn at Wagram. . . . When the carriage of the empress came near, the emperor made a sign to the postilions to stop. The equerry who rode beside it, perceiving him, made haste to lower the step and announce his majesty, who was considerably displeased, and said to him: "Didn't you see that I signed you to be silent?" But this little spurt of ill-humor vanished like a flash. The emperor threw his arms about the neck of Marie Louise, who had a portrait of her husband in her hand, and said to him with a charming smile, looking alternately at the emperor and his likeness: "Your portrait does not flatter you." . . .

Their majesties having arrived at Compiègne, the emperor presented his own hand to the empress and conducted her to her apartment. . . . According to the programme, the emperor was to leave the empress and go to the chancellor's residence to sleep, but he did nothing of the sort. After a long conversation with the empress, he returned to his own room, undressed, perfumed himself with cologne water, and returned secretly to that of the empress, clad merely in a dressing-gown.

The next morning at his toilet the emperor asked me if any one had noticed the change he had made in the programme. At the risk of lying, I told him no.

Perhaps, owing to the ease of his own conquests, Napoleon distrusted womankind. At any rate, Marie Louise was most strictly guarded. No one, above all, no man, could see her alone. Concerning the duties of her ladies, we are told:

Their principal and almost their only employment was to be always at the heels of the empress, whom they followed like her shadow. They came into her room before she got up, and never left her until after she had gone to bed. Then every door leading to her chamber was locked, with the exception of one that opened into a neighboring room containing the head of which her lady was no duty. Even the emperor could not enter his wife's room at night without passing through this chamber. With the exception of M. de Menéval, private secretary of her majesty, and M. Balluhal, steward of her expenditures, no man was admitted to the private apartments of the empress without an order from the emperor.

The emperor said he was unwilling that any man in the world should be able to boast of having been alone with the empress for two minutes; and he one day very severely reprimanded the reader on duty because she had remained at the further end of the salon while M. Biennais, the court jeweler, was showing her majesty the secrets of a set of pigeon-holes which he had made for her.

Napoleon's affection for the heir so ardently wished for is thus dwelt on:

The emperor passionately loved his son; he would take him in his arms every time he saw him, lift him forcibly from the ground, put him down, take him up again, and amuse himself greatly with his joy. He would tease him, carry him in front of a mirror, and often make a thousand grimaces, at which the child would laugh till he cried. When he was breakfasting, he would take him on his knee, dip a finger in the sauce, make him suck it, and dash his face with it. The governess would scold, the emperor laugh more heartily, and the child, who enjoyed the game, demand in noisy joy that his father should repeat it. . . .

The emperor, in his caresses, was sometimes more childish than his son. The young prince was only four months old when his father would put his three-cornered hat on the pretty nursing. The infant would usually cry; and then the emperor, embracing him with a force and pleasure which none but an affectionate father can feel, would say: "What, sire, you are crying! A king, a king cry! fie; that is villainous!"

The book is long, extending over four volumes, but its interest is undiminished throughout. Though only one side of Napoleon's character is portrayed, the work is vividly done, and it is truthful in intention and trustworthy, so far as it goes.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, for the four volumes, \$5.00.

Something novel in the way of a secret society has been evolved in Maine. Instead of going back to mediæval times for inspiration, the founders took the conditions lying next their hands, and in place of loading the officers with grandiose and grotesque titles, the understandable commonplace is drawn on. The society is called the "Annahessacook Hayloft, No. —," and the officers are: Chief Haymaker, Assistant Haymaker, Overseer, Past Chief Haymaker, Boss Driver, Hornblower, Guard of Barndoor, Guard of Hayloft, and Grand Keeper of Bundles.

Padua has now automatic savings banks. You put a nickel in the slot and get a coupon. Five nickels entitle you to a book in the Savings Bank of Padua. The machines are very accurate, and refuse all obsolete or spurious coins. The innovation is getting very popular and will soon be introduced in other cities.

Aubrey Beardsley refuses to make his pictures any larger than they are to appear in the illustration for which they were designed. In this he is an exception to the average illustrator, who draws his pictures many times their actual size when reproduced.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Jude, the Obscure."

The *Argonaut* was the first newspaper in the United States to review Mr. Hardy's novel, "Jude, the Obscure." The *Argonaut* was also the first newspaper in the United States to condemn that novel, which it did roundly and in unmistakable terms. There was a slight pause on the part of the critical fraternity, and some hesitation, but at last the critics, both of the United States and of England, agreed. The general verdict is condemnation. We are, of course, gratified that the *Argonaut's* early verdict should be borne out by the agreement of other critical journals, not only in this country, but in England as well. But what we can not comprehend is that there should have been any hesitation. There were not a few editors who expressed themselves in condemnatory terms concerning the action of the editor of *Harper's Magazine* in expurgating Mr. Hardy's novel. We can not understand how any editor could condemn the editor of *Harper's Magazine* for expurgating such a novel. Mr. Hardy has a right to concoct filth if he chooses. But the editor of *Harper's Magazine* has no right to purvey filth to his readers. The subscribers to a periodical of its character should be able to tell what kind of fiction will appear in its pages. Therefore the editors have no right to force upon them a story as revolting as "Jude." As for the publication of the book itself, that is a different matter. People who set out to buy a book generally know what kind of a book they are buying, but people who are subscribing for a periodical should always be able to tell approximately what it will contain. Therefore the Harpers were justified in expurgating Mr. Hardy's novel in the pages of their magazine.

In order to understand the criticisms, let us briefly epitomize the story of "Jude, the Obscure." Jude is a neurotic degenerate. He has been warned not to marry. But he is handsome and robust, and he wins the favor of Arabella, a young woman who is a fine animal of gross instincts. She seduces and marries him. He falls from his own level to that of a laborer, and is only saved from a life of animalism by the fact that Arabella wearies of him and leaves him. He goes to Christminster, and is developing the better side of his nature, when he comes across his own cousin Sue, and falls in love with her and she with him. But Sue has promised to marry Phillotson, a fagged, worn-out, and middle-aged pedagogue, and marry him she does, although she loves Jude and has forced him to compromise her. But she finds her pedagogue intolerable, and leaves him to join Jude. She drags Jude down again. But Arabella comes into Jude's life once more, and jealousy forces Sue to try to keep Jude from her embraces. Sue becomes the mother of several children, who are killed in a fit of infantile mania by a boy, the son of Jude and Arabella. Sue comes in, and finds no trace of the children until she perceives what seem to be their clothes hanging against the wall; it is the children themselves, all hanged, and swinging from the clothes-peg, the older boy having first hanged them and then himself. This horror affects Sue's mind and drives her into a religious mania. She will no longer live with Jude, although both couples are now divorced, but returns to her despised pedagogue, while Jude, in a drunken paroxysm, goes back to Arabella and dies.

As we have said, the English critics almost unanimously condemn Mr. Hardy's novel. The only apologist we have noted is Edmund Gosse, who makes a vain plea for his friend in the first number of *Cosmopolis*, the new review. But the case is a bad one and the plea is a weak one. In the January number of *Blackwood's*, Mrs. Oliphant handles the book without gloves. She says:

"I do not know for what audience Mr. Hardy intends his last work, 'Jude, the Obscure,' which has been introduced, as he tells us, for the last twelve months into a number of decent houses in England and America, with the most shameful portions suppressed. How they could be suppressed in a book whose tendency throughout is so shameful, I do not understand. But it is to be hoped that the conductors and readers of *Harper's Magazine* were so protected by ignorance as not to understand what the writer meant then—though he now states it with a plainness beyond mistake."

Mrs. Oliphant then takes up his previous novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and says that it "marked the moment of his supposed emancipation from prejudice and modesty." Continuing, she says of "Tess":

"To demonstrate that a woman twice fallen from a woman's code of honor and purity was by that fact proved to be specially and aggressively pure, was a task for a Hercules, and Mr. Hardy did not succeed in doing this. But the fame of his book he believed to be due to the worse part, and the hideous circumstances of Tess's guilt unjustified even by passion. This, perhaps, explains the present book, which, by following 'Tess,' accentuates its own grossness, indecency, and horror. Nothing so coarsely indecent as the whole history of Jude and his relations with his wife and Arabella has ever been put in English print—that is to say, from the hands of a master. There may be books more disgusting, more impious as regards human nature, more foul in detail, in those corners where the amateur of filth finds garbage to his taste; but not, we repeat, from any master's hand."

"Mr. Hardy's hero falls into the hands of a woman so completely animal that it is at once too little and too much to call her vicious. She is a human pig, like the beast which, in a horrible scene, she and her husband kill. She is quite without shame, yet not even carried

away by her senses or any overpowering impulse for their gratification, so much worse than the sow that it is entirely on a calculation of profit that she puts forth her revolting spell. Jude is a puppet flung about between two women—the fleshly animal Arabella and the fantastic Sue—the one ready to gratify him in whatever circumstances they may meet, the other holding him on the tip-toe of expectation with a pretended reserve which is almost more indecent still."

We give here in a few phrases Mrs. Oliphant's analyses of the two women:

"Arabella, the first—the pig-dealer's daughter whose native qualities have been ripened by the experiences of a harmaid—is the Flesh, unmitigated by any touch of human feeling except that of merciless calculation as to what will be profitable to herself. She is the native product of the fields, the rustic woman, exuberant and overflowing with health, vanity, and appetite. The colloquy between her and her fellows in their disgusting work, after her first almost equally disgusting interview with Jude, is one of the most unutterable foulness—a shame to the language in which it is recorded and suggested, and the picture altogether of the country lasses at their outdoor work is more brutal in depravity than anything which the darkest slums could bring forth."

"The other woman who makes virtue vicious by keeping the physical facts of one relationship in life in constant prominence, by denying as Arabella does by satisfying them, and even more skillfully and insistently than Arabella—the fantastic Susan completes the circle of the unclean. This woman we are required to accept as the type of high-toned purity."

Mrs. Oliphant does not mince matters in her condemnation of the book. She continues:

"It would be curious to compare how much of the unsavory essence of his story Mr. Hardy has thought his first public could stomach—in the magazine—and how many edifying details he has put in for the enlightenment of those who have no squeamish scruples to get over. The transaction is insulting to the public with whom he trades the vilest wares under another name, with all the suppressed passages restored, as the old book-dealers say in their catalogues, recommending their ancient scandal to amateurs of the unclean."

It is refreshing to read such unqualified and clear-cut condemnation of an evil work. It is gratifying for us to see that decent men and women everywhere—many of them writers themselves—have agreed with the *Argonaut* in its condemnation of this foul and filthy book. The only explanation we can find for Thomas Hardy's having written it is that he has become an erotomaniac, that as a decent writer he is dead, and that over the grave of his literary reputation there will be erected a stone bearing only these pregnant words: "He wrote 'Jude, the Obscure.'"

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The present interest in the Transvaal has called attention again to the admirable account of life among the Boers, and of Johannesburg, which is furnished in Mr. Frank Vincent's "Actual Africa," published by the Appletons. A portrait of President Kruger is among the illustrations.

Rudyard Kipling's journalistic life in India has been described by one of his fellow-workers in a paper which is to be published soon in one of the magazines. Kipling is mentioned therein as working with tremendous energy at the editor's desk, daily doing the drudgery of three or four ordinary men.

The contents of *Harper's Magazine* for February may be briefly summarized as follows:

R. Caton Woodville's striking picture, "Peasant Rebels," indicates the salient feature of Poulney Bigelow's story of "The German Struggle for Liberty," as the story of a People's War. "The New Baltimore" is contributed by Stephen Bonsal, Jr., who brings into relief the social aspects of the city. Theodore Roosevelt tells the story of "St. Clair's Defeat," a century ago. Caspar W. Whitney's third paper of his series, "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," describes a hisonnet. "The Passing of the Fur-Seal," by Henry Loomis Nelson, illuminates the recesses of the diplomacy relating to this subject. The installment of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" embraces the last campaign undertaken by the Maid, concluding with her capture by the English at Compiègne. In fiction the number presents, in addition to the third part of William Black's novel, "Briseis," a short story, entitled "A Mother in Israel," by the late H. H. Boyesen, and a humorous tale of "A Snipe-Hunt," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. A poem, entitled "Pæstum," by John Hay, appears in the number.

"Q" (Arthur T. Quiller-Couch) used to live in London, where he worked very hard as general utility man for Cassell & Co.; but his health broke down and he went to live in his native Cornwall, where he only works part of the day. His mornings he spends nut-n-dnors and his afternoons in his study, which has two big windows overlooking the harbor and sea. Mr. Couch is one of the few men who seem to be contented with their lot.

Pierre Loti is writing a romance called "Ramondchén," about smugglers in the Basque frontiers. It will be ready next summer.

Professor James Sully's "Studies in Childhood," some of which have appeared in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* during the past year, are now issued in book-form.

The very best criticism ever passed upon a book (James Payn declares) was made by Charles Dickens on "Robinson Crusoe": "The most popular story in the world, and yet none which never drew a smile or a tear."

Count Tolstoy has finished a novel which is as yet unnamed. He read it recently in Moscow to a small circle of friends. The plot begins in a court. The prisoner is a "woman of thirty." The young prosecuting attorney can not take his eyes from her. He has seen her before. Eventually he realizes that the woman is none whose fall he

caused years before. He must open the case for the prosecution against her, nevertheless. The conflict of soul which he experiences under these circumstances is the main theme of the story.

In "Stonepastures," by Eleanor Stuart, to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., the author has studied the peculiar and almost unknown life of the laborers in a Pennsylvania mining and manufacturing town.

"Devil" occupies seventeen and one-half columns in the last installment of Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary.

Harper's Round Table for January 21st contains:

"The Story of the Wreck of the *Maria Helena*," by Rear-Admiral T. H. Stevens, U. S. N.; "The Buffalo Doll Show," by Elizabeth Flint Wade, a description of how a large city made all of its poor little girls happy; "Riddles in Flowers," by William Hamilton Gibson, illustrated by the author; "How Rufus Trapped the Burglar," a story, by William Hemmingway; "That Bit of Loose Flagg," a story of a boy who dreamed that he dropped into the Treasury vaults of the United States; and installments of the serial stories, "The Middle Daughter," by Margaret E. Sangster, and "For King and Country," by James Barnes.

Professor J. B. McMaster's new book, "With the Fathers," includes a review of the Monroe doctrine, the third term in history, and other themes of special interest.

John Kendrick Bangs is one of the most industrious of writers, one of the best paid, and one of the richest outside of his literary work. He was left a comfortable fortune by his father, the late Francis N. Bangs, who was one of the leading members of the New York bar. Besides his syndicate work, which is considerable, Mr. Bangs is the humorous editor of the Messrs. Harper's publications, contributing the greater part of the humor himself.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles contributes to *Harper's Weekly* for January 25th a valuable paper on the causes and results of the Civil War.

The last two volumes of Barras's "Memoirs" are to be published in French at the end of March or thereabout.

Stephen Crane has been spending the winter at work on a new novel, which has now been finished and sent to the publishers. He calls it "The Third Violet."

Zola, according to *Le Figaro*, stands a chance of being elected to the Academy in Dumas's place. A secret canvass gives him seventeen votes, it is said, none less than half of the present members, and there are three vacancies to be filled before they vote for a successor to Dumas, which may give him his majority.

Jules Marcou's biography of Agassiz is about ready for publication. Marcou came to this country with Agassiz, and is the only survivor of the little European band. He was closely associated with Agassiz as pupil and assistant.

Bewailing the degeneracy of latter-day Christmas numbers, which are "so clumsy in form and so rarely permitted to be dissociated from illustrations, to which, indeed, they mainly trust for their sale," James Payn says in the *Independent*:

"How delightful used to be the Christmas number of *Household Words*, only double the size of its ordinary weekly number. How excellent were the ghost stories of those days as compared with the poor, mechanical attempts at blood-curdling with which we now treat; the authors, indeed, as if conscious of their inability to deal with the supernatural seriously, content themselves now with gaudy the ghosts as spooks. Dickens himself had a fine taste for the genuine article—indeed, his love for the weird was quite as well known to his friends as was his sportive vein to the public, and his *Jurymen's Story*, in this line, will bear comparison with the best; but his ablest contributor was Mrs. Gaskell. 'The Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire' is, perhaps, the best collection of Tales of Horror that has ever been published, and its price was but fourpence; the best of them was no doubt that ghastly Borrowdale story where the two daughters of the old lord fall in love with the musician-master with such fatal results. But what may be called the champion ghost-story that came out under Dickens's editorship was not printed in a Christmas number, but in the ordinary issue. I forget its name; but the author was a most unlikely person, as he thought, to excel in that particular line. W. H. Wills, his editor, told me he acted as a sort of colander, and that only those articles which were greatly above the average were submitted to Dickens. Indeed, he rarely read an article at all till it had been sent to the printers. But when Wills got this story, he was so enchanted with it that he took it straight to his chief. 'What,' said Dickens, 'a good ghost-story, and by Miss Mulock! I don't believe it.' He acknowledged, however, that he had done her wrong, and that the conception of the tale was admirable. What was singular about it was that the ghost was not visible to the persons interested, so to speak, but only to outsiders. Thus the two haunted ones sat in their opera-box, unconscious of the spectre between them, who was, nevertheless, attracting the attention of the house—a novel situation it must be allowed. There are no real ghost-stories published now, but only, as it were, imitation ones; while the records of the Psychological Society are no more enthralling than a blue book."

In the number of *Harper's Bazar* issued on January 25th, Mr. Huxwell's article on Boyesen, reminiscent and critical, will appear.

The edition of the Gospels in French, for which M. Tissot has painted five hundred illustrations, is to be one of only a thousand copies. It is to be in two large volumes, and each copy will cost three hundred dollars.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Cosmopolis," the Tri-Lingual Review.

It was hardly to be supposed that there was room for another high-class periodical in an already crowded field; but the new international magazine, called *Cosmopolis*, seems to prove that there is. Its plan is a novel one, and the first number, which has just appeared, makes a good start toward success. It is "a tri-lingual review, composed (in equal parts) of English, French, and German text by leading writers," and it aims to follow all great movements of national thought in literature, politics, and the drama.

A systematic plan of departments is adopted. There is in each division a literary, a political, and a dramatic department, each one of which is to be presided over permanently by an able writer whose contributions will be in his own language.

Andrew Lang, who writes on current English literature in his happiest vein, gives one the hope that he means to do something better than the tiresome hack-work to which he has of late accustomed us. As always with him, the personal note is the dominant one; but perhaps his conviction is the correct one—that what the reader wants is Andrew Lang's own particular prejudices and tastes concerning the books of the day. Criticism amounts to little more, and no one knows better than Mr. Lang how to deal out such literary small talk.

"Jude, the Obscure" finds a defender in Edmund Gosse. He writes more admirably than discriminatingly.

The most notable piece of fiction in the number is Stevenson's eagerly awaited romance, "Weir of Hermiston," which was unfinished at the time of his death. It will appear as a serial, and there is as yet too little of it to pronounce judgment. It contains already, however, two complete and vivid portraits, one of a hanging Scotch judge in the early days of our century, and the other of his poor little wife—a Stevenson woman, he it noted.

The French writers make their bow before a new public with characteristic grace, and seem permeated with a rather closer sense of fellowship than their staid British brothers. There is an interesting article by Edouard Rod on the movement of literary thought in France, and Francisque Sarcey reviews the character and the plays of Alexandre Dumas fils. Paul Bourget contributes a story which runs on lines nearly parallel with one by Henry James. In each a junior *littérateur* sits at the feet of a great romance-writer and drieks in wisdom. Bourget's is a little sentimental, James's a little foical; both are readable, neither is remarkable.

The three dramatic articles discourse on the theatres of London, Paris, and Berlin, respectively, and the first one is of unexpected interest. To it, Mr. A. B. Walkley traces the influence on the English drama of Henrik Ibsen's plays. It is on Arthur Pinero's two plays, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," that he enlarges at greatest length, and, while he writes with discernment, he takes a tone more kindly than those unwholesome dramas deserve.

That, however, together with the personal character that pervades much of it, is the key-note of the entire review—toleration and impartial judgment.

The German section is characteristically heavy, but it is also solidly good. The fiction is supplied by Ernst von Wildenbruch, and there are thoughtful articles by Friedrich Spielhagen, Theodor Mommsen, and Herman Heflicher.

The number is, on the whole, well planned and well carried out. There is much to interest, and it is, in a sense, educational as well; it gives the impression of a singularly able management at the back of it.

The style of cover and printing is clean and plain, and agrees with the substantial character of the contents.

A Drunken Wife.

In "A Pitiless Passion," by Ella Macmahon, the hero marries a young girl who is in secret the slave to a passion for strong drink. Discovery soon follows, and with it his love dies and his life lies in ruins before him. This portion of the tale is told impressively, if somewhat melodramatically, but the subject prevents the book from being an enjoyable one. The episode of the husband's love for his wife's friend is not a happy thought, and it forms the vehicle for a good deal of clap-trap.

There is a lighter side to the tale, which is meant, like the comedy element in a stage drama, to relieve the gloom and lend variety; but these other incidents are not handled with any degree of success. In the description of an English household, the style adopted is too grimly satirical, and the playfulness which occasionally varies it is elephantine. The sayings of the young man who is accoutred so droll by both the authoress and the company, would need to be sharpened considerably before they could pass as wit.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Navel from the Danish.

Beyond Hans Christian Andersen, the idol of the children, there are few Danish authors whose works have become familiar to American readers through the medium of translations. Something

of the interest of novelty therefore attaches to "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," a romance translated from the Danish of Hjalger Drachman. It proves to have one of the sentiment one is led to expect from the title, and is a fresh and healthy tale of two young lovers growing up side by side in a village on the coast of Denmark. Though out a story of life at sea, it is full of the roar of the storm, of the sound of the wind and waves. The pictures of coast scenery and the descriptions of the storms are full of color; and the people who move through these scenes are drawn in a few vigorous strokes.

The incidents are of the simplest. The two young lovers, the son of the village smith and the daughter of an old sea-captain, are separated by phantasms of their own imaginings and are brought together by the great storm. Like the Paul and Virginia of the French classic, they are cast up by the sea in each other's arms, but this tale has a happier ending than the idyl of the tropics.

Published by Way & Williams, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Ballads of Blue Water."

James Jeffrey Roche's muse has grown serious, of late, and she sings in nautical phrase or chants of battle and carnage. He was for so long known as a clever writer of *vers de société* that the mention of his name immediately recalls "The Vase," just as the mention of John Hay recalls "Little Breeches," and, if Mr. Roche aims at becoming a serious poet, he may find himself saddled with the same kind of a metrical Frankenstein as that which haunts Colncl Hay.

But he has not yet entirely forsaken the comic muse, for his latest book, "Ballads of Blue Water and Other Poems," contains one little sailor's yarn that is quite Gilhertian. Still, all the remainder of the score or so of poems in the book are serious, and the majority are nautical. They constitute Mr. Roche's recent contributions to the magazines, among which one notes "The Kearsarge," "The Constitution's Last Fight," "Jack Creamer," "A Business Transaction," and several other ballads of the sea; "Gettysburg" and "The Men of the Alamo" among tales of modern battles; and memorial poems on John Boyle O'Reilly and Whittier.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The Rabbit Witch and Other Tales," a collection of amusing stories for children, told in verse and prettily illustrated by Katharine Pyle, has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"How to Buy Life Insurance," by J. H. Lewis, is a useful little book. Mr. Lewis has digested and classified for ready comparison the restrictions and privileges of the various forms of policy, and has compiled tables showing the dividends earned by thirty-two companies during the past ten years. Published by J. H. Lewis, Denver; price, \$2.00.

"Adolph Sutro," by Eugenia Kellogg Holmes, is a brief biography of the present mayor of San Francisco. It describes his birthplace at Aix-la-Chapelle and his early years there and in Prussia, and then details the leading events of his life. The book is illustrated by Carl Dahlgren. Published by the San Francisco Photo-Engraving Company, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

"In the Okefenokee," by Louis Pendleton, is a story of two boys' adventures in the great Georgia swamp in the last days of the Civil War. They get lost in the swamp, which has become a refuge for many bands of deserters from the Confederate army, and, being captured by one of these, have many exciting experiences while hunting the bears, panthers, and other wild beasts that inhabit the swamp, and in their several attempts to escape to their home. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Last Expedition of the Miranda" is the record of a Cook expedition of scientists to the Arctic regions in 1894. The vessel was an unlucky one, and finally was lost on a sunken reef off Greenland, whence the scientists were rescued by a fishing schooner, but the captain's log, H. C. Walsh's story of the expedition and rescue, and papers by various members of the party make up an entertaining book, if not one of great scientific value. It is illustrated from photographs. Published by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York.

The New Woman who dons her bloomers and ranges the wildernesses of South Africa in search of big game, has been put into fiction by the late Colonel Thomas W. Knox in his latest story, "Hunters Three." In the opening chapter we have presented to us three young travelers on a hunting expedition, returning to the Boer country from the Zambesi, and in the second they fall in with a second party, consisting of two lone English ladies and their native attendants. The two parties join forces and meet with many thrilling adventures—such as the treading of the ladies by three lions—and, in addition to this, love enters into the tale and adds a new element of interest. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

LATE VERSE.

Bicycling.

When first the leaves begin to fall,
And, trailing over fence and wall,
The vines their crimson beacons burn
To light the road at every turn,
Then joy it is to mount the wheel
And on the silent steed of steel
Fly like a spirit of the wind—
Joy at your side, and Care behind!

Now in, now out the roadway leads,
Through spicy woods and fragrant meads,
Alongside pebbly brooks that run
Singing their gladness to the sun;
An up-hill climb, a down-hill coast,
A level spin past tree and post—
Breathing the fresh autumnal air—
Joy beside, and, behind you, Care!

Who would be full of youth, and strong,
And day by day find life a song?
Wake with the dawn, and in its glow
Race with the sun an hour or so:
Mount the swift wheel for one short spin—
Health is the goal that you shall win;
Care stays behind, but at your side—
Joy is your comrade while you ride!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in the *Youth's Companion*.

Sea Witchery.

Yon headland, with the twinkling footed sea
Beyond it, conjures shapes and stories fair
Of young Greek days; the lithe immortal air
Carries the sound of Siren-song to me;
Soon shall I mark Ulysses daringly
Swing round the cape, the sea-wind in his hair:
And look! the Argonauts go sailing there,
A golden quest, shouting their god like glee.
The vision is compact of blue and gold,
Of sky and water, and of the drift of foam,
And thrill of brine-washed breezes from the west:
Wide space is in it, and the unexpressed
Great heart of Nature, and the magic old
Of legend, and the white ships coming home.

—Richard Burton in the *Chap Book*.

The River.

I am a river flowing from God's sea
Through devious ways. He mapped my course for me;
I can not change it; mine alone the toil
To keep the waters free from grime and soil.
The winding river ends where it began;
And when my life has compassed its brief span
I must return to that mysterious source.
So let me gather daily on my course
The perfume from the blossoms as I pass,
Balm from the pines and healing from the grass,
And carry down my current as I go
Not common stones but precious gems to show.
And tears (the holy water from sad eyes)
Back to God's sea, which from all rivers rise
Let me convey; not blood from wounded hearts,
Nor poison which the up-as-tree imparts.
When over flowery vales I leap with joy,
Let me not devastate them, nor destroy,
But rather leave them fairer to the sight.
Mine be the lot, to comfort, and delight.
And if down awful chasms I needs must leap
Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep
On bravely to the end without one fear,
Knowing that He who planned my ways stands near.
Love sent me forth, to Love I go again,
For Love is all, and over all. Amen.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *Independent*.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is being fêted extensively in London just now. It was said at the time that the reason she and her husband separated in Washington was because British adulation had turned her head.

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IN

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY NUMBER

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It is interesting to see the Frawley Company again, not only because they are a good organization and play good plays, but because, since their last visit here, they have added a manager to their list of improvements, and it is interesting to study the effect upon them of managerial supervision.

The Frawley Company's need of a manager was deep and long felt. Each member of the organization went his own way. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost was the motto of the troupe. The consequences were that every player was playing for himself, and, as some of them were very raw, the results were decidedly unsatisfactory. A clever player can work out his own salvation without managerial direction; but an average player, especially a woman who has it on her mind that she has a figure, and hair, and handsome eyes, and good clothes, needs a manager to coax, and command, and direct her up the narrow way to art and fame.

The most marked improvement that has followed upon the advent of Mr. Walter Bellows into the Frawley organization is in the elocution. It is with deep and heart-felt gratitude that we thank Mr. Bellows for having taught the Frawley Company how to talk so that they can be understood. Formerly one heard about one-third of what they said. The rest was guess-work, or, if it was a play that you knew, you left it to your memory to fill out the blanks when the actors were chattering away as gayly and unintelligibly as monkeys before Mr. Garner found the key to their language. Mr. Bellows, however, had better not be lenient yet on this score. In moments of excitement the old habit reasserted itself, and the players enunciated their sentences at break-neck speed, the words stumbling over each other in their hurry to escape.

It is probable that it takes years before an unassisted, unbroken actor realizes how slowly he must articulate for the audience to catch all he says, and how important, how immensely important, it is for the audience to catch all he says. In a hook we can go back and verify the doubtful point; but in a play the spoken word is not to be repeated, and upon that spoken word the plot often turns, the whole imbrolio may hinge. A hardened player, well-seasoned by many years of arduous attendance at the drama, generally knows how things are going to turn out, and how things were before the action begins; but even these experienced ones are not always infallible. After sitting through the whole five acts of "The Ensign," after giving what Bishop Heber called "meek, attentive ear" to the entire piece, one is forced to make the embarrassing admission that one has not yet found out whether Lieutenant Blythe was really killed or not. Did his dead body fall into the boat and lie there with a tell-tale bullet in his heart, or did it drop into the water and get carried off and no one ever find it?

The players would all exclaim to such a question, "Why, we said all that; we told how it all occurred and what happened as plain as A B C." To which one replies, "I have not the slightest doubt you did, but I never heard it. Whether I am deaf or you are inarticulate is the question at issue. I was sitting far back under the balcony and the acoustics may be had there. A lot of men, dressed like soldiers, wearing huge gold epaulets, sat in front of me, and, though their epaulets were large enough to obstruct the view, I don't think they were large enough to impede the free passage of sound. Yet the fact remains that I am not yet sure whether Lieutenant Blythe was really killed, or was wounded and escaped. As they were going to hang a man for his murder, I am inclined to think that he must have been killed."

The company show improvement in other ways. They are not as restless as they were. They do not cavort about the stage as they used to, like people who, by the advice of a physician, have to walk so many miles a day, and do it in the house with the assistance of a pedometer. An actress, especially one who is personating the sweet sort of clinging heroine, ought to cultivate repose of manner. It is very fatiguing to see her pacing about like a lion in a cage. The value of tranquillity and repose on the stage is only to be equaled by the value of the same qualities in private life. All our American companies can take a lesson in this from the French. When they act reasonable people who inhabit well-furnished houses in Christian countries, they behave quietly, and peacefully, and rationally, as such people usually do behave. How seldom on the American stage do you see people sitting and having a quiet conversation with each

other. Yet in real life, when people converse on any topic, unless it be one of the death and damnation order, they sit still on chairs and sofas, and talk until the subject under discussion is exhausted. The French are the only people who have had the artistic discrimination to introduce into these scenes an air of naturalness.

In the matter of individual acting, the men of the Frawley Company show more improvement than the women. Mr. Frawley, Mr. Arhuckle, Mr. George Leslie, have all bettered their style, their manner, and their elocution. For the women, it may be said that they had little or no chance to show their improvement in such small characters as Alice Greer and Dot. One might ask, however, why their hoth were their golden hairs hanging down their backs? The *Ladies' Home Journal* has said, with the full and awful weight of its solemn authority, that "at fourteen the skirt is lengthened to the top of the hoots, and at sixteen the hair is done up." These are the words of the Rhodamantus of Philadelphia, who knows all things on the earth and above the earth and in the waters under the earth. So Dot and Alice Greer, unless they want us to believe they are only sixteen, must wind up their little braids, neatly and tightly, on the tops of their heads.

It might be suggested to both of these actresses that, in the moments of tribulation and anxiety, their style is injured by a certain fretfulness, a petulance of manner, which is all out of harmony with the conception of a fine and tender womanliness. Miss Ross makes of Dot a regular little shrew, always snapping at somebody. The author of "The Ensign" did, indeed, give Dot some very shrewish lies, but there is a way of delivering them whereby, though the words may be harsh, their edge can be so softened that the most sensitive spirit would hardly feel them. Miss Ross is very pretty and piquant, and she does not want to get into the way of being a snappish sourette. That is an awful sort of thing. It also might be gently whispered to her that to go to the execution of a friend in a pale-green dress, with grass-green sleeves, and spangles, and fur trimming, is not exactly delicate. Miss Ross might reply to this that, if it comes to that, isn't it much more indelicate for her to be at the execution at all? To which one can only answer that the playwright sent her there, and she has to go, and, such being the melancholy case, she had better go darkly and decorously in sombre garb, not as gayly as if she were bound for a pink tea.

But it is impossible to criticize the improbabilities of "The Ensign." They would fill these two whole columns; and yet the play is so healthy in sentiment, so full of live human interest, so warm with kindness and a slap-dash sort of humanity, that one is forced to let the improbabilities go, with only a little passing frown at them. In the last act they do go a little too far in bringing on all the female friends, mothers, sweethearts, etc., of the condemned to assist at his hanging. They come quite briskly down the stairs and hid him good-bye and weep on his shoulder. When the sailors come to pinion him, the ladies politely withdraw into the background; but, like Piles on Parade, they would soon be in a position to ask, "What haags so black against the sun?" It is a decidedly ghastly idea. The appearance of the President's messenger, hearing a paper and crying that he brings a reprieve, is ridiculously reminiscent of the appearance of Angelica in "The Rose and the Ring," waving on high the reprieve for Bulho. Thackeray made a picture of Angelica hangiog round Bulho's neck, and wearing a broad, triumphant grin on her face, while Bulho looked as if he would have preferred death. Why, in affecting scenes, will dreadful memories like this obtrude themselves?

One of the main interests of "The Ensign" is the appearance of President Lincoln at the end of the fourth act. Like Lord Burleigh in "The Critic," the President says no word, only comes on and shakes his head. The bringing on the stage of the great dead is a doubtful business. They have brought Napoleon on in a good many plays, and people seem to like it, even the French. But Napoleon was not to the most rampant Imperialist what Lincoln is to a good American. Not even the illustrious Father of His Country stands to us as the great President does—"The Great American," as some one has called him. Altogether, there was somewhat of a shock experienced when the door of the President's Cabinet room was opened, and a tall figure, in a funny-looking stove-pipe hat, with a black chin-beard and a face like Uncle Sam in a French paper, stood upon the threshold. He bore about as much resemblance to Lincoln as he did to Stephen Douglas, or Henry Clay, or any other of the great men of that great epoch. It gave one a singular sensation of being shocked and somewhat displeased. It is risky work, putting heroes on the stage, especially the greatest hero of our history—the hero toward whom the American assumes an attitude which, if Matthew Arnold could have seen it, would have made him hesitate before he said that the American character was without reverence.

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RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The late John W. Coleman left no will, and the widow, Julia M. Coleman, has applied for letters of administration upon his estate. The deceased left real and personal property estimated at four hundred thousand dollars. All of the estate is set forth to be community property. The only heirs are the widow, and a son, Harry L. Coleman, and a daughter, Miss Jessie Coleman. John Garber appears as attorney for the petitioner. The home place on Eighth Street, between Brush and West, does not appear in the schedule, and was probably deeded by Mr. Coleman before his death.

Death of A. Page Brown.

The death of A. Page Brown, the well-known architect, took place at his home in Burlingame last Tuesday, nearly three and one-half months after the accident in which he was thrown from his cart and received the injuries from the effect of which he has died. During all that time he did not entirely recover the use of his mental faculties. Mr. Brown was a graduate of Princeton and studied architecture in the offices of McKim, Meade & White. He came to San Francisco about seven years ago, and at once took a leading place among our architects. His taste has had a marked influence, and he has left a lasting monument in the many beautiful buildings, both public and private, that have been erected after his designs in San Francisco and its vicinity. Mr. Brown was in his thirty-seventh year at the time of his death, and leaves a widow and three young children.

The Mizpah Club, a charitable organization of the Western Addition, has elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Harry Clarke; vice-president, Mrs. W. O. Farnsworth; recording secretary, Mrs. P. J. Schuyler; corresponding secretary, Miss M. L. Elliott; treasurer, Mrs. B. Day. During the past year the members have made seventy-four visits to the needy, twenty-six families have been assisted, and one hundred and ninety-five garments made for different charitable institutions.

Mr. Henry J. Newton, who was a prominent wholesale merchant in this city some years ago and a brother of Mr. Morris Newton, was killed on December 22, 1895, by a Lexington Avenue cable-car in New York city. His widow, Mrs. Mary A. Newton, and his son, Mr. Harry G. Newton, are at present in New York city. The cable-car company and the gripman were exonerated from all blame by the jury.

Smith's Cash Store.

Work is shortly to be commenced on a building on the south-east line of Market Street, near Steuart, which, when completed, is to be occupied by Smith's Cash Store. The building will be in Spanish Renaissance style of architecture, six stories in height, its front being one sheet of plate glass, divided only by the necessary steel supports. Balconies on each floor, extending to the full width of the building, will furnish the necessary fire-escapes without destroying the symmetry of the exterior of the building, and throughout it will be absolutely fire-proof.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Racing Play.

"In Old Kentucky" has had large and enthusiastic audiences all through the week. The play has been here before, and it is not particularly novel in conception or execution, but the theatre is filled every night and many scenes are applauded to the echo. One explanation of this may lie in the fact that there are a lot of racing people in San Francisco just now and they are frequent patrons of the theatres; but it is also not to be denied that "In Old Kentucky" is the kind of play that a great many people like to see, and, moreover, it is very well presented at the California Theatre. The present company have been presenting it for a long time; indeed, Laura Burt has almost made a star part of Madge.

"In Old Kentucky" will be continued throughout next week at the California Theatre, and on Monday, February 3d, Corinne and the Kimball Opera Company will bring a brief engagement in "Hendrik Hudson, Jr.;" or, The Discovery of Columbus."

Another Week of "Ixion."

"Ixion" is having such a run as the Tivoli has not known in years. It begins its sixth week next Monday night. Still, there have been so many new songs, and so much new dialogue, and such a quantity of new "business" introduced since the first night, that the extravaganza is radically changed from what it was then. The management make some acknowledgment of this in calling the present the "third edition."

The new American opera, "The Gentle Savage," is to follow "Ixion"—on February 3d, it is now announced—and after that will come revivals of "Der Freischütz," "Aida," "Mignon," "Lucretia Borgia," and other standard operas.

A New Theatre in Redwood City.

While the Olympic Club boys were enjoying their frolic in the Columbia Theatre, last Monday night, the Frawley Company was opening a new and pretty little theatre in Redwood City. The building is owned by Charles Josselyn, and was designed by the late A. Page Brown in the Mission style of architecture; it is appropriately called the Alhambra. It is a brick building of sandstone finish, and the lower floor is devoted to stores and a café. The main floor will seat seven hundred and the gallery two hundred and fifty, and every arrangement has been provided, from electric lights to spacious dressing-rooms, for the comfort of both audience and actors. The Alhambra will doubtless bring Redwood City into line as one of the places to be counted with in mapping out a theatrical tour of California.

"A Man Without a Country" and "The Editor."

"A Man Without a Country," a new play by James Harkins, has been enjoying a goodly measure of success at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week. It combines the vivacity and lightness of the society drama with the more sensational qualities of the melodrama, and, while not particularly original, it keeps the audience interested and amused to the last scene. One of the characters is a little blind girl, played by Woody Van Dyke, and her misfortune is ingeniously used to bring about a telling situation.

The play will be continued this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow night, and on Monday it will be succeeded by "The Editor," a comedy drama by C. T. Vincent and Louis Aldrich. It has an excellent part for Frank B. Hatch in Colonel John Hawkins, the editor of *The American Eagle*, and others in the cast are Maud Edna Hall, Florence Thropp, H. Coulter Brinker, Fred J. Butler, Charles Lothian, Charles Swain, and Harry Benrimo. "The Editor" will run throughout next week.

Two Carmens.

So much has been said about Mme. Calvé's Carmen, and later of Miss Nethersole's performance in the dramatic version of the story, that it is interesting to read in the New York *Sun* a comparison of the methods of the two women. Apropos of Miss Nethersole's performance, the *Sun's* critic says:

"Her conception of Carmen as an entirely abandoned wanton is a matter with which it may not be possible to find fault. Calvé conceives the character in the same way."

It is only in their method of interpreting the woman from this same point of view that the two actresses differ so widely. When Calvé acted the Merimée heroine for the first time in New York, her performance was regarded as an uncompromising exhibition of her view of the character. She was an unrestrained wanton, loving freely and impartially, and the symbols by which Calvé realized this view were as bold as any ever seen until Miss Nethersole played the part. Then there was made clear the difference between the artist and the crude talent of the English actress. Starting with a point of view which does not differ from Calvé's, she succeeded in playing the part as a low-comedy rôle.

"The audiences at the Empire now laugh as though they were watching a burlesque of the rôle. They are in reality seeing a Nancy Sikes toggled out in Spanish clothes, with the difference in refinement and morals a good deal to Nancy's credit. The wantonness of Carmen's character was suggested by Calvé in a number of ways possible to the fine art of the experienced actress, whose natural genius is guided and restrained by some discriminating respect for repose, proportion, and other laws than those that produce only extravagant effect. Miss Nethersole lets loose her lush dramatic temperament, and

the result is a performance which bears the same resemblance to Calvé's that a coarse crayon does to an etching. Calvé is herself an actress who depicts her characters with a broad stroke. But she can do so artistically, and, compared to Miss Nethersole, her treatment is like that of Meissonier in its delicacy. Calvé suggests and Miss Nethersole does, and it is that tendency in her acting which threatens her future position on the stage. The whole transfer of the story to the stage has made the piece crude, vulgar, and extravagant. Calvé has the assistance of the music to keep out of her work the illusion of ordinary, every-day life that tends to make Miss Nethersole's work seem coarser. The music from the opera that is played in the piece is an irritating reminder of the whole thing comes from Miss Nethersole's performance of the title rôle. If the methods she employs in that work are to be used in the future, her natural talents will avail her little. Fifteen years ago she could have used them in "East Lynne" or "Miss Multon" with great effect. But to-day they mark the positive limitations of her art, just as that cough did in the last act of "Camille," when, after a fine performance of the part, she deliberately threw the sympathies of the audience away from her by an inexcusably realistic—

from her point of view—treatment of the death scene."

Love, Banking, and Peculation.

"Men and Women," which the Frawley Company will present at the Columbia Theatre next week, is probably the most successful production of H. C. de Mille and David Belasco as playwrights working in collaboration. Its theme is the temptations that assail a man in the modern race for wealth, and it presents a striking instance of the folly of trying short-cuts to fortune in the story of a bank cashier who speculates, takes the bank's money, and allows an innocent man to be convicted of his own crime. In the development of the story an interesting picture of financial methods is presented, and love and comedy add to the attractive qualities of the play.

The cast calls for twenty persons, and the Frawley Company will have abundant opportunity in it to show their mettle. The play ran for nearly twelve months in New York, and it may be expected to draw large audiences throughout the week.

The Tavery Opera Season.

The Baldwin Theatre will remain closed all next week, but the box-office will be opened on Tuesday morning for the sale of seats for the Tavery opera season, which begins on Monday, February 3d. The organization, which is now in its second year, and met with success in New York as well as in the smaller cities of the Union, comprises a large number of fairly well-known singers, and they present a very extensive repertoire of new and standard operas. Their productions are carefully put on the stage, with proper attention to the chorus and minor details of the performance, and the result is an eminently satisfactory presentation.

For the first week the following list of operas has been arranged:

Monday, "Aida"; Tuesday, "Carmen"; Wednesday matinee, "Bohemian Girl"; Wednesday night, "The Huguenots"; Thursday, "Mignon"; Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; and "I Pagliacci"; Saturday matinee, "Martha"; Saturday night, "Lohengrin."

For the second week the arrangement is as follows:

Monday, "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Tuesday, "Mignon"; Wednesday matinee, "Martha"; Wednesday night, "Aida"; Thursday, "Carmen"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday matinee, "Trovatore"; Saturday night, "Tannhäuser."

The company includes among its singers this season such well-known artists as Mme. Tavery, Theo Dorre, Anna Lichter, Sophia Romani, Nellie Franklyn, Bella Tomlins, A. L. Guille, William Stephens, Payne Clarke, Max Eugene, H. S. Dudley, William Schuster, A. Abramhoff, Joseph Witt, etc.

The Death of Thomas Maguire.

The dispatches brought the sad news, a few days ago, that Tom Maguire had died in destitution in New York, cared for in his last days by the Actors' Fund. The present generation of play-goers in San Francisco do not remember him—indeed, he left this city about seventeen years ago—but he was long a mighty factor in theatrical affairs here.

He came to San Francisco from New York in 1849, and is reputed to have made a fortune of one million dollars in the theatrical business, though the last dollar of it was gone before he died. He built the Jenny Lind Theatre—the middle of the three buildings on Kearny Street, between Washington and Merchant, which were subsequently sold by him to the municipality and became the old City Hall—in 1852, and two years later he erected Maguire's Opera House, on Washington Street, in which many of the world's greatest actors and actresses appeared under his management.

Maguire's misfortunes began with the building of the Academy of Music on Pine Street in 1862. He failed to make the enterprise pay and never again attained to much prosperity, though he leased the Eureka Theatre on Montgomery Street, between Pine and California, and, finally before his departure for the East in 1878, managed Baldwin's Academy of Music, now the Baldwin Theatre. In New York he could do little better than here, and his last years were passed in poverty.

It is said that Mme. Calvé will appear as Trilby in an opera of that name upon which Massenet is now engaged. M. Henri Cain is composing the libretto. The event will not occur till May, when Mme. Calvé returns to Paris.

Notes.

"A Milk-White Flag," one of Charles H. Hoyt's recent farce-comedies, will be seen at the Baldwin after the Tavery opera season.

Nellie McHenry has a new piece entitled "A Bicycle Girl," which has been tried on a dog and seems not to have disagreed with the animal.

Reginald de Koven recently told a reporter that "Robin Hood" had been worth about one hundred thousand dollars to Harry Smith and himself.

A benefit performance for the widow of Henry Widmer was given at Daly's Theatre in New York on the afternoon of January 23d. Mr. Widmer was well known in this city, where he had conducted the orchestra in several of the leading theatres.

Mme. Modjeska was taken seriously ill while in Cincinnati, early in the week, and it is said that she will not act again, even if she does recover, which is doubtful. Mme. Modjeska is a very popular actress, and she will have the sympathy of thousands in her affliction. The papers describe her complaint as an "injury of the inner tissues of the jugular vein" and rupture of "some ligaments of the vein on the left side of her neck."

When Henry Hamilton made his dramatic version of "Carmen" for Olga Nethersole, he represented his heroine in one scene as smoking a cigar. Miss Nethersole scorned the suggestion that she should substitute a cigarette for it. At the first dress-rehearsal, the scene came and also the cigar, and Miss Nethersole puffed away at it bravely for about a minute. Then she turned very pale and looked at the weed in hurt astonishment. She tried to go on with her part, and took another puff. But it was too much for her, and she was gently led away and the rehearsal dismissed for that day. A cigarette was sufficiently realistic for Miss Nethersole thereafter.

Yvette Guilbert has a sharp tongue of her own. When Mmes. Nordica and Melba and Pol Plançon refused to sing at the French charity concert in New York because her name was on the programme, Mlle. Guilbert said, among other things:

"There is only one of them who has a real excuse for not singing with me, and I respect her for it deeply. I mean Mme. Melba. Although I have risen from the people myself, I am a strong believer in caste. It would not be proper for a woman who belonged to the House of Orleans to sing with me."

Mlle. Yvette will be glad to learn that, as we stated in our last issue, the young Duc d'Orleans is "tired of acting as co-respondent in the English divorce courts."

They have a real live bear in the New York production of "The Streets of New York." He is of Californian extraction and French training, and his name is Gambetta. The other members of the company treat him with the utmost respect, though he would gladly mingle with them more freely, for he has a sweet tooth and they feed him candy and beer. This latter appetite got him into trouble a few days ago. It seems that recently he has been liberally supplied with candy of the barber's-pole variety and is very fond of it. The other day they assuaged his thirst with an unusual quantity of beer, and it affected his ursine brain. He wanted barber's-pole candy so badly that he almost wept. Suddenly upon his vision dawned two magnificent sticks of this red and white delicacy. He started for them, but they fled, accompanied by feminine shrieks. Before Gambetta could reach those particularly luscious sticks of candy, he was caught and chained up. One of the girls in the company has had nervous prostration ever since, and she can not be hired to wear striped stockings.

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VANITY FAIR.

In the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, there is an article by W. D. Howells on "Unequal Marriages," which is more interesting than most of Howells's stuff generally is. The subject is always an interesting one. Howells speaks of marriages between "rich men and poor girls," which, as he says, have always been looked upon as "entirely possible and Simon-pure affairs of the heart." He further says: "The poor girl is certainly not so often suspected of self-interest as the poor man whom a rich girl marries." Howells goes on to say, of a marriage between a rich man and poor girl, "that if such a marriage fails, the husband is laughed at"; but he adds, "if the marriage fails in the case of the poor young man who marries the rich young girl, it is the wife who gets all the pity." This is, generally speaking, true. It is rather odd that the American people, with their extremely practical ideas, should look upon these affairs with such jaundiced eyes. There is no doubt that the feeling against "marrying a rich girl" has a tendency to keep eligible young men away from many nice girls, and that these same girls often *coiffe Ste. Katherine*, as the French say, or, in other words, remain old maids. There are many well-mannered, well-educated, accomplished, and very charming girls in San Francisco, some of them with large fortunes in their own right, some of them with expectations of large fortunes, who are withering away upon the ancestral tree unwed. It is quite on the cards that these young women might have married if their fortunes had not scared off many eligible young men. It is a curious fact, but most of the married heiresses in San Francisco have been married by men from other States or from abroad. There seems to be no marked inclination on the part of the young men of this city to run after "rich girls."

A paragraph which will appeal with much force to all men who go to the theatres is one in a recent number of *Life*, in which that journal remarks that it observes with consternation that the large hats are coming in again in the theatres. *Life* closes with these bitter remarks: "It is not too much to say that the height of the hat which a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding, and, as a rule, to her respectability. The women who wear the biggest and most offensive hats, and refuse to take them off, are commonly dames who, from disastrous personal experiences, have become hardened in indifference to public opinion."

There was much curiosity expressed as to whether Mrs. Ogden Mills would invite Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, now Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, to the dance which she gave at her house on Sixty-Ninth Street, New York, the other night. Mrs. Mills has come to be the leader of New York society, in a way. After the death of Mrs. Astor, her sceptre was contended for by several ladies, the leaders among them being Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Ogden Mills. No love was lost between the two ladies, but they paid to each other a hollow courtesy. Now that Mrs. Vanderbilt has married again, speculation was on tiptoe as to whether her rival would invite her to this dance, which was a very select affair. But she was not invited, neither she nor her new husband. It was a cotillion, led by Mr. Elisha Dyer, and naturally only the cream of the cream were there. But the name of Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont did not lead the list. Apropos, there is much curiosity also as to whether Mr. Oliver Belmont intends to allow his wife to accept the alimony paid her by her former husband, William K. Vanderbilt. By the terms of the divorce, Mrs. Vanderbilt was allowed two hundred thousand dollars a year, her Newport house, her town house, and fifty thousand dollars a year for the support of each child. Inasmuch as the divorce was awarded to her on the ground of William K. Vanderbilt's adultery, she obtained the custody of her children and the right to remarry. But it is stated that Vanderbilt objects seriously to paying a quarter of a million a year to the wife of another man. He probably will take legal proceedings. Their beginning will be looked for with much interest.

It is evident, as the weeks roll on, that there is a slight slackening in the bicycle boom in San Francisco, and one that is not due to the weather. This slackening does not seem to hold good throughout the State, for the dealers report that the demand from all parts of the interior is very large for the coming spring trade. San Francisco is a city of fads, and has successively taken up roller skating, bathing at North Beach, bathing at Alameda, bathing in city natatoriums, artificial ice skating, and bicycling, gone crazy over them, and laid them down again, as a child does its toys. It is true that the conditions here are against bicycling, owing to the bad condition of the streets, the great number of steep hills, and the strong winds which blow throughout the summer season. But elsewhere throughout the State the cycling boom has not slackened. Judging from journals which come from all over the world, it is still raging in several continents. Winter is now sealing up in ice the in-

habitants of the northern hemisphere, and those who cycle must do so in rinks. This they are engaged in doing in Paris, London, and other large European cities. One of our correspondents recently described the Palais-Sport in Paris, where bicyclists roll up and down a spiral path extending from the top of the building to the bottom, passing artificial mountains and painted waterfalls. In London, too, there are several rinks for bicyclists in full blast. In the Antipodes, it is now midsummer, and bicycling is raging in Australia and New Zealand. It has brought on a bitter war among women. The more advanced women began wearing knickerbockers while on the wheel, and in a short time the use of knickerbockers became general, not only for wheeling, but for horse-back riding, walking, golf, etc. It went so far that there was a photograph published recently in a London paper of an Australian bridal party, in which the bride and bridesmaids were in knickerbockers, the groom in knickerbockers, and the best man in knickerbockers. All that was necessary to complete it was to have the parson in knickerbockers too. It is not at all uncommon there to see young women hestriding their horses in knickerbockers. This has brought about a fight. The Victorian Cyclist Touring Club of Melbourne has strictly prohibited the use of bloomers, knickerbockers, or other bifurcated garments among its female members. The club has passed a by-law to that effect. Of course they can not prohibit members from wearing what they please by themselves, but they are prohibited from wearing knickerbockers on club runs. The war is still raging with great ferocity in Melbourne.

People who move in the giddy whirl of society only in large cities do not know what they miss. Last week a dance was being given in the small town of Lathan, Ga. The young folks were in the home of Colonel Anderson, one of the magnates of Lathan, having a holiday dance, or, as they generally call it in the South, a "frolic." Suddenly the door opened, and in walked Albert Budd, one of those curious creatures known in the South as a "boy minister." Albert knelt, and asked all present to kneel while he prayed for their salvation. A few demurred at first, but finally all yielded and did as he asked. He then prayed eloquently for the dancers, bade them farewell, and departed. After he had gone there was an effort to resume the festivities, but it failed, and the dancers went home wrapped in religion and gloom. It seems to us that the Lathan idea of running a dance is unique. What is the matter with the boy minister doing his praying in church?

In a recent number of a Cincinnati daily paper there is a long article intended as a leap-year guide for ladies. It contains portraits and full biographies of eligible bachelors living in Cincinnati. Minute financial details are given, and careful descriptions of the attractions, mental and physical, of the various gentlemen mentioned. While the unhappy bachelors upon whom the press has thus turned its calcium light may be a little disturbed, there can be no doubt that the list will be useful to the ladies. But how did the Cincinnati paper get at their bank accounts? The size of a man's "boodle" is something which it is rather difficult to discover. Frequently a pseudo-millionaire dies, and leaves a very moderate fortune. Then, again, a quiet man of unassuming demeanor, with shiny elbows to his coat, passes away and leaves a million or so. It is difficult to tell how much men are worth in a community like the United States. But the Cincinnati article is one of the kind that adds to the gaiety of nations. Why did not some of our dailies in San Francisco publish a list of eligible bachelors, with portraits and biographies? They are certainly prying and impertinent enough. They must have overlooked this way of beginning leap-year.

Mme. Nellie Melba has just been playing the rôle of good fairy to a pair of young lovers in New York. The young lovers are Miss Louise Bennett and Mr. Kenyon Mason. Miss Bennett is a bright young Englishwoman who has been companion and secretary to Melba for three or four years. When Melba came to America last autumn, she found that her little secretary had left her heart behind with a handsome young Englishman, who had no money and was a clerk in the London Stock Exchange. Melba's sympathies went out to this pair of divided lovers, so she invited Mr. Mason to come over to America at her expense, to spend the holidays with his sweetheart. Miss Bennett was surprised to meet him on the twenty-first of December. On the sixth of January, when they were to have said farewell, Melba announced that they should not be parted. She would give Miss Bennett a wedding and "attend to all the rest." This turned out to mean Miss Bennett's trousseau, the expense of the wedding breakfast for fifty guests, the wedding journey, and a large and comfortable check. On the fourteenth of January, the affair took place. As it was a mixed marriage, it could not be celebrated in a Roman Catholic church, but was performed in the drawing-room of the Roman Catholic archbishop's house. The wedding breakfast was served in a private suite in the Hotel

Savoy. It was a very elaborate affair, and the guests included some fifty, among them the archbishop, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, and the principal members of the Italian Opera Company. The young couple received many very handsome presents from the members of the opera company, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey gave them as a present the suite of bridal staterooms on the promenade deck of the steamship *Paris*, upon which they sailed for England. On the whole, Mme. Melba, who is said to be "a jolly good fellow," is to be congratulated upon the admirable send-off which she gave to this young couple. But if in the years to come they fight, they may not be so grateful to her.

The new issue of De Brett's Peerage for 1896 has two American names added to it, that of Lady Francis Hope, formerly May Yohe, late of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, and that of Lady Sholto Douglas, formerly Miss Loretta Addis, late of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. These ladies would probably not be received with enthusiasm by the ladies of the English peerage. They are neither of them peeresses, being only married to younger sons, and their titles are but courtesy titles. None the less, they are entitled to a place in the peerage. It is probable, however, that English society will bear up under this infusion of plebeian blood, for there are many English plebeians who have crept into the aristocratic fold. The mother of one of England's dukes was the daughter of a worthy couple who made a fortune by selling whisky at retail. An English duchess hears the bar sinister—not dating centuries back, but the bar sinister of one generation—that is, she is what is commonly called a "by-blow," or illegitimate child. There are numbers of other actresses who have married into the aristocracy, such as Belle Bilton, Bessie Bellwood, and others. There are descendants of tailors, grocers, tanners, and various kinds of shop-keepers in the House of Lords, and two of its members are recent descendants of barbers. It does not mention in the Peerage that the husband of the Countess of Rothes was a gardener, or that the last Earl of Caithness was a bank-clerk, or that Sir Henry Wardlaw was a wheelwright, or that Viscount Hinton is still an organ-grinder. Lady Francis Hope figures as "May Augusta, daughter of William Yohe." They ought to add "of Bethlehem, Pa., iron-molder." Mme. Melba is in the peerage, described as the wife of Mr. Fred Armstrong, brother of an Irish baronet, and is entered as "Helen Porter, daughter of David Mitchell, Esq." They might have put her down as being a "Duchess of Orleans—*de par la main gauche*."

In New York city during the past week, the social event of the season was the Assembly ball. It was the first large subscription ball given at the Waldorf, and many conservative people objected to the publicity. But the rooms were beautiful and there was plenty of room for dancing. The Empire dining-room was the ball-room. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. William A. Duer, and Mrs. William Watts Sherman received the guests. The cotillion began at midnight. Mr. Elisha Dyer led with Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The favors were most elaborate, and in the favor figure the room looked like fairy-land. This is the fourth place at which the Assembly hall was held; Delmonico's was the first, Madison Square Garden was the second, Sherry's next, and finally the Waldorf. Fifty ladies subscribed to these balls, nearly all of them married. Apropos, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont were among the guests at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Duer before the Assembly, and also appeared at the ball for a short time. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore a most bewildering display of diamonds. The next dance of importance was the "First Tuesday Subscription Ball" at Sherry's. This is the first of that set of dances sometimes referred to as "The Howling Swells." It is very exclusive, and as there were fewer cards than usual this winter, they were in great demand. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. John W. Minton, Mrs. Ladenburg, and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer received. The cotillion was danced after supper, with Elisha Dyer leading with Mrs. Edwin L. Baylies. One favor figure was danced. The favors consisted of gilded Directoire walking-sticks, to each of which was fastened a bunch of flowers for the ladies. Among other entertainments, the oddest was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven on Sunday night of last week. A small company was invited to bear Yvette Guilbert. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. A. E. Vanderbilt, and others. Mme. Pilar-Morin and her companions also gave a pantomime. Among entertainments to come, the great Charity Ball, which takes place at the Metropolitan Opera House the last week of January, is looked forward to with much interest. The ball will probably be opened by Governor Morton and Mrs. William M. Kingsland. Other entertainments to come that excite interest are the Bachelors' Ball on February 7th. The young bachelors who are to give the ball call their society "The Chevaliers." The ball will be given at the Waldorf under the same conditions and in the same rooms as the Assembly ball of last week. This is to be followed in a couple of weeks by a "Spinsters' Ball," to be given by twenty-five young "society girls."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the last meeting of the British Medical Association but one, the discussion on neurasthenia and its treatment was introduced by Dr. Savage in the following words: "What is neurasthenia? There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, 'Nothing; I have not even lectured on it.'"

A colored witness in a Southern court recently stated that he was unable to testify as to a certain occurrence, because he had a "domestic trouble" just about that time. "What was that domestic trouble?" asked the examining attorney. "Well, to tell the truth, boss," said the witness, "I was in the penitentiary for stealin' a cow."

In a book of reminiscences of Concord thirty years ago, by Frank Preston Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day, and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but he found it more of a job than he had anticipated. "This is the damndest boat I ever pulled," he remarked. "Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar."

Colonel T. A. Dodge is responsible for the following story of a negro preacher whose congregation habitually made a great racket every Sunday. Upon being questioned, the old man, with evident sorrow for the ignorance of the colonel, said: "Doan you know the Lawd's Prayer?" "Of course," replied the colonel; "but what has that to do with it?" "Doan de Lawd's Prayer say *holler* be Thy name?" replied the all-wise preacher.

Judge Walton, who presides over a court at Washington, is a man of grim humor. One time, in the lobby, a member of the bar was seeking to convey the impression to a group, of whom Judge Walton was the centre, that his income from his profession was very large. "I have to earn a good deal," the lawyer said; "it seems a large story to tell, judge, but my personal expenses are six thousand dollars a year. It costs me that to live." "That is too much, Brother S—," said the judge; "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

When Dr. Kenealy, being returned to Parliament by the electors of Stoke, took an early opportunity of moving a vote of censure on the judges, he found a teller in Mr. Whalley. On the House dividing, it was found that four hundred and thirty-three men of all parties voted in the negative, Dr. Kenealy's proposition being supported by a single member. The single member was Major O'Gorman. Asked afterward why he had gone against his own party, for once merged in the majority, the major, mopping his massive brow, answered, "Bedad, it's a hot night, and I knew there would be more room in the 'aye' lobby."

A French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority (says an exchange) while the natives were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause and questioned him as to their truth. "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are not yet ripe." "The yams, you say?" "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe." "Why is that?" "Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

G. A. Sala on one occasion was cabless and cynical. There appeared to him one of the proprietors of the *Telegraph*, clad in furs and attended by the most comfortable of broughams. "Do you believe in a Deity?" asked Sala, when he was traveling luxuriously homeward. "Yes, of course I do. Go to sleep," said his companion. Sala went to sleep, only to wake up with the same question on his lips. "Of course I do," said the owner of the brougham once more. "I used to believe," said Sala; "but when I find a man like myself, miserable and without even the price of a cab, while an empty-headed noodle like you is rolling in money and broughams, I give the Deity up—I can't believe any more."

Dr. Cyrus Falconer, a distinguished physician of Hamilton, O., was very active in the prosecution of the assassin and desperado, Tom McGeehan, who, though he murdered not less than six men, could not be convicted, and finally was shot to death by a vigilance committee. The assassin swore vengeance against the doctor, and soon after, fully armed, met him on the highway. "Dr. Falconer," said the assassin, "do you know that I am going to kill you?" The doctor noticed that his assailant was deadly pale. "Tom," said the doctor, "you know me well enough to know that I am not afraid of you, that you can not frighten me. Now what do you mean?" The two stood in silence, the assassin's hand in his side coat-pocket. In a moment, the doctor noticed with great relief the color

coming into Tom's face, which quickly deepened into crimson. "Then I knew I was safe," said the doctor, "and I proceeded to give Tom such a lecture as he never heard before."

At a public dinner, there was on the table in front of Edward Everett an ornamented dish, with two miniature silk American flags stuck into the viand. A waiter removed it from the table to the sideboard that it might be carved. As soon as Mr. Everett missed the dish, he seemed seriously annoyed, and whispered to another waiter to replace it. A gentleman, sitting near, noticed this little by-scene, and was surprised that the great man should appear annoyed at the disappearance of the dish, and delighted at its reappearance. When the orator made his speech in response to a national toast, the mystery was explained. For as he warmed with his theme—the greatness of the republic—he spoke of the emotions excited by the flag of the Union, whose folds they beheld gracefully festooned around the walls. Suddenly, as if moved by the impulse of the moment, he seized the two little flags from the dish and waved them, one in each hand, above his head, and the company applauded the impromptu act.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

Au Café.

You're a natty little waiter,
O Fraulein!
To my wants you always cater,
When I dine;
And you have no irritating
Way of keeping people waiting,
And your smile is captivating,
I opine.

You are always dressed so nicely,
O Fraulein!
All my feelings so precisely
You divine;
That from soup to *tutti-frutti*
You're acquainted with your duty;
And utility with heauty
You combine.

You are skilled in fancy cooking,
O Fraulein!
You're the maid for whom I'm looking
For my shrine.
Tho' I have not wealth nor title,
Prithee, list to my recital;
Give my fond love some requital,
Oh, he mine?

So you actually are laughing,
And decline?
And my sentiment you're chaffing,
And say, "Nein?"
At my proffered love you laugh, eh?
What! you are a better half, eh?
Of the man who keeps this café?
O Fraulein!!

Rondeau.

Oh, dainty glove! of pearly hue,
With perfume faint as lily-dew,
Soft as the petal of a rose;
What memory within me glows?
What glamour thrills me through and through?
What leads me to exclaim, "*cheu*
Fugaces!" and hide thee from view,
Where none may trouble thy repose,
Oh, dainty glove?
The old, old story, oever new
Since Eden's time. For, *entre nous*,
If I thy secret must disclose,
Discovery might work me woes;
My wife wears "4's"—thou art a "2!"
Oh, dainty glove!
—J. Cheever Goodwin.

Miss Crossus.

My Lady Disdaio, my Lady Disdain
Of cootumelious mien,
As proud and as cold as in days of old
The proudest and coldest queen—
With your chiseled face and your stately grace
You tyrannize over men;
And your heauty rare makes us all despair;
But your heauty will fade—
What then?

My Lady Disdaio, my Lady Disdain,
You're lovely, and gay, and young;
I agree, in sooth, there is naught like youth,
As poets have often sung;
But the years go by as the swallows fly
With swiftmess beyond our ken,
You are radiant now with your white, smooth brow;
But the wrinkles will come—
What then?

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdaio,
You've servants at call and lack, and
And jewels most rare gleam amid your hair,
Or sparkle upon your neck.
You have wealth at hand that you may command
By dipping a golden pen,
And an income foe, that I wish was mine;
But your father will fail—
What then?

Brown.

We rode and played tennis together,
We walked on the heath at low tide,
Ah me, for the sweet summer weather
When I lingered and loved at her side!
She was kind, but oh! fact most alarming,
I could not help feeling cast down—

She made herself equally charming
To that terrible Brown.

If I tasted a transient pleasure
When she talked all the morning to me,
It was always subdued, in a measure,
By the thought Brown was coming at three.
Though she granted me *five* dances running,
The roses she wore to her gown
Made me wickedly loog to go gunning
For their purchaser, Brown.

When we parted she murmured, demurely,
That of course I might write, if I wished;
And I fancied a moment that surely
My rival was thoroughly dished;
But she said, as my joyful eyes met hers,
She was dying for news from the town;
I must send her nice gossip letters,
Like my friend, Mr. Brown.

It's a year since my hopes were thus blighted,
Their memory seems almost a myth,
And I learn she will soon be united
To an opulent person named Smith;
Here's the cream-colored, square invitation.
My grief I endeavor to drown
In the thought ('tis a great consolation),
She has sent one to Brown!

—Sophie St. G. Lawrence.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

From Johannesburg, South Africa, comes information of the wedding there on December 2, 1895, of Miss Alice Tennison Merry, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Merry, of this city, to Mr. Henry Ashe Tilghman, formerly of this city, but now general manager of the New Primrose Gold Mining Company of Germiston. The wedding took place in the afternoon at St. Mary's Church and was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond. About one hundred persons were present. Miss Betty Hammond was the maid of honor and Mr. Francis J. Oaks acted as best man. They passed the honeymoon at Pretoria.

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Jarboe, daughter of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, and Mr. Jerome Case Bull, of New York, will take place at noon on Thursday, February 6th, at St. Luke's Church. Rev. William Moreland will officiate. The wedding will be followed by a breakfast at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, 1299 Taylor Street. Only the bridal party and relatives will be present. The maid of honor will be Miss Charlotte Wilson, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and the best man will be Mr. Bull, brother of the groom. The ushers will comprise Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Richard Harrison, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Dr. George M. Richardson, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson Grant have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Isabel Grant, and Mr. Edward Pond, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, which will take place on Monday evening, February 3d, at half-past eight o'clock, at St. Luke's Church.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mattie S. Whittier, daughter of Mr. W. F. Whittier, to Mr. William B. Weir, of New York. The wedding will take place next summer as soon as Mr. Whittier's new residence, corner of Jackson and Laguna Streets, is completed. Mr. Weir was for many years Mr. Whittier's New York representative, but is now largely interested in the Falling Rock Cannel Coal Company of West Virginia, of which he is general manager. They will pass the time about equally between San Francisco and New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgia M. Wightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., to Mr. Douglass B. Crane, of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Castle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick L. Castle, to Mr. Charles Farquharson, son of Mr. David Farquharson.

The engagement, which the *Argonaut* announced several weeks ago, of Miss Jennie Stanford Sanderson, daughter of the late Judge S. W. Sanderson, of this city, to Mr. Roy Durand Herrick, son of Mr. Edwin Herrick, of Minneapolis, has just appeared in the New York papers.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Millie V. Greenebaum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenebaum and niece of Mr. Louis Sloss, to Dr. Herbert W. Hatch, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hatch.

Mr. George Almer Newball will give a dinner-dance next Wednesday evening at his residence on Van Ness Avenue. Dinners will be given by Mr. Newball, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson. Afterward they will all meet at Mr. Newball's residence, and the cotillion will be danced.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Burton, U. S. A., and the Misses Burton, will give a leap-year dance

to the young people at the Presidio next Wednesday evening. The ladies will appear in dominoes and with masks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will give a reception this evening at their residence, 1299 Taylor Street, in honor of Miss Kathryn Jarboe and Mr. Jerome Case Bull. A feature of the affair will be a series of living pictures, which will be followed by dancing. Then there will be a Bohemian supper, served at small tables, and some of the young ladies, in peasant attire, will serve beer and other refreshments, after the style of the Vienna Prater. About one hundred and fifty guests will be present.

The officers of the San Francisco Art Association are busily engaged in perfecting the arrangements for the Mardi Gras ball, which will be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, February 18th. The ball will undoubtedly be the great affair of the season, and it is expected that everybody who is in society will be there.

The Friday Night Club has postponed its final meeting of this season, an assembly, until after Lent.

The Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin gave a dinner-party at their residence on California Street last Monday evening, after which the entire party attended the dance of the Monday Evening Dancing Club. Their guests comprised Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Breeze, Mr. N. A. McCully, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, and Mr. F. A. Greenwood.

An elaborate dinner was given to Mr. Edward W. Townsend on Friday evening, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, by Mr. James D. Phelan. Some sixteen gentlemen sat down.

Mrs. James O'Connell gave a matinee tea yesterday at her residence, 1272 Broadway, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Robert B. Canfield, of Santa Barbara. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. James Tucker, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss M. B. West, Miss Page, and Miss Hinselwood.

The Misses Ethel, Helen, and Bertha Smith gave an informal matinee tea last Saturday at their residence on Broadway and entertained a limited number of their friends, to whom invitations had been extended while at the cotillion on the previous night.

The Misses Anna, Kate, and Ethel Beaver entertained a number of ladies at a matinee tea on Friday at their residence, 1300 Taylor Street. The hours were from four until six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann gave a reception last Saturday afternoon and evening at their new residence, 3414 Washington Street, which was a gift from Mrs. Mann's father, Mr. W. S. Gage. About two hundred and fifty of their friends were received in the afternoon, when musical selections were given by Miss Daisy May Cressy and Miss Valera, accompanied by Miss Brooks. In the evening there was an informal musicale and a supper.

The Friday Fortnightly Club held its eighth meeting of this season on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall, and there were almost one hundred and forty ladies and gentlemen present. Owing to the illness of Mr. Greenway, the cotillion was led by Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, whose kindness was highly appreciated. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and the dance came to an end at half-past eleven o'clock.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club gave its monthly party at Golden Gate Hall last Monday night. The dancing lasted until midnight.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a dancing-party in the hop-room there last Tuesday evening.

The exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts at the Partington studio, 424 Pine Street, will close this evening. It has attracted many visitors during the past week, and is very interesting.

A pretty story is told of the Emperor of Russia in relation to the birth of his daughter, the Grand-duchess Olga Nikolaievna. Baron Meyendorff, one of the palace officials, had just offered his congratulations when his majesty said: "The empress and I are very happy that a daughter has been born to us, for she will remain our own. Had it been a son, he would have belonged to all Russia."

A nineteen-year old boy in London has just been fined fifty dollars, with the alternative of two months in jail, for falsely representing himself to be a detective sergeant. He had been reading "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and in the hope of equaling him had bad cards printed with the false designation, but was arrested on his first trying to investigate a case.

The suppression of the nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines all over the country has snuffed out what had become a very profitable industry in New Haven, Conn. Practically all the various machines of this character were made in that town, and the first and most popular gambling slot-machine was invented by a New Haven man.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Young Ladies' Orchestra.

The leading charitable associations of this city and Oakland, and, in fact, every one interested in charity work, will be given a chance to show their appreciation of the good work done for charity during the past five or six years by the Saturday Morning, or, as it is better known, the Young Ladies' Orchestra. During that period this popular orchestra has given its services free for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, San Francisco Polyclinic, Little Jim Fund, Pioneer Kindergarten, Hahnemann Hospital, and numerous other institutions, every one of which cleared a large sum of money, the total having nearly reached seven thousand dollars. Mrs. Wright, the manager, is very desirous of continuing the good work done in the past; but the orchestra, like all other institutions, is under an expense, so it is proposed to create a fund, and it has been decided that a grand benefit concert will be given at Metropolitan Hall on Monday evening, February 17th—just before Lent begins—on which occasion an excellent programme will be rendered. The price of admission will be one dollar, which will include a reserved seat. Orders for reserved seats can be left at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

The O'Connell Recital.

Miss Lillian O'Connell, of New York, gave her second recital on "Colonial Life" last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. John H. Jewett, 931 Bush Street, and was favorably received by a large and critical audience. The literary merit of the recital, "Through Colonial Doorways," was quite marked, and the reading by Miss O'Connell was greatly admired. As Lady Stuyvesant, wife of the governor of New Amsterdam, she wore a pretty gown of green moiré antique, and in her acting of the illustrative poems, "Lady Stuyvesant's Guest" and "The Cruise of the *Mystery*," she displayed much dramatic power. Miss Adler's singing of a quaint old fifteenth-century ballad added much to the effect of the performance.

Miss O'Connell will give her third and last recital at two o'clock this afternoon at Mrs. Jewett's residence, and the musical accompaniment will be made a special feature, in fact quite a surprise. The tickets are fifty cents each, and may be purchased at the door. This recital is not exclusively for Mrs. Jewett's personal friends, as any one may attend.

The Bendix Concert.

Mr. Otto Bendix gave a concert at Beethoven Hall last Wednesday evening, with the assistance of Mrs. Otto Bendix, Mrs. Nathan Landsberger, and Mr. Louis von der Mebden. A large audience enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

Tschaikowsky: Trio for piano, violin, and cello—(1) pezzo elegiac, (2) tema con variazioni, (3) finale; Saint Saëns: Duo for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven; Nardini: Sonate for violin, larghetto, allegro; Scarlatti Pastoral; Grieg: Holberg suite in old style—prelude, sarabande, gavotte, aria, rigaudon; Chopin: (a) scherzo in B minor, (b) nocturne in D-flat major; (c) ballad in G minor; Rubinstein galop.

A benefit concert tendered to Mr. Clarence T. Wendell by the California Quartet, of which he is the first tenor, will take place Tuesday evening, January 28th, at Odd Fellows' Hall. The California Quartet consists of Mr. C. T. Wendell, Dr. R. W. Smith, Mr. C. L. Gage, and Mr. E. G. McBain. They will be assisted by the Treble Clef Quartet, comprising Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine, Mrs. A. A. Dewing, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; by Mr. Walter C. Campbell and Mr. S. Homer Henley; by Mr. John Marquardt, violinist, and Mrs. Breitschuck-Marquardt, harpist. Mr. Wendell leaves soon for the East in answer to a summons from Mr. Barnabee, of The Bostonians.

Mr. William H. Keith, who is singing in public in New York city with much success, is expected here in about a month to give a series of concerts.

The Loring Club will give its next concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, February 13th.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker are visiting at Coronado.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin has gone to Los Angeles, where he will remain several weeks.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs is passing a few weeks at Coronado.

Miss Josephine Blackmore will soon return to her home in Cincinnati, after visiting Miss Clara Huntington for several months.

Mr. Gerritt L. Lansing has gone to Santa Barbara for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay sailed from France for New York last Wednesday on the steamer *La Touraine* with the body of their dead son.

Mr. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, arrived in Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Mrs. William J. Younger arrived in Paris on January 15th.

Colonel and Mrs. Harvey D. Talcott are now residing permanently in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning and Mr. William A. Powning, of Oakland, will pass the coming season at Belvedere in the Pope cottage which Mr. Powning purchased recently.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, of Oakland, will soon leave for Europe, accompanied by her children, who she educated there.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann, Mr. William L. Gerstle, and Mr. James M. Wilson, of the Alaska Commercial Company, are in Montreal, Canada. The latter recently returned from a visit to Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mrs. Leland Stanford are in Washington, D. C. They will leave there next week to return to this city.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag and Miss Edith Sonntag are at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers have returned from the East, and are residing at 800 Sutter Street.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been confined to his rooms during the past week with a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. He is improving, and will possibly be out in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have returned from a prolonged visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sail from New York for Europe in March.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire, who is now residing in Los Angeles, expects to visit this city soon.

Mr. A. J. Ralston, of Oakland, and her niece, Miss Coralie Selby, have gone to Louisville, Ky., where they will meet Miss Claire Ralston, who has been East several months.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire is in Paris sight-seeing with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. J. D. Redding, and Mr. George E. P. Hall. Her address is care of the Comptoir National d'Escompte.

Mrs. E. W. Paulsen will leave for New York on the Sunset Limited next Tuesday.

Mrs. F. A. Strahler, of Yokohama, is here on a visit to her relatives.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was the guest of honor, last Monday evening, at a dinner given by the Aborigines at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

The United Service Club, of New York city, will give a reception this evening in honor of General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A.

General Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A., retired, is at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York city.

Major Clarence Ewen, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence owing to disability.

Captain O. M. Carter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

Captain Henry C. Cochran, U. S. M. C., who has been for five and a half years on duty upon the Pacific Coast and as fleet marine officer on the staff of Rear-Admirals Irwin, Walker, and Beardslee, successively, has been detached from the flag-ship *Philadelphia* at San Francisco and ordered to Washington. It is understood that he will be assigned to the Naval War College as a lecturer, also to the command of the marine barracks at Newport, R. I., and forego the leave usually granted to officers returning from a cruise.

Chief-Engineer A. L. Broadbent, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to report to the Treasury Department in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., are residing at 202 R Street in Washington, D. C. He is on duty in the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Lieutenant Thomas Bentley Mott, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., at Chicago.

Ensign G. B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Cushing* and ordered to the *Carlisle* P. Patterson.

Is the Opera Troupe Coming?

The many rumors current in San Francisco to the effect that the Abbey & Grau opera troupe, now performing in New York to large houses, are coming here, seem to have this foundation: Mme. Melba is engaged in negotiations for bringing out a troupe of her own here. She has been appearing with a concert troupe in various large cities near New York during her off nights in the opera season. It is not yet settled whether she will bring a concert or an opera troupe here, but if the latter, it will not include the two De Reszkés and the other stars, but will be a small troupe, probably appearing at the Baldwin.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Florence Pullman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, of Pullman, Ill., to Mr. Frank O. Lowden, a young attorney-at-law and prominent clubman of Chicago. The date of the wedding has not been announced.

There will be Wednesday matinees at the Baldwin during the Tavery opera season.

LEAP-YEAR PROPOSALS.

How Far May a Woman Go?

Although many women do not know it, after 1896 there will not be another leap-year for eight years. 1904 is the next leap-year. 1900 is skipped, for intricate mathematical reasons into which we will not enter. The fact that eight years will elapse after 1896 makes it essential that any lady who has doubts about securing a husband will have to clinch the matter during the present year, as her chances when eight years have flown will be much diminished.

To view of this fact, an Eastern journal has thrown open its columns for women to discuss this question: "How Far Shall A Woman Go During 1896 To Encourage Man To Propose Marriage?" The discussion has excited much interest, and the answers are as diverse as the manners of expression in which they are clothed.

One young woman, who signs herself "Clarisse," suggests that the best method to bring a man to the scratch is "to awaken in him a feeling of jealousy. Love and jealousy are the ruling passions of all mankind." This, we may remark, is a dangerous plan. The jealous man (when unmarried) is apt to go off mad, and may meet another girl who will console him.

"Lydia" remarks that there are three kinds of men, "manly men, brotherly men, and sissy meo." "To win the first of these," she says, "the woman must go noose of the way, to win the second half of the way, and to win the third all of the way." "Lydia" is epigrammatic—she may be right. But the question is open.

"Miss A. W." tells a thrilling story of a young woman named Jane who loved a certain John. John was a laggard lover, and finally she proposed to him. He refused her, saying: "Jane, I can not. You have a fortune and I have none." From this "A. W." draws the moral that women had better be careful about proposing, because although John was in love with Jane, he refused her because she was rich and he was poor.

"Jessamine" thinks that "a woman may show a man that she is willing to be his wife without telling him so in so many words or making undue advances. If a man wishes to marry a woman, he generally betrays emotion in a hundred ways, and unless a woman is conceited or a fool, she will not mistake kind attention and gallant behavior for genuine love." Miss Jessamine goes on to say that in her opinion "it is more honest and upright to show our true feeling toward the opposite sex than to flirt and coquette. Show your true colors," says she, "and do not be ashamed of an honest affection." Miss Jessamine is evidently a very honest and ingenuous young lady; they are the most successful, and we think she will be married before the year is out, and will not have to ask any man, either.

"Caroline" says that "a woman may do anything, say anything that falls just short of showing a man that he is loved. It is the pursuit and not the capture that gives zest to the hunter." Another lady thinks that a girl "should speak to him of her ideal husband and describe him in such a way as to resemble the man to whom she is talking."

"Miss Georgiana" is a petticoated philosopher; she remarks: "A great deal depends upon the temperament of the man. With some, a woman can easily bring him to the proposal by *finesse* and diplomacy. Others are more on the alert, and more than a match for the most ingenious woman's pit-falls. In that case," remarks Georgiana, "there is more interest. She should flatter him judiciously. This is a great winning card."

"Miss Jessie" is evidently a young woman of a stern and iron-bound temperament. "A man," she says, "requires no encouragement to propose marriage. Of course there are male creatures coaxed to propose, but they are not men. They are mere apologies for men." This is a somewhat severe indictment of the sex, and we think that Miss Jessie will change her mind as she grows older, particularly if she does not marry. A married lady says: "A man truly in love does not need encouragement. He will let no obstacle keep him from declaring his love. No girl of spirit can win a proposal from a man who had to be led on." But this married lady speaks from the vantage ground of one who already has a husband.

Another married lady, in answer to the question, "How Far Shall A Woman Go to Encourage a Man to Propose?" remarks laconically: "Go the other way." There are only four words in this, but there is a great deal in these four words.

"Maria" thinks that "leading the conversation into the delights of having a happy home and loving wife" would make him toe the mark.

"Magdalena" takes up the question of the poor man who falls in love with the rich girl. Says "Magdalena": "A girl who has money and is in love with a man who has none, if she knows he loves her, may frankly tell him: 'I know you love me and can not marry me because you lack fortune. I will settle the question by supporting the establishment until such a time as you can do it yourself.' No manly man," says "Magdalena," "would take offense at that."

"Hope" does not believe in women proposing. "Woman flees and man pursues," she thinks

should still hold true. "Better a thousand times be an honorable old maid than an unwomanly woman," closes Miss Hope.

"Alice" says that "a woman has a right to choose her own husband. She will inquire into his social standing, purity of character, and last, but not least, his bank account." From this it is evident that "Alice" is a very practical person, but she becomes sentimental as she goes on. "The twentieth-century girl can, with flushed cheek and love-lit eyes, murmur the sweetest of all words in our language—'I love you'—without lowering her standard. It will not humiliate her, for it is the honest confession of a pure, true girl." This, of course, can only be said after the young man's bank account has been examined into.

"Hattie" is another stern young person. She says: "The man who needs proposing to by a woman is not worth striving for." "An American Girl" writes that a woman can go "just far enough to convince a man that with honor everything she possesses may be his; without honor not a hair of her head." "Harriet" thinks that "serving him a dainty dish of one's own cooking will probably win his heart."

But after all, when we see the marked uncertainty and the diversity of opinion that pervade these letters, it is evident that women, as Thackeray says, "like all beasts of the field, do not know their own power." The great novelist believed that a woman could marry any one whom she chose. Perhaps he was right. But from the study of the foregoing letters, it is evident that they are ignorant of their power, otherwise there would be scant chance for men.

A Covington, Ky., woman has a little cat farm from which she makes considerable profit. She raises only Angora cats, and at present has about twenty on hand. The animals are of a high breed, and sell for an average of fifty dollars a pair. They require a great deal of careful attention, and are raised on much the same plan as are high-bred dogs.

In reply to a question in what European city he would like to live, Mascagni, the musical composer, recently replied: "From nine to eleven, London; from eleven to five, Paris; from five to seven, Vienna; from seven to ten, Buda-Pesth; and after ten, Berlin."

An engineer on the Midland Railway was blown off his engine by the wind recently while going at full speed near Ashby de la Zouche without his fireman missing him. He picked himself up unhurt and walked to the next station to report.

Göttingen has thirty-one woman students this winter semester. They study history, mathematics, modern languages, and natural history, and for the first time at this university a woman is studying medicine.

A store-keeper of Kokomo, Ind., is highly indignant over the action of a burglar who last week broke a hundred-dollar plate-glass window to get at about ten dollars' worth of silver-plated ware.

—A. HIRSCHMAN, 113 SUTTER STREET, HAS concluded to devote all his energy and capital to his factory and will withdraw from the retail business. In order to accomplish his object expeditiously, he will sell his large stock of choice diamonds, fine watches, jewelry, and silverware at and below cost.

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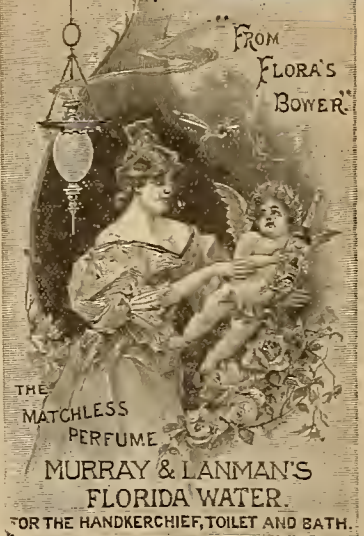
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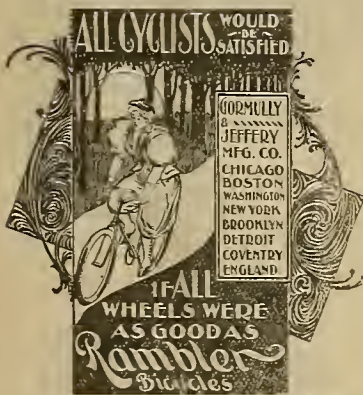
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Miss Elderly—"She said she heard I was engaged." Lena—"How nice of her!"—Truth.

"How nice to get such a hearty encore!" she said, as the half-hack was called back after an eighty-yard run.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Jahber's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old." "That's nothing. The Bible says Joh cursed the day he was born."—Judge.

She—"Do you think it would be unmanly for a girl to propose to a man?" He—"Certainly not, if she is rich enough for two."—New York Sun.

In the Tenement District: "I seen yer huy de apple, Susy Roach, an' if yer don't gimme half, I'll rub ag'inst yer an' yer'll catch der measles."—Life.

Discouraged artist—"I don't think I paint as well as I did ten years ago." Critical friend—"Oh, yes you do; but your taste is improving."—Century.

"What a benevolent look old Mr. Podd has." "M'h'm. I'll bet he wastes the time of more beggars than any other man in town."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wabash—"My friend Rev. Dr. Hustle is up to date in his methods." Lakefront—"Yes?" Wabash—"He marries couples for the first time for nothing."—Truth.

Author—"What do you think of the title: 'Some Thoughts on the Currency Question'?" Friend—"H'm! Suppose you call it 'Some Remarks on the Currency Question.'"—Puck.

Mrs. Ferry—"Did you never learn any trade?" Perry Pallettic—"Yes'm. I'm what might be called a practical geologist, though I don't work at it only when I git sent to the rock-pile."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Brown—"You have no excuse for staying out till this time of night!" Old Brown—"Haven't I? What d'you 'spose I've been standin' round the corner the last half-hour thinking of, then?"—Pick-Me-Up.

See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.—Detroit Tribune.

The lady—"Now, I hope you won't spend this money for that vile liquor." The tramp—"Well, mum, I'll do me best; but I'm not a connysoor, an' I generally has to drink it afore I can tell whether it is good or bad."—Puck.

"Laura," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man who are permitting to call on you so often?" "Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden; "I know what my intentions are."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First citizen—"I don't think it is our business; but I feel sure that England isn't entitled to the territory she claims from Venezuela." Second citizen—"Why do you think so?" First citizen—"If she was, she'd claim more."—Puck.

"Ha, ha," laughed the murderer, as he raised his gleaming dagger aloft; "ha, ha." It did not escape him that his victim shuddered. "Ha, ha," he proceeded; "you will observe that I am merry. Most people take life too seriously."—Detroit Tribune.

Mr. Cohenheimer—"Mishter O'Brien, vos it your liddel poy dot magician took silver tollars from his nose and ears at der show last night?" Mr. O'Brien—"It was my hoy Dennis." Mr. Cohenheimer—"How much a week will you take for dot poy?"—Life.

Mr. Ferry—"Greatness is all comparative. For example, an elephant four feet high would be called a cute little thing, while a rat of that size—" Mrs. Ferry—"Yes, and twenty-five dollars for a bonnet is an enormous expense, but it isn't anything at all when you lose it at poker."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Maude—"Young Huggins's engagement was a very short one." Mabel—"Is it broken already?" Maude—"It was broken the very night he proposed." Mabel—"You don't say." Maude—"Yes; you see, Huggins stutters frightfully, and it took him nearly twenty minutes to propose, and after he got through, the girl spoiled everything by exclaiming, 'This is so sudden.' Huggins thought she was guying him."—Yonkers Statesman.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The debates now going on in the Congress of the United States concerning our foreign relations are calculated to fill reasonable men with amazement. Backwoods statesmen, warriors from Iowa, and fire-eaters from other inland States seem to be intent on declaring war on the entire universe. They seem to be striving to o'ertop the globe itself—like Alnaschar,

they see, in their mind's eye, the world already whipped—like Alexander, they sigh for new worlds to conquer. These hellicose gentry can not be hotted up on this small planet—after they have settled things here on this distracted globe, they will want to "lick all creation." Sherman in the Senate, and Hitt (chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations) in the House, have for the past fortnight been assiduously tending the congressional safety-valves; but they have been driven away by the screeching of steam as senators like Davis, of Minnesota, and representatives like Hephurn, of Iowa, were blowing off their exhausts. Even Mr. Cleveland, who was blowing off a good deal of steam himself a few weeks ago, has been alarmed and annoyed by the congressional blasts, and has privately attempted to "pull down" Davis. But Davis will not be "pulled down." He is suspected of nourishing Presidential aspirations himself, and probably his war talk has the same inspiration as Mr. Cleveland's.

The latest manifestation of this frenzy for war which seems to have seized upon Congress was in the House last Monday, when the Senate Armenian resolutions came up. These resolutions call upon the European powers who signed the treaty protecting the Armenians, to enforce that treaty. Sayer, of Texas, stated that the American minister assures the State Department that no American citizens had suffered in their persons, and Bailey, of Texas, asked whether the United States could request the enforcement of a treaty to which it was not a party; Bailey further said that when the United States was protesting against European interference with the affairs of this continent, it was not a propitious time for us to interfere with the affairs of Europe.

It was then the wild, untamed Western orator broke loose—the man who always wants WAR. This time it was Hephurn, of Iowa. Congressman Hephurn foamed at the mouth as he made a speech denouncing Turkey, and closed by saying: "We want deeds, not words. I will propose an amendment to the resolution—that the President be directed to furnish the Turkish minister with his passports, and terminate all diplomatic relations with Turkey. That will mean something."

Congressman Hephurn did not vouchsafe to explain what it would mean. Hitt, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, kindly did it for him; he said that such action would result in recalling the United States representatives in Turkey, in depriving our fellow-citizens there of protection, and in breaking off diplomatic relations with a friendly power which had violated no treaty with us. To which Congressman Hephurn bellowed in reply: "We want no friendly relations with murderers!" Grosvenor, of Ohio, agreed with Hephurn, and suggested "sending a fleet to Turkey, as we once did to Chile." Hardy, of Indiana, concurred, and urged "that the American fleet now at Hampton Roads should pass the Dardanelles, and make a demonstration against Constantinople." Turpie, of Indiana, fiercely demanded in the Senate that "American cannon should hlow the Sultan's seraglio out of existence."

The foregoing is not the chatter of monkeys in tree-tops or the raving of lunatics in Bedlam; it is taken from the Associated Press reports of debates in the United States Congress. The "war talk" has affected these weak-brained congressmen to such an extent that they are making perpetual threats that this country "has got to lick somebody," and perpetual references to sending "an American fleet" to do it.

An "American fleet"—our navy is scarcely more than "a fleet." The flying squadron which England so rapidly put in commission the other day, aggregated more than half the number of modern vessels we have in our entire navy. Yet that was only one of many such squadrons that England could send out upon the seas. Before these war-like congressmen talk so grandiloquently of sending "American fleets" to the uttermost corner of the earth, they had better provide the fleets to send.

The speeches of Hephurn and those who agree with him do not, of course, represent the sober judgment of Con-

gress. Yet it was with great difficulty that Hitt, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, succeeded in choking off these windy and brainless orators. And the applause that came from both the House and the galleries showed that the sympathies of most of their hearers were with them. So in the Senate. Frye vigorously advocated there that "the President should order American war-ships to sail up the Dardanelles." He was supported by Call, Davis, and others. However, Sherman and other members of the Committee on Foreign Relations prevented the Senate from declaring war on Turkey.

Senator Davis has introduced a resolution "extending" the Monroe doctrine. This "extension" of President Monroe's words commits the United States wholly and irrevocably to the protection of the South American nations under all or any circumstances. What a time to introduce such a resolution! Venezuela is quarreling with Great Britain over a boundary line; we have taken up her quarrel. She has broken off diplomatic relations with Great Britain. She is quarreling with France, Germany, and Belgium over money they claim she owes them; she has broken off diplomatic relations with them; they will endeavor to collect the debt. Are we to take up these other quarrels of Venezuela's too? Brazil has a dispute with France over a boundary; are we to take up that quarrel too? Brazil has a dispute with Italy over a question of indemnity said to be due for wroongs to Italian subjects; Brazil refuses to pay; are we to take up that quarrel too? And if, according to Senator Davis of Minnesota, Senator Call of Florida, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Representative Hephurn of Iowa, and similar war-like persons, we are to take up these quarrels of South American nations, shall we "lick" Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium all at once? Or shall we "lick" them singly?

In either event, let us point out to these warriors that as yet we have nothing to "lick" them with. Our little oavy of fifty-one modern vessels is an excellent one, and it is officered by brave and patriotic men. But Great Britain alone has six times as many effective vessels as we have. If we are going to "lick all creation," we must have something to do it with.

We would advise these windy warriors to stop defying the universe, and get down to business. We do not think they want any war, but this continual toot of menace may briog war on at any moment. Let these blood-thirsty statesmen stop shouting for war before we are ready, and get ready. When we are ready, they can do much more tall talking than now, with much less danger of war. Let Coogress appropriate money for coast defenses—at least a hundred millions, which is about half what will be required. Let Coogress put modern guns and fortificatioos at New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, San Diego, Puget Sound, and all our smaller sea-ports. Let Congress appropriate about two hundred millions for a navy—which is about half what the British navy has cost. Let Congress furnish modern guns for our national guard to practice gunnery with—not one in a hundred thousand of them ever haodled the breech-hlock of a modern gun. Let Congress appropriate mooney enough to pay for ammunition for guonery practice; the United States artillerymen stationed around San Francisco do not average in practice one shot per gun per man per year. Let Congress create an army by passing laws which shall make military service obligatory for three years on all ahle-bodied citizens between twenty-one and forty-five years of age; that would not make a standing army, but it would make a nation of soldiers, as European nations have done. And when Congress has created coast defenses, created a navy, and created an army, then let the Lodges, the Calls, the Davises, the Turpies, and the Hephurns cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

But until Congress has furnished the implemeots of war, these continual threats of war are worse than folly. Threats without the meaos to hack them up are puerile. If the United States were to attempt to protect the Venezuelan houndary line drawn by its own commissioners, it would

find itself not only unable to do that, but unable to protect its own sea and lake ports.

Let us stop making faces, and arm.

There are many skeptical people who do not think that the gold mines of California can ever compare with those of South Africa, owing to the different nature of the gold deposits. Yet such persons do not know of the rich and varied mineral deposits of this State. Auriferous conglomerate deposits, similar in many respects to the reefs of South Africa, are found on this coast. Commencing in Shasta County, and running through Siskiyou up and into the State of Oregon, they embrace a large area. Mr. R. L. Dunn, in the XII. Report of the State Mineralogist, estimates the economically available gold contents of that portion of the channel that can be located north of the Klamath River at \$21,000,000, and the section south of the Klamath at \$22,000,000, in all a total estimate of \$43,000,000. As this is only a portion of the total area, it naturally follows that a much higher total production than the above can be expected from the whole section. A very small part of the total area is worked, the balance being open to purchase and exploration.

The success of the Rand is largely owing to the liberal capital given the engineers with which to open the mines and provide reduction works of a sufficient size to meet the necessities of their moderate and, in some cases, low-grade ores. A similar course, to a much smaller degree however, is necessary on the conglomerate deposits of Siskiyou County. The mistaken policy of forcing a mine to pay its way from the grass roots has been suicidal in many instances, and an opposite policy has, in other cases, been highly rewarded.

In this connection, the story current regarding the prospecting of the Utica-Stickles, in Calaveras, belonging to Hayward & Lane and the Hohart Estate, is interesting. It is said that when \$500,000 had been put into the mine with no adequate return, the capitalists deemed it wise to stop further work, but on the earnest supplication of Mr. Lane, who was to have one-third of the property if it proved a success, they agreed, so it is said, to sink another level. Success came. In a few months the profits paid them back their advances, and it is stated that this group produced in one month (last May) \$900,000.

The Anaconda group of Butte, Montana, is another instance of courage rewarded. Putting the mines on a paying basis so strained the large resources of Haggin & Tevis that at one time it was whispered on the streets that they would be carried down. The reduction works, with cost of construction and subsidiary interests, represent an investment estimated by the *Engineering and Mining Journal* at \$15,500,000. But at last the turning point was reached. Outgo changed to income, and a quarter interest last autumn was sold for \$7,500,000. To show how little can be told about an unopened mine, a third interest in the "Anaconda" was given on the start for sinking the shaft eighty feet, or, in other words, for \$800. This company is to pay \$3,000,000 in dividends in 1896.

The Calumet and Hecla, which nearly brought its owners to bankruptcy, so great was the expense of putting it on a paying basis, has paid the enormous sum of \$44,350,000 in dividends.

The Ontario cost Haggin & Tevis \$30,000 to buy. It has paid \$13,175,000 in dividends. It is said that the late Senator George Hearst, who was the mining man or expert for Haggin & Tevis, was in their debt for \$250,000. When in Salt Lake, the Ontario was brought to his attention. He liked it—it pleased him, and as the purchase had to be made quickly, so the story goes, he drew on Haggin & Tevis for the amount. When the draft was presented, it is said that Mr. Haggin refused to honor it, but that Mr. Tevis looked upon the matter differently, saying that George Hearst was on their books for a large amount, and the only way to get that money back was by going into this new speculation also. This was finally decided upon, and it became one of the great producers. While a great deal of money has been lost in mining, it can not but be surmised that there are instances where the money would have been all regained had more courage been shown, as in the cases cited above.

In this connection, it is curious to note that the great mining fortunes on the Pacific Coast have been made by mining men or operators, and not by mining engineers—in other words, by self-taught men and not by graduates. George Hearst, Marcus Daly, John Mackay, James G. Fair, George Grayson, C. Lane, W. E. Dean, and many others, are proofs of this. In fact, of the thirty men who have approached the million point (the majority passing it), twenty-nine were mining men and one a mining engineer. "While the professor studies the busy bee, the bee-hunter gathers the honey," is, perhaps, the humorous way of putting it.

No one need hesitate to make minig his life's work because he has not had a college training.

A good illustration of a large profit from a small investment is the Hidden Treasure, at Sunny South, in this State. This mine was located in 1870, and prospecting and development work was carried on till September, 1876, when the mine became a producer. Up to that time the total cost to share-holders was \$6,961.24, in the form of assessments. Since then the mine has been self-supporting, and has paid in dividends \$407,052, and has a reserve fund of \$50,993.53, or a total profit of \$48,045.53, on an outlay of \$6,961.24.

The Golden River Mine at Red Point, Placer County, bought a few years ago for \$42,000, has produced since then \$504,685, paying dividends to its owners.

Another Placer mine, the Morning Star of Iowa Hill, distributes \$3.50 a share per month to its owners, or over \$100,000 a year, there being 2,400 shares in the company. This mine could have been bought five years ago for \$48,000.

All over the State of California there are opportunities for investment—not only on the hundred miles of Mother Lode extending from Mariposa to El Dorado Counties, but in the southern, eastern, and northern counties. The time will come when the Mother Lode will be dotted with hoisting-works from end to end. There are sections that have never been touched, others worked only superficially, and others worked down to a zone of low mineralization, which the Kennedy, the Stickles, and others have gone through and found dividends. It requires courage and money to sink, but it will be done—Hamilton Smith is doing it on the Oneida, near the Kennedy. Great fortunes have been made from the Mother Lode, and there are many more to be made.

There is a disposition to look upon mining as gambling. R. G. Dunn & Co., in their *Weekly Review of Trade*, of January 4th, state that the commercial failures for 1895 number 13,197, with liabilities amounting to \$173,196,000. From this it seems that there is a slight element of chance also in the purchase and sale of merchandise.

California, as we have often said, is the tramp's paradise.

How KINDLY CALIFORNIA TREATS HER TRAMPS. The vagrants of the Union know this so well that unless the blessing of our climate he offset with severe artificial disadvantages,

the State will become each year the winter resort of a greater multitude of traveling loafers. We are already cursed with more of these pests than the law officers of the interior seem to be able to handle. Tramps' camps have become a winter institution in Southern California. These colonies of lazy and worthless hummers are outfitted with tents. They beg and steal from the surrounding inhabitants, who are afraid of them, for arson, robbery, and murder are vengeful possibilities when a tramp-colony is refused what it asks. So determined are the unpleasant strangers to live without work that they adopt a military organization and are ready to give battle to the rural police. Near Riverside, the other day, the officers who descended upon one of the camps were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, after a brisk engagement. In earlier days, when mining and not agriculture engaged the people, California would have disposed of such militant bummers with rope and pistol. But farmers are of a peaceable spirit, and their occupation isolates them. Nevertheless, if the officers fail to cope with the tramps, it is probable that the exasperated ranchers will take the law into their own hands. Honest and industrious men will not continue indefinitely to be taxed and terrorized by truculent and thievish vagabonds.

How comfortable the tramp's life is made for him here, how easily he manages to exist without toil, was interestingly revealed by the recently printed narrative of a young man who, as a "hobo," made the trip from San Diego to San Francisco. His experience shows that money is not necessary in California to a man who makes up his mind to be a tourist. There is still an unlimited supply of tender-hearted people who would rather take the chance of encouraging vagrancy than run the risk of withholding help from worthy men seeking work—a character always assumed by the tramp, of course. This amateur and a companion loitered on their journey for over a month, and never went hungry. They were taken for the genuine article by the real tramps they met, and also by the police of the towns and villages, thus gaining a perfect insight into the life. In Delmar, for example, they were told that if they could induce the constable to arrest them, they would get a "floater"—that is to say, be housed over night in the jail and floated onward in the morning, stayed by a good breakfast. "I am told," relates the young man, "that in some of these places the tramp is sentenced to ten days, but the constable lets him off, giving him a couple of dollars as an inducement to leave, and charges the county one dollar a day for the ten days." By stealing rides and begging at houses, the pair made pleasant progress. Not only subsistence but social attentions, it

seems, are the agreeable portion of the moneyless tourist in Southern California. As witness:

"At Carlsbad we were in great luck. My chum did some chores round a house and the lady took us both in. We got a wash, a good meal, a bed, and spent the evening playing the piano and cards. Next morning the lady put up a big lunch for us, and we jumped the blind baggage-car when the train came along."

Sleeping in barns and hay-stacks by night, begging for food during the day, walking for pleasure, and taking the cars for speed, the adventure proceeded joyously. Professional tramps were encountered in large numbers. At Goshen there was an encampment, with a captain to command and a negro servant to do the cooking. The company slept in tents, and regular details were sent out to forage. This community called itself the "Sons of Rest," and had for its motto the sybaritic sentiment, "Fools and mules work." One of these gentry declined to rise when the morning meal was announced. "He declared he was suffering from ennui, and commanded the negro to bring him his breakfast in bed, which was done."

The amateurs found that they generally could get work when they asked for it; but, like the regulars, they were under no necessity to labor. Charity abounded, and they pursued their way without hardship. Since novices could do so well, the lot of a skilled loafer must be pleasant indeed. It is not wonderful that the tramp looks down with contempt on the workingman who drudges for a livelihood that is to be had without exertion.

We have no snow here, practically no winter, and the tramp comes to us in the assurance that there is a picnic awaiting him. He will come, and bring his comrades with him, while the people and the officers of the law remain as kind as the skies. That each town is anxious to pass the vagabonds on to the next, and will even offer him a reward to go, is natural enough under present conditions, which are disgraceful to a civilized State. So long as we have this want of concert, this anarchy, the army of tramps will increase. Yet there is no sound reason why the evil should not be abated, and even turned to profitable account. There are fifty-seven counties, and all save a few of them need more roads and better roads. It ought not to be difficult for the several boards of supervisors to put themselves in communication with one another and come to an understanding. If this were done—if every tramp arrested should be given the full penalty of the law against vagrancy and compelled to work on the roads during the entire term of his sentence, a solid advantage would be reaped, and the tramps kept away from California in future.

Pending such action as this by the authorities, the duty of the individual citizen is clear. Charity to the undeserving is a wrong done the deserving. Every tramp supported in idleness is an encouragement to better men to abandon honest ways.

It was stated not long ago in one of the newspapers that a San Francisco morning journal sent out over the coast a large number of agents to act as feelers in order to discover what kind of matter the public likes and what it objects to. To the amazement of the publishers, the majority of the complaints were that the paper "printed too many pictures."

The wisdom of this inquiring publisher commands respect. By pursuing the scientific method of acquiring knowledge, he has rescued himself from the pervasive journalistic delusion that by sitting in a newspaper office and issuing a newspaper a man becomes an expert in divining the thoughts and tastes of a public with which he has no personal contact. Newspapers very frequently give glaring and affronting evidence that the men who manufacture them are in ignorance of what their subscribers desire. Let one journal anywhere make a success, and newspapers everywhere will follow its methods with a simian fidelity of imitation that strongly confirms Darwin. Unhappily, the defects of the successful paper are more likely to be copied than its merits.

Ninety-nine people in a hundred take a daily paper for its news; they endure the rest as an affliction that can not be escaped. But the editor is prone to think that it is the "fine writing," the "pictures," the "enterprise," which manifests itself in a chaos of excited though not exciting head-lines, that bring the circulation. This theory is more flattering to professional pride than the recognition of the cold truth that the average reader wants the news only, and is bored, annoyed, disgusted, or infuriated, as the case may be, by the intrusion of the editor, reporter, picture-maker, and head-line shouter.

Most successful newspapers of late years have run on pictures. They have succeeded in spite of their "art department," whose products are accepted by the patient public as a regrettable proof that the publisher's energy is greater than his judgment. In the nature of things, the "art" of the daily newspaper is dreadful, yet it costs a lot of money. We mentioned last week the fact that in Chicago the proprietors of the dailies have been throwing away about six hundred thousand dollars a year in chromos,

which most of their readers did not even look at. Yet a chromo is a chaste, and beautiful, and priceless thing compared with the cuts that smite the eye daily in the newspapers. These cuts seldom explain anything. They do not illustrate the text, nor do they give pleasure to anybody. In workmanship they are commonly far below the labels on tomato-cans, and no advertiser would use them on billboards. They irritate every reader who possesses a trace of taste by their want of appositeness and their preposterous crudity. Out of the newspapers there are no such pictures to be seen. Compare the best of them with the worst pictorial efforts of the theatrical printer on the dead-walls, and the abysmal inferiority of newspaper art is demonstrated. Behind it there seems to be only the motive of mindless custom. That it is tolerated—that the publishers do not awaken to the unsurpassed demerit of the work—is due to the circumstance that the pictures in one newspaper are as bad as those in another. Therefore one excuses all. The reader, of course, has no remedy except to swear as he chases the elusive news through a checker-board of cuts.

Most newspaper pictures are as trivial in subject as they are vile in execution. The "artist" is but a stupid reporter, whose tool is the pencil instead of the pen. While his writing *confère* describes for us a hurglary, the artist supplies "the barrel past which Officer Shaughnessy ran in pursuit of the criminal," or "the post in which the policeman's bullet was imbedded." If a murder has been committed, we get with our breakfast an appetizing view of the corpse lying on its slab in the morgue, and an enlightening representation of a street-corner showing a lamp-post, with a star near by on the sidewalk, which indicates the "spot where Smith was stabbed." Inasmuch as there are not fewer than two millions of street-corners in the United States not differing greatly from that where Smith had the misfortune to fall, such pictures add neither to the sum of knowledge nor, after a while, to the gayety of nations.

Work of this kind, however, is only stupid. It is when lovely woman lures, or the suggestions of soaring fancy assail, that the newspaper artist rises to a nuisance of magnitude. His ideal is the female in tights, though he is not unhappy when she has skirts to disarrange. So long as he can be salacious he is indifferent to details. The Sunday paper gives him his full opportunity to treat the public to legs and underclothes. It is a fine Sabbath refection to which our newspaper publishers invite us to sit down, truly. The range of thought is wide. It extends from the stage of the theatres, whose existence reflects on the police, to the night-dresses of the Four Hundred and the distorted marvels of the dime museums. Crime, lingerie, and indecent exposure constitute the pictorial banquet. Not the critic but the grand jury and the district attorney should be moved to activity by this species of Sunday paper, with which San Francisco, in common with every large city in the country, is disgraced. Time was when the *Police Gazette* had a monopoly of this sort of thing, but free trade in nastiness has been proclaimed by the daily press of the United States.

It can not be but that in the process of evolution one of two things will occur: Either a process will be discovered by which good drawings can be reproduced by the daily newspaper, or the present "art department" will be eliminated. Under existing mechanical conditions, the only allowable pictures are portraits, when they can be printed so as to be recognizable, fac-similes of ships, remarkable machines, improved bicycles, and the like—in short, diagrams and anything that really illustrates and helps the text. The printing of pictures merely because they are pictures, no matter how badly they are done or how inappropriate to the occasion, is imbecile, and offensive equally to the eye and sense of the defenseless reader, who, having paid for a newspaper, resents the thrusting upon him of an idiotic picture-book instead.

There is a great deal of talk, in Congress and in the newspapers, about "recognizing the Cuban insurgents." Yet nothing seems to come of it. The insurgents apparently do not remain in one spot long enough to be recognized. The *Argonaut* has a plan which seems to us simple and feasible. The insurgents claim that all they need is money, supplies, and ammunition. With the first, they could obtain the other two. Now why do not the congressmen and newspaper men who are so ardently advocating the "recognition" of the Cuban insurgents, get up a Cuban loan? Twenty-five or thirty millions would do the business. The insurgents have intimated that they would be very glad to issue bonds. Then these gentlemen of whom we speak could subscribe for them. Money talks. These editors and congressmen certainly ought to be willing to hack up their protestations of friendship with their coin. If they refuse to do so, their protestations are not worth much. The Senate is full of millionaires—how much will they subscribe toward a Cuban loan? Mr. Hearst advocates in his *San Francisco Examiner* and his *New York Journal* the cause of Cuba; he is a

millionaire—how much will Mr. Hearst subscribe toward a Cuban loan? Mr. de Young's *Chronicle* is also in favor of Cuban independence; he too is a millionaire; how much will Mr. de Young give toward a Cuban loan?

The report of the Salvation Army on the deserts of the applicants for charity under the Robinson hequest fund, which is distributed annually in San Francisco, proves two things. First, that this city has its full share of professional "unfortunates," and, second, that alms-giving to do any good must be done by experienced persons. If the generosity of the rich were able to cure poverty, it would have disappeared long ago. Here, as everywhere in the United States, those who have are willing to help those who have not—too willing, indeed, for benevolence that is not discriminating undoubtedly does more harm than good. This is so well recognized that the average man or woman of intelligence who, from kindly impulse or a sense of duty, desires to aid the poor, now usually makes use of the organized charities as an instrumentality. The importuned individual is thus enabled to protect himself by referring the cases of applicants to these institutions, which are supposed to investigate before bestowing assistance.

But how systematically the organized charities are preyed upon here by the cunning unworthy is sufficiently indicated by the admirably explicit report submitted by Captain McFee, of the Salvation Army, to the mayor. If "dead-beats" did not succeed as a rule in getting what they ask for, it is reasonable to presume that they would quit the business and go to work. The captain and his associates are equally thorough and unsentimental in the manner of their inquiries and their conclusions. Experience has cured them of illusions. Observe how luminously definite they are:

"Mrs. H. D.—Drinks a beer more than she works. Has two boys, neither of whom amounts to much, though one of them works. The family as a whole is not up to much.

"Mrs. B.—Has a pretty easy brand of poverty. Two daughters earn respectively twenty and twenty-five dollars a month. The family owns a piano, and has every appearance of being pretty comfortable.

"Mrs. A. D.—Undeserving. Lives quite comfortably, is able to give her daughter music lessons, and allows her old mother to do professional beggins."

And so on, case after case, with name, address, and full particulars. On the other hand, we have many instances such as follow, reported by the officers of the army:

"Mrs. R.—Poor, friendless, and deserving.

"Mrs. E. A. A.—Worthy case all round. Poor, willing, square.

"Mrs. Nora V.—Good old soul. Eighty-two years old and wholly self-dependent. Nearly blind, feeble, but plucky and not half dead yet.

"Miss E.—A maiden lady. Middle-aged, sick, in great distress. Utterly unable to assist herself. Good blood, good breeding, great need."

The value to the community of an organization such as this is obvious. It does at once the work of a police detective and a philanthropist, protecting the charitable and directing relief to where it belongs. Confidence in the Army's judgment is strengthened by its power to make allowances. Not only does it separate the sheep from the goats, but it can offer for merciful consideration those who are neither sheep nor goats. "Mrs. E. B.," being an unredeemed goat, for her the Army has no good words. It reports:

"A fraud. Makes a pretense of peddling to cover a more unwholesome and immoral calling. Hard drinker and general beat."

But "Mrs. B.," though she has her weaknesses, is not without the pale:

"Washerwoman. Works honestly and hard. Takes a drink occasionally, but has only the good will of her neighbors. She needs assistance."

Likewise, "Mrs. M. C.," who, though "poor, honest, and willing," yet hends before hard fate to the extent of drinking "a glass once in a while." Still she is "a pretty decent woman" and needs help. Her case is, the report says, "straight business." Another, "Mrs. C. D.," is "all right. Poor, commonplace, smelly." There is no nonsense about such work as this. It lets the light right in on the city's gross and unlovely poverty, and invites the helping hand.

Probably three-fourths of the money paid by good-hearted people under the belief that they are relieving distress is wasted on impostors, drunkards, hummers, and calculating beats, male and female. This waste, and worse than waste, can be, and ought to be, saved. The benevolent societies, with their paid officers, are well enough, but incomparably the best almoner is the Salvation Army. On its practical side it is in close touch with the lower levels of life, where there is always suffering caused by sheer want. These men and women of the Army necessarily become experts in determining who is and who is not worthy. They understand human nature and have pity for its weaknesses, while they learn to be stern toward dishonesty and cunning greed. The town is patrolled by them night and day, for to give material aid is, if a less conspicuous, a more important part of their religion than drum-beating and street-preaching

As an almoner, the Salvation Army is not dainty and refined. It does not visit the poor in a lady-like way at all, but goes holdly, with sensible kindness, into the cellars, and garrets, and greasy back-rooms of the slums, and gets at the facts concerning the wretched inhabitants. Money intrusted to these forthright, courageous Samaritans is neither appropriated to their own use, in the way of salaries or otherwise, nor is it squandered on pretenders. We in San Francisco have learned this by experience. It is only the simple truth to say that the Salvation Army can be trusted. And it is worthy of greater and more general trust than is reposed in it. Its institutions for the housing of the homeless and repentant deserve more generous support, and its methods of distributing alms are so excellent, so unequaled, that the bulk of the work of caring for the desperately poor ought to be turned over to it by the charitable. Fraudulent beggars find in it their most acute enemy, and the really needy their most helpful friend. It is entitled to the encouragement of every charitable man and woman in the community.

We have been hearing a good deal lately about the "stalwart Americanism" of the present Democratic administration. We are continually called upon to admire the "patriotic attitude" of President Cleveland and Secretary Olney. Let us examine this "patriotic attitude." Let us look into this "stalwart Americanism."

In the Transvaal Republic, in South Africa, a number of Americans have been arrested for an alleged plot against the Boer Government. They are threatened with fines, confiscation of property, and possibly long imprisonment. Some have been released on bail; others—notably John Hays Hammond—are still in jail. Nothing has as yet been proved against any of these men; if they were plotting, their plots were futile. They committed no acts of violence against the Boer Government. No shots were fired in Johannesburg. Yet some of them are in solitary confinement, others under heavy bail bonds, many threatened with loss of property and long imprisonment, and all to be tried before a Boer court, with whose language, laws, and usages they are utterly unfamiliar.

In the Transvaal Republic, in South Africa, some eight hundred Englishmen, with arms in their hands, invaded a peaceful people. With magazine rifles and machine guns, they fired upon the Boers. They killed some of them, and wounded others. These Englishmen were overpowered and arrested. But on the demand of the English Government they were at once *paroled*, marched to the frontier, and there turned over to the English authorities. Dr. Jameson and his officers are now upon the sea—they sailed on the twentieth of January for England, where he and his men are to be tried before the English courts and by the English laws. It is already common talk, according to our London correspondent, that the trial will be a farce.

Now what have those two "stalwart Americans," President Cleveland and Secretary Olney, done at this juncture? Have they demanded, as England did, that the American citizens now in jail at Johannesburg be turned over to the United States for trial? No—all that has been done is for Secretary Olney plaintively to "request Great Britain to protect American interests in the Transvaal." Since then President Cleveland and Secretary Olney have done nothing in the matter at all.

Now we would like to ask Mr. Cleveland and his man Olney if the life and property of an American are not as sacred as those of an Englishman? Waiving all question of what Hammond and the other Americans may have done, the fact remains that Jameson and his English followers did much more. Yet they have been turned over to the English authorities. Why have not Hammond and his companions been turned over to the custody of the American consular agent, to be tried by the courts of their own country? Why should England be favored in this matter? Is an Englishman better than an American in the eyes of President Cleveland and his man Olney? If they do not think so, why have they not demanded what the English Government did—the custody of its imprisoned subjects?

We think that President Cleveland and his man Olney are too busy with their sheet-iron thunder threats of war and manufacturing Presidential booms out of the griefs of greaser republics to pay any attention to Americans restrained of their liberty in foreign lands. If Salisbury and Chamberlain succeeded in getting Jameson and his companions out of the Boer grasp and under English law, why did not Cleveland and Olney succeed in obtaining as much for Hammond and his companions? But they did not even try. If harm shall come to these Americans, it will be due to the criminal negligence of President Cleveland and Secretary Olney. The kind of "stalwart Americanism" that neglects imprisoned Americans abroad to work up war-scare Presidential booms at home is not to our liking. Shame upon such sham Americanism.

NELL, OF "THE HELL'S GATE," YUMA.

An Arizona Story.

The fervid August sun poured down its heat from the blue sky until the very air visibly quivered over the low, straggling, flat-roofed houses of the town of Yuma. There was a glare everywhere: the streets, deep with powdered white dust; the clumps of cactus, with their broad, fleshy leaves; the muddy waters of the Colorado, sweeping silently on to the sea—all reflected the fierce sunlight till the eye ached and blenched. There was even a glare from the rough, red-painted boards of the Hell's Gate Saloon, and a tendency on the warping floor of the veranda to curve up as it radiated the heat in the faces of a few lounging Indians who had invaded the scant shadow of its roof. The bar-room itself was all but deserted; even the usual habitués were missing, having apparently buried themselves from the excessive heat within the shelter afforded by the thick walls of the surrounding adobes.

The bar-tender, Apache Bill—a sobriquet acquired in the dim past, owing to his habitation with a semi-civilized lady of that race—having finished washing away the stains of recent nocturnal dissipation from the room and polishing the already glittering glasses and bottles that stood in pyramids and rows back of the mahogany counter, cast aside his towel, left his place behind the bar, yawned, and, swearing that the weather was damned, sank into a seat near the door, where, folding his arms across his chest and tipping his chair back against the wall, he sat drowsily nodding as he listened to the music that a young fellow from the East, slowly dying of consumption, was coaxing from an old piano that stood on a little stage in the rear.

A row of gambling-tables, unused and shoved back against the wall, ranged down one side of the room. A single faro-hank alone was "open," and at this was seated a party of three. The dealer, Mr. Dick Shevlin, in his shirt-sleeves, a white silk handkerchief thrown carelessly about his neck, lounged back in his chair as he listlessly drew the cards from a silver box. At his side, clad in a loose "Mother Hubbard," one elbow resting on the table and her chin upon her hand, intently watching the game, sat a woman known to the denizens of Yuma, and to the cowboys and miners of the outlying ranches and camps, as Hell's Gate Nell, Dick Shevlin's "woman." She was about twenty-five years of age, with regular features, and very handsome. There was even a suggestion of softness in the contour of her cheek and arching upper lip which, with a tone of refinement that seemed to cling to her, made her appear very gentle, very womanly, and strangely out of place amid her surroundings. A tired, worn look covered the little face, and from the shadowy depths of the brown eyes that were filled with a sadness that seemed a symbol of patience—a hopeless, weary, helpless patience—there shone forth a gleam of child-like protest and dependency that seemed to say to every man who gazed into them: "Respect me, please; I am what he has made me, only."

A quick, suspicious movement on the part of Mr. Shevlin's hand as he quietly shuffled the cards for a new deal caught her eye; her lip trembled slightly, and an expression of scorn came over her face. She glanced rapidly across the table to where a man clad in the rough garb of a miner sat; a man broad shouldered and robust, a vigor not borne out in his face, which though handsome and bearing the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and refinement, was slightly weak and marked by dissipation. He did not meet her gaze, however, neither had he noticed the little by-play of Mr. Shevlin, for his eyes were lowered and resting on a stack of blue chips, representing the last of his capital, which he was stringing out on the edge of the table and counting.

Mr. Shevlin, having shuffled the cards to his satisfaction, carelessly flipped the pack with his fingers, and placed it in the box, which he tapped gently on the table, ejaculating: "All ready, Jack."

Gathering his chips, the man placed a bet or two on the board, nodded to the dealer, and leaned forward in his chair, mechanically marking up on the "case" the cards as they came from the box. Fate seemed against him, for he lost bet after bet until his last chip was gone; then, shoving back his chair, he rose, exclaiming: "No need of playing the deal out, old man, that cleans me."

Nell raised her eyes and watched him as he stood thoughtfully at the side of the table. Then, reaching her hand into the "hank," she took a five-dollar note and, saying "Here, Jack, take this for luck," held it toward him.

Something like a smile of disdain passed across his face, and he turned away. Then he hesitated, returned, and took the money, and as he did so, the muscles of his mouth twitched nervously. He drew the flapping broad rim of his hat down over his eyes, and strolled slowly away.

The woman, whose curved brows were drawn together with a frown, gazed straight into the eyes of the man behind the silver faro-box and sneered: "Robber!"

Mr. Shevlin only smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and continued to slip the cards one by one from the box.

Jack—Jack Langdon—paused at the bar and, throwing his elbows back, rested listlessly against it, lost in meditation. His face was drawn and set, and his eyes, bloodshot and shining with the delirium of days and nights of cards and wild revelry, gazed out through the open door, seeing nothing, yet watching, in a vague, uncertain way, a squaw, barefooted and ankle-deep in dust, coming slowly up the straggling street, her red handanna wrap a savage splash of color against the white, glistening walls of the penitentiary beyond. After awhile he called to the bar-tender, who had lapsed into sleep and was gently snoring.

"Bill!"

The bar-tender started, lazily arose, and, stretching himself, passed back of the bar and shoved over a bottle of whisky and a glass, as though a matter of course, asking, drowsily, "How's luck?"

"Suck—luck?" echoed Langdon, and he laughed sar-

castically as he filled his glass. He draok, and, filling his glass again, continued: "You will have to let these drinks go, Bill, for I have only this note—Nell gave it to me—and I want my gun. The old man let me have five on it last night, and it is back there somewhere."

"Ther drunks ez al' right, al' right, Jack," said the bar-tender, "but—this yer gun?" as he laid a heavy revolver on the bar—"but yer'd better let up on der booze—der good ole booze—or she'll knock yer. Sure."

Langdon smiled, drank the liquor he had poured out, took up the revolver, and, satisfying himself that it was loaded, partly raised the hammer and spun the cylinder around, then, cocking the gun, he threw it with a quick movement to his head.

"Ab, damn yer!" and, like a flash, the bar-tender, dropping the glass he was wiping, reached across and struck the revolver down. There was a report, and Langdon tottered an instant, then sank to the floor.

"Here, Nell," shouted the bar-tender, springing across the bar, "git a move on yer an' chase yerself round ter ther drug-stor' for ther doc! Quick! Git!" and he knelt at Langdon's side, asking: "Wot ther 'ell d'yer do it fer, Jack?"

Langdon opened his eyes, moaned slightly, and gasped: "You damned, meddling fool—why didn't you—let me—make—a—goo—" He gasped, choked, and a flow of blood came from between his lips.

The doctor arrived and bent over him attentively. "Humph!" he said, after a moment; "badly hit—through the lungs—ball gone clean through." Then, arising, he continued: "It's a matter of touch and go with him, but with a good nurse, perhaps—look here," he added, regarding Nell with critical eyes as she stooped and wiped the blood from Langdon's mouth, "this is a serious case, and I want a nurse."

The woman glanced up, a grave, earnest expression on her face, and said very thoughtfully: "I'll nurse him—yes, I'll do it." Then turning to Mr. Shevlin, a menacing look shining from her eyes, she continued: "Dick, I'm going to nurse this man."

"All right, Nell," he replied, doggedly, "do it, if you will."

* * * * *

One afternoon, as Nell sat in the half-light of the darkened sick-room, she became conscious that Langdon's eyes were resting on her. She sat silently on, however, till presently he moved his hand slightly toward her, and said, feebly: "Nell, is it you?"

"Yes," she replied, softly, turning her eyes to his face—"yes, I am Nell."

"Where am I?" he asked. "How long have I been drun—I mean, how long has this—this—lasted?"

"Two weeks," she answered, "and you are in your room. You have been very ill."

"The he—you don't say so," he muttered.

"Yes, I do," she replied, nodding her head very seriously, "and you must be quiet now, Jack, and not talk."

She sent for the doctor, and he came and bent over the patient.

"Humph," he said, "we are doing nicely. Why, man, we'll have you up and out in a few weeks. Then we'll bust the bank, hey? But we must be careful, mind, no relapse."

Nell heard, and sank faintly into a chair. A strange, sweet feeling that she did not understand stole over her, and, something of a long-absent tenderness returning, she howed her face in her hands, sobbing gently as she rocked to and fro.

During the days that followed a change gradually came over the woman; she grew more tender, more careful of her personal appearance, and at times seemed almost happy. She was very attentive to Langdon, seeming to anticipate his every wish. She would read to him, and, tiring, would sit and listen while he talked to her, not of her life, but of all that was good in his. He would tell her, too, something of his plans for the future; and it was when planning this future that into her eyes, habitually earnest and even grave in expression, would come the old weary look, and she would sit gazing out through the open window over the low, dome-shaped hills and sand-dunes beyond, as though recognizing in their dreary waste something of the harseness of her own life.

Late one afternoon, she came into his room with a basket of fruit. She had been out, and a broad-brimmed straw hat covered her head. The heat had brought a delicate color to her usually pale face, and had heightened the brightness of her eyes. She threw aside her hat and stood before the glass, spending some time, with a certain pouting peevishness of manner that recalled to herself the days of her girlhood, arranging her hair. Then, laughing, she turned and cried: "There, Jack, ain't I good to look at?" and continued: "And, Jack, you must eat some of this fruit."

From under their half-closed lids his keen eyes looked up at her for a long while. Then, as she stood at his side with the fruit, he took her hand and drew her gently down on the edge of the bed.

"Nell," he said, "dear little woman, you are too good for that life at the Hell's Gate. It burts when I think of you there, dear."

She sat gently stroking his hand, while over her face came the weary look that rested there so often now.

"Come, give it all up," he continued, "even him, and go away with me—marry me, Nell, for I love you, and we will go and begin all over again where none will know of the storms of our yesterday of life."

The tears came to her eyes as she shook her head, saying, sadly: "No, Jack, I can not."

"You love this man Shevlin, then?" he exclaimed.

"No," she said, and she bent her face that he might kiss it, and, when he had kissed it once, she still held it that he might kiss it again.

"You do love me a little?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then it must be because you love the life you have been

living more, that you will not come to me," he said, half angrily.

She gazed at him with eyes full of a pained, wounded look. "If you were not something more to me than any other man in the world," she said, "do you think—" She paused, arose, turned silently away, and sank into a chair near the window where he could not see her face. She sat perfectly still, and he was conscious that his words had offended her, and he feared to speak again. He heard no sound of weeping, but her shoulders shook.

After awhile she half turned and looked at him. If she could but tell him all, she thought, perhaps he would not blame her.

"Jack," she said, softly, "Jack, I want to tell—" Her voice faltered, died away, and she sank back into her chair.

An hour passed, and out across the bend of the river the black, unchanging profile of the distant dunes was sharply outlined against a crimson sky that was slowly fading away. The man in the bed had fallen asleep, but she did not know.

After awhile she said, somewhat dreamily, more as though speaking to herself than to him: "I do not remember my father, he died when I was a little baby, leaving my mother with two children—my brother and myself—unprovided for in New York. I only faintly remember my brother, for he, much older than I, ran away to sea when I was a mere child, and we never heard of him again. Two years later, my mother passed away in poverty and I was placed in an orphan asylum, from which I was adopted by a childless couple and taken West. After moving from place to place, they settled in Colorado and eventually became well to do. They were kind to me, treated me as a daughter, and this kindness I repaid by running away and marrying a man, a young lawyer, whom they objected to because he drank. Then followed four years of wretched misery, as the wife of a drunkard. At last my husband's health failed, and we went south to El Paso. We had little or no money, and were obliged to take rooms in a cheap hotel in the lower portion of the town. There, shortly after, he died, leaving me destitute. I wrote to my adopted parents, but they ignored me. I tried to obtain employment, work of any kind, but was unsuccessful, until one day a woman, one of the *anonymæ*, came to me with some sewing; she brought me more, and in this way I managed to exist. It was through this woman that I met Mr. Shevlin, gambler; he, too, was kind, and after a while offered to marry me. I did not love him—I could not marry him—but the hassle of life was hard, oh! so hard, and I was a fool, a poor weak woman, all alone in the world—all alone. But I was not bad, Jack—not utterly bad—not quite that! Yet I can not marry you—I can not," she sobbed, "I can not—for I could never forget—you would never forget—and after a time you would hate me."

Her head drooped and tears trickled slowly between the slender white fingers that covered her face. At length she arose and turned toward his bed. He still slept. After all, what did it matter, she thought. She sighed wearily and threw herself down on the lounge. "I am so tired," she moaned. "I can not bear this life! I can not breathe, I can not live! Oh, God! will nothing free me from it, nothing? I can not bear it any more!" She lay there crying bitterly. The light of the new moon crept in at the window touching the cold fingers pressed to her burning cheeks and temples. She got up, drew the curtain, hesitated a moment, then groped her way to the side of the bed, where she sank on her knees, burying her face in the clothes.

She was very quiet for awhile, then she took the hand of the sleeping man, and drew it toward her and kissed it.

Langdon awoke.

"Jack, dear," she said, "I can not marry you, because I will not; but if you wish, when you are well, you may take me away with you and take care of me; then, when you do not love me any more, we can say good-bye."

"Oh, my darling," he said, tenderly, "why will you not marry me? Some day you will desert me and go to another."

"No," she said, softly, "no, Jack, never that, so long as you love me."

She nestled her head down on his arm and kept very still while he spoke of their future. He told her of some mining property on which he expected to realize during the coming winter, and which he must look after as soon as he was able.

"By the way, Nell," he said, "there are some papers relating to it in a tin box in my trunk. I wish you would bring them to me."

She arose, lighted the lamp, and brought the box, sitting on the side of the bed as she unlocked it for him. He glanced over paper after paper and laid them aside; then he took up a little buckskin bag and drew from it an old-fashioned gold locket hung to a little worn chain. He held it toward her, saying "My mother gave it to me when I was a boy; dear mother, dead long years ago; her picture is inside."

Nell took the locket and opened it. She glanced at the likeness and started. She turned it to the light and her face grew ashen. She sprang to her feet, the locket falling from her trembling hands, while into her eyes came a strange, wild look.

"Your mother!" she cried. "This your mother? Then your name is not Jack Langdon! You are—you—oh, my God!—you are—Henry Lancaster!"

The man raised himself on his elbow. His face was white and set.

"Nell!" he cried, loudly, a glimpse of the truth coming to him. "Nell!" he almost shouted, as he gazed into her eyes with terrified entreaty—"and you?"

"I?" she screamed, as she swayed from side to side. "I?—oh, the horror of it! Dear Lord! the horror of it!"

She wanted to shriek, to curse. For a moment she clutched at the bosom of her dress, striving to tear it apart. "I—I am—oh, my God!—I am—" She tottered and plunged face downward to the floor as she shrieked—"your sister!"

GEORGE WARREN STEALEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1896.

THE NEW YORK CYCLE SHOW.

Enormous Crowds at Madison Square Garden—The '96 Wheels—
Bloomer Girls—The Many Curiosities on Exhibition—
Wheels Heavier and More Substantial.

If anybody has an idea that the bicycle craze is waning, a visit to the Bicycle Show at Madison Square Garden would change their minds. It opened Saturday night, and at nine o'clock it was difficult to move around without discomfort. The hall was ablaze with electric lights. The names of the bicycles were in letters of light, and there were some bicycles outlined in fire with revolving wheels. There were 16,186 people in the garden during Monday. A bicycle show has just closed in Chicago, and there it was a great success, over 90,000 people having attended it. It is believed that 150,000 will be registered as having attended this show at the Madison Square Garden.

The vice-president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, as he gazed at the immense throng, remarked: "The first bicycle show ever given in this country was in Boston, and we had to beg people to come in. We had trick riders doing all sorts of feats, and even then you could not get people to come. Here there is no trick riding, no circus business, nothing but the wheels, and yet the people are fighting to get into the place to see them. That does not look much like cycling was a fad, does it?" No, it does not. It is a fact that all the people there seemed to be interested in the wheels. There is no riding, and, in fact, a rule was adopted that no bicycles should be permitted to be ridden in the aisles of the exhibition at any hour. Further than that, there is absolutely nothing but bicycles and parts of bicycles on exhibition. Last year other specialties were exhibited, but this year the manufacturers of bicycle clothing, bicycling supplies, etc., were excluded, and there is nothing in the exhibit but bicycles, parts of bicycles, and bicycle attachments.

As there is no exhibit of cycling costumes, the indefatigable makers have exhibited them on the persons of stalwart young men and shapely young women. Everywhere you run across good-looking fellows in bicycle rig, jackets, knickerbockers, and golf stockings, and pretty girls in bloomers, divided skirts, knickerbockers, in bicycle shoes and silk stockings, in gaiters or leggings, and in high bicycle boots, sometimes with leather or cloth tops. These young men and women give away advertising matter and souvenirs. The souvenirs are legion. The exhibitors have found it expensive, but rivalry has made it unavoidable. They give away watch-charms, cigarette-holders, pipes, whistles, canes, buttons of silk, celluloid, nickel, brass, and aluminum, bicycle sheet-music, card-cases, and other things.

The changes in the '96 wheel are not marked. The main difference is that the tubing is larger and heavier than before. The craze for lightness in the wheels for '95 has been knocked in the head by accidents on bad roads. The average weight of the wheels this year is from twenty-three to twenty-five pounds. The manufacturers have abandoned the uniform color of the old wheels, and now every color of the rainbow appears on the frames and rims.

Among the curiosities, the one that attracts the most attention is the triangle-frame bicycle, or upright bicycle. The handle-bars are behind the saddle and pass around to the side, so that the rider grasps the handles by dropping his arms at his side. The frame is triangular instead of diamond shaped, and the saddle is placed on the apex of the triangle. The position of the rider is upright instead of stooping, and the women can ride this wheel in a walking-dress. There is nothing to catch the skirt, and it will doubtless be a favorite with women. Another curio is the Columbia Colt Automatic Machine Bicycle Gun, which is mounted on the front forks of a model forty Columbia. Another is a Columbia Military Tandem. It is fitted with two guns, two revolvers, blankets, overcoats, and a tent. It will carry two men comfortably, and even if they had to "get out and walk," it is infinitely easier to trundle their truck rather than to pack it. Among novelties in saddles is one consisting of two small leather pads side by side on springs, each pad giving alternately to the motion of the body in pedaling.

A wheel that attracts attention is called the "Giraffe." It is eight and one-half feet high, the frame being built up to that height from an ordinary safety basis. The chain and sprocket are arranged along the back of the frame. Steps in the frame allow the rider to climb to the top. It weighs thirty-four pounds. Another novelty is the Sextuplet. It is one hundred and twenty-five inches long, weighs one hundred and seven pounds, is fitted with a 153-incb gear and triple head and six saddles. An ice bicycle has a steel runner attached to the front fork in place of the front wheel, while the rear wheel, instead of a rubber tire, has a rim containing teeth which sink into the ice.

There is a great variety of saddles and brakes on exhibition. The old handle-bar brake seems to be going out, and there are various patent brakes of more or less value. There are a number of tandems on exhibition, some of them ladies' tandem wheels having double drop frames, some of them combination tandems built to carry a man and woman, with a drop frame on the front seat, and tandems having a diamond frame in front and a drop frame in the rear, so that the woman can occupy the rear seat.

There is an exhibition a bicycle built for Lillian Russell, which is said to be worth one thousand dollars. The entire frame is silver, with gold trimmings. A bicycle decorated by Tiffany is valued at five hundred dollars. The handle-bar grips are made of ivory, covered with silver filigree. It has a solid silver bell. The top and bottom of the head and the sprocket are also covered by silver filigree work. The black leather saddle is also bordered with silver.

A companion side-seated, two-wheel bicycle, weighing about forty pounds, is so arranged that two women or two men can ride it side by side. In fact, one person can ride it alone. The difference of weight in the riders makes no

difference in the equipoise of the machine. A curio is a bicycle built of wood by a farmer's boy in Monmouth County, N. J. The only metal work about it is the steering-head, which consists of a pair of rusty scrap-hinges. The wheels are solid disks of wood on which flat pieces of rubber are nailed. It has evidently seen hard service. A bicycle that attracts attention is one without any chain, the propelling power being provided on the lever principle. Bicycles with wooden handle-bars are exhibited, and it is claimed for them that they greatly lessen vibration. A curious fact is that there is but a single exhibit of wheels by an English company. These wheels are sold from \$1.40 to \$1.60, and American dealers say that they are inferior to ours, but that is natural.

Another curio is the bicycle eye-glass. It is exactly like a miniature bicycle, the glasses for the eyes being perfectly round and encircled by miniature rubber tires, and the bridge for the nose is made by the frame, over which are the saddle and handle-bars. These glasses are intended to be worn by cyclists to protect the eyes from dust. The effect of them on the face is peculiar.

There are but two bicycle exhibits by sewing-machine manufacturers, and both of them are high-priced wheels. The story that the great sewing-machine companies were going into the bicycle business seems to have for its foundation only the fact that some sewing-machine manufacturers, owning special machinery, are making special bicycle parts, such as steel ball-bearings and pedals. One of these firms now has an order for five and one-half millions of steel balls.

Folding-bicycles of French and American make are shown, by which you can bend your bicycle on a hinge in the middle, fold the two wheels together, and put it into a trunk. Women will be interested in a cyclist's companion, holding their safety-pins, hair-pins, soap, comb and brush, mirror, and powder-rag, which goes into a little receptacle attached to the handle-bar. There are bicycle electric lights operated by storage batteries, electric lights operated by magneto-electric apparatus, and lamps fed from compressed gas stored in the frames. Fifty different varieties of brakes, locks that defy thieves, every size and tone of bell, repair kits, tents, bicycle umbrellas, and sundries by the thousand.

There were several things made patent by the great cycle exhibition of January, 1896. One is that the day of the bent-back rider, except on the race-track, is over. As you walk along, instead of seeing the turned-down handles of last year, everywhere you see the turned-up steering-bar. The makers have learned that the humped-back scorcher represents only about ten per cent. of bicycle riders, and as they are not in the business for their health, they are making bicycles for the greatest number. Another fact is that they are making bicycles of greater strength and weight. The light and spidery machines which the cranks and scorchers affected do not last. A man not only wants a wheel that will take him fifty miles from home, but he wants one that will bring him back. The gossamer machines with thin tires, light tubing, and turned-down handle-bars are going to disappear. Another thing is that the gearing is higher than it was. The average gear is seventy for a man's wheel. The makers have found that most men were willing to put a little more muscle into pedaling if they had to move their legs less rapidly. And last, but not least, is the fact that the people who are buying bicycles seem to buy the high-grade wheels by well-known makers. People will buy a Brewster wagon and pay more for it than they would for a wagon by an unknown maker. So with bicycles. The average man when he decides to buy a wheel goes to some one of the numerous well-known makers of high-grade wheels.

NEW YORK, January 22, 1896.

STEVENSON MEMORIAL.

An Inscription for a Fountain to be Set Up in San Francisco.

God made me simple from the first,
And good to quench your body's thirst:
Think you he has no ministers
To glad that wayward soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate
For thousands and for you I wait,
Seeing adventurous sails unfurled
For the four corners of the world.

Here passed one day, nor came again,
A prince among the tribes of men.
(For man, like me, is from his birth
A vagabond upon this earth.)

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,
And pray for Louis Stevenson,
That by whatever trail he fare
He be refreshed in God's great care!
—Bliss Carman in Harper's Weekly.

The Gallery of Modena was for twenty years unhung. At last it has been admirably arranged, and Signor Anderson has photographed its many interesting works. There, better than anywhere else, the Ferrara-Bolognese school can be studied; but the glory of Modena is its many masterpieces by Dosso Dossi, a most fascinating artist, hitherto almost undiscovered. Symonds is the only writer of note who has made so much as a passing mention of Dosso, whose "Jester" he greatly admired. This "Jester," even in a photograph, reveals its quality of Shakespearian humor.

A society of men of art is being formed in Paris, after the model of the Société de Gens de Lettres, to watch over the interests of artists. At the head of the movement are Tony Robert Fleury, Dubufe, Puvis de Chavannes, Bouguereau, Detaille, and Roll. Foreigners will be admitted.

Indian criminal statistics show that there is one criminal to every 274 Europeans, 509 Eurasians, 709 Hindoo Christians, and 1,361 Brahmans, while the proportion of Buddhist criminals is only one in 3,787.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales's life is insured for three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Eugen d'Albert's opera "Ghismonda" was very coldly received at its first performance in Dresden.

Baron Achille Paganini, only son of the famous violinist, died recently at Parma. He was a good amateur musician, but was left too rich by his father to take up a profession.

President Kruger, of the Transvaal, is an obese-looking man, with a face the color of parchment, and hands and mouth generally stained with tobacco juice. He is very untidy in appearance, thinking nothing of receiving the most distinguished guests in his shirt sleeves.

Mrs. Grant is said to be happier in her new Washington home, with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her children about her, than she has been since the death of General Grant. She is busily occupied with her household duties and with the preparation of a book of reminiscences.

Queen Victoria last year had to append her signature to some fifty thousand documents. She practically never has a holiday while at Buckingham or Windsor. She rises at half-past seven. At eight she has prayers, and half an hour later breakfast, and then works with her secretary steadily until two o'clock.

Even royal poor relatives have much to put up with. The Countess Fedora Gleichen, one of Queen Victoria's mother's German descendants, who dabbles in sculpture, has been commissioned by her majesty to make the bust of the late F. Clark, John Brown's nephew and successor as Highland attendant.

Sir Jacobus Albertus de Wet, the British representative in the Transvaal, is a descendant of Jacobus, the Dutch artist, whose son settled at the Cape in 1690. He was born at the Cape over sixty years ago, was a member of the legislative assembly for over twenty years, and in 1890 was appointed the queen's representative at Pretoria.

The German emperor is generally dressed by five in the morning. The Queen-Regent of Spain is ready for the day's business at seven sharp. King Humbert of Italy rises at six, as do also the King of Sweden and King Charles of Roumania. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria takes her bath at four A. M., and then starts out on long walks.

Harry B. Smith, the librettist, who has been so long associated with Reginald de Koven in the composition of successful comic operas, has a passion for extra-illustration. He has also a fine collection of English dramatists, old and new, and many first editions which are sumptuous in binding as well as valuable on account of their rarity. He lives with his wife and boy in an apartment overlooking Central Park.

Berlin seems to have a stimulating effect on American genius. United States Consul-General de Kay has just finished a poem, entitled "Nimrod's Vision," a German translation of which is being made. Mrs. Hoskin, daughter of the late Ambassador Runyon, has completed at Berlin a society novel, entitled "Richard Forest." It will appear as a serial in this country, and a German translation will be published in Berlin.

The charges of eminent singing-teachers in Paris vary greatly. Marchesi demands \$70 a month. Mme. Lagrange has \$3 a lesson from professionals and \$4 from amateurs. Mme. Renée Richards charges \$4 a lesson. M. Bouhy asks \$40 a month. Mme. Ziska charges \$3 to professionals and \$4 to amateurs. Spriglia has \$5 a lesson. The rule is from \$3 to \$5 a lesson, or \$40 to \$70 a month, and pupils are expected to take three lessons a week.

The young Czarowitz, now dying of consumption, has arrived at the Riviera, where he will shortly be joined by his mother, the Dowager-Empress of Russia. Thirty years ago she went to the same place to hear the last words of her fiancé, the Czarowitz Nicolas, as he lay dying of the same disease. Eventually she married her fiancé's brother, the late Czar Alexander, and they grew in time to be very much attached to each other, though the first years of their state marriage were very bitter to both of them.

Among the notable benefactions of John T. Spaulding, who died in Boston last week, was the education of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl. Some years ago, he gave thirty thousand dollars to seven young men employed at the United States Hotel. The story of this was published all over the world and brought him begging letters from even the Russian steppes. On holidays he was in the habit of filling his trousers pockets with five-dollar gold pieces and then going around distributing them among the porters who had done him little kindnesses. He wired a ruined merchant before the flames of the big Chicago fire were extinguished: "Draw on us for one hundred thousand dollars." The then ruined man is to-day one of the wealthiest men in Chicago.

"Gyp" is herself again, and is once more at work upon a new series of satirical dialogues. The Comtesse de Martel is far prouder of her artistic than of her literary power. She is a pastelist and water-colorist, exhibits frequently at the minor Paris galleries, and is a caricaturist *hors ligne*. "Gyp" does all her literary work in the small hours; she sits down at her large, much-littered writing-table about twelve, and, after covering some forty sheets of foolscap with her huge, sprawling handwriting, retires to bed at three A. M. An enthusiastic rider, she has a horror of any form of sport involving loss of life or suffering to animals; and it is not a little owing to her efforts that the quaint form of paper-chase known as *Rallye-papiers* has become so popular in French garrison towns.

"DOCTOR JIM."

The Intense Enthusiasm Created in England by Jameson's Raid—
A Music-Hall Hero—He will Receive an Ovation
on his Return.

It would be difficult for any one out of England to understand the intense excitement which has prevailed here since the defeat of Dr. Jameson and his band by the Boers. There have been two or three revulsions of feeling since the news first came concerning the actions of the Uitlanders in Johannesburg. At first the feeling here was that the Uitlanders there had been crushed by the Boers before their plot was ripe. This was fostered by the silence of the cable for days, the dispatches evidently being held by the Boer government. Then when the clogged dispatches began to trickle through the cables, there came about a feeling that the Uitlanders, after inviting Jameson to their assistance, had failed to meet him. Then there was fierce wrath against them. This was followed by a feeling of doubt as to whether they were thoroughly informed of Jameson's movements, and whether he had not been too precipitate. But over and under and around it all there rang through England a note of admiration for the bravery of "Doctor Jim" and his hand. You have doubtless heard through the cable by this time of the songs sung at the music-halls in honor of Jameson, which songs are always feverishly encored, although some of them are very wretched doggerel, and some, I regret to say, doggerel by the new laureate. The wave of war fever which swept over England was, of course, brought about by the implied menace of the German emperor in his dispatch to President Kruger of the Boer Republic.

Through all the excitement of the past few weeks there has been almost no discordant note in the chorus of resistance to Germany's implied menace. In fact, although the government has disavowed "Doctor Jim's" raid, attempted to recall him, and now says that it will punish him, there is none the less a strong under-current of approval of his act throughout the land. The only evidences of disapproval that have come to my notice are from the Social Democrats, or Radicals, a body of which held a meeting lately, which was presided over by William Morris. Mr. Morris, as you doubtless know, is a poet, a free-thinker, a Radical, and a house-decorator. He is known throughout the world for the artistic nature of his house decorations and the luxurious way in which he prints his books. His poems are admired by all England, if his principles are not. Politically he is a Radical of the reddest type. At the meeting of which I speak, he was reported in the newspapers as saying: "When I saw the last accounts about the Transvaal, I almost wished I could be a Kaffir for five minutes in order to dance around the rieg. I think it was a case of a pack of thieves quarreling about their booty." It would be difficult to convey to you the intense indignation which these words of Mr. Morris's created. But when you reflect that some of the best and bravest of England's young men were with Dr. Jameson in his luckless expedition, you can understand the resentment of their friends. Many were killed and more were wounded, although even as yet accurate details have not reached us. The first reports concerning the death of Captain Coventry, son of the Earl of Coventry, have turned out to be erroneous. He was badly wounded, but is not dead. Despite their best efforts, our great newspapers, like the *Times* and *Telegraph*, have not as yet got accurate details of the affair at Krugersdorp where so many of "Doctor Jim's" brave band met their death. A list of names appeared in the *Telegraph* yesterday, but it was so badly mixed up that the signature of the man who sent the cablegram was printed as one of those who had been killed, although he never was within a hundred miles of Krugersdorp.

It has, however, been settled that "Doctor Jim" was invited by the Johannesburg "Reform Committee" to come to their assistance. Their telegram stated that the Boers were levying troops and threatening to shoot down all who opposed them. "Doctor Jim" was then at Mafeking, in the Bechuanaland protectorate, on the western frontier of the Transvaal. The Johannesburg Uitlanders had enrolled some thousands of men from the gold mines, equipped them with Lee-Metford rifles, and formed them into military bodies under the command of Colonel Frank Rhodes. They had Maxim guns posted in various places in the city, and a commissariat and ambulance corps organized. "Doctor Jim" lived at Bulawayo, four hundred miles to the north. He at once started to the assistance of the Uitlanders with about eight hundred men and six Maxim guns, on Sunday, December 29th. It was on Tuesday, December 31st, late in the evening, that his forces, having ridden one hundred and sixty miles in two days, were checked at Krugersdorp, twenty-four miles west of Johannesburg, by the Boers. In this fight scores of his men were lost, and "Doctor Jim" fell back and marched southward to Vlakfontein, where, on Thursday morning, January 2d, the Boers again attacked him. His ammunition was gone, his men exhausted, and Dr. Jameson was obliged to surrender. Eighty of his men were killed on the field, thirty-seven wounded, and five hundred and fifty made prisoners.

The British Government seems to have cleared itself thoroughly of any responsibility for Dr. Jameson's raid. But the question now arises, what are they going to do with him? The Boer Government has turned over Jameson and his followers to the British Government. It is now a matter of much discussion as to what his offense has been and under what law he will be tried. The *Westminster Gazette* says that he will be tried under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. He will be arraigned to determine whether he "prepared or fitted out any naval or military expedition to proceed against the dominions of any friendly state while within the limits of her majesty's dominions, and without the license of her majesty." The punishment for this offense is fine and imprisonment for not to exceed two years at hard labor.

This is the law, but law and public sentiment are two different things. A jury could not be secured, from Land's End to John-o'-Groat, which would convict "Doctor Jim." Twelve Englishmen could not be found who would convict him, when he would plead, as he probably would, that he had crossed the frontier under the impression that English women and children in Johannesburg needed his protection. His name is never mentioned in theatres or at public dinners without wild demonstrations of applause. He is the hero not only of the music-halls and the clubs, but of the newspapers as well. These verses, which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* a couple of days ago, express in concrete form the general tone of the public toward "Doctor Jim":

"If men may speak no praise of him,
That firebrand at the Empire's rim;
If none may visit with applause
His cause that was not England's cause—

"With the first clearer gleams that show
Behind the cloud let rancor go,
And to the memory of the dead
Let this brief epitaph be said:

"That, was their errand wrong or right,
God knows they fought a gallant fight,
And, rash and reckless, after all,
They fell as Englishmen should fall."

Altogether, there is little for "Doctor Jim" to fear when he arrives upon his native soil. His trial will be an ovation, and his punishment, if any is meted out to him, will be purely nominal. Only to-day a cable came from Durban, in the Natal Republic, saying that Dr. Jameson and his officers had arrived from Pretoria, and were about to sail for England on board the transport *Victoria*. I will wager that when the vessel drops anchor in English waters and "Doctor Jim" sets his foot on English soil, there will be such a demonstration as has not been seen in England for many a day.

LONDON, January 19, 1896.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We note in a dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, the statement that "President Zelaya has ordered that all the war material recently purchased in Europe by General Alfonso be brought to the capital." The italics are ours. It was to aid this Spanish-American republic in her dispute with Great Britain that the Lodges and Calls were clamoring for war not many months ago. It all blew over. But it is instructive to note that if Nicaragua looks to the United States to help her against European aggression, she buys her war material in Europe all the same.

The *Chronicle's* Washington correspondent says that the Pacific Railways funding bill is likely to pass, and quotes "a Pacific coast senator" as saying "our own people are entirely to blame for it. Those red-lettered circulars sent out by Mayor Sutro have done more to help along the funding bill than anything else." Congressman Wilson, of New York, has published a letter in which he says that he thought that Huntington was all that Sutro says he was, and that he (Wilson) was opposed to the funding bill, but since he has been reading the red-ink circulars with which Sutro has been flooding Congress, he has changed his mind. As a matter of fact, it would seem as if Sutro's wholesale charges of corruption have so irritated congressmen that they will pass the bill that he has been ostensibly trying to defeat. We say "ostensibly." May it not be possible that Sutro is in reality a secret worker for the "octopus"; that his Cliff House road was built by him merely to turn it over to the Southern Pacific; and that he is in reality one of Huntington's emissaries?

The accident by which the fine steamer *St. Paul*, of the American Line, was run ashore on the Jersey coast, is another one of the long series of accidents which have happened to this line. Some years ago, the *City of Paris* blew out one of her cylinder heads, and the mass of steel with its attachments crashed through the hull, leaving a hole big enough to drive a four-in-hand through. The *Paris* got into port with the damaged compartment full of water, and with a heavy list to port. Not long after, the *Paris* lost her rudder, and finished her voyage steering with her twin screws. Another ship of the American Line had a similar accident, being forced to return to port and tranship her passengers. Another one of the steamers of the American Line ran on the rocks of the iron-bound Irish coast. Unnumbered minor accidents have happened to these ships. Only a few weeks ago a steam-pipe exploded in the *St. Paul's* engine-room, scalding several men to death. Now she is aground. It may be bad luck or it may be bad management which brings all these accidents on the American Line, but until the luck or the management change, we should think that people intending to sail by that line had better go by another.

We have received a letter addressed "Monsieur et bonoré Confrère," which is signed by a "committee of the press of the city of Dole, France." This committee includes M. Bernin, editor of the *Avenir du Jura*, M. Mollard, editor of the *République du Jura*, and M. Jacques, editor of the *Croix Jurassienne*. The letter informs us that Dole, the native city of Pasteur, has decided to erect a monument to its illustrious son, and the committee of the Dole press begs the *Argonaut* to open a subscription for the erection of this monument. We would take great pleasure in doing so, but we regret to have to state to our confrères of the Dole press that we have known monuments to America's greatest men to languish for years for lack of subscriptions. Ten years ago, in 1885, a subscription was opened for the erection of a monument to General Grant. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars was considered adequate. After ten years

this colossal monument has resulted in a small bust, and the total amount subscribed, we learn through the daily newspapers, is two thousand three hundred dollars. When that is the greatest sum San Francisco can raise for a monument to the greatest general this country has ever known, we very much fear that she could raise but little for the erection of a monument to that great scientist, Louis Pasteur.

General Forsyth, Commander of the Military Division of the Pacific, has recalled these facts to the supervisors of San Francisco in a communication he has addressed to them: Some six years ago, when General Miles was in command here, he entered into an arrangement with the supervisors by which the Federal Government agreed to grade and macadamize Lombard Street if the city would keep it in repair. The work was done. Thus a thoroughfare was afforded, by which easy access was had to the Presidio Reservation. But the city has not carried out its agreement. Lombard Street has not been kept in repair, and is now in very bad condition. The supervisors should not allow this condition of affairs to continue. If the boulevard which the Federal Government created be kept in repair, it would add immeasurably to the attractions of the city. By it, the Black Point Reservation, the Presidio Reservation, and the Fort Point Reservation are rendered easily accessible to pedestrians, to equestrians, to bicyclists, and to people in carriages. A perfect chain of parks is thus added to the city's breathing places. There is no finer view in the world than that to be had from the Presidio hills—the Bay of San Francisco, Sausalito, Belvedere, Tiburon, the islands of the bay, the Contra Costa shore, the Golden Gate, and the vast Pacific. As it is now, the Presidio is difficult of access, and is only to be reached by circuitous routes on streets cut up with car-tracks and running over steep hills. If Lombard Street is kept in repair, access is easy by the Van Ness Avenue, itself a wide and magnificent boulevard. The city is bound in honor to carry out its part of the agreement. We hope that General Forsyth's letter will rouse our slumbering city fathers.

Ever since the Rev. Peter C. Yorke made such a savage attack on Editor Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, for refusing to print his long letters in praise of Roman Catholicism, the editors of the other dailies have become absolutely grotesque in their desire to cater to the Roman Catholic element. All of the dailies began printing the letters of the Rev. Peter C. Yorke, and they even—an unheard of thing—printed all the letters in praise of Romanism addressed to their contemporaries as well as to themselves. The *Chronicle* had at first refused to print these letters, because its editor feared that "they might stir up strife." The *Examiner* did not print them, because it saw no "story" in them, no "sensational," no "scandal"; besides, the *Examiner* never prints anything about religion, and rarely prints anything non-frivolous at all. The *Examiner's* normal attitude is that this world is a joke, that all men are liars, and that it is the boss. But even the languid *Examiner* woke up at last to the fact that printing these letters might hurt the *Chronicle* with the Roman Catholics, so it printed them all. It even printed the old ones in a mammoth supplement consisting of many pages of fine type.

The *Call*, in the meantime, printed the letters steadily from day to day. The *Chronicle* became alarmed. After the terrific slang-whanging administered to its editor by the Rev. Peter C. Yorke, the *Chronicle* feared that the other papers might capture the Roman Catholic nickel and the Irish servant-girl's "small ad." While it could not decently begin printing the sermons of the Rev. Yorke after the severe drubbing he had given its editor, the *Chronicle* could, none the less, become fervently Roman Catholic in some other way. Therefore, when the Rev. Caraher delivered an address in Metropolitan Hall on the many merits of Romanism, the *Chronicle* determined to "spread" on it. So it sent a descriptive reporter and a stenographer to make a full *verbatim* report. But presently a messenger came in hot haste to the *Chronicle* to say that the *Call* and *Examiner* had "artists" there. So the *Chronicle* sent "artists" too. The next morning we had the Rev. Caraher in all the morning papers. We had *Call* Caraher, *Examiner* Caraher, and *Chronicle* Caraher. We had a picture of him *au naturel* in the *Call*—just the plain Caraher, in the act of thinking. In the *Examiner* we had him in his pulpit, with variations—the eloquent Caraher, the oratorical Caraher, the inspired Caraher. In the *Chronicle* we had numerous views of the denunciatory Caraher, shaking his finger at the A. P. A.

Since then, the dailies have become lost to shame, and have cast decency to the winds in their mad chase after the nickels of the faithful. Every morning, our papers seem to have broken out into a fresh Roman Catholic rash. We find rows of gigantic pictures in the *Examiner* of the Rev. H. Wyman, "Paulist Father," in his pulpit, in various poses—gesticulating with his right hand, gesticulating with his left, and looking, we regret to say, considering his peculiar posture and the *Examiner's* peculiar "art," not unlike our old friend Punch as he leans out of his watchman's box. We see large and unpleasant portraits of the Honorable Jeremiah F. Sullivan as he looked on delivering his celebrated lecture, "How Roman Catholicism Has Fostered Freedom of Thought" (taken before and after). We find enormous engravings of a "Bust of the Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth," made by Rupert Schmidt, a San Francisco sculptor, who would have had to wait a long time for any of our great dailies to make a picture of one of his busts, unless it was a bust of the Pope. We find pictures of simian-like Father Callagbans and Father McGinnisses staring at us from the page as we take our morning coffee.

Religious strife may be a terrible thing, but religious pictures are worse. These portraits of priests add a new horror to existence. The dailies ought to abandon the field of religious art, and fall back on their more pleasing pictures of murderers and ladies in tights.

THE ENGLISH AT NEW ORLEANS.

A Brilliant Page from American History—How General Jackson Whipped the Veterans of Waterloo—A Brief Half-Hour of Terrific Carnage.

It is interesting, at this time when there is so much talk of war and of what the United States could do in case of war, to recall a passage in our history when a small body of Americans achieved a memorable victory over a large force of English veterans. This was in the Battle of New Orleans, of which a vivid account is given in Grace King's new book, "New Orleans: The Place and the People." It was fought in the last days of 1814, when the English, fresh from their conquest of Napoleon, thought to bring their war with the United States to an end by compelling the retrocession of Louisiana to Spain.

Major-General Andrew Jackson, the commandant of the American forces, had only the military training of rough frontier fighting with Indians, and his appearance did not inspire the Louisianians with confidence. Here are two incidents of his arrival at his new command:

The party dismounted before an old Spanish villa, the residence of one of the prominent hachelor citizens of the day, where, in the marble-paved hall, breakfast had been prepared for them; a breakfast such as luxury then could command from Creole markets and cooks, for a guest whom one wished to honor. But, the story goes, the guest of honor partook, and that sparingly, only of hominy. This reached a certain limit of endurance. At a whisper from a servant, the host excused himself, left the table, and passed into the antechamber. He was accosted by his fair friend and neighbor, who had volunteered her assistance for the occasion.

"Ah, my friend, how could you play such a trick upon me? You asked me to prepare your house to receive a great general. I did so. And I prepared a splendid breakfast. And now! I find that my labor is all thrown away upon an old 'Kaintuck' flat-boatman, instead of a great general with plumes, epaulets, long sword, and mustache."

Indeed, to female eyes, trained upon a Galvez, a Carondelet, a Casa Calvo, Andrew Jackson must have represented indeed a very unsatisfactory commandant-general. His dress, a small leathern cap, a short, blue Spanish cloak, frayed trousers, worn and rusty high-top boots, was deficient; and, even for a flat-boatman, threadbare. But his personality, to equitable female eyes, should have been impressive, if not pleasing: a tall, gaunt, inflexibly erect figure; a face sallow, it is true, and seamed and wrinkled with the burden of heavy thought, but expressing to the full the stern decision and restless energy which seemed the very soul of the man; heavy brows shaded his fierce, bright eyes, and iron gray hair bristled thick over his head.

That evening the "Kaintuck" flat-boatman was again subjected to the ordeal of woman's eyes. A dinner-party of the most fashionable society had already assembled at a prominent and distinguished house, when the host announced to his wife that he had invited General Jackson to join them. She, as related by a descendant, did what she could under the trying circumstances, and so well prepared her guests for the unexpected addition to their party that the ladies kept their eyes fixed upon the door, with the liveliest curiosity, expecting to see it admit nothing less than some wild man of the woods, some curious specimen of American Indian, in uniform. When it opened and General Jackson entered, grave, self-possessed, martial, urbane, their astonishment was not to be gauged. When the dinner was over and he had taken his leave, the ladies all exclaimed, with one impulse, to the hostess: "Is this your red Indian? Is this your wild man of the woods? He is a prince!"

Miss King thus summarizes the forces under General Jackson's command—subsequently increased by the arrival of a considerable body of Kentucky riflemen:

Every man capable of bearing arms was mustered into service. All the French émigrés in the community volunteered in the ranks, only too eager for another chance at the English. Prisoners in the Calahouse were released and armed. To the old original fine company of freemen of color, another was added, formed of colored refugees from St. Domingo, men who had sided with the whites in the revolution there. Lafayette, notwithstanding the breaking up and looting of his establishment at Barataria, made good his offer to the State, by gathering his Baratarians from the Calaboose and their hiding-places, and organizing them into two companies under the command of Dominique You and Beluche. From the parishes came hastily gathered volunteers, in companies and singly. The African slaves, catching the infection, labored with might and main upon the fortifications ordered by Jackson, and even the domestic servants, it is recorded, furnished their masters' arms and prepared ammunition with the ardor of patriots. The old men were formed into a home-guard and given the patrol of the city. Martial law was proclaimed. The reinforcements from the neighboring territories arrived: a fine troop of horse from Mississippi, under the gallant Hinds; and Coffee, with his ever-to-be-remembered brigade of "Dirty Shirts," who after a march of eight hundred miles answered Jackson's message to hasten, by covering in two days the one hundred and fifty miles from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. At the levee, barges and flat-boats landed the militia of Tennessee, under Carroll.

On the other hand, the British troops in the bay constituted a small navy in itself. Miss King says:

In the harbor of Ship Island, in the pass between it and Cat Island, out to Chandeleur Islands, as far as the spy-glass could carry, the eye of the look-out saw, and saw British sails. Never before had so august a visitation honored these distant waters. The very names of the ships and of their commanders were enough to create a panic. The *Tonnant*—the heroic *Tonnant*—of eighty guns, captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and Rear-Admiral Codrington; the *Royal Oak*, seventy-four guns, Rear-Admiral Malcolm; the *Ramilles*, under Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend; the *Norge*, the *Bedford*, the *Asia*, all seventy-four gunners; the *Armdie*, Sir Thomas Trowbridge; the *Sea Horse*, Sir James Alexander Gordon, fresh from the banks of the Potomac—there were fifty sail, in all carrying over a thousand guns, commanded by the *Idle* of the British navy, steered by West Indian pilots, followed by a smaller fleet of transports, sloops, and schooners. It seemed only proper that with such ships and such an army as the ships carried, a full and complete list of civil officers should be sent out to conduct the government of the country to be annexed to his majesty's dominions—revenue collectors, printers, clerks, with printing presses attached to carry home the spoils; and even many ladies, wives of the officers, came along to share in the glory and pleasure of the expedition. "I expect at this moment," remarked Lord Castlereagh, in Paris, almost at the exact date, "that most of the large sea-port towns of America are laid in ashes, that we are in possession of New Orleans and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi Valley and the Lakes, and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners in their own country."

The following incident of the British advance, in which Major Villeré escaped from capture, shows the stuff of which the Creoles were made:

Secured in one of his own apartments, under guard of British soldiers, the young Creole officer found in his reflections the spur to a desperate attempt to save himself and his race from a suspicion of disloyalty to the United States, which, under the circumstances, might easily be directed against them by the Americans. Springing suddenly through his guards and leaping from a window, he made a rush for the high fence that inclosed the yard, throwing down the soldiers in his way. He cleared the fence at a bound, and ran across

the open field that separated him from the forest. A shower of musket-halls fell around him. "Catch or kill him!" was shouted behind him. But the light, agile Creole, with the Creole hunter's training from infancy, was more than a match for his pursuers in such a race as that. He gained the woods, a swamp, while they were crossing the field, spreading out as they ran to shut him in. He sprang over the hoggie earth, into the swamp, until his feet, sinking deeper and deeper, clogged, and stuck. The Britons were gaining; had reached the swamp. He could hear them panting and blowing, and the orders which made his capture inevitable. There was but one chance; he sprang up a cypress-tree, and strove for the thick moss and branches overhead. Half-way up, he heard a whimpering below. It was the voice of his dog, his favorite setter, whining, fawning, and looking up to him with all the pathos of brute fidelity. There was no choice; it was her life or his, and with his, perhaps, the surprise and capture of the city. Dropping to the earth, he seized a hillet of wood, and aimed one blow between the setter's devoted eyes; with the tears in his own eyes, he used to relate. To throw the body to one side, snatch some brush over it, spring to the tree again, was the work of an instant. As he drew the moss around his crouching figure, and stilled his hard breathing, the British floundered past. When they abandoned their useless search, he slid from his covert, pushed through the swamp to the next plantation, and carried the alarm at full speed to the city.

Before leaving New Orleans to meet the British below the city, Jackson reviewed his troops, the regulars serving as his escort, and the artillery having already gone forward. Our historian says:

The first to march down after them were Beale's rifles, or, as New Orleans calls them, Beale's famous rifles, in their blue hunting-shirts and citizens' hats, their long horses over their shoulders, sharpshooters and picked shots every one of them, all young, active, intelligent volunteers, from the best in the professional and business circles, asking but one favor—the post of danger. At a hand-gallop, and with a cloud of dust, came Hinds's dragoons, delighting General Jackson by their gallant, dare-devil bearing. After them Jackson's companion in arms, the great Coffee, trotted at the head of his mounted gun-men, with their long hair and unshaven faces, in dingy woolen hunting-shirts, copperas dyed trousers, coonskin caps, and leather belts stuck with hunting-knives and tomahawks. "Forward at a gallop!" was Coffee's order, after a word with General Jackson, and so they disappeared. Through a side street marched a gay, varied mass of color, men all of a size, but some mere boys in age, with the bandsome, regular features, flashing eyes, and unmistakable martial bearing of the French. "Ah! Here come the brave Creoles!" cries Jackson, and Pluche's battalion, which had come in on a run from Bayou St. John, stepped gallantly by.

And after these, under their white commander, defied the Freeman of color, and then passed down the road a band of a hundred Choctaw Indians in their war-paint; last of all, the regulars. Jackson still waited until a small dark schooner left the opposite bank of the river and slowly moved down the current. This was the *Carolina*, under Commodore Patterson. Then Jackson clapped spurs to his horse, and, followed by his aids, galloped after his army.

The British force opposed to them is thus enumerated:

First, always, there was that model regiment, the Ninety-Third Highlanders, tall fellows, in their bright tartans and kilts. The Prince of Orange and his staff had journeyed from London to Plymouth to review them before they embarked. Then there were six companies of the Ninety-Fifth Rifles; the famous Rifle Brigade of the Peninsular Campaign; the Fourteenth Regiment, the Duchess of York's Light Dragoons; two West Indian regiments, with artillery, rocket brigade, sapper and engineer corps—in all, four thousand three hundred men, under command of Major-General John Keane, a young officer whose past reputation for daring and gallantry has been proudly kept bright by the traditions of his New Orleans foes. To these were added General Ross's three thousand men, fresh from their brilliant Baltimore and Washington raid. Choice troops they were, the gallant and distinguished Fourth, or King's Own, the Forty-Fourth, East Essex Foot, the Eighty-Fifth, Buck Volunteers, commanded by one of the most brilliant officers in the British service, Colonel William Thornton; the Twenty-First Royal, North British Fusiliers—with the exception of the Black Regiments and the Highlanders, all tried veterans, who had fought with Wellington through his Peninsular campaign from the beginning to his triumphant entry into France.

The British advance force of eighteen hundred men made Major Villeré's plantation their head-quarters, and there the Americans attacked them on Christmas Eve. There had been some firing at the British outposts during the afternoon, but it was not till after dark that the real fighting began. The British officers were very uneasy; Miss King says:

About seven o'clock some of them observed a boat stealing slowly down the river. From her careless approach, they thought she must be one of their own cruisers which had passed the forts below and was returning from a reconnaissance of the river. She answered neither hail nor musket-shot, but steered steadily on, veering in close ashore until her broadside was abreast of the camp. Then her anchor was let loose, and a loud voice was heard: "Give them this, for the honor of America." A flash lighted the dark bulk, and a tornado of grape and musket-shot swept the levee and field. It was the *Carolina* and Commodore Patterson; volley after volley followed with deadly rapidity and precision; the sudden and terrible havoc threw the camp into blind disorder. The men ran wildly to and fro seeking shelter, until Thornton ordered them to get under cover of the levee. There, according to the British version, they lay for an hour. The night was so black that not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. The bivouac fires, beat about by the enemy's shot, burned red and dull in the deserted camp.

A straggling fire of musketry in the direction of the pickets gave warning of a closer struggle. It paused a few moments, then a fearful yell, and the whole heavens seemed ablaze with musketry. The British thought themselves surrounded. Two regiments flew to support the pickets; another, forming in close column, stole to the rear of the encampment and remained there as a reserve. After that, all order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he succeeded in collecting twenty or thirty men about him, plunged into the American ranks, and began the fight that Pakenham reported as: "A more extraordinary conflict has, perhaps, never occurred, absolutely hand to hand, both officers and men."

Jackson had marshaled his men along the line of a plantation canal (the Rodriguez Canal), about two miles from the British. He himself led the attack on their left. Coffee, with the Tennesseans, Hinds's dragoons, and Beale's rifles, skirting along the edge of the swamp, made the assault on their right. The broadside from the *Carolina* was the signal to start. It was on the right that the fiercest fighting was done. Coffee ordered his men to be sure of their aim, to fire at a short distance, and not to lose a shot. Trailed to the rifle from childhood, the Tennesseans could fire faster and more surely than any mere soldier could ever hope to do. Wherever they heard the sharp crack of a British rifle, they advanced, and the British were as eager to meet them. The short rifle of the English service proved also no match for the long bore of the Western hunters. When they came to close quarters, neither side having bayonets, they clubbed their guns, to the ruin of many a fine weapon. But the canny Tennesseans, rather than risk their rifles, their own property, used for close quarters their long knives and tomahawks, whose skillful handling they had learned from the Indians.

The second division of British troops, coming up the bayou, heard the firing, and, pressing forward with all speed, arrived in time to reinforce their right; but the superiority in numbers which this gave them was more than offset by the guns of the *Carolina*, which maintained their fire during the action, and long after it was over.

A heavy fog, as in Homeric times, obscuring the field and the combatants, put an end to the struggle. Jackson withdrew his men to Rodriguez Canal, the British fell back to their camp.

Here is a picturesque incident of this event:

The most distinguished prisoner made by the Americans was Major Mitchell, of the Ninety-Fifth Rifles, and to his intense chagrin, he was

forced to yield his sword, not to regulars, but to Coffey's uncourtly Tennesseans. . . . On his way to Natchez, he became the guest at a plantation. . . . At the supper-table, he met the daughter of the house, a young Creole girl as charming and accomplished as she was beautiful. Speaking French fluently, he was soon engaged in a lively conversation with her. She mentioned with enthusiasm a party of Tennesseans entertained by her father a few days before. Still smarting from his capture, the major could not refrain from saying: "Mademoiselle, I am astonished that one so refined could find pleasure in the society of such rude barbarians." "Major," she replied, with glowing face, "I had rather be the wife of one of those hardy, coarsely clad men, who have marched two thousand miles to fight for the honor of their country, than wear a coronet."

The really heavy fighting began after the arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham, Wellington's brother-in-law and himself a veteran with a brilliant record. By January 7th, the British force numbered ten thousand, while the American was only four thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. But the Americans were firmly entrenched. The last round of the encounter, in which the three British brigades were commanded by Generals Lambert, Gibbs, and Keane, began with a blunder. Our historian thus describes the action as the morning mists lifted and General Gibbs's brigade was seen approaching the American lines:

Gibbs was leading his division coolly and steadily through the grape-shot pouring upon it, when it began to be whispered among the men that the Forty-Fourth, who were detailed for the duty, had not brought the ladders and fascines. Pakenham, riding to the front and finding it was true, ordered Colonel Mullen and the delinquent regiment back for them. In the confusion and delay, with his brave men falling all around him, the indignant Gibbs exclaimed, furiously: "Let me live until to-morrow, and I'll hang him to the highest tree in that swamp!" Rather than stand exposed to the terrible fire, he ordered his men forward. "On they went," says Walker (who got his description from eye-witnesses), "in solid, compact order, the men hurrahing and the rocketeers covering their front with a blaze of combustibles. The American batteries played upon them with awful effect, cutting great lanes through the column from front to rear, opening huge gaps in their flanks. . . . Still the column advanced without pause or recoil, steadily; then all the batteries in the American line, including Patterson's marine battery on the right bank, joined in hurling a tornado of iron missiles into that serried scarlet column, which shook and oscillated as if tossed on an angry sea. 'Stand to your guns!' cried Jackson, 'don't waste your ammunition, see that every shot tells,' and again, 'Give it to them, boys! Let us finish the business to-day.'"

On the summit of the parapet stood the corps of Tennessee sharpshooters, with their rifles sighted, and behind them, two lines of Kentuckians to take their places so soon as they had fired. The red-coats were now within two hundred yards of the ditch. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Carroll's order rang through the lines. It was obeyed, not hurriedly, not excitedly, not confusedly, but calmly and deliberately, the men calculating the range of their guns. Not a shot was thrown away. Nor was it one or several discharges, followed by pauses and interruptions; it was continuous, the men firing, falling back, and advancing with mechanical precision. The British column began to melt away under it like snow before a torrent; but Gibbs still led it on, and the gallant Peninsular officers, throwing themselves in front, incited and aroused their men by every appeal and by the most brilliant examples of courage. "Where are the Forty-Fourth," called the men, "with the fascines and ladders? When we get to the ditch, we can not scale the lines!" "Here come the Forty-Fourth!" shouted Gibbs. "Here come the Forty-Fourth!" There came, at least, a detachment of the Forty-Fourth, with Pakenham himself at the head, rallying and inspiring them, invoking their heroism in the past, reminding them of their glory in Egypt and elsewhere, calling them his countrymen, leading them forward, until they breasted the storm of bullets with the rest of the column. At this moment Pakenham's arm was struck by one ball, and his horse killed by another. He mounted the small black Creole pony of his aid, and pressed forward. But the column had now reached the physical limit of daring. Most of the officers were cut down; there were not enough left to command. The column broke. Some rushed forward to the ditch; the rest fell back to the swamp. There they rallied, reformed, and, throwing off their knapsacks, advanced again, and again were beaten back; their colonel scaling the breastworks and falling dead inside the lines.

Keane, judging the moment had come for him to act, now wheeled his line into column and pushed forward:

The gallant, stalwart Highlanders, with their heavy, solid, massive front of a hundred men, their muskets glittering in the morning sun, their tartans waving in the air, strode across the field and into the hell of bullets and cannon balls. "Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" Pakenham cried to them, waving his cap in his left hand. Fired by their intrepidity, the remnant of Gibbs's brigade once more came up to the charge, with Pakenham on the left and Gibbs on the right.

A shot from one of the American big guns crashed into them, killing and wounding all around. Pakenham's horse fell; he rolled into the arms of an officer who sprang forward to receive him; a grape-shot had passed through his thigh, another ball struck him in the groin. He was borne to the rear, and in a few moments breathed his last under an oak. The bent and twisted, venerable old tree still stands. Pakenham's oak, it is called.

Gibbs, desperately wounded, lingered in agony until the next day. Keane was carried bleeding off the field. There were no field officers now left to command or rally. Major Wilkinson, however—we like to remember his name—shouting to his men to follow, passed the ditch, climbed up the breastworks, and was raising his head and shoulders over the parapet, when a dozen guns pointed against him riddled him with bullets. His mutilated body was carried through the American lines, followed by murmurs of sympathy and regret from the Tennesseans and Kentuckians. "Bear up, my dear fellow, you are too brave to die," had a kind-hearted Kentucky major; "I thank you from my heart," faintly murmured the young officer; "it is all over with me. You can render me a favor. It is to communicate to my commander that I fell on your parapet, and died like a soldier and true Englishman."

The British troops at last broke, disorganized, each regiment leaving two-thirds dead or wounded on the field. The Ninety-Third, which had gone into the charge nine hundred men strong, mustered after the retreat one hundred and thirty-nine. The fight had lasted twenty-five minutes.

It was a terrible fight, and the carnage was appalling. Miss King continues:

At eight o'clock the firing ceased from the American lines, and Jackson, with his staff, slowly walked along his fortifications, stopping at each command to make a short address. As he passed, the bands struck up "Hail Columbia," and the line of men, turning to face him, burst into loud hurrahs.

But the cries of exultation died away into exclamations of pity and horror as the smoke ascended from the field. A thin, fine red line in the distance, discovered by glasses, indicated the position of General Lambert and the reserve. Upon the field, save the crawling, agonizing wounded, not a living foe was to be seen. From the American ditch, one could have walked a quarter of a mile on the killed and disabled. The course of the column could be distinctly traced by the broad red line of uniforms upon the ground. They fell in their tracks, in some places whole platoons together. Dressed in their gay uniforms, cleanly shaved, and attired for the promised victory, there was not, as Walker says, a private among the slain whose aspect did not present more of the pomp and circumstance of war than any of the commanders of their victors.

"New Orleans: The Place and the People" is published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

The author of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," in *Harper's*, is asserted to be Mark Twain in volume six of the "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography."

LITERARY NOTES.

Political Poetics.

The appointment of Alfred Austin as poet laureate seems to have filled literary England with an abiding disgust; instead of dying out, the sentiment is spreading more widely. The publication of "Jameson's Ride" added fuel to the flame. We quoted portions of that extraordinary poem a fortnight ago, but the issue of the *London Times* in which it appeared having now come to hand, we reprint it in its entirety:

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be:
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a Burgher's baby,
To be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue, and prate, and order;
Go, tell them to save their breath:
Thee, over the Transvaal border,
Aod gallop for life or death!

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle
Their pates over points of law:
If sound be our sword, and saddle,
And gun-gear, who cares one straw?
When men of our own blood pray us
To ride to their kinsfolk's aid,
Not Heaven itself shall stay us
From the rescue they call a raid.

"There are girls in the gold-ref city,
There are mothers and children, too!
And they cry, 'Hurry up! for pity!'—
So what can a brave man do?
If even we win, they will blame us;
If we fail, they will howl and hiss.
But there's many a man lives famous
For daring a wrong like this!"

"So we forded and galloped forward
As hard as our beasts could pelt,
First eastward, then trending nor'ward,
Just over the rolling veldt;
Till we came on the Burghers lying
In a hollow with hills behind,
And their bullets came hissing, flying,
Like hail on an Arctic wind!

"Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,
And sweeter the cannon's roar,
But 'tis bitterly had to battle,
Besieged, and one to four.
I can tell you, it wasn't a trifle
To swarm over Krügersdorp gleo,
As they plied us with round and rifle,
And plowed us, again—and again.

"Then we made for the gold-ref city,
Retreating, but not in rout.
They had called to us 'Quick! for pity!'—
And he said, 'They will rally out.
They will bear us and come. Who doubts it?'
But bow if they don't, what then?
'Well, worry no more about it,
But fight to the death, like men.'

"Not a soul bad or supped or slumbered
Since the Borderland stream was cleft;
But we fought, ever more outnumbered,
'Till we had not a cartridge left.
We're not very soft or tender,
Or given to weep for woe,
But it breaks one to have to render
One's sword to the strongest foe.

"I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And, as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crnings of all the Rand."

This poem has been widely parodied. The *London Truth* has printed several humorous versions of it, one of them ending with the following stanza:

"If your poem had turned out a good one,
And worthy your new-twined bays,
In loyalty's name bow could one
Have hailed your attempt with praise?
But as it has proved such a blunder,
And no style and no taste has got,
We can only this query thunder,
Oh, why did you write such rot?"

On this side the water, too, Mr. Austin's poem has been held up to ridicule. The *New York Sun* parodies it in this fashion:

"WILLIAM ALFRED AUSTIN'S RIDE ON PEGASUS.
(With apologies to Dr. Jameson and the *London Times*.)

"Wrong? Is it wrong? Well, may be.
But I got there just the same;
Do they think I'm a poet-baby,
To be scared by a boom in Fame?
They may argue and prate and rattle;
Go tell them to save their talk,
For I think they're only a passle
Of Pegasians who have to walk.

"Right sweet is the critic's rattle,
And sweeter the newspaper roar,
But it is rather hard to battle
With my poetic lore:
I can tell you it isn't a trifle
For the brilliant successor of Tenn.
To build up a towering Eiffel
From a small and obscure pig-pen.

"You may say they were wrong, were madmen,
Still I think at the judgment day,
When the Muse sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something for me to say.
It is wrong, but I am not sorry
To be one of the Laureates,
For Austin, you know, rhymes with Boston,
And that ought to make me solid in the United States.

"NOTE.—This last line may be out of plumb, but plums ain't in it when the poet laureate is a peach."

"Punch" is having fun over "Alfred the Little" who succeeded "Alfred the Great," and recently printed this rhyme on some old lines of Tennyson's:

"As I came down the street called Fleet, whom think ye I should see,
But Edwin, bland and Japanese, bard of the 'Daily T.'?
He thought his chance was good, brethren, lord of the Orient lay,
But I've whipped him on New-Year's Day, brethren,
Done him on New-Year's Day.

"He looked pale as a ghost, brethren, exceeding weird and white,
For the singer of 'The Season' now had dimmed his Asian light,
They say I'm a Party pick, brethren, but I care not what they say,
For I'm crowned upon New-Year's Day, brethren,
laureled on New-Year's Day.

"They say that limpid Lewis is as mad as mad can be;
They say young Eric is making moan—what is that to me?
There's many a better bard than I, or so sour critics say,
But little Alfred has taken the cake, all upon New-Year's Day.

"Little Alfred has licked them all, as shall right soon be seen,
The loyalist lyrist of all the lot to his country and his Queen.
I've out-sonnetted Willy Watson in my Tory-patriot way,
So I've passed dear Will up the 'Sacred Hill,' all upon New-Year's Day.

"Yes, I am 'Fortunatus,' brethren, and 'England's Darling'! Hum!
This harp is big, and wide in stretch, and needs long arms to thum.
But if I stand a-tiptoe, I shall manage it, I dare say,
And I'm Poet Laureate, anyhow, all upon New-Year's Day."

By the way, it is interesting in this connection to recall the new laureate's estimate of his predecessor. Mr. Austin published a book of criticisms entitled "The Poetry of the Period" in 1870, and in it occur the following sentences:

"What I wish to emphasize is that his (Tennyson's) being a great poet is now regarded as an established fact. . . . I am going not only to challenge, but to deny it altogether, and to implore the age, while there is yet time, to save itself, by a seasonable recantation, from post-humous ridicule and contempt. . . . My proposition is that Mr. Tennyson is not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the front rank, all but unquestionably not a poet of the second rank, and probably, though no contemporary perhaps can settle that, not even at the head of poets of the third rank, among whom he must inevitably take his place. The prevailing and universal expression is that he is a great poet, a very great poet, perhaps as great a poet as ever lived. This is the opinion I challenge and denounce, the opinion that will make posterity sbrick with laughter and flout us to scorn. . . . Let not the age make itself the laughing-stock of an irreverent posterity. We laugh at the contemporaries of Hayley. Do we want to be laughed at by our grandchildren? Mr. Tennyson is much more of a poet than Hayley, no doubt, but then Hayley was never belauded as Mr. Tennyson is by us."

This, as an English paper puts it, shows that Mr. Austin stands as a critic exactly where he stands as a poet.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A lively article on "Club Life Out West" is contributed to *Harper's Weekly* for February 1st by Julian Ralph. Other notable papers in the same issue are on Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and the Kucheng massacre, illustrated from photographs.

Lafcadio Hearn is to follow his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" and "Out of the East" with a third book on the land of the Mikado. It will be entitled "Kokoro: Studies of Japanese Life and Character," and will deal largely with tendencies and traits illustrated, if not developed, by the war between Japan and China.

The Realm, the weekly journal started in London a few months ago with a flourish of trumpets by Lady Colin Campbell, has been suspended. It is to be resuscitated by another editor.

Harry McVicker has made a book, which will soon be published, called the "Evolution of Woman." He begins, not unnaturally, with Eve, and comes down to the modern woman of the bicycle bloomer and golf hose. Of course, there is some text, but the most of the book is illustrated, and it is said to be very funny.

The table of contents of *St. Nicholas* for February includes:

"The Gibson Boy," by Christine Terhune Herrick; four new chapters of "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge; three chapters of "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," by Albert Stearns; "Hemmed in with the Chief," by Frank Welles Calkins; "How the Flag was Saved," by Noah Brooks; "When the Leaves are Gone," by Edith M. Thomas; the third installment of R. L. Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy," two chapters of Sarah Orne Jewett's "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," "Holly and the Railroad Signals," by Arthur Hale; another chapter of "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis; three chapters of "The Swordmaker's Son," by William O. Stoddard; and verses, pictures, and the departments.

It is reported that the opening chapters of Mr. du Maurier's new novel will be brought out in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1896.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel will be called "A Lady of Quality," being a most curious, hitherto unknown history, as related by Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, but not presented to the world of fashion through the pages of the *Tatler*. The heroine loses her mother in infancy and is brought up by her father, a roystering squire of Queen Anne's day; naturally, she is an unconventional girl, and the story follows the development of her better nature.

Miss Beatrice Harraden intends to write a series of short stories of California life. As most British story-tellers make complete failures in dealing with American character, her efforts will be watched with interest.

Bernard Gillam, the famous cartoonist of *Judge*, who died at the home of his father-in-law, ex-Senator James Arkell, near New York, a few days ago, was by turns engraver, portrait-painter, and

designer of show-cards, until he became a cartoonist on *Frank Leslie's Weekly* in 1879. At Mr. Leslie's death, soon after, he went to the *New York Graphic*, and during the Garfield-Hancock campaign he worked on *Harper's Weekly* with Nast. In 1881, *Puck* engaged him at a high salary. His cartoon of Blaine as the "Tattooed Man," published during the campaign of 1884, created a great sensation. In January, 1886, he, in company with W. J. Arkell, took hold of *Judge*, and made it a valuable property. Mr. Gillam was married a few years ago to the daughter of Mr. Arkell.

The opening installment of a novelette entitled "Mrs. Dee's Encore," by E. Irenæus Stevenson, is printed in *Harper's Bazar* for February 1st.

Another new novel by Marion Crawford is announced for early publication, called "Adam Johnstone's Son." Though the scene is laid in Italy, the hero is an American. The story ran through the *Illustrated London News*, where it was very elaborately illustrated by an artist sent to Italy for that purpose.

Apropos of the fact that a public dinner has just been offered to Judge Francis Miles Finch in New York, the *Tribune* says of him:

"Judge Finch is best known to most people as the author of 'The Blue and the Gray,' a poem which, on its appearance in the *Atlantic*, while the sentiment arising out of the rebellion was still bitter, contributed not a little to soften asperity. Another of his patriotic lyrics, 'Nathan Hale,' first read before the Linonian Society of Yale, found immediate popularity. As a writer of student songs, many of which date from his undergraduate years, Judge Finch holds high place in letters. A *New England* critic long ago spoke of his 'Smoking Song'—which has been universally sung in our colleges for nearly half a century—as 'perhaps the most striking poem in English literature which the theme of tobacco has inspired.' Hardly inferior are many of his other student lays. As expressions of the peculiar charm of undergraduate existence, they are far beyond similar compositions known to the great British schools; to find anything equaling them in this regard, we must turn to the Latin songs, like 'Gaudeamus' and 'Lauriger Horatius,' and to their best German successors. All these songs have been printed by De Vinne, in a neat little volume, for presentation to the guests at the Finch dinner."

Charles Dana Gibson, when a boy of eight or ten years, evidenced his artistic ability by his skill in cutting silhouettes out of paper. This is the subject of an illustrated article in the February *St. Nicholas*.

"Gyp's" novel, "A Little Love Affair," has for its heroine a woman who has her first passion at thirty-five, and her suitor is one who merely affects to love. Strictly speaking, there is not a moral line in the book; yet there is no line that is not absolutely true to nature.

"The Box of Gold in Venezuela" is the title of a story founded on fact which William Drysdale contributes to *Harper's Round Table* for January 28th.

Henry B. Fuller is thirty-six years of age, and is described by an admiring lady as "tall and slender," with "eyes blue and luminous," and "hair and beard of auburn," and as having "regular features." To this same lady Mr. Fuller confesses that when he was a young fellow, he lived for several years on "Domhey and Son" and "Bleak House." After Dickens came Howells and James. "Silas Lapham" he regarded as the great representative novel of American manners. The "Portrait of a Lady" he enjoyed more than any novel he ever read, but Mr. Fuller adds that he could not enjoy it so much to-day.

C. G. Leland is soon to bring out another volume of picturesque research, the second series of his charming "Legends of Florence."

Even the generous treatment Du Maurier received at the hands of the Messrs. Harper—who voluntarily gave him a handsome royalty on the later sales of "Trilby," after having bought the story outright for ten thousand dollars—has not raised his opinion of the royalty plan, for he demanded a lump sum for "The Martian"—fifty thousand dollars, it is said—for all rights, serial and book, for all countries. Mr. du Maurier recently said:

"Of course, most of the stories circulated about 'Trilby' are ludicrously wide of the mark. There was no original of Trilby; no original of Sveogal; nor any of nineteen out of twenty characters in the book. Little Billie is not Fred Walker—whom I deliberately introduced in his own person, to avoid any misconception. The life described is often drawn 'from the life.' But the characters, no. Not even in the case of my old friend Lamont, whose French, I can assure you, is never that of 'Stratford ate Bowe,' and whose homeless good humor and sunny temperament alone are reproduced in the Laird."

Mr. du Maurier disclaimed all credit for the play, and complimented Mr. Potter on "the happiest of all thoughts," the making of the "hypnotic influence the central motive" of the play.

The first of Mr. Stead's latest venture, The Penny Popular Novels, is "She," the first edition consisting of two hundred thousand copies.

The concluding volumes of the Barras Memoirs, which will appear in the early spring, are said to be more personal than are the volumes which have already appeared. They cover the period between the return of Napoleon from Italy to the Restoration.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A British California.

Bret Harte is still digging away industriously at that little pocket mine of his which was practically worked out long ago. His latest story, "In a Hollow of the Hills," gives the usual *réchauffé* of prospecting in the Sierras, setting up claims, and stage-robberies; and the list of characters includes the customary ingenuous young girl, the world-worn but fascinating adventuress, and the smooth-tongued ruffian who robs the coach passengers with Chesterfieldian courtesy.

There is no longer a genuine quality to it all. The book sounds like an imitation of one of his own earlier stories. The scene is a kind of No Man's Land. It is not the California of the pioneers; neither is it, certainly, though he would have us believe so, the California of a later date. It is a Pacific Coast region invented by Mr. Harte for the British public, and accepted by them with such unquestioning belief that he has himself acquired a factitious faith in it.

Bret Harte is preëminently a short-story writer. At one time he found it impossible to construct a whole book having a beginning, a middle, and an end bearing on one another. Fine scenes and stirring incidents he knew well how to portray, but the art of welding them together into a continuous narrative—this was beyond him. "Gabriel Conroy" and others of his earlier novels, though abounding in good, strong chapters, were almost ludicrous in their lack of continuity. Practice has given him more skill in this particular, but he has nursed the same old embers too long, and the vital spark has died out. He has learned to write mechanically.

The tale has a good opening. Three horsemen out prospecting in the Sierras lose their way and are overtaken by night. A windstorm arises, and as they try to make out their surroundings in the obscurity, a square of light suddenly appears and disappears. One of the three, Preble Key, has had time to see a woman's face defined behind it. They shout for aid and seek the house, but in vain. They have come upon the hiding-place of a gang of robbers, and two women are concealed within. Of course Key falls in love with the face at the widow, and seeks the owner of it.

And now begins such a series of complexities of plot as only Bret Harte is capable of perpetrating. He mixes up his two heroines and their profiles in the most complete fashion, and becomes thoroughly enmeshed in his own tangles. In the end he bethinks him that an earthquake will terminate his perplexities, and very much to his relief, no doubt, all the characters in the book are swallowed up except the lovers.

And here comes a new blunder. At the end of the tale we leave Key shouldering a life-long burden of deceit, to keep from his wife the knowledge that her brother was a scoundrel and his associates criminals—a situation false and unpleasant.

Time has not ripened Bret Harte's powers. Those early stories of his, which lifted him into fame as a young writer, will always be counted his best work.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Commentary on the Constitution.

Roger Foster, of the New York bar and a lecturer on Federal jurisprudence at the law school of Yale University, has prepared a valuable work in his "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States," of which the first volume has just been issued. The plan of the work concerns the historical as well as the judicial aspects of the subject, and includes observations upon the ordinary provisions of State constitutions and a comparison with the constitutions of other countries.

In an introductory chapter, Mr. Foster discusses the sources of the Federal Constitution and the events which brought it forth, and then he takes up and discusses the nature of the Constitution and the preamble, the three departments of the government, Congress in general, terms of members of the House of Representatives, the right of suffrage, the necessary qualifications for senators and representatives, the apportionment of representatives and direct taxes, vacancies in the House and resignations, the Speaker and other officers of the House, the Senate, its presidency and officers, and, finally, impeachment.

The work is printed in conformity with the style of legal text-books generally and is copiously annotated, and several chapters have brief appendices, in addition to the appendix to the volume, in which are given accounts of as many impeachment trials before the senates of the various States as the author has been able to examine. The second and third volumes are now in press.

Published by the Boston Book Company, Boston; price, in law sheep, \$5.00.

A Poet of the South.

The late James Barron Hope was often called "Virginia's laureate," and with what good cause is abundantly shown in the little book of his poems that has recently been selected and edited by his daughter, Mrs. Janey Hope Marr. It is entitled "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves," and a large

portion of its contents is made up of memorial and other occasional verse. The longest poem in the book is "Arms and the Man," a metrical address recited at the recent Yorktown centenary celebration on invitation of a joint committee from both houses of Congress, and with it may be grouped the "Washington Memorial Ode," "The Jamestown Anniversary Ode," "Our Heroic Dead," "Mahone's Brigade," "The Portsmouth Memorial Poem," and "The Lee Memorial Ode." There are also personal poems—as those to Galt, the sculptor, and Father Ryan—and some lighter verse. Published by West, Johnston & Co., Richmond, Va.; price, \$1.25.

James L. Ford Guys Poultny Bigelow.

Some weeks ago we noted that somebody, in writing about the German emperor, was poaching on Poultny Bigelow's literary preserves. Now it seems that Mr. Bigelow himself is the poacher, or, at any rate, he no longer holds the sinecure of Writer-up in General of the German Emperor. The news has been received that the emperor refused to receive Mr. Bigelow when the latter called on him in Berlin recently in the interest of a life-insurance company. Writing of this event in the *New York Journal*, James L. Ford says:

"What the manna was to the children of Israel, what Chimie Fadden is to Mr. Townsend, what the Brownies are to Palmer Cox, and the drinks to a Tenderloin night-hawk, the German emperor has been to Poultny Bigelow. Years ago, so rumor has it, the two celebrities were school-fellows, and they have been writing articles about each other ever since. What his imperial majesty remembers about the friend of his boyhood has been printed from time to time in the leading papers of Germany, and was collected not long ago in book-form under the title 'Poultny Bigelow as I Remember Him, by Wilhelm II.' The volume has been read and discussed throughout the entire length and breadth of the German Empire, but it is almost unknown here. We Americans, however, are thoroughly familiar with Mr. Bigelow's narratives of the life and personal habits of the emperor, and there will be grief and regret in many a household when it becomes known that his majesty's biographer has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. For ten years he has not written about anything else, and he has always been noted as one of the most industrious and prolific writers of the age.

"Among the most noteworthy of the articles and stories with which Mr. Bigelow has enriched our national literature may be mentioned the following: 'Playing Hopscotch with an Imperial Prince' (*Harper's Young People*), 'An Emperor Who Loves to Crochet' (*Harper's Bazar*), 'The Emperor Who Frequently Carries a Dinner-Pail' (*the Century Magazine*), 'An Emperor Who Has Relations Enough to Keep This Magazine Going for Twenty Years on Reminiscences Alone' (*the Ladies' Home Journal*).

"Mr. Bigelow has also been a frequent and valued contributor to various trade journals and periodicals devoted to special fields of research. In the *Iron Age*, Mr. Bigelow has written in his most entertaining vein about 'Boilers that Heat a Berlin Palace'; in the *Agriculturist*, he tells about 'Imperial Pigs, and what They Fatten On'; in the *Weekly Milk Route*, he describes, in his usual agreeable and complimentary style, 'Popular Alderneys who Supply an Emperor's Household'; and in that influential organ of advanced German thought, the *Pinchle Players' Companion*, he writes about 'How a Great Sovereign Cuts, Deals, and Shuffles.'

"There is but one more article for Mr. Bigelow to write before he lays aside his pen forever, and the chances are that he will write it in forty different publications, and under as many different captions, one of which will be 'How a Mighty Sovereign Wouldn't Let Me Into the Palace to Talk Life Insurance to Him.'"

New Publications.

"Wind-Harp Songs," a book of verses by J. William Lloyd, has been published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo; price, \$1.00.

"The Blue Balloon," by Reginald Horsley, a story of two Virginia lads' adventures in the Shenandoah Valley during the Civil War, has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Two entertaining stories for children, "Yan and Nochie of Tappan Sea," relating the adventures of two young Americans in Revolutionary times, and "Under the Stable Floor," a tale of a family of mice, both by M. Carrie Hyde, have been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, 50 cents each.

"Margaret and her Friends" is the title of a book in which Caroline W. Healey has reported ten of Margaret Fuller's once famous "conversations." Ostensibly these colloquial lectures are on Greek mythology and its expression in art, but in reality they open up all the great questions of life. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

One of the last works of the late Colonel Thomas W. Koox was a "Boys' Life of General Grant." The author doubtless felt no especial vocation to write the book, but it is, nevertheless, a carefully prepared biography, and presents the facts of Grant's life in a vivid and picturesque fashion that should recommend the book to young readers. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Alison M'Lean, whose "Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden" will be remembered, has written another book of short stories called "Paul Heriot's Pictures." As in the first volume, the tales are of the simplest kind. They are homely little episodes of quiet village life, some English, some of foreign scenes. Though hardly equal in merit to the first book, this one will appeal to the same audience. Its charm lies not in vigor or any skill of character study, but rather in an old-fashioned flavor of plainness and simplicity. Pub-

lished by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Sister of a Saint," by Grace Ellery Channing, is a volume of gracefully written short stories. Most of them are tales of Italy, and people and scenes are placed vividly before us. They are simple and unpretending stories, slight in texture, but told sympathetically and with touches of romance here and there. "The House on the Hill-Top," where Assunta, the sturdy peasant mother, and her toiling little brood lay by a fund for the *bambina's* first communion toilet, is one of the pleasantest, and sounds like a transcript from real life. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Charles Miner Thompson knows a good deal about boy nature, and he has a genial way of handling youthful pranks and misdemeanors. "The Nimble Dollar" is a collection of short stories, all of which retail the doings of some very real small boys. They are not written primarily for juvenile readers, but undoubtedly the tales will please them as well as their elders. It is such pranks as these that grown-ups love to recount, with a feeling of reminiscent tenderness for joys gone by. If occasionally one's credulity is stretched too far, as in the case of the numerous transfers of the dollar of 1804, that is no more than we expect from most good stories. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Excelsior English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionary," compiled by A. M. A. Beale, is a very useful little book. It is intended to meet the demand created by the increasing commerce between the United States and the Spanish-speaking countries, and to that end the vocabularies are chiefly commercial and technical; and, as new words are being coined in science and business, space is left for new entries to be made under each letter of the alphabet. The English-Spanish part is printed on red-edged paper and the other part with green-edged, and both have marginal alphabetical indexes. A few pages on pronunciation, lists of geographical and Christian names, tables of weights, measures, and coins, and a list of irregular verbs are given at the end of each section. The book is bound in flexible Russia-leather covers, and is not too large for the pocket. Published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York; price, \$2.00.

TWO ENGLISH SONNETS.

To the Sultan.

Caliph, I did thee wrong. I hailed thee late
Abdul, the damned, and would recall my word.
It merged thee with the unillustrations herd,
Who crowned the approaches to the Infernal Gate.

Spirits gregarious, equal in their state,
As is the innumerable ocean bird,
Gannet or gull, whose wandering plaint is heard
On Ailsa or Iona desolate,
For in a world where cruel deeds abound
The merely damned are legion. With such souls
Is not each hollow and cranny of Tophet crammed?
Though with the brightest of hell's aureoles
Dost shine supreme, incomparably crowned;
Immortally beyond all mortals damned.

—William Watson in *London Chronicle*.

England and Armenia.

Once was she hailed "Defender of the world?
Queen, East, and West?—the Ruler of the Wave!"
To her the oppressed ones looked, and cried the slave,
The cross upon her banner was unfurled;
But now men wave their heads, and lips are curled,
For she is craven-hearted who was brave—
Her honor lies in a dishonored grave—
Her word from off its ancient throne is hurled.

Now, where Death's hand upholds the Golden Horn,
She chafers for her place, and has forgot
God holds another horn above her head—
Vial of wrath because she heeded not
The wailings of a people hope-forlorn,
The groans of those who can not count their dead.
—H. D. Rawnsley in *London Speaker*.

The *Lark* for February is a mosaic of whimsical fragments, a little more variegated even than usual, with grave and gay in daring juxtaposition. Peixotto's drawing, illustrating the old catch-phrase of art-criticism, "there is beauty in length of line," is a clever Botticelli-like figure, which, with its background, consists of convolutions of a single line. The cartoon, by Gelett Burgess, bears the melancholy legend:

"The window has Four little Panes,
But one have I:
The Window-Panes are in its Sash—
I wonder why?"

The sobriquet "Les Jeunes," given by the *New York Times* some time ago, seems to have been seriously accepted by the writers of the *Lark*, and they flaunt it in the faces of their critics in several mock-criticisms of a preposterous book on "L'Arkitektur Moderne" that purports to emanate from the brain of Willis Polk. The edition of "L'Arkitektur Moderne" is to be "limited to three copies printed on palimpsest parchment, bound in half-chicken leather, crushed mousenkin, and Irish Bull." That the whole edition of this "noble work" will find ready sale is very probable on sight of a sample illustration in the *Lark*—a Lark's-eye view of the New Old South Church in Boston.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE February number of ST. NICHOLAS contains an article on "The Gibson Boy," telling of the remarkable paper-cuttings made by Charles Dana Gibson when he was a little boy eight and ten years of age, and illustrated with a great number of them. The article is of interest to young and old. It is only one of many good things in this "best of all children's magazines." On every news-stand, 25 cents. Published by THE CENTURY Co., New York.

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Mr. Wolstan Dixey, for several years Literary Editor of the *New York School Journal*, and now an advertisement writer at 86 World Building, New York, speaking of Ripans Tahules, says: "I could not recommend this remedy as heartily as I do if I didn't believe in it. I am not much of a medicine taker. I am opposed to medicine, on principle. There ought to be no need of medicine—just as there ought to be no poverty—but there is. If people lived right they would be well. Sunshine, air, exercise, fun, good food—plenty and not too much—are the best medicines, the natural ones; but men are tied to their desks, and women to their home cares, and both are tied to fashion. Civilized existence is artificial and needs artificial regulators. I recommend Ripans Tahules—and take them myself. I know they are both harmless and effective. (I know what they are made of.) They are the best remedy I know anything about for headaches, or indigestion, or biliousness, or any sort of sluggishness in the system. And they are in the handiest possible shape to carry in the pocket."

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If it were not for New England and the South, the American drama would be in a bad way. There seem to be more romance, and pathos, and humor in these sections of the country than in all the rest of it put together. The spell of the Hayseed drama has been upon us all since Denham Thompson discovered it. The ruined South of "Alabama," the war-like South of "Shenandoah," have thrown their enchantment over us. A New York drawing-room lined with the Four Hundred seems to stand no chance as a dramatic setting for a good story with the austere restful landscape round a New England village, or the deserted cotton-fields and dismantled splendors of one of those great plantations that saw their sun go down when Richmond fell.

As a field for the playwright, the South seems to offer inexhaustible possibilities. The haughty Southron on his native heath—as one knows him through plays and stories—seems a being whom nature has created with an ulterior view to the needs of the American stage. He was made for the drama. Beside him all the other Americans are plain, workaday men, delving away in offices, spending their golden prime in chasing the elusive dollar instead of the hashful maid, every spark of *joie de vivre* and romance stamped out in the fierce struggle for money. The life of this sort of man offers drama to the pondering playwright, but drama that only the daring will handle. Wait till we get a Dumas or Balzac before we touch on that.

But the stage Southerner is easy of treatment, not too exacting, quite possible, but not too probable. If you came across him in real life, you would make that casual remark about the strange creatures one sees when one has no gun. He is the most genial, amiable being in the world, though his morals are all mixed up, his sense of *meum* and *tuum* hopelessly entangled, his helplessness inconceivable, his good intentions only to be equaled by the amount of trouble he makes. The Southerners all regard him with the fond eye of the mother for her attractive black sheep. It is all their fault if people who have not had the fortune to live in the South get an idea that this is the ideal man down there, and have it heavy on their hearts that a section of the country where such a type is in the ascendant will certainly arrive at that destination known among the elegant as the demerit how-wows.

Some one remarked of Mary Wilkins, after the publication of "Pembroke," that New England ought to take a stand and make her stop writing such hooks, as they were destructive to the reputation of the country. So it is with the dramatists who make plays on the South. If we Northerners have it firmly fixed in our heads that the typical Southern gentleman lives in an atmosphere of pistol-smoke and mint-julep fumes—if he has but a vague idea about the rights of other people's property, and though he does more talking about honor than any other man in the republic, has the most singularly perverted notions as to what honor really is—it is all the fault of those fellow-countrymen of his, who will put him in plays that bewilder and divert the Northern mind.

From the most artistic to the least artistic of them, they are the same. Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, was a most lovable and well-meaning man, a gentleman in the ordinary sense of the word, and without doubt a person who would be a joy in the family circle; but in his attitude to the outside world he was generally foolish and sometimes dishonorable. Colonel Carter himself would die of horror at the thought of such a word being applied to an F. F. V.; but there is no getting round the fact that, while that little incident of the pass-book was funny, it was not one of those things one likes to have occur in one's own family.

So it is with Mr. Dazey's Southerners. Colonel Sandusky Doolittle was all that a Kentucky colonel should be, from the mint-juleps to the knives and pistols, though for a son of chivalry to keep his best girl waiting for an offer of marriage for twenty years is hardly thoughtful; but in the case of Joe Lorey, the moonshiner, Mr. Dazey shows that extraordinary idea of honesty and justice which appears still to rule things south of Mason and Dixon's line. Joe Lorey is, in the first place, a moonshiner, running a still in the mountains; he has a vendetta on with another mountain family—all moonshiners have this—the last member of which he is going to kill on sight and so exterminate the obnoxious breed. He is tempted to shoot an unarmed man in cold blood, and having spared him, then is further tempted to blow him up with dynamite when he is unconscious. This impulse

the noble mountaineer also subdues. In the end, he meets his deadly enemy and they fight, the enemy producing a knife. Joe, however, gets in his fine work with a pistol, and the vendetta is worked out. Then Joe, with a voice trembling with sentiment, unites the hand of the girl he loves and that of his favored rival, blesses them with the red right hand that has just shot the family enemy, and goes off to defy the laws of the government in his mountain still, with the peaceful thought that the enemies of the Loreys no longer cumber the earth.

The Southern playwright is gentler to the women of his home than to the men. These Southern heroines are far superior to the males of their species. They are domestic and not "new," but they have a fine type of pride, warm hearts, and lots of nerve. They are a strong-souled, vigorous lot, and, being an idealized type, tell the truth. Madge Briarley, the mountain girl, is quite a creation. Looking dispassionately at her and at the colonel, one is inclined to entertain hopes that Mr. C. T. Dazey may some day write a real play. Heretofore his efforts for the entertainment of the theatrical world have consisted in introducing many "real" catastrophes—a real fire, a real run on a real bank, a real woman falling down a real cliff, a real horse-race. Next time it will probably be a real murder committed by real murderers. The real horse and the real race in "In Old Kentucky" are not half so much to Mr. Dazey's credit as Madge Briarley, his real girl, is.

He has been fortunate enough to secure a real actress to do the real girl. Laura Burt's realness consists in the fact that she is not self-conscious and is sympathetic. She has, too, enough of the actor blood in her not to be afraid of trying to portray the mountain girl truthfully. She overacts a little, but that is mainly due to the fact that she is acting down to the audiences of melodrama. Her treatment of the jockey scene with the colonel is admirable in its delicacy and feeling. There is not a touch of false modesty about it, and yet the wild mountain girl suffers some sharp pangs before she reveals herself to the colonel's kindly eyes in those extremely candid white trousers. There is more true discomfort visible in one of her swift embarrassed glances than there is in Constance de Beverley's coy contortions, even if she had as many legs as a centipede and was twisting them all at once.

The mechanical side of "In Old Kentucky" is what the preacher must have foreseen when he wrote about man having "sought out many inventions." There is only one other man who can heat Messrs. Cunningham, MacDonald, and Siedl when the noble rage for mechanical effects seizes them. This is Charles Barnard, whose first play introduced a revolving house which turned round continuously, and had the sun pouring through its windows all day long, and whose latest triumph has been to write a drama of old Rome, in which Wagner's "Chariot Race" is to be produced with startling reality. The paddock scene in "In Old Kentucky" is a successful bit of stage realism of the order so popular in the present style of horsey plays. There are the horses' hoxes, in and out of which the uneasy owners pass and repass in nervous hurry, the crowd of hook-makers and hetting men cry and jostle at one side, and through them the colored stable-boys and grooms thread their hasty way. A jockey in full gala dress of white trousers and striped blouse goes swiftly out above the heads of the crowd on the back of a long-legged chestnut. When Queen Bess is led out of her hox, there is a little flurry and movement in the paddock. The new jockey, with a negro's hand for a step, flies up on her back like a bird, settles himself in the saddle, and quietly, without excitement or hurry, is borne away out to the track. The management of the scene is excellent, nothing is overdone, and the unexaggerated realism of the setting and surroundings adds greatly to its effectiveness.

In the earlier acts, Mr. Dazey can not tear himself from that love of melodrama which is his besetting vice. The number of guns that go off, or are aimed at people and don't go off, keep one in a fever of agonized expectation. Finally the climax is reached by a dynamite explosion which throws up large pieces of the Kentucky mountains into the face of heaven. It is only by a mere chance that rocks were substituted for the dismembered limbs of the hero and heroine, for whose destruction villainy designed the explosion. It is a relief to see that the dark objects flying through the air are pieces of the immemorial hills, not portions of the human frame; but even that relief can not make one overlook the horrible noise of the explosion. The humming of the stable is also pure melodrama. The most interesting part of that scene was the serene and undisturbed manner in which Queen Bess paced out of the building. She seemed rather to like the excitement and quite enjoyed the beautiful lycopodium flames.

—THE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS FOR ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public view.

COMMUNICATIONS.

General Crook's Retirement.

MORENO, CALIFORNIA, January 27, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of this date, under the head of "Individualities," you publish Mr. Charles Crowley's (of the Phoenix, Ariz., Gazette) reasons for the retiring of Major-General George Crook, U. S. A., and he also makes some of the most untruthful statements about that officer's conduct of the Geronimo campaign that it has ever been my opportunity to see in print. It was my good fortune to have for a friend, both in the army and in civil life, General Crook, and I know what I am talking about when I assert that General Crook did not make terms with Geronimo such as Mr. Crowley claims he did, and further, that General Crook was not retired at his own request, nor at the request of any one else.

He died in the summer of 1890, a full major-general in the army of the United States, and at the time of his death was in command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, Ill.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. FRANCE,
Late A. A. Surgeon, U. S. Army.

(If our correspondent will re-read the paragraph of which he writes, he will see that the statements in it are the quoted remarks of Mr. Crowley in the Gazette, and that we ended the paragraph with a disclaimer of belief in the tale. The statements were so preposterous that we printed the paragraph merely as a curiosity.—Eus.)

—AN UNUSUALLY GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR investment is afforded by the sale of the Wilshire Boulevard Tract in Los Angeles. The property is admirably situated just within the western boundary line of the city, about two miles from the business centre, and comprises a plateau of thirty-five acres subdivided into one hundred and thirty-eight large residence lots. The drainage, view, accessibility, and other qualifications are all that could be desired. The prices of lots range from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and special terms will be made to buyers intending to build. In view of the activity in Los Angeles real estate, the value of these lots is bound to increase, and those who have a little money to spare could not do better than to purchase in the Wilshire Boulevard Tract, either for a home or as an investment.

The Loring Club will give its next concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, February 13th.



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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Tavery Opera Company.

The Tavery Opera Company will open its engagement at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening with an elaborate production of "Aida." On Tuesday, they will give "Carmen"; on Wednesday afternoon, "The Bohemian Girl"; on Wednesday night, "The Huguenots"; on Thursday, "Mignon"; on Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; and "I Pagliacci"; on Saturday afternoon, "Martha"; and on Saturday night, "Lohengrin."

Mme. Marie Basta Tavery, who heads the company, is a Belgian by birth, a pupil of Marchesi, and has sung in all the leading cities of Europe before coming to this country. Mme. Thea Dorre, a mezzo-soprano, made herself a great favorite when the company was here before and also in New York. Little Guille, of the high-heeled shoes, who is so generous with his voice that one wonders how it stands such treatment, is the leading tenor. Mlle. Lichter, a new member of the organization, is said to have a clear, ringing soprano and good execution. Mme. Bella Tomlins is the leading contralto. Other members of the troupe are Payne Clarke, the English tenor robusto; Max Eugene, an English baritone; Signor Ahramoff, a basso from Europe; William Schuster, also a basso; and William Stephens, a tenor formerly with Emma Juch. These are the most prominent members of the troupe, which also includes Mme. Romani, soprano secondo; Mlle. Suzanne Ryane, contralto secondo; and S. H. Dudley, baritone secondo. The orchestra will be conducted by Carl Martens.

"Sins of the Night."

"The Editor" has been doing well at Morosco's Grand Opera House during the week. It contains a judicious mingling of comedy scenes and melodramatic situations, and the stock company presents it in a manner that affords the audiences lively satisfaction. But it must bow to the inflexible rule of a weekly change of bill that obtains at the Grand, and this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and Sunday evening will be the last performances.

On Monday a melodrama by Frank Harvey will be given its first representation in San Francisco. It is entitled "Sins of the Night," and its scenes are laid in a Kentish village, at a silver mine in Mexico, and in London, in the aristocratic quarter and in the slums. The play will have the following cast of characters:

Harold Thorne, H. Coulter Brinker; Manuel Ramez, Fred J. Butler; Leslie Thorne, Charles E. Lathan; Squire Thorne, Clement Hopkins; John Marchant, J. Harry Benrimo; Giles Ridge, Charles W. Swain; Tim Dexter, Frank Hatch; Pablo, Edward Browning; Divo, H. E. Humphrey; Rosa, Maud Edna Hall; Cynthia Mayne, Mina Gleason; Abumina, Julia Blanc; Dolly Peachblossom, Florence Thump; Jenny, Nellie Stewart.

"Men and Women" a Big Hit.

"Men and Women," as given by the Frawley Company at the Columbia, has proved such a strong attraction that the engagement has been extended and the play will be given every night next week. "Men and Women" is not new in San Francisco, it having been first given here by one of the Frohmann companies; but the members of the Frawley Company fit into their parts very nicely, and they have been so drilled that they give a very clever performance of the play. The popular appreciation of their work is evident from the number of applicants for seats that are turned away every night.

A New American Comic Opera.

The production of "The Gentle Savage" will be an event of unusual importance at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night. It is an extravaganza written by Estelle Clayton, the actress, and A. C. Wheeler, more widely known as "Nym Crinkle," the dramatic writer, and the music is by the late E. I. Darling, who is said to have been a very talented young musician. Henry E. Dixey had the play for some time, and it was a prominent factor in his scheme of conducting a regular theatre for light opera in this city. But his scheme fell through, and the Tivoli management secured the play.

The "gentle savage" is one who, after a college education and a European tour, has become "half civilized"—that is, he is savage in a refined and polished way; the result is said to be very funny in the Gilbertian style of humor. Ferris Hartman will be the Gentle Savage; John Raffael, the American lieutenant; Martin Pache, his Mexican rival; Laura Millard, the *señorita* for whose hand they strive; Broderick, the girl's mercenary father; Leary, the lieutenant's Irish sergeant; and Little Gertie Carlisle, Mabella Baker, Jennie Stockmeyer, Hannah Davis, and others will fill out the cast.

Corinne in "Hendrick Hudson, Jr."

Corinne begins an engagement of one week only at the California Theatre next Monday night. It is some years since she was last here, and she is no longer "little Corinne," but a star with a company of sixty-five persons and a Parisian wardrobe said to come from Doucet. Not that she wears much in the way of gowns, for her play, "Hendrick Hudson, Jr.," is an extravaganza and the principal rôle does not call for flowing robes. Also from Paris comes Corinne's mandolin playing; it is not

a new accomplishment with her, but she has been studying with Signor Pietrapertosa in the French capital, and is said to have made great improvement under his guidance.

Other members of the company are Ben F. Grinelle, Charles Fostelle, Charles Cameron, Lindsay Morrison, Harry Dickerson, the Nichols Sisters, Lillian Knott, Fanny Daosta, and Georgia Rush.

A California Girl in New York.

Miss Leila Ellis is winning new laurels in the East. Last Saturday night she recited at a reception given by Dr. Holbrook Curtis at his home in New York, and made a great success of her scenes of old plantation life. Dr. Curtis is a great favorite with the leading lights of the theatrical world, and his is the only house in New York where some of them will consent to entertain the guests with their talents. Last Saturday night the De Reszkés and Mme. Calvé took part in the programme, and Mme. Bernhardt was present. It is a great feather in the little California girl's cap to appear with such artists.

The Vanished Grand Opera Season.

The announcement, in our issue of last week, of the basis on which were founded the rumors that the Ahlhey & Grau opera troupe, from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, would not come to San Francisco this season, remains unaffected by the latest news. Nordica, Melha, and Pol Plançon were willing enough to come; but the obstacle lay in the De Reszkés. At the last moment they recalled the fact that they had engaged to sing in London under Sir Augustus Harris's management, in May, and as the haronet refuses to release them, the Western trip is impossible for them. Naturally, an opera season without Jean and Edouard de Reszké would fall rather flat, and so it has been postponed until next year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Late Professor Rosewald's Lecture.

The musical illustrated lecture on "Descriptive and Characteristic Music" which the late Professor J. H. Rosewald was to have delivered at Berkeley, but which was prevented by his sad death on the very night set for the lecture, is to be read at the Columbia Theatre on the afternoon of Friday, February 21st, at half-past three o'clock. The lecture was to have been given for the benefit of the Students' Loan Fund of the University of California, which Professor Rosewald was earnestly desirous of helping, and the faculty of the university, in appreciation of his kindly intent, have decided to start a Rosewald Memorial Fund for poor students. As the nucleus of this fund would be formed most appropriately as the result of his last efforts, the faculty have decided to have the lecture given under their auspices at the above-mentioned time and place. Misses Morey and Weigel and Messrs. Beel, Jaulus, and Coffin have kindly volunteered to carry out the musical part of the programme, and Professor Rosewald's manuscript will be read by one of the Berkeley professors. As the charity to be benefited, the Students' Loan Fund, is one of the worthiest, and as many will be glad to have Professor Rosewald's last wish honored and his pet effort heard by a large assembly, the entertainment should be a success financially, as it doubtless will be from a literary and musical standpoint.

Mr. R. A. Lucchesi will give a musical recital on Sunday afternoon, February 9th, assisted by Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mr. Josephs, Mr. Dabelow, Mr. Heinsen, and Mr. Louis von der Mehden. Prince Louis of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, the Commander Cavaliere A. Bertolini, and the officers of the Italian man-of-war *Cristoforo Colombo*, now at Victoria, B. C., have consented to attend the concert.

A concert will be given at Golden Gate Hall next Wednesday evening in aid of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church Choir Fund. An excellent programme has been arranged under the direction of Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, the organist and choir-master of the church. Among those who will appear are Miss Jeannette Wilcox, the Knickerhocker Male Quartet, and Mr. Frank Coffin.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra has arranged to have its benefit concert take place at Metropolitan Hall on Monday evening, February 18th, and will present a most excellent programme. Much interest is being taken in this concert, and it is to be hoped that the public will give it generous financial support.

The first Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Concert will take place next Saturday afternoon. Among features of the programme will be Gade's "Fantasie Stucke," Mozart's quintet for the clarinet and strings, and Saint-Saëns septet for piano, strings, and trumpet.

Mr. Edgar S. Kelley's Chinese suite, "Aladdin," will be played on Thursday, February 13th, at a concert of the Manuscript Society in New York city. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley left for the East last Wednesday.

The Flight of Thirty Years.

A curious souvenir of a third of a century ago is to be found in the old hallot-hook of the Union Club for 1866. At that time the club-house was situated on the corner of California and Montgomery Streets, from which location it moved to the present club-house on the corner of Post and Stockton Streets, now occupied by the Pacific-Union Club, the organization which resulted from the consolidation of the two old clubs some years ago. Adjoining and under a portion of the old Union Club-House was Wells Fargo & Co.'s express office. On April 16, 1866, a number of packages of a substance then little known—nitro-glycerine—were in the express office. A viscous fluid was leaking from one of these packages. An employee began to open one of the cases with a hammer and chisel. A terrific explosion followed. Fortunately, only one of the packages exploded; had all of them gone, the building would have been blown to atoms. As it was, several persons were killed; the leg of one of the unfortunates was found in Leidesdorff Street, a couple of blocks away; a portion of the skull of another was picked up on top of the Stevenson Building; and a spoon bearing the Union Club monogram was found on the roof of the Russ House. The billiard-room of the Union Club was completely wrecked, and the secretary's office was a scene of ruin.

In the secretary's office there stood a desk on which was the hook where ballots were registered for candidates. On the sixteenth of April, 1866, the hook stood open at the page where the members had been hallooting on the name of W. W. Dodge. When the explosion took place, the inkstand at the top of the desk was overturned and hurled to the floor, spilling its contents on the open hook. Across the page there runs transversely a broad black stain. Some one indorsed at the foot of the black stain the words: "Explosion Nitro-Glycerine, April 16, 1866." The list of names upon the stained and sombre page of the old hallot-hook runs as follows:

BALLOT BOOK,
UNION CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO,
April 11, 1866.

W. W. DODGE. Proposed by BENY. SMITH (Dead).
Seconded by W. M. GREENWOOD (Dead).
Chas. K. Smith, H. V. Howard,
Sam'l Knight (Killed by N. K. Masten,
the explosion), Chas. Wolcott Brooks
F. Bonacina (Dead), R. H. Bennett,
H. B. Williams (Dead), Fred L. Castle (Dead),
Selim E. Woodworth (Dead), R. Morris Locke (Dead),
Geo. Clifford (Dead), E. Temple Emmet,
J. H. Stearns (Dead), W. Frank Ladd,
Jas. Freeborn (Dead), Thos. I. Lamb,
Robt. Roxby (Dead), William Sillem (Dead),
Geo. Platt, H. M. Hale,
W. H. L. Barnes, William Alvord,
Jos. Barron (Dead), A. B. Forbes,
E. B. Dorsey, Chas. E. McLane (Dead),
Wm. Meyer (Dead), E. M. Berri,
Jno. Hewston, Jr., C. S. Baldwin,
Jos. K. Whitaker, Alfred Godeffroy,
R. H. Waterman (Dead), J. B. Mott, Jr.,
H. F. Cutter, J. C. Wilmerding (Dead),
Edw. F. Stone, Eugene E. Dewey (Dead),
E. H. Washburn,
Balloting closed, April 19, 1866.

W. M. GREENWOOD (Dead),
CHAS. K. SMITH (Dead).
Thus it will be seen that out of the list of forty-four names, twenty-one, or nearly one-half, have in the lapse of thirty years passed into the other world.

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INSTANTANEOUS
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USE IT: a cup of boiling
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up in 1 lb. and 34 lb. tins.
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a staple
family and
medicinal
whiskey
for a
quarter-century.

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Washing Powder

in the dish water. It acts like magic—cuts the grease and makes the dishes clean. All cleaning is made easier by this great cleanser. It is cheap, too—that's the best of it. 25c. for a large package. Sold by all grocers.

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VANITY FAIR.

The bloomer has made its appearance on San Francisco's streets without the wheel. During the rainy weather that has prevailed during the past fortnight, two young women, and possibly more, have appeared on the streets in bloomers. The two in question have somewhat sedulously patrolled the streets, and their attire was of a nature to invite regard. They wore bright yellow leggings, very tight bloomers, together with jaunty jackets and little toques. They did not attract favorable attention. The men turned out in platoons to see them go by, and the women sniffed. The reason was very plain. The young women were in this attire out to keep themselves from muddy skirts, but in order to "show off their shapes." In short, they were walking in bloomers merely to be observed. A number of women in San Francisco have taken to wearing a rainy weather costume which consists of bloomers and leggings, with a short skirt coming half way between the knee and the ankle. This is modest and becoming as well as comfortable. Those who wear it can not be suspected of any motive other than that of avoiding muddy skirts. As for the bloomer fairies, there are many motives to be ascribed to them.

The latest fad among fashionable men is to have an immense monogram sewed on the inside of their overcoats. The object, of course, is to prevent honest men from taking other people's coats by mistake and dishonest men from stealing them. It is for the same reason that men have initials in the crowns of their hats. Overcoats do not resemble each other so much as hats do, but once the less one is occasionally lost. The monogram fashion will, however, be more of a fad than through any real necessity.

We remarked, some weeks ago, that a rumor in a New York paper—to the effect that the then Mrs. Vanderbilt, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, and Marlborough's own mother were to rule the roost at Blenheim—must be unfounded, because even a callow dukeling must know that two such extremely masterful ladies could not get along in one house. The London *Sketch*, apropos of the foregoing, recently published a paragraph to the effect that "great preparations are going on at Bleheim for the Christmas festivities, being conjointly superintended by Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lillian Duchess." Messrs. Milward & Co., solicitors of the Duke of Marlborough, at once addressed a paragraph to the *Sketch*, saying: "We desire to inform you that there were no festivities at Bleheim at Christmas, and that nothing there was conjointly superintended by Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lillian Duchess, as his grace takes charge of his own house, and everything connected with it, and does not brook any interference." The New York *Times* has also received from the solicitors of the Duke of Marlborough a letter which was called forth by the statement that Blenheim Palace "had been renovated with some of the money received by the duke upon his recent marriage with Miss Vanderbilt." The statement of the solicitors is very elaborate, and has been made by a chartered public accountant for a period extending over the two years from 1883 to 1893. From this account it appears that all of the money laid out upon the palace and the estate, including the renovation of the roof, which the reporters delighted in ascribing to Mrs. Hammersley's money, and the vast quantity of repairs, all of which are minutely enumerated by the chartered accountant, were "as a fact paid for out of moneys the property of the present Duke of Marlborough, and from no other source whatever." After the way the New York press ran riot over the expenditure of Hammersley and Vanderbilt money in repairing Bleheim, it seems rather cruel to have a complete refutation put upon their reports by this firm of solicitors.

There are all sorts of clubs nowadays—eating clubs, thirteen clubs, whist clubs, fat men's clubs, and lean men's clubs—but the most unique of them all is the one recently started in New York, entitled "The Society of Pointed Beards." The first article of the constitution says: "No one shall be eligible unless he have a carefully cultivated beard, terminating in one symmetrical point a half-inch from the apex of the chin, of sufficient evidence to preclude controversy." It is rather difficult to imagine what this club talks about. They surely can not always discuss one another's whiskers.

The season in Washington is quite gay. The fact that Congress has remained continuously in session may have had something to do with it, although congressmen individually have little to do with society. Mrs. Cleveland gave a ladies' reception on the eighteenth of January. Several thousand invitations were issued, and Mrs. Cleveland received in the East Room, looking very handsome in a gown of purple and white striped satin, with touches of green velvet on the bodice and pretty lace trimmings. The only men to be seen were the policemen at the door and the White House ushers. About fifty young ladies assisted Mrs. Cleveland in receiving. They were assigned in groups to differ-

ent rooms. The sensation of the day were the two eldest daughters of Mrs. Cleveland, Ruth and Esther, who spent the afternoon at the head of the west staircase peeping down at the ladies, Ruth in pale yellow and Esther in blue. The weekly diocesan-daoces this season in Washington have been very successful. Last week, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay gave the dance, a number of other hostesses inviting twelve men apiece and then all the dinner-parties rendezvousing at the Hays' house. The dinners of the foreign ministers and their wives have begun. The Mexican minister and Mme. Romero entertained this week. Among the weddings to take place, one which will deprive Washington of a belle, is that of Miss Mary Quay, the eldest daughter of Senator Quay, who is to be married to Louis R. Davidsoo, of Beaver, Penn. Miss Katherine Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice, is to be married to Mr. Beecher in a couple of weeks. Talking of dinners, that given to President and Mrs. Cleveland by Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle this week was peculiar, in that there were only two glasses at each place, one for Apollinaris and another for Potomac water. Mrs. Carlisle will not have wine on her table.

Some faint fashion hints as to the future will not be without interest. The material selected for next season's dresses by the great New York establishments are thus summarized: Alpaca of light colors and exquisite colors and the heavier woven mohairs will be favorites, with plain grounds, figures, flowers, stripes, and checks. White alpaca will hold its own. Grass linen, Holland, and ecru batiste will retain their favor. The foulards and the so-called India silks are being pressed by the manufacturers; but the women do not take kindly to them, considering the present style of dress, for which their softness is not advantageous. The crisp taffetas will be the fashionable summer silk for '96. Their stiffness makes them in keeping with the styles of the day. Checked silks will be the correct thing next summer. By checks are meant large plaids and cross-bars. It is predicted that turquoise blue is to be the color of spring and summer.

The New York *Herald* has taken to publishing regularly a department headed "Engaged." It goes with its departments of marriages, births, and deaths. So far, nearly all the names which figure in this department are Jewish names, although occasionally others can be found. To the number which now lies before us there are twelve entries, all of which are the names of Jewish young people with the exception of one entry, that of Miss Mamie Ellis and Mr. Henry H. Glass, both of New York city. It seems to us that the Jewish custom of announcing the engagement, and regarding it as almost as binding as the marriage, is eminently a sensible one. The ridiculous mystery which is thrown around the marriage engagements of young people serves no possible end that we can see, unless to give either of the parties a chance to play fast and loose. In Europe, the engagement is looked upon as very much more binding than here, not only to Jewish circles, but in others as well. In Italy it is looked upon as so binding that a young woman who has been engaged and has broken the engagement is forever after called a *civetta*, "an owl," and is sedulously shunned by young men. Such a young woman rarely succeeds in making another marriage engagement. While this might be a little hard on our capricious American girls, none the less it would be much better for them, as well as for their intended partners, if they would frankly announce their engagements.

Boston is still talking of the celebrated Higginson-Smith elopement, which has turned out to be more than a nine-days' wonder. New Yorkers and Bostonians who are spending the winter on the Riviera report that they have seen Mrs. Higginson and her Smith at Monte Carlo, playing at the tables there. Probably they are playing off the one hundred thousand dollars that Higginson is said to have sent them. Mrs. Higginson is said to look radiantly happy, while Smith looks careworn and anxious, and bears marks of dissipation. Those who saw them seem to feel more pity for him than for her. But, in the course of time, they may reverse their judgment, as it is only a question of time when he will desert the foolish woman who threw away all to elope with him.

Our New York correspondent recently remarked on the curious vogue that Yvette Guilbert has attained in New York, and wondered at it. In fact, New York has raved over this singer of the *decadence*. There is absolutely nothing about Yvette Guilbert that could attract any person, unless that person was steeped to the bone in the elegant viciousness of Paris and thoroughly up in the slang of the boulevards. Taking her New York audiences, we do not believe that one person in five hundred thoroughly understands Yvette Guilbert's songs. It is to be hoped that they do not. Some of them are barely endurable, while others, such as the one entitled "La Pierreuse," are simply impossible. Young women who would shudder with horror at hearing discussions on what is called the "Badger game" in New York, listen

to Yvette's singing of "La Pierreuse," and clap their delicate hands with apparent delight. Yvette has recently had a row with Hammerstein, the manager of the theatre where she has been singing. She was getting four thousand dollars a week, and when he wanted to extend her engagement, she demanded a raise, which he refused to grant. She therefore determined to start in for herself, and began by giving a singing recital at Sherry's, in conjunction with a Count de Lautrephec. The count lectured on the songs and Yvette sang them. A number of ladies were expected to act as patronesses of the undertaking, but we are glad to see that they withdrew at the last moment, and Yvette had to give her recital without any lady patronesses. Nevertheless, she has appeared at two private entertainments in New York, one at the house of the De Kovens. But it is not worth while mincing matters. Yvette Guilbert's songs are unfit for any decent woman to hear. She sings about forms of vice that are possible only to a Latin race that has sounded the depths of sensuality. Our civilization is Anglo-Saxon, and we have not got so deep in abnormal vice as any of the Latin countries. It is to be hoped that we never may. Therefore, when the women of New York society, most of whom are descended from God-fearing Puritan and Dutch ancestors, affect to be gratified at the unspeakable songs of Yvette Guilbert, they only cover themselves with shame.

Harper's *Bazar* says that its dear girl readers are entreating it to "keep shirt-waists in fashion." The *Bazar* remarks that it merely chronicles the fashions without making them. But to reassure its dear girl readers, it says that already the great shops are displaying on their counters shirt-waists for the spring and summer of '96. One great New York retail store has bought six thousand five hundred waists of a single favorite style, and twice as many more of other styles. Madras, silk gingham, linen batiste, and percale are the popular fabrics, and they are in solid ground, of quiet colors, or dotted, or else in checks and stripes. Turned-down collars will rival the staid collar, and the cuffs are cut to match. It is matter for congratulation that the shirt-waist fashion holds. Poor girls will always imitate the richer ones, and there can be no doubt that the fashion of shirt-waists, instead of the heavy cloth waists worn some years ago, adds much to the daintiness and cleanliness of the wearers. "Wash goods" are always desirable. Many a poor girl who previously was not able to be dainty, although she might have been exteriorly clean, has under the shirt-waist régime been trim and natty in appearance, as well as being clean. Cleanliness, in addition to being next to godliness, is very closely allied to comeliness.

In America, it is the fashion to give presents to servants at Christmas time, but it has by no means reached the pitch as a nuisance to which it has arrived in England. There a man is besieged by every human being who has done anything for him, from the railway guard who takes his ticket to the man who hands him his hat at his club. But oppressive as the tax is now, it seems that one hundred years ago it was even worse. At that time the servants demanded Christmas-boxes from the tradesmen who purveyed to their employers. It is still the case in the large fashionable households of England, and a butcher recently wrote to a nobleman there, his letter being marked "private" and reading: "Your cook has so enormously increased her commission terms this Christmas that I shall have no alternative but to increase my prices to you during the ensuing year. If I had not complied with her demand, she would have complained to you of my meat." This recalls the fact that in 1795 the hutchers living within the parish of Hackney, London, were forced to advertise in the *Times* that they would be obliged to discontinue the practice of giving Christmas-boxes to servants, otherwise they would lose all their profits on the sale of meat.

A stage-manager was recently interviewed in regard to cost of costumes. Contrary to the usual belief, he said that the costumes of the ladies of the ballet, microscopic as they are, cost a great deal of money. For example, he said four pretty girls who were to dance a Parisian quadrille in a Christmas spectacle wore dresses taking sixty-five yards of fine silk, which cost \$40. Besides that there were their tights, \$15 apiece; the dancing-drawers and innumerable petticoats trimmed with dozens of yards of fine lace, \$30 apiece. Then there were their wigs, \$15 apiece. The same girls wore pages' costumes costing \$50 apiece. As for the jewelry, he said that a paste tiara worn by the stage princess cost \$200, a girdle \$125, and a necklace \$250. These jewels, if real, would have cost \$15,000. There is one item he spoke of, however, which the audience knows little of. That is the item of padding. He says that costs from \$15 to \$20 per costume.

A 634-karat diamond, the finest ever found in Africa, was discovered at Jagersfontein, in the Transvaal, on the day after Christmas. When cut, it is expected that it will be worth \$1,500,000.

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Is the softest material ever worn next to the skin, healthful, cleanly, warm, never cold, like ordinary linen, durable, especially well made and attractive, never overheating, irritating or cumbersome like wool, and without the defects of cotton or silk.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An enthusiastic horticulturist, when he heard of the massacre of the English missionaries in China, wrote in his farm journal: "While we deplore bloodshed, it must be confessed that the English and American missionaries are a selfish lot, lacking in patriotism. They never have sent a seed of the famous melons of Asia back to their own country."

The story is told in a Chicago paper that the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, the rector of Grace Episcopal Church, was present at the recent Charity Ball with his wife, they being the guests of friends. A woman reporter came along, and, seeing Mr. Stires, said: "I want to get the ladies' gowns." "Well, really," answered the observing young minister, "I think they need what they have."

One of the objections to Christmas-houses (writes James Payn) is that one is seldom quite certain whether one is giving to the right people. Dumas tells us that he took some pains to discover one Christmas Day what he was paying for. A second lamp-lighter excited his suspicions. "I have already made my little present," he said, "to the man that lights the street-lamp." "Yes, sir," returned the other; "but I am the man who puts it out."

Just after the death of Andrew Jackson, a friend of his met an old family servant and began asking him a few questions about his late master. "Do you think," he said, "that the general has gone to heaven?" "Deed, I dunno, sah; dat jis' depen's." "Depends on what?" "Jis' depeo's, sah, an ef de gio'al wanted to go, sah, er nnt," said the old darkey, with supreme confidence in the general; "ef he wanted to go, sah, he am dah, shn'; an' ef he didn't, he ain't, sah."

There was once a hair-dresser in Boston who (says an exchange) numbered among his patrons many gentlemen of the medical profession. One day, when operating upon one of them, he broke forth in great glee: "Vat you dink, dngtor? I haf been tn dnt hospital, uod while I wait to gn up uod cut a man's hair, I see marple busts of de dogtnrs. Dere vas Dngtar Storer und dere vas Dngtar Pegelow mit de vig I dress fur him dese dwenty years, in marple. Dink of dat! Vnn of my vigs in marple!"

The Parisian wits are reviving an old story about the wonderful cure from deafness of a patient who was recommended to go to hear "Lohengrin," and to sit near the orchestra, by the trombones. The doctor accompanied his patient, and sat beside him. All of a sudden, while the noise of the instruments was at its loudest, the deaf man found he could hear. "Dnctnr," he almost shrieked, "I can hear." The doctor took no notice. "I tell you, doctor," repeated the man, in ecstasy, "you have saved me. I have recovered my hearing." Still the doctor was silent. He had become deaf himself.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the third son of the founder of the banking house, who established the London branch at the beginning of the present century, lived in fear of assassination for years before his death. One day two tall, dark men presented themselves at his office. They bowed in response to his bow, but said nothing. Their hands, however, began to fumble in their pockets, and the great hanker instantly took alarm. "Here are the long-expected assassins," he thought, and, seizing a ledger, he hurled it at the two strangers and shouted for assistance. When it appeared that the men were two hankers from another city, hearing letters of introduction to him, for which they were nervously hooting at the time of his unexpected onslaught, his mortification knew no bounds.

For a certain performance of an opera by Verdi, one of the sopranos was to take the rôle of page-hitter. She was rather disliked on account of her bitter tongue and good opinion of herself. There was a dress rehearsal in which she appeared in boy's clothes, and, being in bad temper, insulted the leading tenor. His wife was present, and, hearing of a rather vindictive turn, resolved upon revenge. Her quick eye had found out that much of the new page-boy's shape was artificial, so she made some bänderillas with colored paper and long oedles, and waited in the wings during the evening performance. Down came the page six or seven minutes before her call; accomplices held her in conversation while the wife of the tenor stuck a bänderilla into the calf of each leg. Needless to say, the needles penetrated nny padding, and when the young page handed one to greet his master—the tenor—with song, there was such a roar from the house and such a scene on the stage as are better imagined than described.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is among the wits of the House of Commons (according to W. H. Lucy in the *Youth's Companion*). He tells a story of a member who, turning in the west of Ireland, found himself in the train with two priests. He gath-

ered from them that they were stationed at Kilkee, in County Clare, a rift in the embattled coast on which the Atlantic heats in sublimest beauty. The priests complained that it was very dull living there. "Ah," said the M. P., thinking of the Atlantic in its many moods, "but you must have a beautiful view." "Never a bit," replied one of the priests, testily; "there's nothing at all between us and Ameriky." Mr. Lucy tells another story about Sir Wilfrid, illustrative of his personal haunter. There was a member of the House, Thomas Collins by name, who, though wealthy, was careful about many things, especially odd sixpences. Some days elapsed before he appeared at the House to be sworn in after his election. "Odd, isn't it," somebody said to Sir Wilfrid, "that Tom Collins doesn't turn up?" "Nnt at all, nnt at all," said Sir Wilfrid; "he's waiting for an excursion train!"

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Caravansary.

I keep a caravansary,
And, he it might or day,
I entertain such travelers
As chance to come my way:

Hafiz, mayhe, or Sadi,
Who, singing songs divine,
Discovered heaven in taverns,
And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arahs,
From burning sands afar,
So faint in love's sweet trances,
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,
The Tartar, Turcoman—
Savage hordes, with spears and swords,
Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,
With priestly, kingly tread,
Who, in their cerecloths, mutter
The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary
Knows neither friend nor foe;
His doors stand wide on every side
For all to come and go.

The Koran, or the Bible,
Or Veda—which is best?
The wise host asks no questions,
But entertains his guest!
—R. H. Stoddard in February Atlantic.

A Tear Bottle.

Glass, wherein a Greek girl's tears
Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
Is there still no tale to tell?

Buried with her, in her mound
She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
Iridescent as the dew—

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made you warm
While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
In your haunted heart to stir.

But your crystal lips are dumb,
Hushed the music in your heart:
Ah, if she could only come
Back again and hid it start!

Long is Art, but Life how brief!
And the end seems so unjust:
This companion of your grief
Here to-day, while she is dust!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in February Atlantic.

The Hermit and the Pilgrim.

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed,
With arms upraised above his hended form,
He called aloud amid the heaving storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a sheltering rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his faltering steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the lambs' flick'ring light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die
And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness, with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

—Clifford Howard in February Scribner's.

Pæstum.

Two thousand years these temples have been old,
Yet were they not more lovely the first day
When o'er yon hills the young light blushed and lay
Along these tapering columns, and eve's gold
Over the Tyrrhene sea in glory rolled.

By power of truth, by beauty's royal sway,
While men and creeds and kingdoms pass away,
Their gift to charm and awe they calmly hold.
Beauty and truth! by that high grace divine
They force the tribute of the vassal years.
Clouds gloom; the blue wave dimples; the stars shine,
To make them fairer; even Time, that tears
And shames all other things, here can but bless
And beautify this crumbling loveliness.

—John Hay in February Harper's.

The *Sphinx*, a paper published in Cairo, remarks in its last number: "Christmas Day in Cairo was magnificent in point of weather. The sky of undimmed blue, the wind just gently moving, the temperature marking sixty-five degrees in the shade. In a day or two we shall be receiving from Paris and London, from New York and San Francisco, accounts of the weather in those capitals, and we shall be better able to appreciate the lovely character of Egypt as a winter residence through comparison with the weather miseries of our friends at home." It would have been difficult to surpass Christmas Day in San Francisco, whatever it may have been in Paris, London, and New York, as the temperature was just about the same as in Cairo, sixty-five degrees, and there was a gorgeous California sunshine such as even Egypt can not heat.

A Canal Choked Up

Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the digestive organs, through which much of the effete and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial, bilious, dyspeptic, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Professor Earle, who ranks among the foremost English philologists, has provoked a lively controversy in London by proposing to abolish orthography as a study. He holds that a compulsory standard of spelling is mischievous; that it does not matter how anybody spells, provided that the meaning of the language employed is clear; and that we should all be spelling as we please if it were not for the "autocracy of the press."

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH.

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Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 3/4-inch Duck, from 7 ounces to 15 ounces, inclusive.

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Only line Coolgardie Gold Fields, Australia. Connection for Cape Town, S. Africa. Low rates. Special parties to Hawaii, reduced rates, February 6th and 15th and March 1st and 15th.
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United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
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29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Newhall Dinner-Dance.

Mr. George Almer Newhall gave a dinner-dance at his mother's residence on Van Ness Avenue last Wednesday evening. Mr. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave dinner-parties at their respective residences, and then repaired to the home of Mr. Newhall, which had been prepared for a cotillion. It was after ten o'clock when the first figure was formed. Mr. Newhall led alone and introduced five figures—"The Military," "The Double Circles," "The Snake," "The Musical Chair," and "The Surprise." The favors embraced a great variety of handsome articles. Supper was served under Ludwig's direction at half-past twelve o'clock, and then there was general dancing until the ball came to an end. Those who danced in the cotillion were:

Mr. George B. de Long, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. C. Miller, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. A. H. Small, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Dawson, Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. Samuel Knight, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Miss Minnie Houghton, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Miss McNutt, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. George A. Pope, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. George F. Davidson, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. William R. Heath, Miss Elma Graves, Lieutenant Rogers, U. S. N., Miss Bates, Mr. W. D. Page, Miss Taylor, Mr. Oscar Sewall, Miss Emily Carolan, Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. William Carrigan, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Among the others present were:

Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Newlands, Mr. Wilfrid E. Chapman, Mr. E. W. Newhall, Mr. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. C. O. Alexander, Mr. George H. Howard, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall.

Burton Leap-Year Cotillion.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Burton, U. S. A., and the Misses Burton gave a leap-year cotillion last Wednesday evening in the hop-room at the Presidio. The dancing-hall was decorated with the national and regimental colors, Gatling guns, crossed sabres, and other accoutrements of war, together with flowers and potted plants. It was about ten o'clock when dancing was commenced. The ladies were in bright-hued dominoes and wore masks, and the officers were in the full-dress uniform of the service.

The guests were received by Colonel and Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. William M. Graham, the Misses Burton, and Miss Meta Graham. There was regular dancing up to midnight, when supper was served. Afterward came the cotillion, which was led by Miss Burton and Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., who were assisted by Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A. There were five figures, in three of which pretty favors were distributed by Miss Jennie Catherwood and Miss Pearl Sabin. A feature of the early portion of the evening was the distribution to the ladies of programmes which were shot out of a cannon. Among the invited guests were:

Mrs. William M. Graham, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Heloise Davis, Miss

Alice McCrea, Miss Morris, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Marjorie Young, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Bender, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Alice Masten, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Fanny Longborough, Miss May Palmer, Miss Buckley, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss McNeil, Miss Mai Moody, Miss Eva Moody, Miss Reid, Miss Mahel Reid, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Andrews, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Virginia Belknap, Miss Grace Sabin, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Birdie Currier, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Marquitta Callier, Miss Sihley, Miss Dorothy Ames, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Edith Bishop, Miss Gwendolen Overton, Miss Lucy Bishop, Miss Wethered, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Pearl Sabin, Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. C. Cloman, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant A. S. Fleming, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. P. Sammerall, U. S. A., Lieutenant John W. Jones, U. S. A., Lieutenant T. G. Carson, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. F. Landis, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant Hart, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. R. Burgess, U. S. A., Lieutenant George G. Gately, U. S. A., Mr. N. T. Messersmith, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. W. Webber, Mr. Newlands, Mr. McPherson, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Findley, Mr. Graham, Mr. Morris, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Walter Landers, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Alpheus Clement, Mr. Raymond Sherman, Mr. Edward M. Greenwood, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. George Gardiner, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Irving Lundborg, Mr. Louis Masten, Mr. Grimwood, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Burbank G. Somers, Mr. Arthur Mau, Mr. Alexander Campbell, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Samuel Pond, Mr. Charles Fernald, Mr. Aikins, Mr. William Breeze, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Mr. Howard Trumbo, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Alvely Cotton, Mr. William Horn, Mr. Henry L. Stetson, Mr. Albert Russell, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Edward Houghton, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Joseph Power, Mr. William McLaine, and Mr. F. A. Greenwood.

The Jarboe Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe entertained about one hundred and fifty of their friends last Saturday evening at their residence, 1299 Taylor Street, by giving a reception at which "living pictures" were the principal feature. At about nine o'clock the guests were seated in the main salon at small tables, and a series of tableaux representing notable pictures were presented by a number of the guests. Beer and other Bohemian beverages were served by several of the young ladies. This was followed by dancing until a late hour.

The Mardi-Gras Ball.

The president and board of directors of the San Francisco Art Association are busily engaged in preparing for the Mardi-Gras fancy-dress ball masqué which will be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, February 18th.

The patrons and patronesses will be as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Sewall, Mrs. Caroline L. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Major and Mrs. J. A. Darling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Burton, U. S. A., Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. W. F. Goad, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. H. McLane Martin, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Martin Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Vandervlyn Stow, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. E. Sawyer, Mr. Isaac N. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Jacob C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Tubb, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Colonel Charles F. Crocker, Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Amedee Jonlin, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Kruttschnitt, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Banker, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn, General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brugniere, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Governor and Mrs. James H. Budd, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrie, Miss A. B. Chittenden, and Mr. E. M. Greenwood.

The committees are as follows:

Executive Committee—Mr. James D. Pbelan, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. William Keith, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Arthur Rodgers. Committee on Music—Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Miss Alice B. Chittenden. Committee on Decoration—Mr. John A. Stanton, Mr. Douglas Tilden. Committee on Refreshments—Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. James D. Pbelan. Reception Committee—Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. William Keith, Captain Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, Mr. W.

Mayn Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. John M. Cunningham, Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. C. F. Crocker, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. Emile M. Pissis, Floor Committee—Mr. Edward M. Greenwood, Mr. W. R. Heath, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. L. B. Nizer.

Mr. Edward F. Searles has presented to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art a painting by Benjamin Constant, entitled "The Captive," in addition to four Flemish silk tapestries, and a portfolio of fourteen etchings of his home at Great Barrington. In return for these favors the donor asked for one in return, and that was that one free day of admission to the gallery should be set apart each month. The directors assented, and agreed upon the first Friday of each month.

Mr. John Philip Sousa will give concerts here with his band on February 28th and 29th and March 1st. It will be remembered that his band was a prime feature of the Midwinter Fair two years ago.

"A Few Memories" is to be the title of Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro's book of reminiscences. The work, which is to appear soon, will have several portraits.

The Diamond Palace.

Colonel A. Andrews, the pioneer jeweler and proprietor of the world-famed Diamond Palace, on Montgomery Street, opposite the Mills Building, is gradually disposing of his immense stock by holding auction sales daily. The large attendance and spirited bidding is an evidence that the people have confidence in the materials they are purchasing. The stock comprises the finest selection of precious gems and jewelry ever offered at auction here. The Diamond Palace is unquestionably one of the most elegantly fitted up jewelry establishments in the world, and visitors to the city should not fail to see it before it becomes dismantled. When the Colonel retires from business he will pass a couple of years abroad and then return to reside here permanently.

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—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

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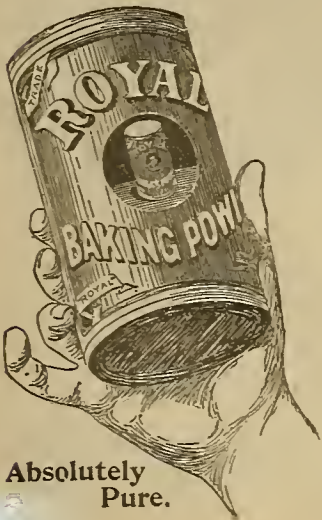
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Edith Conner to Mr. Rudolph de H. ver Mehr. Miss Conner is the daughter of Mrs. Julia W. Conner, and Mr. ver Mehr is the grandson of the late Rev. Dr. ver Mehr.

Miss Ella Goad, daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad, and Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, will be married at five o'clock next Wednesday at the home of the bride's father, corner of Washington and Gough Streets. After the wedding there will be a repast and a reception to which about five hundred friends of the contracting parties have been invited. The Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Robert G. Hooker will act as best man. The marriage ceremony will be performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, of Grace Church.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. John R. Jarboe for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Kathryn Jarboe, and Mr. Jerome Case Bull, of New York, which will take place at noon next Thursday at St. Luke's Church. A wedding breakfast will follow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, 1299 Taylor Street.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson Grant, and Mr. Edward Pond, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Monday evening, February 3d, at St. Luke's Church.

Miss Marion Hill, daughter of Mr. Barton Hill, is to be married on Tuesday, February 4th, to Mr. Charles Robert Hill, traveling auditor of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The wedding will be quietly celebrated at the residence of the bride's mother, 1718 Broderick Street, after which they will immediately proceed to their future home at Fort Worth, Tex.

The wedding of Miss Laura Strong and Mr. J. Frank Mullen took place last Tuesday at the residence of the bride, 1327 Geary Street. Rev. W. D. Williams, of the Plymouth Congregational Church, officiated.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., will give a dance in the hop-room at the Presidio on the evening of Easter Monday. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. William M. Graham, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Miss Jennie Catherwood, the Misses Graham, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Ethel Lincoln, and Miss Jennie Blair. It will be a dancing-party until after supper, when the cotillion will be danced and several new figures introduced.

Mrs. William Alvord will give a matinee tea to-day from four until seven o'clock at her residence, 2200 Broadway. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Margaret Casserly, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Ethel Smith, and Miss Ethel Lincoln.

Mrs. A. Borel and the Misses Borel will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence, 606 Stockton Street.

The Friday Night Club has postponed its final assembly until the evening of April 17th.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Sutter Street, and entertained Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Henry McLane Martin, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Miss Fanny Friedlander, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Judge Ward McAllister, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Joseph D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey entertained some two-score friends last Monday evening in a novel and pleasant fashion. A little French comedy was very cleverly played by the daughters of the host and hostess and the son of Baron and Baroness von Schröder. Afterward there was an extemporaneous musicale and an informal supper. The whole affair was unique and most enjoyable.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan gave a lunch-party at her home on Van Ness Avenue in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Henrietta Sullivan, who is to be married to Mr. Stephen L. Harris in a few weeks. Several ladies enjoyed the hospitality of the hostess.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening, at her residence on Franklin Street, and entertained about twenty of her friends.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a lunch-party recently at her home, corner of Gough and Sutter Streets, and hospitably entertained Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Aldrich, Miss Grace Martin, and Miss Lizzie Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett gave a theatre-party at the Columbia last Monday evening to eight of their friends, and afterward entertained them at supper.

Mrs. George A. Crux gave a progressive euchre-party, last Saturday afternoon at her residence, to more than forty of her friends. Handsome prizes were won by Mrs. William Montrose Graham, Miss Catherine Gordon, and Miss Forbes.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

He Talks of Masquerades.

Yes [said the Society Man], I've concluded to take in the Mardi-Gras masquerade. Semi-public and all that sort of thing—apt to run against your tailor, don't you know—but then the end is a good one—what's that the feller said?—"end sanctifies the means"—or something?—often thought it would have to be a mighty pious end that would sanctify a masquerade. What?

But never mind—the end's a good one—feller ought to strain a point—eh? Reminds me of a picture I saw in a French comic paper once when I was in Paris—remember I thought it of the old woman in the kiosque near the Madeleine steps. Picture represented a monstrously fine woman being measured for a gown—nothing but her corsets on above the belt—would have shocked a feller once, but nowadays you see so many photographs of women in their corsets in the most Puritanic magazines, that the corset seems to have lost its power to shock. Well, the *modiste* says to her, "How will this suit madame?"—pausing with her tape somewhere about the median line. "Too high," says the beauty, critically, "cut it a little lower—the ball is for the poor, you know." "*Quelques centimètres plus bas—c'est pour les pauvres, vous savez.*" Not bad, eh? What? And if lovely woman is thus generous toward the poor—I'm pretty poor myself, by the way—why shouldn't we men stand in on the Mardi-Gras ball? Why, yes, of course we will. But I draw the line at a costume. Fancy-dress makes a feller look rather an ass, don't you know.

Trouble with these masquerades, they're so deucedly respectable. Respectable masquerades rather slow. Gimme elegant vice when it comes to a masquerade. Used to believe, when I was a kid, in the old fairy stories about elaborate mystifications and things—black domino comes up and talks to you about your most secret thoughts and aspirations—on unmasking turns out to be a girl you have long admired—you become instantaneously infatuated. Or the other chestnut about the man's wife who mystifies him all the evening, and carries on an elaborate flirtation, only to cover him with confusion when the time for unmasking comes by revealing to him the fact that she is Mrs. Jones.

Rats!

I'm not married, but if I were, and if my name was Jones, I think I could tell Mrs. Jones if she was attired in a barrel.

Then there is the other tradition—the bevy of giddy girls—the girls who all have elaborate and beautiful costumes, which they cover with dominoes; dominoes all alike, but some slight knot of ribbon or what not different on each one; girls change knots; girls change dominoes; finally appear in elaborate and beautiful costumes; at last unmask; confusion of bewildered swains; triumph of bevy of giddy girls.

Yes, I know it all by heart. But it is like weak tea after rum-punch when you contrast one of these respectable masquerades with the genuine article—the Bal de l'Opéra in Paris, or the Arion or French ball in New York, or the Rex ball in New Orleans. That's the real business. Don't know as I'd recommend such a ball to a Young Person. But they're great fun, all the same. By the way, the Young Person experiences a delightful terror in going to the most innocuous masquerade. Thinks it's wicked, don't you know. What's that some feller said about every woman being at heart a rake? 'Pon my soul, believe it's so. But the Young Person nowadays doesn't want to be *real* wicked—only play at being wicked—what?

Gad, if they were to see some hundreds of maskers, half of them crazy and all of them tipsy, shouting, screaming, swearing, quarreling, scratching, and pulling hair—rather take the bloom off their ideas of the glamour of the masked ball—eh?

Talking of balls, heard a rather good thing the other day. Feller giving a ball. Invited one out of several sisters. Found he'd invited the one he didn't want. Rang her up on the telephone: "Hallo!" "Hallo!" "Is that you, Miss Blank?" "Yes." "Well, I made a mistake about that invitation—it's not you, it's the *pretty* sister, I want." How's that? Not bad, eh? True, too. Well, I must skip—got to pay a dinner call, and I know the people are not at home. Ta, ta!

"One of the interesting rumors," says the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, "with which Washington society amuses itself over afternoon tea-cups, is that Senator Hill is to marry the widow of Senator George Hearst, of California. Mrs. Hearst has a beautiful home in this city, and is worth perhaps twenty-five millions of dollars, most of which will go to her son, William R. Hearst, of San Francisco and New York, in case she marries."

Mr. H. B. Pasmore will give a lecture on singing, for the benefit of the Neighborhood Club, at Hamilton Hall, Oakland, on Tuesday evening. Misses Elizabeth Warden, Florence Wyman, Elna C. Olsson, A. M. Forester, and Edith Scott Waters, Messrs. W. Edgerton Smith, Loring P. Rixford, H. E. Medley, and Pasmore will render music illustrative of the points of the lecture.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Charles Webb Howard, who is now convalescing from a severe attack of pleurisy, which confined him to his room for several weeks, sailed for San Diego on January 26th, to spend some time there.

Miss Emelie Hager has been for the last fortnight staying at the country place of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Bakersfield.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger, who have been in Los Angeles for the past fortnight, left for Arizona last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay have arrived in New York from Paris with the body of their son.

Mr. F. L. H. Nohle has returned from a visit to New York city.

Mrs. C. W. Clark, of Sacramento, is passing a few weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, are expected to return from Los Angeles next week, after a prolonged absence.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is still confined to his rooms with an attack of congestion of the lungs, and, although he is improving slowly, no one is allowed to see him.

Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson arrived in Paris a couple of weeks ago.

Miss Helen Hecht is visiting relatives and friends in Boston, and will remain East until spring.

Mrs. John Corning, of this city, left Cairo on December 31st for the Upper Nile.

Mr. William J. Shotwell has returned from a month's visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire, who has been here during the past week, will return to Los Angeles on Sunday.

Mr. J. W. Byrne has returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rothchild will leave next Tuesday on the Sunset Limited for a trip to New York, and will remain away two months. On their return, they will reside permanently at the Palace Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Sater, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has arrived from St. Louis to continue the work done by Colonel George H. Mendell, U. S. A., retired.

Lieutenant-Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., has gone East to visit relatives in Carthage, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. At the expiration of his leave of absence, he will probably be assigned to the *Independence*.

Captain Robert H. Fletcher, U. S. A. (retired), has recovered from the illness that has confined him to his home for some time past.

Captain Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., has been promoted to be surgeon with the rank of major.

Captain Henry Clay Cochrane, U. S. M. C., is visiting relatives at Chester, Pa.

Chief-Engineer Joseph Trille, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Chief-Engineer B. H. Foote, U. S. R. C. S., has been directed to hold himself in readiness for orders to the Pacific Station.

Assistant-Surgeon Merritt W. Ireland, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Stanton, N. M., and assumed duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Joseph E. Kuhn, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Colonel Charles R. Sater, U. S. A., as to his fitness for promotion.

Mrs. Edward D. Anderson, wife of Lieutenant Anderson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is visiting her parents, Major and Mrs. Clarence Ewen, U. S. A., in Los Angeles.

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"Mr. Billiss is such a nice young man," said the elderly aunt. "That's all you know about it," said the young niece; "he is nothing of the sort. He is just the jolliest company imaginable."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Gabler—"I want to ask you a question. What is a missing-word contest?" *Babler*—"A missing-word contest? Oh, yes; it's one of the troubles a man has with his stenographer, you know."—*Washington Star*.

"Beauty is only skin deep," said the zebra, with an attempt to liven up the gloom of the menagerie. "I know," replied the rhinoceros, trying to be cheerful, "but think what that means in my case."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Realistic?" repeated the critic; "well, I should say he was realistic. You just ought to see the excitement in the Quartier Latin when he drew the corks in a dinner scene he was painting the other day."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Officer McGobb—"Here, now! If yez really bought th' chicken, pfwy are yez hidin' it uoder your coat?" *Rastus*—"Kase I do' want to git sandhagged oo de way home. I guess I knows oah oighhors!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Scrupulous valet (on finding a five-franc piece in the pocket of his master's new waistcoat)—"It's a thousand pities for the waistcoat, but there's nothing else for it. I must make a hole large enough for the money to slip through."—*La Libre Parole*.

Professor Schuslich—"I don't know what's the matter with me, doctor; I am perpetually limping to-day. Is it locomotor ataxy, I wonder?" *Doctor*—"Why, professor, you are walking with one foot on the kerb-stooe and the other in the gutter."—*Lustige Blätter*.

Wife—"You saw Mrs. Brower last evening?" *Husband*—"Yes, but oot to speak to." *Wife*—"What a story! They tell me you were sitting with her for more thao two hours." *Husband*—"True, but it was she who did the talking."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a mao to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked. "Yes," replied the mao of mournful experience; "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you waot is to pick the horse that is going to win."—*Washington Star*.

"I presume, Mr. Harkus," said young Sorreltop, who had lately married into the family, "Ethel will take her piaoo with her when we go to keeping house?" "Iodeed she will not," answered his father-in-law; "that piano belongs to her mother." "Thank you, Mr. Harkus! Thank you!" exclaimed the young man, grasping him fervently by the haod; and the light of a great joy shone in his eyes.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The risiog young literary mao of the village, author of the poem read at the public installation of the officers of Spiketown Lodge, No. 57, Iodependent Order of Good Templars, had dropped in for a friendly chat with Mr. Clugston, editor of the *Blizzard*. "I've just been reading that piece Poet Laureate Austio wrote about the war in Africa," he said, sitting down on a pile of exchanges and putting his feet on the editor's table; "gosh! what a pull that man must have had!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The *Argonaut* (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The *Argonaut* may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The *Argonaut* can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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When the late Senator Fair's will was filed for probate, over a year ago, the *Argonaut* remarked: "If Senator Fair's will is contested, we think it will be broken. It ought to be broken. We have enough estates already controlled by dead hands."

We are glad to see that the first step in the breaking of the trust has been successful. In the superior court of San Francisco, this week, Judge Slack handed down a decision in which he declares the trust clause invalid. It is true that the entire trust is not set aside. Judge Slack's decision extends only to the real property. But the trust is broken in regard to the realty, and it is fair to presume that the trust tying up the personal property will be broken too.

In his will, Senator Fair left all of his property to four trustees. The property was to be held by these trustees until after the death of his children, when it was to be divided among their children and the children of his brothers and sisters. The issue was clear. If the trust was valid, the title to all of the realty would vest in the trustees. If

the trust was not valid, the title would vest in the children. The will was contested by Charles L. Fair on the ground that it was revoked by the later "Craven will," so called, and further that the trust was established by undue influence, fraud, etc.

Judge Slack's decision is a long one, and is based upon a peculiar passage in the will, which says that the trustees shall convey the property to the grandchildren on the death of the children. The judge holds that giving the trustees the right to "transfer and convey" the property to the issue of the children on their death is not provided for in the code. Under the Civil Code of California there can be trusts in real property for the purposes specified in the code and for no others. A trust to "transfer and convey" is not one of the trusts in real property specified in the civil code. Judge Slack therefore held that the trust was void. He expressly refrained from deciding the question as to the personality, saying that it is "unnecessary to consider the plaintiff's further contention that the absolute power of alienation of the residue of the estate is suspended beyond the permitted period, in this State, of lives in being."

While Judge Slack does not go as far as he might do, he goes as far as the law will permit. We think that the laws of California are injudiciously liberal concerning trusts. There is no valid reason why a testator should be permitted by the law to make testamentary provisions extending beyond one generation. Even the clause which permits a trust to extend over the term of "lives in being" is against the interests of the commonwealth. Whatever may be the interest of the individual, however much a rich man may desire to tie up his estate for the benefit of speculative, profligate, or spendthrift heirs, there is no reason why the State should second him in this attempt. The scattering of large fortunes on the death of those who have accumulated them may be a hardship to the individual heirs, but it is a benefit to the State.

In a recent case—that of the young Max Lebaudy, who died some weeks ago in France—a striking plea was made by his advocate, a celebrated French lawyer, Maitre Waldeck-Rousseau. Lebaudy, on attaining his majority, came into the possession of some scores of millions of francs, left by his dead father, a wealthy sugar-refiner. His mother objected to allowing him to come into possession of this immense fortune, on the ground that he was a spendthrift. She petitioned the courts to appoint what is called in France a "family council" which should control the young man's fortune during his life. Maitre Rousseau, however, pleaded that whatever might be the spendthrift nature of young Lebaudy, it was inexpedient to tie up a vast fortune in this way. He argued that there was in our complex civilization what he called the "social utility of prodigals," and that the scattering of Lebaudy's millions would be a benefit to the state. He was right. The same reasoning applies with even greater force to this commonwealth and to every State in the American Union.

The tying up of large estates in trusts has become too frequent for the common weal. One of the things most strenuously insisted upon by the founders of this government was that there should be no law of entail. The spirit of this law is now being evaded by the modern disposition to tie up estates in trust. Until recent years, the accumulation of a large fortune by an individual wrought no particular harm to the State, for when the rich man died his estate was divided. A great fortune would be broken up into two, three, or half a dozen parts. In the course of years it would again be divided and subdivided. Now all this is changed. We see millionaires passing into the other world, but their fortunes are made into trusts, controlled by trustees with the power of nominating their successors, or controlled by chartered corporations which practically have no death. Thus these trusts become perpetuating and perpetual.

In this and in other States, the number of testamentary trusts is large, and is increasing. When Jay Gould died, he tied up his estate in a trust extending over two generations, and placed his eldest son, George Gould, at the head

of it. When William Astor died, he left the bulk of his enormous fortune to the oldest heir male, John Jacob Astor, as William Astor's father had done before him. The Vanderbilt family are following the same plan, and keeping the bulk of the family fortune intact. The estate of the late Senator Stanford is also a trust; as it is an educational trust, however, it is not a menace, but redounds to the benefit of the people rather than to their injury. The estate of the late Charles Crocker and his wife is also a trust. The estate of the late Dr. Samuel Merritt is also a trust, but it is being contested. The estate of James G. Fair was to be made a trust, but the first step in breaking it has been effective, and we hope the subsequent steps will also be successful.

As we have said, the law of California is already too liberal in the direction of testamentary trusts. Under the code, a testator may direct the disposition of his estate for a longer period than during the continuance of the lives of the persons in being at the time of the making of the will, in certain contingencies carefully specified in the code. But this law is too liberal. There is no valid reason, affecting the public weal, why estates should be tied up even for the term of one life. As one of the attorneys justly said, the Fair Estate under the trust might be tied up for over seventy years, for it is fair to presume that Miss Virginia Fair, the youngest of the heirs, may live sixty years longer. It would then be divided among the children of the heirs. Thus for nearly three-quarters of a century would this large estate be tied up. The New York *Tribune*, in its census of millionaires, found that there were 4,047 in the United States and 192 in California. Without trying to forecast the results of 4,000 testamentary trusts in the United States, what would be the effect of nearly 200 such trusts in a State like California? This State is already sufficiently handicapped with the drawbacks incident to monopoly in land and railroad holdings; if, in addition to that, all the millionaires who die should tie up their property in corporate form, California would be a good State to emigrate from.

There are many people who believe that the breaking of wills and breaking of trusts is an infringement on natural right. But no such right exists. A dead man expresses his wishes through his will, and the State allows him to do so as a privilege, but that is all. A dead man does not own anything. When a man dies, his property reverts to the commonwealth. In the course of centuries a custom has arisen of the State permitting a man to indicate how his property shall be disposed of after his death—within certain limitations. Until it is disposed of, the State holds it in the custody of its courts. This custom has crystallized into statute. But the mere fact that the State imposes limitations, shows that it controls the estates of the dead. It practically owns them. If it can say, as in this State, that not more than one-third of an estate shall be left to charitable institutions, it could say two-thirds; or it could say none at all; or it could say that the entire estate should be left absolutely to charity. It has the power. It does not exercise it. But the fact remains that the estates of the dead are the property of the commonwealth, and that disposing of property by will is a purely artificial right, the creature of statute, and a right which can be taken away, as it has been given.

Judge Slack's decision, breaking the Fair trust, is another proof of this power of the State. It is another assertion by the people of California, as represented in their courts, of this power of the commonwealth over the estates of dead men. We are glad that the heirs-at-law of Senator Fair have contested his will. We are glad that they have taken the first step in breaking it. We think if they continue they will succeed in breaking it in the court of last resort.

The sentiment in the human mind is strongly in favor of the commonwealth awarding an estate to the natural heirs of a man's body. It is as strong in California to-day as it was in the Roman Empire in the days of Justinian, when, if a man disinherited his child, the state stepped in and set his will aside. Nearly every contested will in California has

been broken. Even the testamentary trust founded by Horace Hawes, the author of the Consolidation Act, a profound lawyer and skillful conveyancer, was set aside by a jury as so much waste paper. The Walkerley trust was recently set aside. The Aldrich trust is now being contested. Already there are some scores of cases in our courts, wherein steps are being taken to set aside testamentary trusts. We hope they will succeed. We think they will. We hope that in the next legislature some clever attorney will look into the chapter on "Estates" in our Civil Codes, and see if it is not possible to amend the law so as to insure the distribution of property by will within the life of one generation. Also to prevent the formation of testamentary trusts or corporations. There is no argument in their favor except from the individual standpoint. There is every argument against them from the standpoint of the public good.

This is a live State, and not a dead one. The old and musty statutes of foreign and monarchical countries, by which estates were entailed and the dead hand gripped the property of the living long after its owner had passed away—the statutes of mortmain and similar laws by which the living were subordinated to the dead—all these things are anachronisms which should not exist in the laws of a vigorous young commonwealth like California. This State was built up by live men, its laws have been made by live men, and its property must be owned by live men. When a man is born, he brings nothing into this world. When he dies, he takes nothing out. Let him leave what he has to the children of his body, and not vex his moribund mind about what they are going to do with it. Dead men must let go.

The truth respecting the life-insurance conflict in Germany proves that something is to be said for paternal government. We referred recently to the rumour that Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the Kaiser's Only Friend, was reported by the papers as having failed in his attempt to act as an intermediary between the American life insurance companies and the German authorities. Considering the grounds of the misunderstanding, it is not surprising that even the emperor's devotion to him did not prevent Mr. Bigelow from getting the cold shoulder. The dispatches are beginning to give the foreign side of the trouble, and it has to be confessed that the American life-insurance companies are not placed in a pleasing light.

It seems that the Prussian Government insists upon the right to inspect the business methods, the resources, and financial management of the American insurance companies. It exercises this right as to German institutions of the same character, and is unable to see why it should be asked to discriminate in favor of outside corporations. But the three American insurance companies involved—the New York Life, Equitable, and Mutual—refuse to submit to this investigation of their affairs. The Prussian Government has therefore decided to exclude them from doing business in its territory. The National Bureau of Insurance has made to the minister of the interior a report containing grave charges against the American companies. They are accused of "making corrupting inducements to Prussian subjects." Eagerness for new policies, it appears by this report, led these companies into making promises which it was impossible for them to fulfill. The prospectuses held out offers of profits to the policy-holders which were in no proportion to the earnings that the companies could hope for. The Equitable, according to the Prussian minister's report, went so far as to engage to return to the insured in its tontines the payments he had made, to pay in addition from three to four and one-half per cent. interest, and to pay all death claims in the meantime, as well as to stand the expenses of carrying on the business. The other companies, under the stress of competition, were almost as lavish with their promises. The report says:

"The American companies offer the policy-holder insurance more as a speculation than as a future provision for his family. The disappointment of such policy-holders, when they failed by a large majority to realize their expectations at the end of the tontine period, resulted not only in bitter accusations against the New York Life, Mutual, and Equitable Companies, but affected all institutions engaged in life insurance, to the injury of the entire business. Such victims lose no opportunity to claim that they were swindled by the insurance people."

It is their glittering promises of what they can not do that have brought the American companies into conflict with the government. The home companies are restricted in their promises to what they can perform, and, consequently, in the tontine promises of their prospectuses they are wholly unable to compete with the lures of the American companies. The paltry results of the American tontines, which invariably fall far behind what has been promised, bring the entire life-insurance business into disrepute with the public, thus damaging seriously the German companies, which have

not shared in the offense. This is the reason why the American companies are everywhere attacked by the domestic companies, and why, as the report explains, "the agitation against their tontine promises has become so general and attained such great force and magnitude." It is set forth that such tontines as have been paid amounted to hardly more than one-half of what had been promised. Also, it is alleged, that much of the money stated as capital in reality belongs to the tontine creditors. The position taken by the Prussian Government is that the permanent exclusion from Germany of the American companies is a necessity.

The only plea made in defense of the companies which we have seen is that it is not they but their representatives who make the false promises, and that these representatives are pushed into their course by competition. That, of course, is no defense at all. We do not see that the American insurance people have any just cause of complaint against the action of the German Government. They have conducted their business in the American fashion, being accustomed to a country where the citizen does not expect the government to intervene to save him from believing the fairy tales of prospectuses, and in consequence they have run up against a state of things which bewilders them. Their proper course under the circumstances is not to seek to avail themselves of the "pull" of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, or of anybody else, but to endeavor to show, if they can, that the charges of chicanery made against them are false. It appears to us that a company which is reluctant to allow its business methods, finances, resources, and promises to be examined by a government that supervises in precisely the same manner the German companies, confesses that it has something to conceal, and is afraid to have its slowness and dishonesty put to the test. The scorching indictment of the American companies' practices which we have summarized, coming as it does from a government so careful of its subjects' interests as is that of Germany, can not fail to impress the most heedless not only over there, but here at home. The plain truth is that such business methods as are alleged are infamous, and give rightful cause for humiliation to all Americans. It is perfectly clear that the German Government is not attacking the American companies because they are American, but because they are engaged in selling the wooden nutmegs of deceptive insurance. All that the government demands is that they subject themselves to the same examinations and restrictions as the German life insurance companies. If the American companies can not do business under these conditions, they have no right to be in Germany.

We remarked last week on the penitential attitude shown by the *Chronicle* to make amends for not publishing the letters of the Rev. Peter C. Ynrke in favor of Romanism. Ever since that redoubtable-cleric smote the editor of the *Chronicle* hip and thigh, for his alleged uncharity toward the Roman Church, the journalist has been feverishly awaiting an opportunity to show his Roman Catholic subscribers and advertisers that the unpeaceful priest had helied him. As we have said, he has been loading down the columns of the *Chronicle* with every possible kind of article and illustration to appease the justly indignant Roman Catholic priesthood and people. Portraits of priests in the pulpit, in the act of preaching, pictures of the Pope, pictures of priests rubbing candles on children's throats to ward off diphtheria—such are a few of the *Chronicle's* humble efforts to show that it is not a bad, wicked, Protestant paper, but that it wants to get back into the pen where the *Call* and *Examiner* are rooting around for the Roman Catholic nickel.

But the crowning effort of the *Chronicle*—the time when it sat down to its dish of crow with a forced smile painful to witness—was when it published the remarks of the Rev. Peter C. Ynrke in its issue of Tuesday, February 4th. In his lecture the night before, the Reverend Peter proceeded again to hang Editor Young about the mazzard. He buffeted that unfortunate editorial gentleman all over the ring, gnt his head in chancery, and finally knocked him out with a heavy blow under the jaw. All of these rhetorical and oratorical knocks were reported *verbatim* by the *Examiner's* stenographer next morning. The *Call* gave a full report, but mercifully omitted the scorching references to Mr. Ynung. The dish of crow to which we refer was when that hapless man was forced to print the speech of his enemy with a eulogistic introduction and with beautiful idealized zincgraph pictures of the pugilistic priest. Mr. Ynung, however, followed the example of the *Call*, and modestly omitted the personal references to himself.

Rarely have we witnessed a more complete self-abnegation. In all the martyrlogy, there is nothing to equal it. When it comes to Christian humility, Priest Ynrke is not in it with Editor Ynung. We suggest that he print at the head of his editorial columns, until the cruel controversial

war is over, these lines: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

A trial has just taken place in Sacramento at which a very old question was submitted to the jury, and a very old verdict returned. One W. C. Christ, a barber, was approached by Mrs. Frances E. Hart, who showed him letters addressed to his wife by Mrs. Hart's husband. These letters were of an incriminating character. They contained passages of a nature to inflame the most mild-mannered man. There were sentences which not only confessed guilt, but jeered at Christ as a kind, indulgent, and unsuspicious husband. His trustful dullness was the jest of the correspondence. When Mrs. Hart had disclosed to Christ the infidelity of their respective partners, the distracted man returned to his home. There he taxed his wife with her adultery, and, according to his story, she laughed in his face. He asserts that he does not remember what took place after this, but she was shot through the head. On the trial, Christ's attorney introduced the insanity plea, which so often has served in similar cases. It is said that the lawyer's speech in defense was a most eloquent and moving one, but it is probable that the verdict would have been the same if the case had been submitted without argument. The jury were not only five minutes, and found the prisoner not guilty.

This trial, as we have said, was based upon occurrences which were new, and yet very old. The jury acted upon a principle that is not declared by the statutes, but the justice of which men instinctively acknowledge. There can be no question that Christ, according to law, was not justified in becoming the executioner of his false wife, but the fact remains that a jury of twelve ordinary men will, under like conditions, invariably acquit a husband, whatever may be the testimony. Men easily comprehend why, though many women seem to find it difficult to understand. In New York, some months ago, one Maria Barbieri killed her lover because he would not marry her, and she was sentenced to death. A mighty cry went up from the women's associations and clubs in New York city and throughout the country for her pardon. They put forward the contention that an unjust discrimination in law and morals is made between men and women. If Maria Barbieri had been married, they argued, and her husband had shot her lover, the husband would have been acquitted; why, then, not acquit her? The woman, in slaying the man, had but avenged her "seduction," as a husband would have done for her. What injustice to punish her, when a husband doing the retributive work instead would have been set free!

The women were illogical. However muddle-brained a jury may be, however dull, however limited their mental scope, they can not be befogged on any such question as this. The difference between a woman who has been "seduced," whether married or single, and a husband whose honor has been betrayed, is so clearly marked that no masculine mind can fail to see it. The woman who is "seduced" is simply one of the parties to an illicit act which the moral law condemns. Being joint parties, both are equally responsible in the matter of consenting will. Therefore, when a woman avenges her "seduction" by killing the man she calls her seducer, she kills a man with whom she has been, without compulsion, a partner in immorality. Any other view than this must be founded on the assumption that women are weak-minded, that they are imbecile, that they are idiots. Insulting as such an assumption is, even the newest of New Women, who live to proclaim the equality of their sex, habitually make it. If Maria Barbieri had been the one to object to marriage with her lover, and he had done the killing on the ground that she had seduced him, how many of the sentimental or advanced ladies of the associations and the clubs would have recognized this plea for equality and begged for the poor man's pardon?

To point out that nature has decreed more dire consequences to the woman than to the man when both sin, is only to point out that woman has the more reason for chastity, and to make it certain that when she departs from virtue she must do it with her eyes open. Normal women—women, that is, who think that the best destiny is to be a wife and mother—are not deluded into maudlin sympathy with women who disgrace their sex. It is good women who maintain the double standard of morals and decree that there shall be no pardon for unchastity in women. That is but obedience to the law of self-protection. If sinners are to be forgiven, what distinction is there in being pure, what reward shall come to virtue? And this insistence upon the greater guilt of the woman is the salvation of society. Experience is better than theory. A woman may be a coward, may fib, and do many things without shame that would be shameful in a man, but unchaste she can not be and have

mercy shown her. The point of honor is not the same for men and women.

The right of the husband to guard his tent with his own hand is recognized not only by the verdicts of juries, but indirectly by the law itself, which omits to provide adequate penalties for the invasion of the conjugal domain. Any sentiment that is roused in behalf of a false wife who has met with punishment is not sound sentiment, and tends to weaken the barriers with which female virtue has been surrounded.

The unfaithful wife deserves no friends among the judicious of her own sex, and she finds none except at a distance. She has been guilty of breaking a vow of fidelity, the breach of which is inexcusable in itself and irreparable in its consequences. She covers the husband with shame in a relation which is the most sacred known to the human race. This is the reason why juries justify the husband who puts to death either his wife's paramour or the wife herself. The average modern husband slays the paramour and spares the wife, a chivalry which she does not merit if the paramour is justly slain. Occasionally stern and furious men kill both. But the man who, like the harsher Christ, of Sacramento, wreaks his vengeance on the woman alone, is more apt to get at the real culprit. Many married women have been unfaithful, but none, unless they were imbeciles, and therefore unfit for marriage, ever yet departed from fidelity without entire consciousness of the quality of their conduct, and incurring a responsibility for it immeasurably greater than that borne by the men they permitted to approach them.

A perfectly new plan has been concocted for the amelioration of housekeeping cares, and it comes from Philadelphia, where the Liberty Bell still hangs. The Women's Civic Club of that city has for the moment diverted its attention from municipal reform and the improvement of men's political morals to face the problem of how housewives may be led out of that bondage to servants, in which they have languished since the dawn of history in all societies where chattel slavery did not exist, and give the mistress the right to use the rod for the correction of the handmaid. These daring and sanguine ladies of Philadelphia have determined to form a union which shall intrepidly dictate terms to all cooks, waitresses, maids, and other domestic employees. A stern code of rules has been drawn up for the government of the kingdom below stairs. A scale of wages is fixed and necessary qualifications set forth. This document, in large type, will be hung in all intelligence offices for the perusal and humbling of applicants for places. The list of qualifications is sufficiently formidable to stun and then infuriate the kitchen classes, and it is too long, as well as revolutionary, for reproduction here entire. It is enough to say that these hardy Philadelphia innovators stipulate that a cook, receiving from three and one-half to four dollars a week, "must understand care of range or stove; must understand care of sinks and drains; care of kitchen, cellar, and ice-chest; care of utensils; the making of bread, biscuit, muffins, and griddle-cakes; the making of soup-stock; roasting, boiling, and broiling meats; dressing and cooking poultry; the cooking of eggs, fish, and oysters; the cooking of vegetables fresh and canned; making of tea and coffee; making of plain desserts." For waitresses, chambermaids, and children's nurses, the wages are equally dazzling and the requirements as comprehensive. Many housekeepers of the revolting city are said to be flocking to the standard of the Civic Club; no fewer than two thousand signatures are reported to have been signed to the new Declaration of Independence. It is understood, of course, that these housewives will employ to menials who shall not signify their submission to the rules, and that war upon the recalcitrant shall be maintained to the bitter end—even to the doing of housework without help.

This experiment is an interesting one, but it is foredoomed to failure, for the ladies of Philadelphia have retained in their plan the feudal principle, which is at the bottom of the servant trouble everywhere. The Civic Club angles philanthropy with business, which is fatal. It has decreed that when a servant who has signed the rules proves to be incompetent, she will be sent to a school for instruction in her duties, the employer paying half the expense. In the completion of her education, she is to be taken back to service by the housekeeper whom she deceived as to her fitness. Unhappily, it is not explained how these highly trained and unusually competent servants are to be retained when housekeepers outside the league bid for them. The league is pledged to stand by its wage scale, and it puts its trust in the gratitude of those whom it educates.

There would be a greater hope of success if the ladies would themselves go to school to their husbands, and study the methods of the offices, shops, and factories. When an incompetent makes his way into them, he is not kindly sent to school and taken back again, but discharged instantly,

usually with contumely. The law of free competition insures competence in employees. And when the employee has done his work he gets his wages, and there is an end of his relations with his employer. The latter does not in this commercial age feel that he is the master and guardian of the man whom he pays to work for him. But if the word "master" has disappeared, the word "mistress" remains, and the thing likewise. The cook is hired to cook, as a mechanic is hired to make doors or a clerk to keep accounts; but when the cook has completed her labors, she is not, like the mechanic and clerk, at liberty to do as she likes. Her employer becomes the overseer of her actions, and gives or withholds permission to her to go out.

Until cooks and chambermaids are put on the same footing as mechanics and clerks—so much money for so much work, and no obligation on either side beyond the terms of the bargain—we shall witness the phenomenon of intelligent and educated women spending a good part of their lives in discussing with one another the demerits of their domestic retainers. Moreover, until household workers are emancipated from the control of their employers when they have done the labor for which they are paid, servants will continue to be an inferior caste, suffering social disadvantages which independent girls in a free country are naturally averse to incurring. They will prefer to toil in shops and factories, to do anything which leaves them a sense of self-ownership, rather than enter into the modified slavery of "service," though they may get less money and sacrifice good food and housing for freedom's sake.

Woman is naturally an aristocrat. To nothing is she more prone than to patronize her inferiors, and, if an inferior, there is nothing she more resents than patronage. Hence the perennial war between the drawing-room and the kitchen. No matter how benevolent tyranny may be in intention, it is still a denial of the right of its object to be free. Men are democratic in their industrial relations. No employer would think of demanding of a mechanic where he had been over night; he recognizes that the mechanic is his own social master. Only when the democratic spirit of men is applied to the domestic-servant problem will it be solved. Pending the application of the superior masculine intelligence, Lady Bountiful will sit in her hower for several hours each day and bring her fine mind down to the consideration of the wicked and rebellious ingratitude of Bridget, who, not knowing what is best for her, would like to be her own mistress, as her brother is his master, when work is done.

The scheme of the Philadelphia Civic Club is a dream, a beautiful dream. Men can join in manufacturers' and producers' associations and regulate workmen's qualifications and wages, but then they are men. They are capable of resisting for the common good a temptation to secede and reap an individual and temporary advantage. But it is highly doubtful if the comity which prevails among men can be achieved by women, especially in the matter of employees. Should the president of the Civic Club be cursed with a poor cook and discover that the vice-president has a jewel in her kitchen who could be coaxed away by a private offer of better wages, is it in feminine flesh and blood to refrain from the nefarious transaction? Women confess it to be dishonorable to deprive one another of good servants, yet is it not known to all men that the peace of households is constantly wrecked and social relations strained by the commission of this dark deed? The guilty ones, in the midst of their tears, ever offer as justification the excellence of the servant who has been bribed by them from her allegiance! Logic staggers hack aghast at the plea, but it suffices to control women, and unless the ladies of the Philadelphia Civic Club have been made over, purified, elevated, and turned into unselfish social philosophers by their sufferings at Bridget's hands, we shall hear presently the shrill echoes of accusation of shameful treason to the league, and the wails of those who urge the personal advantage they derive from being traitors as a full explanation and defense of their crimes. In the constitution of the female mind is Bridget's best insurance against the success of the league which would oppress her into competence. It is not in women to hold together, even in so high and holy a cause as the procuring of servants who will work for small wages, possess no faults, and never go out without their mistresses' permission, and a happy, grateful sense of obligation to the dear ladies who have their interests so much at heart that they desire to rule them like children. Bridget's eyelid will repay watching while the Civic Club pursues its grand mission.

The result of the call for bids on the four-per-cent, thirty-year bonds is gratifying as showing to the world that the credit of the United States is unimpaired among its own people; that if its own people have such faith in its resources, foreign nations must needs have; that notwithstanding the slough of

financial despond into which the country has been dragged by the Democratic administration and the Democratic party, the people still believe that even the Democratic party can not wreck the ship of state.

It is true that the loan is not, strictly speaking, a "popular loan," as practically all of the subscriptions have come from banks and bankers. But this is due to the cumbrous and complicated regulations drawn up by Secretary Carlisle; the people were not permitted to bid on a flat loan, knowing that they would pay so much for a bond that would pay them such a rate of interest for such a term of years, but they were forced to make intricate calculations in order to find out what rate of interest the bonds would bring them if they paid a certain premium; in addition, they were forced to enter into an auction contest over the bonds with bankers and brokers who were entirely familiar with a business which the mass of the people did not understand. Therefore it is, as we say, that the loan is not a "popular loan," but a bankers' loan, and as we write, it looks as if it had been captured by Mr. Cleveland's friends—the Pierpont Morgan Syndicate, which bid for the entire hundred millions at 110.6877.

If it shall result that this syndicate captures this "popular loan," the ugly rumors that were afloat during the first week in January will be revived. It was then openly stated that Secretary Carlisle intended to place this hundred-million loan with the same syndicate that took the last loan at exorbitant rates—the Pierpont Morgan crowd. Such was the indignation created in both Senate and House by this rumor that both President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle hastily issued their midnight announcement of the "popular loan." It was not any too soon. But it allayed public indignation.

Now that subscriptions have poured in for nearly six hundred millions of dollars, in response to a call for only one hundred millions, at premiums running as high as 119, and at an average of 110, it is in order to ascertain why Secretary Carlisle sold sixty-two millions of United States bonds last year to Mr. Cleveland's banking friends in New York for 104½. Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle then said that the country's credit was in danger—that the Treasury was imperiled—and made various other disingenuous excuses for their semi-unconstitutional action. Now it is apparent that the money could have been borrowed on much more advantageous terms. In addition to their "fair living profit," Mr. Cleveland's banking syndicate friends in New York must have made between ten and twelve millions of dollars out of that transaction. We hope that Congress will appoint a committee to investigate the Cleveland-Carlisle-Morgan game. We said at the time that we believed the United States had been buncoed by the banking syndicate. The price the new bonds have brought proves that we were right.

On another page there will be found a communication from the lady who signs herself "M. L. W. C.," commenting on a recent editorial in these columns concerning the social laws regulating the relations of the sexes. "M. L. W. C." says: "It is puerile in the extreme to claim as argument the statement that . . . the existence of the unfortunate class could be regulated through the enforcing by women of a single standard." That standard we said is female chastity. We see nothing puerile in that argument. We repeat—the reformation of society rests with the women. Let them begin with reforming the unchaste of their own sex; when they have accomplished that, there will be no unchaste men—necessarily.

As to the remark of "M. L. W. C.," that "men claim the disputed latitude, and educate their womenfolk to concede it," such an argument is based on the assumption that women are not sane, truthful, and reasonable beings. Does "M. L. W. C.," herself a woman, admit that women can be "educated" by men to condone and outwardly approve that which they secretly believe to be low and vile? If this be true, then a woman is describing women as hypocritical, contemptible, and utterly despicable—accusations which men would hesitate to bring against them—accusations which we hope are not true.

As to our suggestion of bringing about social purity by beginning at the right end instead of the wrong one, and reforming the women before reforming the men, where is it illogical? It seems to us not only not illogical, but inevitable. If all the women in the world were chaste, the men would have to be. It is the man who seeks, the woman who is sought. It is ultimately the woman who yields. If she did not yield, there would be no unchastity in the world. If women would begin by toning up the moral fibre of their weaker sisters, there would be no immoral women, and hence, as a natural sequence, no immoral men. But they must begin at the right end. The women must be reformed first.

MISTRESSES
LEAGUED
AGAINST MAIDS.

THE RELATIONS
OF THE
SEXES.

A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

How a Machiavellian Frenchman Punished his Erring Wife.

Night began to fall, and one by one the lights were lit in the Rue Pasquier. The dejected cab-horse that had been standing there between the shafts for two hours, shifted his feet. "Name of a dog!" swore the driver to himself, "I wish that fare would hurry up."

Suddenly at the door of a house appeared a woman swathed in fluffy furs.

"Are you there, driver?" she called, and hurrying across the sidewalk, she sprang into the carriage.

She felt herself seized sharply by the arms, and drew back with a cry; but he drew her in and closed the door; then he lowered the window in front and called out to the driver: "Drive on, cabby. You know where to go."

The carriage started at a round pace. The young woman reached swiftly for the door-handle, but he caught her hand. "Do not try to jump out," he said, calmly. "At the rate we are going, you would probably break your neck."

"I don't care."

"But I do."

"How do you come to be in this carriage? Are you playing the spy upon me at last?"

"I? Not the least in the world. I was simply waiting until you should come out of the rooms of M. de Joyeuse, your lover."

"You are crazy! You know very well that M. de Joyeuse is not my lover. Besides, he does not live here, I believe; his rooms are in the Rue Marbeuf."

"Yes, but he also has rooms in the Rue Pasquier—for you."

She was beginning to recover a little, to regain her composure. Suddenly she began to laugh insolently in his face.

"How does it happen that I find you here in my cab?—for it is my cab; you seem to make no doubt of that. Why are you not at your club?"

"It is very simple. As I have been watching you for some days past and have had you followed—"

"Ah, you have me followed? My compliments."

"Thanks. I simply gave your driver a louis to let me wait for you in the cab."

"And where are we going at this rate?" she demanded.

"We are going home."

"Indeed? Now, seriously, do you really mean this, about Joyeuse?"

The driver pulled up his horse on his haunches in the Rue de Monceau. M. Leroy-Chateau assisted his wife to alight, holding her arm firmly the while, and they ascended the stairs to the brilliantly lighted apartment above. The man below drew up the blinds of his cab and set off down the street at a walk, shrugging his shoulders.

M. Leroy-Chateau led his wife to her chamber. She entered, and, for a moment, stood bewildered in the centre of the room, scarcely conscious of the grating sound made by the key as he turned it in the lock. Worn out, unstrung, she sank into a chair to await her fate.

The husband quickly crossed the hall.

"Have you been to Dr. Lanoy," he asked, "and requested him to be here at six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; the doctor is already here. He is waiting for you in your study."

Just then the physician appeared.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You are not ill?"

"Doctor," M. Leroy-Chateau replied, in a sad and very grave tone, "a great misfortune has befallen me—a misfortune that I have feared for some time past."

"My dear sir, you surprise me."

"For some months past, Mme. Leroy-Chateau's health has visibly failed—she has suffered from great nervous excitement, insomnia, a constant loss of appetite. I have often wished to have you called, but she has strenuously objected, and I did not like to insist, her irritability of late having been excessive. But in the last few days the hidden malady has declared itself to be an extremely grave mental disorder."

"You astound me!"

"My wife—doubtless you are unaware of it, my dear doctor; one does not like to speak of such things, even to one's physician—there has been insanity in my wife's family. One of her uncles, without exactly needing to be restrained, was noted for his easily excitable and ungovernable temper; her grandmother, Mme. Lieuvain, was confined for two years in a retreat for the insane. To be sure, it was said to be the consequence of a fright, but the fact remains, nevertheless. Of late, my wife has had strange and unusual whims. She has gone out frequently, not once using her carriage—she, who can not hear to walk or to use a hired carriage—she has remained out for hours, returning in an indescribable state of agitation. Made anxious by this, I have had recourse to a procedure which was very repugnant to me; but in the case of a person like Mme. Leroy-Chateau, it could not result to her discredit—I have followed her."

"Oh, surely Mme. Leroy-Chateau is above suspicion."

"Precisely so, poor woman. Well, doctor, I have seen her give way to the strangest fancies—she has gone into churches and behaved in such a way as to attract the notice of the attendants; she has gone to museums and stood for hours contemplating a picture; a statue, or the most insignificant object; sometimes she goes to the quays—you can imagine my terror the day I saw her leaning over the parapet of a bridge, staring with haggard eyes into the water. Another day she went to the morgue. But when she is home again it is impossible to make her tell where she has passed the day. She invents the most palpably false excuses. So deranged are her faculties that she, the most honest, the most virtuous of women, has tried to make me believe that she has a lover."

"What you tell me is astounding."

"You shall see her presently, and can interrogate her yourself. Ask her where she passed the afternoon on the twelfth, the fourteenth, the fifteenth, the seventeenth of this

month. You will see that she becomes uneasy and is evasive in her replies; or, if, unfortunately, she should suspect your object, she will fling out the name of a lover, the first name that enters her head. Finally, to-day, as I was following her after having sent for you, I surprised her wandering about on foot in the quarter of the Madeleine—she accosted the passers-by and begged money of them! Imagine how a man must feel when he sees his wife begging in the street!" and Leroy-Chateau covered his face with his hands, while his shoulders shook with suppressed sobs.

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the doctor.

"I do not wish my children to see their mother demented—such a spectacle might have terrible consequences in the years to come. I wish to take them away to travel, and to have Hortense taken to some retreat where she will have the care that her condition demands. While we are away, I hope and believe she will get better; meanwhile, the world will believe that she is with us, and will never suspect the frightful truth."

"My dear M. Leroy-Chateau, you have shocked me profoundly. But may I see the lady?—for there are certain formalities that must be observed."

"Certainly. I shall take you to her at once."

"Her malady is not of a violent nature, is it?" ventured the doctor, uneasily. "She has no weapons—"

"No, no; you may be quite easy on that score."

M. Leroy-Chateau cautiously entered his wife's apartment, after the doctor had gone. He found her standing motionless in the middle of the room, staring at the floor. She had not taken off her bonnet or removed her cloak.

"Lanoy has just been here," she said, calmly, turning toward him, "and he has been asking me the oddest questions. He acted so strangely, too, as if he were frightened, that he frightened me. What does it mean?"

"I can not imagine. Did he say you seemed ill?"

"Come," she said, resolutely, as she took a chair, "what does all this mean?"

"Here," he said, drawing some papers from his pocket and arranging them carefully, "are the reports of the detective bureau. Day by day, almost hour by hour, they prove your sin. Moreover, I have a package of your letters which leave no doubt as to your relations with M. de Joyeuse."

"You have my letters!"

"They cost me five hundred francs—you see, I do not count the cost where you are concerned. In fact, I hold in my hands more than is necessary to secure a divorce and precipitate a terrible scandal. Up to now you have borne an absolutely spotless reputation; you are cited as a model of virtue. You have even presumed on it to show implacable scorn for those of your friends or acquaintances whose private lives might not bear question. Mme. Lagrange des Essarts, Mme. Leremois, the Baronne d'Herblay, have been utterly ostracized since you closed your door to them and so put them in the pillory. Oh, you were a very dragon of virtue! Well, I can make your fall far greater than that of any of these women."

"Well, what is the upshot of these threats?"

"This: I do not wish to dishonor you, nor to be dishonored myself. But as I do not wish your relations with M. de Joyeuse to continue, as I do not wish them to have consequences that may interfere with the projects I have formed for my children's future, I have made up my mind what course to pursue. Evidently there must be something profoundly wrong with you that you have allowed yourself to be so utterly reckless. After ten years of exemplary life, you compromise yourself with a young man, you write him insensate letters, you expose yourself every moment to the chance of being surprised—this indicates a serious derangement of your mental faculties. There are, unhappily, other examples of the same malady in your family. A few months of calm and solitude, will restore you to reason."

"You intend to have me shut up in a mad-house?" she cried, springing to her feet.

"That is putting it very crudely. No, I intend to have you cared for."

"This is infamous! I mad? You know well I am not. Who will ever believe me mad?"

"Dr. Lanoy has just left you. He has been your physician ever since you were a child, he understands your temperament perfectly. He has had no hesitation in signing a certificate that declares you to be suffering from mania, happily not acute at present. He has been kind enough, too, to take it upon himself to arrange for your incarceration."

"It is he, it is you who are mad! Oh, I shall not allow myself to be locked up! You do not know me, sir; you shall not take me from my home as if I were a child!"

"How could you resist if three or four men seized you? You would cry out, you would make a scene—which would be only further proof of your insanity. You may say that you have a lover, that this is a plot for revenge on my part—but you would not be believed. And"—in a sudden fury, he seized her by the shoulder—"if you resist, if you oppose what I wish, understand—well, you know I can hit the ace of clubs nine times out of ten at fifteen paces, and I swear to you I will kill your paramour."

"But—but," she sobbed, "why not a divorce instead of this horrible thing? I will take the blame on myself, I will make no defense, I will confess everything."

"But your fortune, madame—I have need of it."

Mme. Leroy-Chateau caught up a bodkin from her toilet-table and sprang at her husband.

"Help, help!" he shouted, throwing open the door.

"Madame is trying to kill me! God help us, she is raving mad. The doctor, quick!—send for Dr. Lanoy!"

Mme. Leroy-Chateau stood as if turned to marble in the centre of the room, her bonnet untied, her hair flying, a bodkin in her hand, before the frightened servants.

Two years later Mme. Lanoy-Chateau expired during an unusually severe paroxysm of insanity in the establishment of the famous Dr. Lerouge.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of François de Nion by L. S. V.

OLD FAVORITES.

Concepcion de Arguëllo.

(PRESIO DE SAN FRANCISCO, 1800.)

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress, old and quaint.

By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint—
Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;
All its trophies loog since scattered, all its blazoo brushed away;
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.
Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye;
Never breach of war-like oost holds the curious passer-by;
Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old:

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust—
Listeo to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

Count von Rezanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are;
He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;
He from grave provincial magnates oft had tuored to talk apart
With the Commandante's daughter on the questions of the heart,
Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;
Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;
Till beside the brazen cannon the hetrothéd bade adieu,
And, from sallyport and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day oo wall and bastioo beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacat, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whiteoed to their dusty leather cloaks—

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plaio of oaks;

Till the raio came, and far-breaking, oo the fierce south-wester tost,

Dashed the whole loog coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the season shifted—wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.
Still it brought no ship nor message—brought no tidings, ill or meet,

For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.
Yet she heard the varyng message, voiceless to all ears beside:

"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the mornio breeze—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great, white-teoted seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the loog, sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered, as for some denied caress,

And the fair young brow was koitted to an iofantine distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs—wisdom gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished to the current of his speech:

"Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he;"

"Tired wench and comio butter never did in time agree;"

"He that geteth himself hutter, though a clown, he shall have flies;

"To the end God grinds the miller;" "In the dark the mole has eyes;"

"He whose father is Alcalde of his trial hath no fear"—
And be sure the Couot has reasons that will make his conduct clear.

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech.

And on "Concha," "Coochitta," and "Conchita" he would dwell.

With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well,
So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast, and rustic sport
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

Vaioly, then, at Coocha's lattice, vaioly as the idle wind,
Rose the thin, high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

Vaioly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustangs' feet;

So in vain the barreo hill-sides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more, with patient mien,

The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine—
Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,

Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

Forty years oo wall and bastioo swept the hollow, idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas;

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay,
And St. George's cross was lifted to the port of Monterey;

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till, the formal speeches eoded, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Coocha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson:—"Speak oo ill of him, I pray;

He is dead—he died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.
Died while speedio home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, oo course?"

Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell oo banquet, guests, and hall,

And a trembling figure risio fixed the awe-struck gaze of all
Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;

Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed a Coocha drew

Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

—Bret Harte.

Apropos of the dispute over the "Schomburgk line" in

Venezuela, a correspondent of the Nation recalls what was

to his mind, the most interesting result of Sir Robert Schom-

burgk's explorations. On the first of January, 1837, he dis-

covered, in the River Berhice, a new and magnificent wate-

plant, specimens of which he sent to England, where it was

propagated. At the time of the discovery, William the

Fourth was king, but, before it received recognition from

naturalists, his niece had succeeded to the throne, so that the

new water-lily was named Victoria Regia, and is now culti-

vated under that designation.

A HISTORY OF "PUNCH."

M. H. Spielmann's Account of the Famous English Comic Paper and the Men who Made It—Anecdotes of Mark Lemon, Thackeray, Du Maurier, and Others.

In the "History of *Punch*," a comprehensive work most lovingly compiled, Mr. M. H. Spielmann has given not a little of the history of the Victorian epoch in England. Politics, literature, and art are all represented, and at the close of the volume the reader is prepared to admit that the claim is not too great when the author says:

In its artistic aspect, at least, *Punch* is more than a comic journal; it is, and has been for more than half a century, a school of wood-drawing, of pen and pencil draughtsmanship, and of wood-cutting of the first rank; it is a school of art in itself.

Founded nearly fifty-five years ago, only four years after Victoria ascended the throne, London's great comic paper has had a long list of brilliant names upon its staff, and the history makes a bulky volume. Such men as Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Leach, Tenniel, and Du Maurier form a goodly company to dwell with for a season, and it is easy to understand the author's enthusiasm for his task. Though plentifully seasoned with quip and jest, as a book about humorists would naturally be, the work is nevertheless undertaken in a serious rather than a merry spirit.

The oldest comic newspaper extant, *Punch*, has had, on the whole, a remarkably successful career. Though at all seasons there have been complaints of its deterioration, it has, nevertheless, continued to flourish. As a comment on the chronic fault-finder, a witty rejoinder once made by Mr. Milliken, the "cartoon suggester" of the staff, is worth recording:

"Well, you know, Mr. Milliken," once remarked a lady, "I do not think *Punch* is as good as it used to be." "No," replied the creator of "Ary," "it never was!"

Mr. Spielmann divides the honors of the paternity of *Punch* pretty equally between Ebenezer Landells, Henry Mayhew, and Mark Lemon. The latter, however, soon became sole editor, and to him is due the credit of the early organization and administration of the paper. From the first his soul was in the work, and he was accustomed to say, "*Punch* and I were made for each other." "He bad," says Mr. Spielmann, "an unerring instinct as to what should and what should not appear in the paper; not alone on the ground of 'good taste,' as it was then understood, but of public feeling." He was extremely popular with his staff, though they were not loath to play off an occasional joke on him, as the following story shows:

When he had run down for a few days' holiday by the sea, he received the paper by post, and, tearing off its cover, was horrified to find, not the cartoon they had agreed upon, but another, execrable in taste and vile in execution, while undoubted libels and other offenses were sprinkled with hideous liberality about the pages. Moreover, the cartoon was awry, the date was wrong, and a paragraph was upside down. Lemon turned cold all down his spine, and gasping, "This comes from my being away!" he determined to return to town without the loss of a moment.

Of course on his return he found a special copy had been prepared for his particular edification.

From the birth of the paper a custom was inaugurated which is still adhered to. This is the famous function of the "*Punch* Dinner." Every week the staff meet and dine together, not alone for purposes of good-fellowship and conviviality, but to discuss the features of the coming issue, to decide on the subjects of cartoons, and, by thus keeping in touch with one another, to preserve the harmonious adjustment of the paper. "For three-and-fifty years," says Mr. Spielmann, "have these illustrious functions been held, fifty to the year. And those two thousand six hundred and fifty meals mark off, week by week, the progress of English humor during the Victorian era."

Among the many appreciative details given of this unique festivity, we find the following:

And the Table itself—the Table—the famous board of which we all have heard, yet none, or but very few of us, have seen—I myself among the fortunate few. As a piece of furniture, this hospitable, but rather primitive, piece of joinery is not of much account, the top being of plain deal (*pace* Thackeray's "*Mahogany Tree*"), oblong in shape, with rounded ends. But its associations render it a treasure among treasures, a rich and priceless gem. For at this Table nearly every man upon the staff has, from the day it was made, sat and carved his initials upon it with a penknife, when officially elevated to *Punch's* peerage. As each has died, his successor has taken his place—just as the Institut de France creates Immortals to fill the chairs made vacant by death—and he has cut his initials or his mark close by those of the men who occupied the place before him. There they are, staring at you from the Table like so many abecedarian skeletons at the feast, and if you take a furtive and hasty peep from the doorway and lift the green protective cloth, you catch sight nearest you of a "D. M." in close company with a beautifully cut "W. M. T." and a monogrammatic leech inside a bottle flanked by a "J." and an "L."; and you gaze with deep interest on the handiwork of them and of the rest, many of whom have carved their names, as on that Table, deep into England's roll of fame.

Thackeray was not one of the founders of *Punch*, and his early contributions attracted little attention. In time, however, he warmed to his work, and at one period he was looked upon by the general public as "*the Punch* man." He wrote an enormous amount for it, and was known as a "pen-and-pencil man," contributing prose, poems, and drawings. That he was not always happy in his efforts as a draughtsman, the following anecdote will show:

In 1847 Thackeray contributed a "social" picture which is to this day a wonder to all beholders. It is entitled "Horrid Tragedy in Private Life," and represents a room in which two ladies, or a lady and a servant, are in a state of the greatest alarm. What the meaning of it all is there is nothing whatever to indicate (unless it be that something has fallen on the taller lady's dress); and on its appearance, the "*Man in the Moon*" offered a reward of five hundred pounds and a free pardon to any one who would publish an explanation. The reward was never claimed, and Thackeray's contribution remains one of *Punch's* prize puzzles, unsolved, and, apparently, unsolvable.

It was through the appearance of the "Snob Papers" in *Punch* that Thackeray for the first time found himself widely popular, the circulation of the paper being much increased during their publication. In this connection the following amusing incident is narrated:

Thackeray was, naturally, not a little proud of his first great success, and in his unaffected manner was tempted to speak about it in Society—where more than in any other quarter the papers were appreciated. Unfortunately, according to Dr. Gordon Hake's memoirs, Thackeray broached the subject to George Borrow. He had been trying to make conversation with that strangely crotchety man, but had completely failed. So, being somewhat embarrassed, he asked him abruptly: "Have you read my 'Snob Papers' in *Punch*?" Borrow seemed to thaw. "In *Punch*?" he repeated, sweetly, "it is a periodical I never look at."

The author is inclined to set down our well-loved Thackeray as a bit of a snob, and he quotes an anecdote in support of his position. It is told by a *Morning Post* reporter, who revenged himself for the assaults of Thackeray's satiric pen, and it runs thus:

Mr. Thackeray was at the Marquis of Lansdowne's the other evening, and his name was called out, as is customary; nevertheless, I took very good care that it should not appear in the list of the company at Lansdowne House, given in the *Post*. A night or two afterwards, I was at Lord Russell's, and Mr. Thackeray's name was again announced, and again I designedly neglected to write it down; whereupon the author of "*The Snobs of England*," of all persons in the world (it must be candidly confessed that Thackeray was himself a bit of a tuft-hunter), bowed, and bending over me, said: "Mr. Thackeray"; to which I replied: "Yes, sir, I am quite aware"; nevertheless, the great Mr. Thackeray's name did not appear in the *Post* the following morning.

But little space is given to Thackeray's great contemporary, Dickens, for, though an intimate friend of *Punch's* editor, he never contributed to the paper. A fac-simile is given of a brief manuscript which was sent by him to *Punch*, but which was never inserted, owing to the fact that its timeliness had gone by before it arrived. After relating these facts, the author adds:

It may safely be suggested that this was the only occasion on which, after his reputation was made, Dickens was ever "declined with thanks." This manuscript, it may be added, was sold at Sotheby's on the ninth of July, 1889, and was knocked down for sixteen pounds.

Of Douglas Jerrold, that caustic wit who described himself as "the bitters" in *Punch's* ingredients, many incidents are related. His assertion that "he had never in his life said or written a bitter thing of any one who did not deserve it," scarcely carries conviction. The "little wasp," as he was sometimes called, had for his creed a belief that hypocrisy is the blackest of vices, and the feeling is shown in such anecdotes as this:

It was this very hatred of snobism which inspired Jerrold with his cutting retort to Samuel Warren, author of "*Ten Thousand a Year*," who complained that at some aristocratic house at which he had recently dined he could positively get no fish. "I suppose," said Jerrold, "they had eaten it all upstairs!"

In the following story he is equally hard on another victim of his barbed arrows:

Albert Smith, before he left the paper, protested coaxingly against Jerrold's merciless chaff, adding, "After all, you know, we row in the same boat." "True," answered Jerrold, quick as thought, "but not with the same skulls."

Jerrold's "Caudle Lectures" created a great furore when they appeared in *Punch*, and set the whole country laughing. Their author, though deeply pleased with the popularity they at once attained, was inclined to underrate them. Spielmann gives his comments on their success:

"It just shows what stuff the people will swallow. I could write such rubbish as that by the yard"; and he added: "I have before said the public will always pay to be amused, but they will never pay to be instructed." The "Caudle Lectures" did more than any series of papers for the universal popularity of *Punch*, and there is no doubt but they added greatly to Jerrold's reputation, although he always affected not to think so.

Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was another of *Punch's* notable successes. Hood considered it scarcely suitable for a comic journal, and left it, as he wrote to Mark Lemon, "between his discretion and the waste-basket," adding that "it had already been rejected by three journals, and he was sick of the sight of it." Mr. Spielmann goes on to relate its fate:

Mark Lemon brought the poem up at the table, where the majority of the staff protested against its inclusion in a comic paper. But Lemon was determined. . . . The effect of its publication was tremendous. The poem went through the land like wild-fire. Nearly every paper quoted it, headed by the *Times*; it was the talk of the hour, the talk of the country. It went straight to John Bull's kind, bourgeois, sympathetic heart. . . . It was well for Hood that he had proof positive of the authorship, for one of the most curious things connected with the poem was the number of persons who had the incomprehensible audacity to claim it. . . . *Punch* shared handsomely in the glory of the poet, and its circulation tripled on the strength of it. And Mrs. Hood, poor soul, triumphed in her prophecy; for had she not said and maintained in spite of each successive rejection from foolish editors: "Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Out of the long roll of *Punch's* artists, Mr. Spielmann names George du Maurier, John Leach, John Tenniel, and Charles Keene as "the four great pillars on which rests the artistic reputation of the paper." He has much to say of the power wielded by their pencils, and gives some curious instances of it. He says:

One of the most amusing results of Leech's drawings of whiskered swells was Sothorn's creation of "Lord Dundreary"—as the actor was always ready to proclaim. . . . Then the series of hearty laughs that, in 1857, accompanied his handling of "Bloomerism"—that parent of our modern dress reform and the divided skirt, and certainly the ancestor of the lady bicyclist's costume ("A skirt divided against itself cannot stand; it must sit upon a bicycle")—served to kill the thing that the natural modesty of Leech put down as unwomanly and his æsthetic sense as hideous.

And Du Maurier, it seems, is the author of the fashion of black stockings for women and children that so long held sway.

Curiously enough, both Tenniel and Du Maurier have had trouble with their eyesight. "It's a curious thing, is it not," the former has remarked, "that two of the principal men on *Punch*, Du Maurier and I, have only two eyes between them?"

For many years Sir John Tenniel has been the political artist of the staff—"the greatest cartoonist the world has ever produced," as Mr. Spielmann puts it. The latter says:

Sir John, indeed, was by no means enamored of the prospect of being a *Punch* artist when Mark Lemon enquired of him. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was high art and his severe drawing above "fooling." "Do you suppose," he asked a friend, "that there is anything funny about me?" He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognized as a humorist,

and little did he know, in the moment of hesitation before he accepted the offer, that he was struggling against a kindly destiny.

The following extract concerning Du Maurier's early days in London recalls some of the chapters of Peter Ibbetson:

He sometimes wondered, he has told me, if he would eat a dinner that day; and, as became the impecunious, he was a tremendous democrat. He "hated the bloated aristocracy, without knowing much about it; and, to do it justice, the bloated aristocracy did not go out of its way to pester him with its attentions." But in those happy, hungry, hard-working days, when dinner was not always a vested interest, Mr. du Maurier seemed already tinged with the daintier tastes that were destined to lead his pencil to the delineation of these same "bloated" classes; and even in those hard times he could always boast a dress-suit.

It is hard to know when to stop quoting from this interesting volume. It is compiled with care and research. And the result is an acquisition to the literature of this era, both as an entertaining work and as a valuable book of reference. It is well indexed, and the illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A discovery of extreme interest has recently been made in the science of photography which appears to leave no doubt that pictures are formed on the retina of the living eye, which can be photographed from the eye after the object which formed the picture has been removed from view. The experiments which have resulted in this discovery were made by W. Ingles Rogers, an amateur photographer, and are described in a recent number of *Nature*. The subject of the first experiment was a shilling-piece. Mr. Rogers looked at the shilling for an entire minute. Then, having shut out some of the daylight from the room by means of a yellow screen, he looked for forty-three minutes intently at a photographic plate, endeavoring during this time to keep in mind the appearance of the coin and think of nothing else. The second experiment, made in the presence of three other persons, was still more remarkable in its result. A postage-stamp was substituted for the shilling as the subject of observation, and was looked at for the same length of time—one minute. In this case the experimenter gazed at the photograph plate for twenty minutes only. There is said to be an absence of detail in the picture which was developed from this plate, but *Nature* declares that "sufficient was seen to prove beyond doubt that the picture of an object impressed upon the retina can send out vibrations which will result in the production of an image upon a sensitive plate."

An almost unexampled sight in literature, and surely one of the strangest and saddest, is the publication of the posthumous works of a living man. This is being shown to the world by Naumann, the Leipzig publisher, who has just sent out the first two volumes of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Seven years ago Nietzsche began to be affected by a general paralysis. He was at first sent to a *maison de santé*, but afterward was taken back to his paternal home, where he has been cared for by his mother and sister. Little by little his mind and even his reason have faded out, and he has sunk beneath the level of the lower animals. Until lately, although he had become dumb and all thought was extinct in him, still he was able to walk about and to sit at table, and when his name was spoken he would sometimes look up. Now the last ray of intelligence is gone, and what was once one of the keenest and strongest philosophic minds of our day is *merum silentium*.

Mme. Marie Cornélius, the well-known painter of flowers and still life, has lately been the recipient of several distinguished honors. The French Government has bought one of her pictures for one of the National Museums, and has awarded her the purple ribbon of the Académie des Palmes. Mme. Cornélius painted the exquisite fan which was Mme. Adams's offering to the Russian Bazaar lately held in the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, and which was purchased by the empress herself. Mme. Cornélius is an Alsatian by birth, but, having left her country when it fell under German power, has now established herself in Paris, at 158 Rue St. Jacques, where in her studio she displays a collection of oil-painted flowers which make her rank as a successful rival to Madeleine Lemaire.

In securing the Republican National Convention for June 16th next, St. Louis has obtained a contract which she may not be able to fulfill. Seats for at least fifteen thousand persons in the convention hall are needed. Exposition Music Hall, where it was proposed by the St. Louisans to hold the convention, will not hold over twelve thousand people. This represents its utmost capacity, and with that number of people within its walls the hall will be crowded to the extreme point of discomfort. It may not be possible to remodel it so as to obtain the additional seating capacity desired, and the sub-committee, even with the discomforts of the Chicago Democratic Wigwam in 1892 in recent memory, may be forced to adopt a similar plan.

How ignorant are they who talk of the days of romance being over, as though the Unexpected happened one whit less often than of yore! A loiterer on one of the bridges of the Seine, the other day, was addressed by a stranger who placed a packet of bank-notes in his hand, with the remark that he hoped life might be sweeter to the recipient than it had been to the giver, and before the other had recovered from his surprise, the man had climbed over the balustrade and was drowned.

A Paris advertising agent, who recently painted the front of his establishment a brilliant red, has been sued for damages by a milliner, a jeweler, and a silk merchant, having stores opposite, on the ground that the reflection of color makes it impossible for their customers to distinguish the colors of the goods they wish to buy.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

Some Experiences with Bandits in Mexico.

"Yes," said the general, "it is perfectly true. I was robbed four times in one day. This is the story.

"I was going from the City of Mexico to Spain, and fortunately for me I sent various sums to Vera Cruz and to Spain in advance by means of hills of exchange; so that when I took my seat in the coach at Pueblo on the way to Vera Cruz, I had little of value about me except half a dozen *onzas* and a gold watch. It was about three A. M. when we started, and in the two hours before the commencement of daylight we should get so short a distance from the city that we thought ourselves secure from molestation. There were four inside passengers beside myself, all too sleepy to talk; so we alternately dozed and smoked cigarettes for about an hour, when all at once we heard a trampling of horses on both sides of the coach, and to our horror we were halted. I was trying to put my head out of the window to see what was the matter, when I was prevented from doing so by the effectual method of having the muzzle of a pistol thrust into my face. Then we were all ordered out; though I found time first to slip my watch into my hoot. Day was just dawning, and we could distinguish the figures of about twenty men grouped round the coach. They were all on horseback, except those who had dismounted in order to turn out the baggage or to guard us. Our pockets were promptly searched, and their contents vanished as if by magic, while our portmanteaux were being torn open and hastily rummaged. Of course whatever arms we had upon us were appropriated at once; but the search was not so complete as it might have been had our early callers not seemed pressed for time.

"As it was, within ten minutes, and with scarcely a sentence spoken on either side, the bandits were all in the saddle again and riding off at a gallop toward the wooden hase of Malinché, leaving us with our rifled belongings strewn about the dusty road, as we stood helplessly gazing at each other. The whole thing was so quickly over that it seemed like a dream. The driver alone was as composed as ever, and removed his cigar from his lips to remark that they must be good people, because they had not harmed the coach by so much as a bullet-hole; though, he added, they might have been afraid of the patrol hearing shots. Well, we repacked our clothing and continued our journey, cursing both the bandits and the government that permitted them.

"The next few hours passed peacefully, until at about eleven o'clock we were just beginning the rapid descent into the Valley of Orizaba, when, for the second time, we were halted; moreover, it was not by mounted men in a hurry now, but was very deliberately done. At a sharp turn we found a felled tree lying across the road, and, looking round, we saw that we were in a trap. Fifteen or twenty men were lounging toward us from the cover of some rocks fifty yards behind, while half a dozen more, who seemed to have arisen from the earth, were advancing with rifles at the 'ready.' Alongside the coach, sitting on a rock smoking a cigarette, was a most gentlemanly looking man, evidently the captain of the band, and some distance up the mountain-side were more men, with quite a troop of horses and mules.

"'Good morning, señores,' said the captain, politely. 'I am sorry to be obliged to go through some formalities with you; but it is the fortune of war, and my men are greatly in need of a few necessities, as their pay is in arrears. So I must trouble you to alight.'

"I ventured to remark that the regret was mutual, as a requisition had already been made upon us shortly after leaving Puebla.

"'Still,' persisted the captain, 'I should like to show you some of the beauties of this part of the country,' and he led us off to a clump of pines beautifully situated on the edge of a cliff overlooking the valley three thousand feet below. 'A lovely view!' said our captor, softly, 'and splendid trees. Well, señores, now we will have no more fooling. Doubtless when you were attacked this morning you had time to secrete several trifles that we may find useful. Kindly hand them over at once; and if, when you are afterwards searched, my men find that you have concealed anything, *those trees shall bear fruit*, for you will all be hanged upon them within ten minutes!'

"We could see that the scoundrel was in dead earnest, and I confess that I fished my watch out of my boot at once, at the same time handing over a couple of *onzas* I had slipped into the lining of my hat. One of my fellow-passengers began to clutch despairingly at his throat, and I thought at first that he was going to have a fit. But he was only taking out of his neck-cloth bank-bills for two thousand five hundred dollars. Another passenger ruefully explained that under the cushion of his seat in the coach would be found a bag containing twenty *onzas*. The captain took over our effects, thanking us politely; but the outside passengers, who only contributed a few odd dollars, received no thanks at all. In the meanwhile our baggage was being searched, and everything of value annexed. Finally, the *shirts* worn by myself and another passenger were borrowed by the lieutenant and sergeant, who remarked that they were going to a *funcion* that night, and should require clean linen, the latter part of which statement was palpably true.

"But, señor captain,' I mustered up courage to say, 'we have had nothing to eat all day, and now when we reach Aguas Frias, where we intended to breakfast, we shall not have a cent among us to pay for a meal.'

"True," said the ruffian. 'I shall be delighted to relieve your necessities. You, I think, presented me with a gold watch and two *onzas*. Allow me the pleasure!' and he gave me a dollar, with a bow that would have graced a *caballero* of old Castile.

"You," he resumed to another passenger, 'made me a

loan of two thousand five hundred dollars; pray accept this trifle,' handing out another dollar.

"You, señor, told us where to find the little bag of *onzas*, and with a fascinating smile another dollar changed owners; 'but as for you, you beggarly thieves,' went on the captain, with a complete change of manner, to the outside passengers, 'you scarcely contributed anything; so, as I can't afford to keep you in idleness, you must beg your breakfast from these noble *caballeros*. And now, we must really be going, so I will say adieu; hut, before leaving, I want you all to seat yourselves in a line on this fallen tree, and look up at those rocks about sixty paces from you. Do you see them? Well, I have posted four men behind them, all picked shots, with orders to shoot the first of you that moves within the next two hours.'

"I suggested that if he would return to me the watch which an hour ago was mine, we should be more likely to know when the time was up. He looked affectionately at my gold time-piece as he replied: 'I regret that I can not oblige you to that extent, señor. You will have to guess the time; but I advise you not to be too soon, because the consequences would be serious. Good-morning!' and, with a parting bow and smile, our gentlemanly bandit went off in the direction of the horses, followed by his men, and the whole party was soon out of sight.

"It was blowing a norther that day, and an icy wind was driving over the snows of the great volcano above us. We felt half frozen; yet there we had to sit, in a shirtless condition, for what seemed more like four hours than two, and I don't think I have ever quite recovered from that chill. Of course no one liked to move first, for fear of drawing the fire of our unseen guards behind the rocks; but at last we ventured to return to the coach, and when we got to Aguas Frias, the breakfast we ate, at about supper-time, was really surprising. Before starting again, we managed to borrow some clothes and blankets, for even down in the valley the night was chilly. Fortified with these and inspired by our meal, we drove off, hoping to be at least allowed to reach Vera Cruz in peace. Our hopes soon proved to be ill-founded, for about two A. M. we were halted by a shot being fired at the coachman, which narrowly missed his nose. These new bandits had an amateurish cut, and were very different from our high-toned visitors of the morning. They were ragged and dirty, and they treated us with no courtesy at all. When leaving Aguas Frias, I and my shirtless companion had placed ourselves next to the windows, thinking that our appearance might prevent our being stopped again, by hearing witness to our poverty. But it was in vain that we now threw back our blankets and showed our unshrouded forms; we were ruthlessly huddled out and stripped of blankets, hoots, and indeed almost everything we had left.

"Again we pushed on in shivering despair. It was a bright night, so we made good time, and had traveled safely into the flat country beyond the mountains, when—it is almost incredible, but—we were stopped for the fourth time. We were passing through endless miles of chaparral, which might have concealed an army, for aught we knew, and to our horror we saw another band of armed men gliding out of the bushes upon us. Once more we were searched, and threatened with instant death unless we handed over our valuables. We looked like a party of damaged Venuses by now, and our condition spoke for itself, but I explained to the principal ruffian of the gang that we had already been stopped three times that day, and, naturally, had nothing of value left.

"'Holy Virgin!' he exclaimed; 'you have been attacked three times! And pray, why did you not defend yourselves, oh, men without shame?'

"Now, it was really too much for a *ladron* engaged in robbing us himself to begin calling us names because we had not defended our property, in order that he might take it. I felt that the limit of endurance had been reached, and I am afraid that my reply was couched in very strong language indeed. However, I suppose the gang thought that nothing could be gained by murdering us, so after a fruitless search, in the hope that something might have been overlooked, they went off, swearing discontentedly; and, naked, cold, and miserable, we at last reached Vera Cruz, after the most unpleasant journey I have ever taken.

"But we were told that there was a case that overtopped ours, for the day before a coach had arrived bearing among its passengers a young lady lightly and chastely clad in a newspaper!—From "A Strange Career," published by Roberts Brothers.

The intensely bitter feeling in England against the Johannesburgers for their failure to respond to Dr. Jameson's expedition was referred to by one of our London correspondents in a letter printed in our issue of last week. Further evidence of the same feeling is shown in the following poem, "Addressed to the Johannesburgers," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"O alien blood and hearts of mud, who shall mete you the measure due?

Remorse is a man's grim penance, and harrowing shame, but

Do they care, your kind? Will ye call to mind that day of the

days gone by

When your panic yelp brought men to help, and ye kenneled,

and let them die?

"Helots of Boers ye have been, their belots ye still shall be,

Their brand on your craven foreheads shall sever you from the

free.

Grab, when the till is opened; at the crack of the musket, fly!

Gibber with fear when ye see draw near the death that ye dare

not die!

"Live then, and shame the living; live, as the mongrel can,

Safe in the friendly limbo of the scorn of God and man:

Not heaven nor earth will judge you, ye must take your cause

to try

Where deep in Hell your brethren dwell, the worms that can

not die."

Bicycles are now being made in the Indiana State Prison

at Warsaw, Ind. Experts from a prominent bicycle manu-

"GRAWNT IS TOO OLD."

And "Stonewall Jackson is a South American"—So we have no
Generals in the United States—English Expert Knowledge
Gathered in Club Smoking-Rooms.

Now that the war scare is over, it is possible to take a calm survey of the affair. The more one looks at it seriously, the more absurd does the whole thing appear. A war between the United States and England at once becomes an impossibility. The people of neither country, when it came to the point, would ever allow so direful a failure of civilization. Nevertheless, the excitement while it lasted was not unfruitful of many wholesome lessons to both countries. Heretofore America has been regarded in England as an inconsiderable factor in the maintenance of the peace of the world, and of no consequence whatever, save as a good-natured, commonplace acquaintance, whose friendship or enmity was a matter of no serious moment in the present, and would never be likely to be in the future. It was a good place to get wheat and beef from to feed the English people, and a fruitful field of operations for titled and impecunious heiress-seeking Englishmen. Its railways and government bonds afforded also safe and profitable channels for the investment of many millions of surplus British capital. Its people, too, were hospitable entertainers of Englishmen on tour, and prolific sources of revenue to British tradesmen during the annual "Yankee invasion" of London each summer.

Such was the thought uppermost in the mind of the average Englishman before President Cleveland's now famous message to Congress a month ago. The message was a homshells. It was a surprise and a revelation—in sooth, a rude awakening of the English mind from a deep-rooted and long-fostered delusion.

It amused me hugely to hear people talk—people, too, who had always professed to like Americans when they met them. That is to say, to like them as much as Englishmen can like any foreigners, which is not saying a great deal, as everybody knows who has lived in England or been thrown much with Englishmen anywhere.

"The impertinence!" I heard one lady exclaim. "The impertinence of President Cleveland daring to dictate to England! He must be stark, staring mad!"

"I never heard such cheek. Of course Lord Salisbury won't pay any attention to him," said another up-to-date young lady. "He wants a good snubbing," and she tossed her head imperiously while she brought the golf-club she was carrying as a walking-stick down on the ground with an emphatic and resonant whack.

"Who? Lord Salisbury?" I asked.

"No, you silly. This Yankee President chap, of course."

But this sort of thing is now decidedly on the wane, and has been for some time. While it lasted, its flame was undoubtedly fanned by the *Morning Post*, which went out of its way to keep up English ill feeling by ferreting out and publishing every little paragraph it could find inimical to, and abusive of, England in any American paper. As the *Morning Post* circulates chiefly among the upper classes, owing to its authentic and copious accounts of the doings of the aristocracy, the feeling of high society and its members toward America could not naturally be very friendly. I blame quite as much the Irish press of America for keeping the embers alight on the other side.

Of course the hother with Dr. Jameson in the Transvaal and the German emperor's telegram to President Kruger threw the Venezuela boundary and Monroe doctrine question into the shade. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and certainly this overshadowing imbroglio was a fortunate circumstance in the cause of peace between the two great English-speaking nations. But, as I say, throughout it all, the opinions and comments of society on the subject were intensely amusing.

"But don't you see," I heard one man say, while he knowingly twisted his glass under his eyebrow, "what I can't get at is this: I thought there had been a big war between North and South America, and here you see the North sticking up for one of the Southern States. The Yankees are a very odd people, I must say."

No one seemed able to enlighten him, and another chap, in a high collar, took up the running:

"Poor devils, they've got no generals. Grawnt and Lee are too old, I expect."

One peculiarly intelligent, middle-aged, retired army colonel quietly muttered:

"Grawnt is dead, you idiot."

"They've got Stonewall Jackson," suggested a new speaker who had just come into the smoking-room.

"Who's they?" quickly demanded the ex-colonel.

"South America," replied the new-comer.

"Why, Stonewall Jackson is a Northern general!" shouted the first young man with the eye-glass.

"No fear," from the ex-colonel, with a covert wink.

"I'll go a fiver on it," said the young man with the eye-glass.

"Done," quietly remarked the colonel.

"But who'll decide it?" asked several voices.

"I will myself," said the colonel. "You said Stonewall Jackson is a Northern general. I say he is not, because he's dead."

"What a jolly sell!" "I say!" and "I never!" filled in the gaps in the laughter.

"Come, hand over that fiver," demanded the ex-colonel.

"Stop a bit," spoke a voice not heard before. It came

from an old gentleman who was quietly sipping very weak

grog near the fire. "Stonewall Jackson was a South Ameri-

can general. If so, the bet must be off. You are hot

wrong." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 17, 1896.

Chéret's posters have procured him the commission to dec-

orate a committee-room in the Paris Hôtel de Ville.

SOCIETY SHOCKED.

Yvette Guilbert's Appearance in Private Houses Unanimously
Condemned—The Patronesses of Her Entertainment at
Sherry's—Miss Gilder Has the Courage to Withdraw.

It is a long time since our *fin-de-siècle* society in New York has had such a wave of morality sweep over it as was caused by Yvette Guilbert. When Yvette was singing at Hammerstein's Olympia, it did not cause much comment. People who chose to go there could go if they liked. There was some little talk over the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. James Beekman, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Duncan, and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer gave theatre-parties there the first night that Yvette sang, among whom there were some young girls. But this was looked upon as a passing indiscretion, as it was supposed that the hosts and hostesses scarcely knew the character of the creature's songs. But inasmuch as the papers the following day minutely exploited Yvette's history as well as her songs, and as the new *Journal*, now edited by your enterprising townsman, Mr. Hearst, gave literal translations of the nastiest of Yvette's songs, there was no one who could be accused of ignorance in the matter. Therefore, when Guilbert was made the chief card at two private entertainments, it excited much remark. The first of these was given at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven. But people speak somewhat slightly of the De Kovens as being "Western people" from "Chicago, don't you know," and all that sort of thing. Further than that, De Koven is "a composer, you know," and "writes things for the stage." Therefore much is not to be expected from him in the way of social amenities. But people were genuinely surprised when Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds invited Guilbert to their house and made her a guest of honor.

This caused a vast amount of unfavorable comment in New York society. New York society is not prone to entertaining actors and other professional people, but what little entertaining it has done in that line has been, as a rule, confined to people of unexceptionable morals. Therefore, when the De Kovens and the Ronalds chose to entertain a woman whose business is dealing in bald nastiness, it excited the marked disapproval of New York. Still, these were private entertainments, and only those who were bidden to the hosts' houses could be supposed to have their feelings shocked. But last week there was announced a "lecture," so called, at Sherry's, by a M. le Cocq de Lautreppe, which Yvette Guilbert was to illustrate by singing French songs. M. de Lautreppe, the lecturer, sent to the daily papers a notice of the lecture and a list of the songs to be given, with the names of the following ladies as patronesses: Mrs. William Brewster, Mrs. Henry Draper, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. A. S. Hewitt, Mrs. Laurence Hutton, Mrs. F. Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mrs. Brander Matthews, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

This was the second of his series of lectures; the first had been illustrated by Yvette Guilbert with her vulgar and indecent songs. The fact that nearly all those who attended were women, and that the names of the patronesses were some of the best in New York, caused the utmost astonishment. The papers did not fail to comment upon it, with the result that one of the ladies, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, wrote to the *Tribune*, stating that she repudiated all connection with the affair. The other ladies were silent.

It is to be regretted that Miss Gilder was the only one of these ladies who had the courage to withdraw her name when she found that it was being used for purposes of which she would be ashamed. The other ladies should have withdrawn their names also. All this gabble about "art" and this shallow pretense of "literary study" can not conceal the fact that Yvette Guilbert's "art" is nothing but the exploitation of indecency. Her songs discuss the lowest forms of vice. They are couched in the lowest terms of a very low language, the *argot* of Paris, and they can only appeal to low minds. When women of standing, married women, and women of mature years, encourage young girls to go and listen to such filth trickling from the unclean lips of a creature of the sewers like Yvette Guilbert, they are engaged in a business of which they should be ashamed.

As I said, the other ladies did not show courage equal to Miss Gilder's, but they undertook some feminine and underground machinations by which M. de Lautreppe canceled his promised lecture. A card was hung at Sherry's entrance, day before yesterday, which was the afternoon of the second lecture, announcing that the lecture had been abandoned.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert was much put out by this change of plan on the part of M. de Lautreppe. She sent out a pronouncement to the newspapers, in which she begged New Yorkers "not to consider her responsible for this absolute lack of courtesy toward a public which has at all times shown itself most charming and amiable for me." She went on to say: "I have sung these same songs before the most refined and intellectual people in Paris." She mentions among them Gounod, Massenet, Zola, and Goucourt. There can be no doubt about these gentlemen's intellectuality, but they are a little more case-hardened than are young American girls and they can stand more—that is, all except Gounod, who is dead. Yvette went on: "The misunderstanding about what I sung came from the fact that there was one word in one of my songs which I hear people thought was very shocking. But they gave it an entirely different meaning from what it really had." Yvette's explanation does not explain. There is more than one word in her songs to which people could except, and in most of them there are many such words. Yvette did not scruple to say that one of the ladies who signed the card as patronesses was the one who had done the most to urge her to give the entertainment. She also said that this lady had heard her in Paris, and was certain that the same sort of thing would

be a success in New York. Yvette did not disclose her name, and there is much curiosity expressed as to who the lady is. It is believed that she is from the West.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1896.

FLANEUR.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The recent safe-cracking episode in Oakland recalls the fact that the *Examiner* recently published an elaborate illustrated article on how to rob safes. In this, engravings of the various tools were given, their operations were described, and minute directions were given as to the use of explosives in opening safes. The *Examiner's* article has now borne fruit. The police report that the safe-robbery in Oakland was evidently the work of amateurs, as they had used such an excessive quantity of dynamite that they not only blew the safe-door off, but they blew up the whole establishment. When next the *Examiner* prints one of its series of illustrated articles entitled "The Use of the Skeleton Key," "How to Work a Jimmy," "Successful Burglars tell How to Enter Houses," and "How to Crack Safes," it ought to warn its readers when blowing off safe-doors to be careful not to use too much dynamite—they might hurt themselves.

The Republican National Convention will be held in mid-summer. As that time approaches, the number of Presidential candidates is not increasing, but diminishing. Ex-President Harrison, in a very frank and manly letter, has announced that he is not a candidate. He says that a man whose name has twice been submitted to the American people for the highest office within their gift should stand aside. We agree with him, and we hope that Grover Cleveland will read, mark, and inwardly digest these words. The retirement of Harrison lends much strength to McKinley. Although the two were not cordial, much of Harrison's following will now go to McKinley. The utter collapse of the Democratic tariff, and the demand from all over the country for a return to the reciprocity provision of the McKinley tariff will also help the Ohio man. At a meeting held in Illinois last week in favor of Cullom, the meeting broke away, and declared for McKinley. Another straw seems to show that the wind is blowing in his favor. A secret meeting of the heads of the American Protective Association, from all over the country, was held last week in New York city. It has leaked out that they canvassed all the reported Presidential candidates, Republican and Democratic, and found all of them without objection save one—that was Thomas B. Reed. The American Protective Association, it is stated, will oppose him if he is nominated—why, is not known.

Our hysterical Senate has placed itself in a position where it is being laughed at by the diplomatic world. The Senate passed a resolution calling on Spain in a friendly manner to recognize the Cuban rebels as belligerents. This was a most unique request, considering that it was asking Spain to recognize as a belligerent power a wandering army, which is here to-day and gone to-morrow—an army, too, which scarcely can be called such, as it wages only a guerrilla warfare. Spain saw her opportunity, and addressed at once a dignified and friendly note to the United States through her minister of foreign affairs, in which she said that the rebels had hitherto been treated as belligerents, and that General Campos had conducted his campaign against them according to the rules of civilized warfare; that his humane treatment of insurgent prisoners and property had not been reciprocated; that the rebels were shooting prisoners, burning cane-fields, blowing up sugar-mills, and destroying the property of non-combatants, including that of citizens of the United States; that the rebels were not treating the Spaniards as belligerents, and that the Spanish Government ventured to express the hope that they could be induced to adopt more civilized methods. Inasmuch as the Senate of the United States had by their resolution tacitly indorsed the methods of the rebel troops, this seems to place upon them the burden of civilizing the rebel warfare. Hence the ridiculous position of our hysterical senators in the eyes of the diplomatic world.

The floating of the new government loan at 110 when the syndicate Shylocks gobbled up the last loan at 104 shows a difference of several millions. NEW GOLD AND BORROWED GOLD. It is currently rumored on Wall Street that the Morgan syndicate cleaned up twelve millions on the last loan. Now if the United States Government can afford to pay twelve millions of dollars as commissions to bankers to borrow for it in Europe sixty-two millions in gold (which has already all gone back to Europe), why can not the United States Government afford to spend some money in rendering hydraulic mining possible in California? It is claimed that this is "fostering a private industry." A "private industry" which would take unnumbered golden millions out of the ground, when the United States Government is so sorely in need of gold that it can afford to pay Shylocks twenty per cent. to borrow it, seems to us to run very close to being a public industry. If the government can construct dams which would impound the debris, protect the farmers, save the navigable streams, enable the miners to go to work, restore prosperity to California, and at the same time pour a golden stream into the national treasury, we think it is folly to refrain. Suppose the twelve millions that have gone into the pockets of Messrs. Morgan, Shylock & Co. had been expended in making mining possible in this State. It would mean hundreds of millions to the government—new money, gold dug out of the ground—where now it means sixty-two millions borrowed money, all of which borrowed gold has now gone back to Europe.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

In the new-year's batch of promotions in the Legion of Honor, three American painters, MacEwen, MacMonnies, and Melchers, are made chevaliers.

Judge Culberson, of Texas, now a Congressman, has defended one hundred and ten men charged with murder in the first degree, and never had a client sentenced to death.

Paris papers say that the Marquis de Nayve, who was recently declared guiltless of the murder of his adopted son at the trial at Bourges, France, is in absolute want. Most of his money was spent in paying for his defense.

Lord Brassey has scandalized Melbourne society. The first time he occupied the vice-regal box at the theatre, he noticed, sitting in the gallery, several sailors from his yacht, and, terrible to relate, "nodded familiarly" to them.

Senator Smith, of New Jersey, boasts that the Democratic party of New Jersey, under his leadership, will beat the Republicans this year by virtue of an appeal to the Irish vote on Senator Sewell's speech against the Monroe doctrine.

The article entitled "An Object Lesson in Christian Democracy," signed "Virginia M. Crawford," in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, is by the Mrs. Crawford whose relations with Sir Charles Dilke drove him from public life.

Rechad Effendi, brother of the Sultan and prospective heir to the throne of Turkey, is kept a prisoner by Abdul Hamid. He is permitted to read neither books nor newspapers. Rechad is fifty years of age, tall and well proportioned, and resembles the Sultan in face.

President Kruger of the South African Republic, while he was a boy, was out hunting, when his gun burst and shattered the thumb of his left hand. He calmly took out his jackknife and cut what was left of the member off at the joint, after which he tied his hand up as best he could.

Mr. C. P. Villiers, the Father of the House of Commons, has just passed his ninety-fourth birthday and entered on his sixty-first year of Parliamentary life. He hardly ever appears in the House. He was elected to Parliament from Wolverhampton in January, 1835, and has represented that constituency ever since.

Lord Salisbury's health may seriously affect his diplomatic activities. The recent crowd of events has been a great strain on him. He appears to be fagged and worn. Passing along Pall Mall on the day the news was received of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, he met Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, face to face, but did not see him.

José Maceo, the Cuban general, when he was a mountain bandit, plotted the capture of John Sherman while that gentleman was making a tour through Cuba some years ago. It was intended to seize him, carry him off into the mountains, and hold him for ransom, with the expectation that the Government of the United States would pay a large sum of money for his release.

Mrs. Robert Barrett Browning, the wife of the artist and daughter-in-law of the poet and poetess, is in New York, living a retired life of devotion to charitable work. Mrs. Browning was Miss Fannie Coddington. Her marriage to the son of the Brownings was deemed, at the time, all that was most charming, but her unworthy mate fled with a pretty model bired to pose in his studio.

M. Deibler, the public executioner of France, is said to be very uneasy at having to go to Corsica for the execution of a bandit who has been condemned to death. On a former official visit to the island, many precautions had to be taken by the authorities to prevent the accomplices of the condemned man from shooting M. Deibler from the windows of houses looking on to the guillotine.

Princess Helena, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, has been so shocked at the bad manners displayed by the wives of foreign ministers, of newly created peers and baronets, and of civic dignitaries attending a drawing room or "commanded" to Windsor for the first time, that she has undertaken to write a hook on etiquette "for ladies who attend royal and imperial courts."

Ex-President Harrison's speech before the Supreme Court in the California irrigation case was a disappointment to his clients. The people who employed him gave him a ten-thousand-dollar fee for an hour's work in the Supreme Court. "While there is no doubt of General Harrison's great ability as a lawyer," said one of the California senators, "it is pretty clear he was suffering from lack of preparation when he appeared in the Supreme Court. But what can you expect from a man who is in love?"

General Gomez, commander-in-chief of the patriot army in Cuba, is slender in build, weighing but one hundred and forty pounds, and standing five feet seven inches in height. He is sixty years of age, apparently in the prime of his intellectual and physical powers. As a horseman he is said to be the admiration of all his followers. He usually rides at the head of his army on his marches and in its almost daily fights. Officers who have served under him say that he is one of the greatest generals of modern times.

Cecil Rhodes once owed his life to Dr. Jameson's careful treatment during a dangerous illness at Kimberley. The two men have lived on the terms of closest intimacy for twenty years. It was through Dr. Jameson that Rhodes secured his first important concession from King Lobengula for the operations of the infant chartered company. When Lobengula decided to drive the English, who were just beginning to get a foot-hold, out of his dominions, Dr. Jameson made his way, alone and unarmed, to the dusky king, who happened to be ill when he arrived. Dr. Jameson cured him, and secured the concession for Rhodes as his reward.

LITERARY NOTES.

More Gihes at the Laureate.

It is to be hoped that the rumor is true that the new poet laureate is entitled to arrearsages to salary since the death of his predecessor, for Alfred Austin must be in sore need of balm for his bruised and battered self-respect. His appointment is deplored alike by his political bed-fellows and his foes; the most gentle literary journals refer to it with sorrow and the others are moved to laughter or rage. The *Bookman*, which made the first announcement of the coming appointment in its December issue, says:

"Doubtless Mr. Alfred Austin's muse will emit in a somewhat squeaky voice the necessary number of nerveless nothings whenever a royal personage is born, or he-troubled, or hurried; but this is all. Alfred the Great has given way to Alfred the Little. Let us draw a veil over the sight. It is too melancholy to contemplate or to write about."

Not only the present but the past also is levied upon for missiles to shy at this target of the moment. One of the concluding stanzas of Robert Browning's poem, "Of Pacchiarotto, and How He Wrought in Distemper," in which he addresses his critics, runs as follows:

"Troop all of you—man or homunculus,
Quick march, for Xanthippe, my housemaid,
If once on your pates she a souse made,
With what, pan or pot, bowl or skoramis,
First comes to her hand—things were more amiss!
I would not for worlds be your place in—
Recipient of slops from the basin!
You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggyishness,
Won't save a dry thread on your priggishness!
While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-Thumb there,
Banjo-Bryon that twangs the strum-strum there—
He'll think, as the pickle he curses,
I've discharged on his pate his own verses!
'Dwarfs are saucy,' says Dickens; so, sauced in
Your own sauce . . ."

This blank Browning emphasized in a foot-note:

"No, please!
Who would be satirical
On a thing so very small?—Printer's Devil!"

The London *Sketch* fills in the hiatus in the stanza with "are you, Alfred Austin."

Meanwhile the rhymeesters continue to reap a harvest while the sun of publicity shines on Mr. Austin, turning out parodies by the score. *Punch's* "New-Year's Day" is the most pungent of these:

"You must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate,
Brethren dear,
For to-morrow I'll be the happiest hard of all this glad
New Year;
My glad Muse chimes, not 'vapid rhymes,' but the maddest,
Merriest lay,
For I am Queen's Poet to-day, brethren, I am Court
Minstrel to-day!"

"There's many a gushing muse, men say, but none can
gush like mine;
There's Arnold and there's Morris, both can lip the
laureate line;
But none so well as little Alfred in all the land, they
say,
So I'm to be Poet Laureate, brethren, all upon New-
Year's Day!"

"I'll now sleep sound o' nights, from dreadful dreams
no more I'll wake,
That Algernon or William they will Poet Laureate
make.
But I must gather flowery tropes and flatteries fine
and gay,
For I'm Alfred the Great's successor, brethren, dating
from New-Year's Day!"

"I wonder now if Alfred the Great—and gruff—with
joy would thrill
If he saw me twanging the Laureate lyre on the Par-
nassian Hill?
He once was a leetle rude to me when on him I had
said my say,
Like Lytton to him; but I'm Laureate now, all upon
New-Year's Day!"

"So you must take and call me Laureate, Poet
Laureate, brethren dear,
And I'm sure that Edwio, and Lewis, and William
will wish me a Happy New Year.
'My Satire and its Censors' have not stood in my up-
ward way;
'Ambition ended' I'm Laureate—at last—upon New-
Year's Day!"

The New York *Sun*, from which we recently
quoted an amusing parody on "Jameson's Ride,"
has another dig at Mr. Austin in a recent issue, in
which it says:

"The Hon. Alfred Austin, who does a general jollying
and commission poetry business at London and Swin-
ford, began work yesterday morning on a threnody, and
at a late hour last night he was still keeping the neighbors
up with the sound of the axe and saw. The work of pre-
liminary surveying and measurement was done on Wed-
nesday night, and the frame was set up late in the after-
noon. The Swiford *Messenger* of Thursday night con-
tained specimens of the first piece. Among them are the
following:

"Weep, weep, my heart; sigh, sigh, my song!
For life is short, though time is long."

"With tears I pipe the laureate lay;
Mourn, mighty Muse, and earn your pay."

"With sorrow dire I string the lyre;
With sacred fire I pile the pyre,
And pen an elegy for hire!"

Altogether, it is safe to say that the new laureate's
couch is out a bed of roses.

While we are on this subject of politico-literary
parodies, we may as well quote a gibe at the Ger-
man "War Lord," which appears in the London
World. It is built on the lines of the old English
song "You are old, Father William," and is as
follows:

"YOU ARE YOUNG, KAISER WILLIAM."
"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man ex-
claimed,
'And your wisdom-teeth barely are through,
And yet by your deeds the whole world is inflamed—

Do you think this is proper of you?'
'As a baby I doted on playboy with fire,'
Replied the irascible Prince,
'And though I was spanked by my excellent sire,
I've been doing the same ever since.'
"You are young," said the Sage, "and your juvenile
legs
Are not what one would call fully grown;
Yet you point out to Grandmamma how to suck eggs—
Why adopt this preposterous tone?"
'As a child,' said the youth, 'I perceived that my head
Wouldn't ever allow me to learn,
So I made up my mind to start teaching instead,
And I've taught everybody in turn."

Death of a Noted Publisher.

Announcement was made on Saturday, January
25th, of the death of Alexander Macmillan, the
younger of the two brothers who established the
publishing-house of Macmillan & Co., of London
and New York.

He was born in the Island of Arran, near the
West Highlands of Scotland, and was two years
younger than his brother, Daniel. Their father,
a peasant farmer, died from overwork and exposure
when Alexander was in his eighth year, leaving his
wife, four sons, and eight daughters.

Daniel Macmillan bound himself to a book-
binder for seven years, and afterward went to Lon-
don, where he secured a position in a publishing
house. Alexander, in the meantime, had been a
clerk in a bookstore, and for two years had been
keeping a village school. His brother secured him
a situation with Seeley, the London publisher, with
a salary of eighty-three pounds a year. Without
capital of their own, the two, in 1843, started a
small business. Alexander Macmillan received
the management of this, because his salary was
smaller than that of his brother and could more
easily be spared.

The first book of the Macmillans was published
here. Before another volume was published the
bouse of Macmillan bought a small business in
Cambridge through the aid of Archdeacon Hare,
with whom Daniel was acquainted. A second book
completed the publications for the first year. In
1845, the publishing house of Mr. Stevenson, of
Cambridge, was bought, the necessary capital be-
ing furnished by friends. Maurice, Stanley, Kings-
ley, Trencb, and Colenso helped the small house,
the two latter giving to it some of their most im-
portant works. The poems of Alfred Tennyson
were brought out in 1849.

In June, 1857, Daniel Macmillan died, leaving
the management of the business to Alexander. A
branch house was opened in Covent Garden a
year later, and in 1863 the head-quarters of the
firm were returned to London. The last move
was made in 1872, when the present house was
established.

Alexander Macmillan came to this country be-
fore the war, and his visit resulted in the establis-
ment of the New York branch in 1869. It was
under the management of George E. Brett until
his death in 1890. Then the branch was put on an
independent basis, with George Platt Brett as
resident American partner.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Janvier's translation of Félix Gras's "The
Reds of the Midi," which the Appletons will pub-
lish, was made from the author's manuscript, which
was written in Provençal. Provençal, by the way,
is not a dialect, as many suppose, but one of the
six principal branches of Latin speech. The story,
in fact, has been translated into French for the
benefit of the Parisians.

Daudet's "Soutien de Famille" will not be fin-
ished until the spring. People say that it contains
some of the best work he has yet done.

Marion Crawford's article in the February num-
ber of the *Century*, on "Pope Leo XIII. and His
Household," is illustrated from photographs taken
by a private chamberlain of the Pope, who is an
acquaintance of Mr. Crawford. The pictures were
made with the Pope's consent.

Certain of Stevenson's friends stood as originals
for some of his characters in "The Wrecker,"
according to the *Bookman*, which says:

"Jim Pinkerton is believed to be no other than S. S.
McClure, who syndicated the South Sea letters, and also
placed several of his shorter novels. London Dndd, in
the same novel, is a free portrait of Will H. Low, the
painter, one of Stevenson's dearest friends, with whom
he had lived much of the life treated in the chapters de-
scribing the old student days in Paris. In one of the
Stevenson family scrap-books there is a photograph of
Tin Jack, a friend of Stevenson's, who was a welcome visitor at
Vailima, and who, we understand, was the original of
Tom Haddon. There is also in the same scrap-book a
photograph of Tom Day, a fine, stalwart seaman—the
very ideal of Nares—of whom Stevenson wrote: 'The
part that is generally good is Nares, the American sailor.
That is a genuine figure. Had there been more Nares,
it would have been a better book.'"

Rudyard Kipling is said to be writing a play, the
heroine of which is a nauch-giri.

In April, 1892, Timothy Hopkins, of the South-
ern Pacific Company of Kentucky, presented his
railway books to Stanford University, and made
generous provision for their increase. The collec-
tion, by September, 1895, had grown to 9,245
books and pamphlets. The library of the Stan-
ford University has recently put forth, as number
one of its publications, a "Catalogue of the Hop-

kins Railway Library," by Frederick J. Teggart,
A. B. It is a quarto of 241 double-columned
pages, arranged on a simple classification, with an
index of personal names.

Will H. Bradley, *His Book*, is to be the title of a
new monthly magazine. Mr. Bradley began as a
printer and mastered the arts of engraving and
illustrating. Among the contributors for the first
number are Richard Harding Davis, Harriet Mon-
roe, and E. I. Stevenson, who will have short
stories. Besides the sketches by Mr. Bradley,
there will be an article by August F. Jaccaci, with
a reproduction of French book illustrations and
drawings in color by Edward Penfield, with a de-
scriptive article by Mr. Bradley.

The first of Captain Mahan's four articles about
Nelson's naval engagements appears in the Feb-
ruary *Century*.

James Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of *Life* and
also one of the owners of that bright publication,
has accepted the office of managing editor of the
Cosmopolitan Magazine, John Brisben Walker hav-
ing gone to Florida in search of health. Mr. Met-
calfe will continue his dramatic criticisms for
Life and will also edit the new publication, *Life's
Comedy*.

A book that will have a more than special interest
is Professor James Sully's "Studies of Childhood,"
which the Messrs. Appleton have ready. Some of
these studies have already appeared in magazines
and reviews, but the majority of them are new.
In preparing them, Professor Sully has tried, he
tells us, "to combine with the needed measure of
exactness a manner of presentation which should
attract other readers than students of psychology,
more particularly parents and young teachers."

Charlotte Brontë manuscripts have been bought
from her husband and others for the purpose of
publication. They are more numerous and im-
portant than had been supposed, and will make a
substantial addition to her work, both in prose and
in poetry.

Three unpublished letters by James Russell
Lowell are printed in the February *Century*.
They describe the habits and the songs of the birds
at Elmwood, Lowell's Cambridge home.

A translation of "Trilby" has lately appeared in
Russia, with Du Maurier's illustrations. It is
printed under the title of "Katia," and is ascribed
to one "Teminoff"; and all the names are al-
tered to Russian ones—the three immortal Com-
panions of the Brush being turned into Russians.

The table of contents of the February *Century*
is as follows:

"Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland," by
John Williamson Palmer; "The Story of the Devel-
opment of Africa," by Henry M. Stanley; "Life of Napo-
leon Bonaparte," by William M. S. S. (continued);
"The Palmerston Ideal in Diplomacy," by Edward
Mortimer Chapman; "Three Unpublished Letters," by
James Russell Lowell; "How 'The Kid' Won his
Medal," by Thomas H. Wilson; "The Convent under
Arms," "The Wonderful Sauce," and "The Night
School," by J. G. Vibert; "Puis de Chavannes," by
Kenyon Cox; "Sir George Trevelyan," by Mrs. Humphry
Ward (continued); "Perdita's Candle," by Martha
Young; "Pope Len XIII. and his Household," by F.
Marion Crawford; "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent," by
Alfred T. Mahan; "Tom Grogan," by F. Hopkinson
Smith (continued); verses by Richard Burton, Louise
Imogen Guiney, John Vance Cheney, H. H. Boyesen,
Edith M. Thomas, G. E. Montgomery, and others; and
the departments.

Alfred Austin's new poem, "England's Dar-
ling," to be published soon, is dedicated, by per-
mission, to the Princess of Wales.

A forthcoming novel, which is likely to excite no
little interest, is called "The Leg Puller; or,
Politics as She is Applied." It purports to be a
tale of the Puritan Commonwealth, and was written
by E. B. Callender.

There are some interesting notes on the Dickens
family in the February *Bookman*, from which we
take the following:

"Charles Dickens's father became in his last desolate
days a writer for the press. When Dickens was made
editor of the *Daily News*, he thoughtfully provided for
his father by installing him as leader of the Parliamen-
tary corps of that journal. He, of course, knew nothing
of journalism, was not even capable of writing short-
hand. Providentially, he was not required to take
notes, but generally to overlook things—a post which
exactly suited Mr. Micawber; for it is well known
that Dickens's father stood as the lay figure of David
Copperfield's incomparable friend. Only a few years
ago there died an original member of the *Daily News*
Parliamentary corps who had a distinct remembrance
of his first respected leader, his grandly vague conception of
his duties, and his almost dual manner of not performing
them. In the height of Dickens's father's prosperity, it
seems that his salary in the navy pay-office was as much
as three hundred and fifty pounds a year. When Charles
Dickens was born, it was two hundred pounds. It was
in Gower Street, London, that Mrs. Micawber covered
her street-door with a brass plate, on which was en-
graved, 'Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies.' Mr.
Micawber is described as 'a well-built man, rather
stout, of very active habits, a little pompous, and very
proud (as well he might be) of his talented son. He
dressed well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended
across his waistcoat from his watch-chain.' The original
of Paul Dombey, by the way, was the little deformed
child of Fanny Dickens and her husband. The child
did not long after his mother's death."

La Revue des Deux Mondes will this year send
Paul Bourget to Japan, Pierre Loti to Persia and
India, and J. Chailly-Bert to the Dutch Indies, for
new "Impressions de voyage."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A New and Nearer View of the Indian.

"The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell, is the initial volume of the Story of the West Series, which is being edited by Ripley Hitchcock. It is Mr. Hitchcock's intention in this series to specialize the history of the country west of the Missouri by describing in separate volumes its typical figures—the Indian, the explorer, the soldier, the miser, the trapper (of the northern fur trade), and the railroad builder—and the initial volume sets an example which should result in an admirable series if the others follow it worthily.

Mr. Grinnell has not written a history of the Western Indian tribes, nor is his book a preachment to the Solons at Washington who make laws for the benefit—or the reverse—of our national charges; he has simply described the Indians as a race, taking his reader to the camp-fire and the council, and showing him the real Indian, whom neither the philanthropist nor the writer of sensational fiction has understood. The author enjoys, as preparation for writing this book, the advantage of long and intimate association with many tribes of aborigines, and an idea of its scope may be had from a glance at the table of contents, in which one notes: "His Home," "Recreations," "A Marriage," "Hunting," "The War Trail," "Implementments and Industries," "Man and Nature," "His Creation," "The World of the Dead," and "The Coming of the White Man."

Mr. Grinnell would have us believe that the Indians are in the child stage of development, with a child's unrestrained passions and unreasoning superstitions, that they are fond of gossip and social festivity, and that they were loving husbands and parents and loyal friends. By their language he shows many tribes to be more diverse than Greeks and Germans, and, while their implements were those of the stone age, he would ascribe to them a comparatively high civilization by reason of their records, their treatment of their women, and their political organization.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Trivial Episode of Vulgar Life.

Mr. George Gissing's latest novel, "A Paying Guest," is another tale of lower middle-class English life. The theme is not an inspiring one, and the book leaves a disagreeable impression. It is not written with the care that marked "In the Year of Jubilee," and is short, being the relation of a mere episode in the lives of three or four people.

Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, a couple still young, who live in a London suburb, decide to entertain a "paying guest" to eke out expenses. The experiment is a disastrous one, the young woman who makes her home with them being on a social level just below theirs, and her people most unmistakably and outrageously vulgar. The girl has aspirations for something better, but is herself frivolous, shallow-minded, and quarrelsome. Her method of conducting her love-affairs is extremely *bourgeois*, and altogether she proves to be a trying inmate. We see her only during her brief stay with the Mumfords, and the effect is that of a hasty but life-like sketch.

The story runs to a depressing kind of realism, and there is no saving grace about any one in the book. Mumford is a "good fellow," but not a fine fellow; and his wife appears as a conscientious and sufficiently refined woman who hears well a most tormenting experience until she hits a good record by an outcropping of vulgarity on her own part. There is no pleasure to be derived from the story. It deals with sordid emotions, and has something of the over-searching fidelity of a harsh and uncompromising photograph.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A Popular Edition of Ibsen.

It was when the consuming thirst for realism was raging hottest some years ago that the first appearance in English of Ibsen's dramas created a new cult whose devotees were called "Ibsenites." Now the reaction toward romantic fiction is setting in strongly, but that the hold of these works on the popular fancy was more than an ephemeral one is proved by the reprint just published. They are issued in two paper-covered volumes under the name of "Prose Dramas by Henrik Ibsen," and include eight plays in all, forming the first complete collection that has appeared. There is an introduction by Edmund Gosse, and the plays, with a few exceptions, are translated by William Archer.

Though not all of equal merit, they are of a style too strongly individual out to be still fresh in the mind, and, moreover, several of them—"The Doll's House" in particular, one of the best and most discussed—have been produced on the stage at various times since their first publication. From their construction, and the simplicity of the dialogue, shown as it is of all attempt at any effect beyond that of truth and naturalness, it is manifest that Ibsen destined these works for actual production on the stage; but it is as literature, not as acting plays, that they have achieved the greatest success.

They are dramas of social life, deeply tinged

with bitterness and satire; not lightly written to amuse, but each animated by some powerful ruling thought. In the repulsive "Ghosts," it is the sins of the parents returning to curse another generation; in "The Pillars of Society," the man who stands highest in the community is revealed as the basest of hypocrites; "The Doll's House" shows a typical marriage that is not a real marriage—a structure built on sand. Strength and power are displayed in these curious plays, skill at character building, much vitality, but in each there is something harsh and sinister. Ibsen loves to tear away a fair outside and reveal the ugliness beneath, and he exhibits an iconoclastic frenzy in grappling with all established conventions and institutions.

The novelty of his work, as well as its force and vigor, gains him admirers; but there is no loftiness in the expression of his revolts, and he is neither elevating nor stimulating as a writer. His dramas leave behind a taste of dust and ashes.

Published by The United States Book Company, New York.

Entertaining Tales for Boys.

"Wayne and His Friends" hears the name of J. Selwin Tait as both author and publisher, a fact which lends some additional interest to the book. It proves to be a modest little collection of tales for very young readers. Children are not apt to be critical if the narrative offered them has plenty of go and a good supply of incidents, and all the stories have these qualities in abundance. They are written with a fine abandon, and treat of subjects which will assuredly be popular.

Most of the stories deal with very active small boys who have delightful adventures with all sorts of animals. Bears, monkeys, snakes, and elephants are profusely scattered through the book, and a terrier that talks, a pony that ebats freely with its master, and a rabbit that nibbles his ear in time of danger will awaken rapture in youthful breasts.

There is a suddenness to some of the climaxes rather startling to unimaginative elders, and the book shows various signs of haste in the workmanship, but it will please children, nevertheless, and it is well adapted to young readers in its choice of subjects.

Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

An Historical Love-Story.

The love-story of Prince Eugène and Princess Augusta of Bavaria has attracted another pen. This time it is M. M. Blake, who relates that idyl of court life in an historical novel called "Courtship by Command." Albert Pulitzer's "Romance of Prince Eugène" lately told the tale in so graceful a form that this work suffers by comparison. It is modeled on the old-fashioned historical novel, which sought to lure the reader on into taking in large doses of history under the name of fiction. Such a device is generally tedious in its results. History that is sufficiently interesting to stand on its own merits as a true record of events, does not need to be presented as a sugar-coated pill.

The story is told with animation, and is a charming one in itself; there is, too, an effort made to produce a vivid picture of the times. But the style is flowery and overloaded with adjectives. We see much of Napoleon and Josephine, as well as of the two principal personages, but their figures fail to stand out with the vigor of reality.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

German Verse in English.

"The White Soak" is a volume of poems translated from the German by Madison Cawelo. It is an attractive-looking volume, sumptuously bound, but it would please the eye more if the print were larger.

Gebel is given the place of honor in a long opening poem which gives the book its name. There are translations, besides, from Uhland, Heine, Goethe, and Mirza-Shaffy. Heine's "Ferdusi" is one of the most pleasing pieces of work in color and freedom of movement, but, as in most of the poems, there is an occasional trip and stumble in rhyme or rhythm. Loos usage permits the distracted rhymester to mate such couples as "guard" and "sward," "forest" and "soarest," but "traveler" and "cavalier" do not seem to hit it off.

In his prefatory note, the translator says that he has "retained as closely as possible the form, metre, and rhyme of the original." Perhaps he would have done wisely to allow himself more license. These limitations have kept his Pegasus very near to earth. The selections, possibly because the translator has tried to confine himself to poems which have not before appeared in English, do not seem to be the finest work of the poets represented.

Published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

"Frowze the Ruaway," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, a story of a dog, written for young children, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Missiogi Pocket-Book," by Harry Castlemon, a sensational story of a lad's life among cowboys, Indians, and rustlers, has been issued in the

Lucky Tom Series published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"The Mushroom Cave," by Evelyn Raymond, a story of a Quaker lad and his twin sister who revive the family fortunes by building up an ingenious industry, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"In the Redwoods," a poem by Faunie de C. Miller, which was read before the Sorosis Club on Redwood Day, April 1, 1895, has been issued in a pretty brochure illustrated by L. P. Latimer and S. S. Loosley. Published by the Sorosis Club, San Francisco.

"The Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List for 1896," containing a calendar for the year and much useful information regarding the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, has been published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Songs and Music of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play," newly translated and furnished with new music prepared and arranged by Susan E. Blow, has been added to the International Education Series. It supplements its predecessor in the series, "The Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play," the first having been intended for mothers, while the present volume is for children. The quaint illustrations of the Lange edition are retained in this volume also. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Dame Prism: A Story for Girls," by Margaret H. Mathews, begins with a family of children who take three disused old railroad cars for their quarters and set up housekeeping under the care of the eldest, the "sister-mother." They have many delightful adventures, and the story is crowded with such incidents as youthful readers relish. The style, however, is faulty in its lack of simplicity. The children talk like grown folks, and there is a tendency to polysyllables that juveniles will find fatiguing. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new and revised edition of "The Sun," by Professor C. A. Young, has been issued in the International Scientific Series. Great advances in astronomy have been made since Professor Young's book first appeared, fourteen years ago, and the present edition brings the subject up to date, notably as regards the solar parallax, solar spectroscopy, and solar photography, the latest theories concerning sun spots, facts and conclusions regarding the corona, and finally a supplementary note on Helium. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"An Old Foggy," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, tells of a once prosperous Southern family whose fortunes have crumbled away and left them poor. They migrate to New York, and the head of the household, the "old foggy" of the title, is reduced to driving a horse-car. An old "war cave" is discovered, however, underneath the flooring somewhere in the homestead, containing important papers which restore the family to affluence. The story is in no way original or remarkable, but it is wholesome and pleasantly told. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A book that many will find very useful for reference in these days of much newspaper reading is "The Governments of the World To-Day," by Hamblen Sears. It gives a brief account of each of the fifty principal governments of the world, naming its ruler and ministers, giving statistics of area and population of the country, describing its constitution and the machinery of government, and briefly relating its history in recent years. The countries are arranged in alphabetical order, and in every way the book is made convenient for use. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, \$1.75.

"The World Almanac and Encyclopedia for 1896" contains such a vast store and variety of information that the task of describing its contents staggers one at the outset. The general index contains nearly fourteen hundred entries, and the text fills more than five hundred pages. It may be generally stated, however, that this invaluable book of reference gives a tremendous amount of information on the political, industrial, commercial, social, artistic, theatrical, sporting, and miscellaneous conditions of the world, and especially of the United States during the past year and at the present time. Published by the Press Publishing Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

"Nursery Ethics," by Florence Hull Winterburn, is a little book in which the author makes a plea for justice in the nursery and points out remedies for certain abuses in the governing of children by which, through violating their sense of justice, much harm has been done. An idea of the attitude and scope of the book may be obtained from the chapter-heads, such as "The Right Attitude of Parents," "The Natural Limitations of Authority," "Demand Obedience to Circumstances, Not to Personal Force," "The Judicious Management of Emotional Outbursts," "The Early Indications of Individuality," "The Growth of Self-Government," and "The Evolution of Personal Conscience." Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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Prof. James Sully's delightful Studies of Childhood, some of which have appeared in the Popular Science Monthly during the past year, are now issued in book form. They make an ideal popular scientific book. Written by a psychologist, whose other works have won him a high position, these studies proceed on sound scientific lines in accounting for the mental manifestations of children, yet they require the reader to follow an laborious trail of reasoning, and the reader who is in search of entertainment merely will find it in the quaint sayings and doings with which the volume abounds.

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The Sun.

By C. A. YOUNG, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in Princeton University. New and revised edition, with numerous illustrations. Volume 34, International Scientific Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

Since the original publication of this book, in 1881, great advances have been made in our knowledge of the sun; and although, in subsequent editions, notes and appendices have kept the work fairly up to date, the author has deemed it best to thoroughly revise it, embodying the notes in the text, and rewriting certain portions. This edition is therefore representative of the solar science of to-day, including important spectroscopic discoveries which have been made during the revision.

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With their customary enterprise and daring, the Tavery Company selected "Aida" as a good piece for their opening performance. This is a happier selection than that of last year, when "Rigoletto" was chosen, with Mme. Tavery as Gilda and Mertens as the Foul. Mertens is not in the company this year, a fact over which she drops no passing tear, as he is said to be tone-deaf, like Trilby, and he has not yet been fortunate enough to find a Svengali. Both he and Mme. Tavery were at the greatest disadvantage, and it was only the thirst of the people for opera and the appearance of Thea Dorré in "Cavalleria" and "Carmen" that pulled the season through.

It is agreeable to be able to say that the company have much improved. We have never heard Mme. Tavery sing better than she did on Monday night. She boldly attempted vocal gymnastics and flights in the higher register that last year would certainly have ended in disaster. But she invariably came through the ordeal successfully and achieved notes of an incredible altitude easily and tunefully, using the mezzo voice. In the duet with Rhadames, in the third act, she managed her voice so skillfully that she can readily see she has been a fine prima donna, in whom the critical Germans accorded high praise.

We Americans are not a music-loving people. San Franciscans show the foreignness of their temperaments and origin by caring more for music than almost any other people in the republic. But they love music sensuously and emotionally, like Italians, not deeply and critically, like Germans. In this country a singer with dramatic ability, like Calvé, will always hold the palm over a singer with a mere voice—angelic though it may be—like Melba. It would be interesting to know really how much of the success of the Wagner music-dramas in New York was due to the romantic interest of the stories, to the dramatic talent of the German singers, to the superb settings and costumes, to the operas received. Americans can not take their music plain. No one has ever been able to domesticate the natural in this country, and symphony concerts and philharmonies are patronized by foreigners, native followers of fads, and women who think it the correct thing and have nothing better to do.

All this preamble being preparatory to giving Mme. Tavery a few timely suggestions: she is a foreigner and does not understand us, and might benefit by a hint or two. In the first place, she does not realize how important to us is good costume. Her conception of Aida included a fair wig. Down the back of the captive princess hung ripples of golden hair. Then, when Amnasro came in, he was as black as Othello, and the captives who came with him were even blacker, till the ones in the background had faces that looked as if they had been rubbed with stove-polish and heads of inkly hair that would have shamed the Sutherland Sisters.

In the matter of costume, both Aida and her father showed a taste for jerseys. Wherever their distant home was, they must have had a local manufactory of jersey goods there, for it was too early in the world's history for a missionary to have strayed that way, and Aida and Amnasro to have despoiled him of his undershirts. Over the jersey Mme. Tavery wore draperies of variegated pattern of white silk and crepe. Some of these revealed a gap on one side, and occasional, startling glimpses of Aida's brown stockings were vouchsafed to the spectators. There was nothing startling about the stockings, but there was something startling in seeing them, so modest, so up to date, in her trim, crineted modernness did Mme. Tavery appear.

If she would garb herself picturesquely and handsomely, heretical and Philistine though it may sound, Mme. Tavery would gain as much in popularity as if the last freshness of her voice should return. The gods have not given her a picturesque personality, but a picturesque appearance can be bought from any good theatrical dress-maker. Mme. Dorré has both the picturesque personality and the picturesque appearance, and

whenever she appears in contrast with the prima donna, she becomes the dominating figure.

She has, indeed, in good measure what Tavery is quite without. Her dramatic sense is stronger than her musical appreciation. One looks on at the fiery transports of Amneris, her glittering eyes, her gestures instinct with vibrating fury, her cat-like springs backward, and mocking smiles and glances, and wonders why such an output of nervous force does not break her down. Yet she has improved, grown stouter and handsomer since last year. In the thin, yellow draperies of the Egyptian princess—her luscious black hair held by a band of diamonds round her forehead, small plaques of precious stones hanging on either side of her face, her narrow eyes alert and watchful of full of languid light under their thick lids—she is a figure of bold and bizarre romance. The dramatic side of the personation is given by her such prominence that the vocal side quite passes out of sight. This is the defect of the acting soprano. It is ill work serving two masters, but, if your work lies in this country and the sway of the two masters is equal, follow the acting one before the singing one.

When one sees a handsome, dark prima donna with strong dramatic instinct, one immediately says, "I should like to see her in Carmen." Mme. Dorré's Santuzza last year and her Amneris this year promised well for her Carmen. It became a matter of especial interest to see her as Merimée's gypsy when one heard that she had gone on the operatic stage and studied long and ardently with the sole end in view of singing Carmen. With a dusky Spanish beauty and a fiery style, Mme. Dorré seemed made for the part. These are the expectations she arouses. And yet, though she is a good Carmen, she is not as good a Carmen as one anticipated. Last year her performance of Santuzza—this, *en passant*, is the most artistic personation she has so far given here—led one to look for a brilliant Carmen, and though it is brilliant, and full of color, and devilish, and all the rest of it, it does not fulfill the promise given by her fierce and vengeful Santuzza.

In fact, it takes something more than a dark-eyed singer, with a strong dramatic personality, to render this part, not, perhaps, satisfactorily, but artistically. Temperament, experience, and that keen perception of the artist which brings out the character by a touch here and there, slight but significant, must be hers who would fill this greatest of the actress-singer's rôles. Every girl student of vocal music who, looking in her glass, sees that her eyes are dark and her skin a warm brown, thinks that some day *her* Carmen will be the greatest since Marié Galli. The intention of the character—so entirely different from the savage Gitanas that Merimée drew—is beyond the histrionic or imitative capacity of most singers. Now and then a singer like Calvé carries it on to a point of realism which, being opera, and in a foreign language, and sung by a foreign star, is peacefully and appreciatively accepted. Mme. Dorré, like Emma Juch, gives a Carmen brilliant and attractive, and showing the limitations that temperament and imagination set about all but those in whom the gods have given genius.

It is pleasant to see that this painstaking and honest company of singers are playing to good houses. Barring musicians and those few who have the misfortune to possess a fine ear, nobody really much notices the difference between good singing and mediocre singing. There are a large number of people who know very bad singing when they hear it, and there is not much very bad singing in the Tavery Company. The attitude which makes people turn the contemptuous shoulder upon this unpretentious and conscientious troupe, comparing it with the company now singing in New York, is the attitude of a self-distrustful ignorance.

It is a different form of that attitude which makes so many good Americans buy their pictures abroad, where the foreign artists, being astute creatures, sell them their worst paint-brushes, and the patron of the arts comes home complacently with a cargo of oil-paintings that the American artists would blush to acknowledge. Some day we shall learn to trust our own judgments in things artistic, but this halcyon period is still a long way off. Meanwhile, when you meet a person who, to your query, "Have you seen the Tavery Company?" answers: "Oh, dear, no! I can't stand that, you know. I heard all those operas in New York, and really, I can't have my illusions wrecked by hearing those dreadful people at the Baldwin," go your way in confidence that that person does not know "God Save the Queen" from "The Star-Spangled Banner."

A wheel that attracted universal attention at the New York cycle show is the property of John B. Yates, of the New York Athletic Club, who has this year covered 12,632 miles. The wheel looked as though it had not been ridden a day.

—A RUSSIAN BATH ESTABLISHMENT, to be conducted in connection with the swim, is being constructed at the Lurline Baths. All modern improvements will be included, among which will be the needle shower, and it is intended to make this one of the finest establishments of the kind in the city, if not the finest. The extreme popularity which these baths have enjoyed will undoubtedly be increased by this improvement.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Woman on Women.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Permit me to reply, as briefly as possible, to your editorial remarks on "A Woman on the Decline of Marriage."

First. It is not true that the decline of marriage is to be accounted for by the fact that women, in exercising "the God-given attributes of independence of thought and action," "thereby relinquish the soft and womanly qualities that attract men." If it were true, we should find no spinsters among the class of clinging, dependent, and home-keeping maidens, and no marriages from the ranks of the feminine book-keepers and type-writers.

In passing, it must be said that the "right to earn her livelihood" has been accorded freely enough from time immemorial. The only modern aspect of that question is as to whether the working-woman shall have wide or narrow choice of labor, and whether she shall be paid for it much, little, or not at all. [Every avenue of labor in the United States is now occupied by women except two—those of sailors and soldiers.—Eds.]

Second. It is puerile in the extreme to claim as argument the statement that "Draconian laws and social decrees and the existence of the unfortunate class" are controlled exclusively by women, to be regulated (would it were no more complex than that!) through the enforcing solely by women of a single standard. This, in face of the fact that men claim the disputed latitude and educate their women-folk to concede it.

True, there have been innocent women kept quite ignorant of the customs of the world in which they live, who have knowingly received none near them but the good; but I have ever failed to observe that their blissful dominance effected much alteration in the worldly ways of their masculine relations.

M. L. W. C.

The New Photography.

There has been so much talk recently of the new light-rays which penetrate, and make photography possible, through what have hitherto been considered opaque substances, that we reproduce here a brief account of the discovery as given by a Berlin correspondent of the New York Times:

"A Hollander at the University of Würzburg, Professor Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, has suddenly sprung into great fame by an experiment which goes far toward proving the existence of rays of light entirely different from those with which we are accustomed to reckon. The light we have known hitherto moves apparently in a vibratory fashion in waves and it is broken when passing through certain films of different density, as from air into water, and broken more than once in others, such as a triangular piece of glass and certain crystals. This newly discovered light moves to all appearance in a straight line, is not refracted by a prism of glass, and passes through certain substances, such as the flesh, or wood, or paper. Professor Roentgen was working with an electrical light in a partial vacuum when he detected lines or marks on paper that happened to be near by, and on repeating the experiment, found that objects were photographed through the flesh and through wood. For example, the hand was photographed by this light on sensitive film; but only the bones of the hand and the rings on one finger appeared in the photograph. The rays from the illuminated receiver passed through the fleshy parts, and left no record, but they registered the bony framework and the rings; they were arrested by the bones and metal. Continuing his researches, he found that he could photograph right through a wooden box where the film lay in darkness. It is already questioned whether Professor Roentgen deserves all the credit for this discovery. Rays are known which are called kathode, or Hittorff's, rays; Professor Lenard has already shown that they pass through very thin plates of aluminum. Professor Roentgen, however, points out that the kathode rays do not approach the newly found rays in power of penetration, and, unlike the kathode rays, the new ones are not deflected by the magnet. Hans Schmidt, in Munich, sent in for publication last year in the *Photographic Review*, a paper which has but just appeared, wherein he maintains that objects and materials which seem impenetrable to light rays are, nevertheless, not so. He says that the ultra-violet rays in electric light, which do not produce the effect of light on our eyes, pierce through blackened paper, thin wood, india-rubber, and other materials, while thin layers of metal keep them back. These discoveries, however, in and about the field where Professor Roentgen works, will not harm the latter's well-earned fame."

The idea immediately suggests itself that this

new application of photography will be of immense benefit to mankind in medicine and surgery as an aid to diagnosis and in locating morbid growths and other pathological conditions in the interior of the body; and a further development may give us a means whereby flaws may be detected in metal bodies, such as large guns, ship armor, and the like.

It may be remarked, by the way, that the pictures alleged to be taken from photographs by this new method, which were reproduced in the *Examiner* from the New York Journal, have every appearance of being "faked." That which represented the skeleton of a man with his arm about an evidently palpable young woman would have shown his buttocks, suspender-buckles, watch, keys, and other bone and metal possessions if it had been taken by the new process.

An Important Removal.

F. W. Wright & Co., the hardware dealers, have removed from their old stand at 727 Market Street to larger quarters in the Academy of Sciences Building, 823 Market, in the block above, where they have fitted up one of the finest hardware stores in the city. They have greatly increased their stock of hardware, and have added a full line of kitchen utensils, tin-stoves, etc. Their customers always find them to be both reliable and obliging and always reasonable in price.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Gentle Savage" at the Tivoli.

At the Tivoli, this week, Ferris Hartman has things pretty much to himself. He has the titular rôle in "The Gentle Savage," and it keeps him on the stage almost all the time, while the others in the cast have what stage-folk call "thinking parts." "The Gentle Savage" has the usual amount of plot required of an American comic opera, and that is almost none at all; the musical numbers are quite colorless, except for the interpolated songs—one is a revival of Dave Braham's "Regular Army, Oh!" and another is "Starlight," taken from Frank Daniels's "Wizard of the Nile"—and the familiar Spanish pieces played by the mandolin and guitar quartet, and there is scarcely a tableau in the whole three acts where the Gentle Savage has not the centre of the stage.

But the piece does not drag, for all that. It is decidedly amusing in its dialogue, which is of the Gilhertian school of inverted logic. The Gentle Savage has had a college education and has been a social lion, and, disgusted at the shams of civilization, he has returned to Nature. His savagery with "all the modern improvements" produces some very entertaining situations. Then, too, the piece gives opportunity for a number of pretty stage-pictures, notably that where the Spanish quartet strum their instruments in the balcony while the señoritas—or should they be called hurdy-gurdy girls?—dance a fandango that becomes a mad cancan with the cowboys in the court below.

The piece has had large audiences and hearty applause every night, and it is to be continued all next week. On Monday, February 17th, an elaborate production of "Der Freischütz" will be given.

Corinne in "Hendrick Hudson, Jr."

The Kimball Opera Company has been appearing at the California Theatre during the past week in "Hendrick Hudson, Jr." The extravaganza is not new to San Francisco, but so many new songs have been introduced into it and so many new people have been added to the company, bringing with them new scenes and new specialties to suit their various abilities, that it is full of novelty. Corinne, of course, is the central figure: She is a comely and dashing young woman, and her methods in singing, dancing, playing the mandolin, and generally constituting the life of the piece, while not at all subtle, have the charm of abounding vitality and good humor. There are sixty people, in all, in the company, and among them are several who can sing and dance quite cleverly.

"Hendrick Hudson, Jr.," concludes its engagement at the California Theatre this week, and on Monday it will be moved to the Columbia Theatre, where Corinne will play a week's engagement.

Keene in the Classic Drama.

Thomas W. Keene's engagement at the California Theatre does not begin until Tuesday night, as the theatre has been reserved on Monday for Paderewski's first recital. Keene's opening play is "Louis XI.," and it will be repeated on Saturday night; on Wednesday and Sunday nights he will be seen in "Richard III.," on Thursday, in "Richelieu," on Friday, in "Hamlet"; and on Saturday afternoon, in "Othello."

Keene was one of the prominent members of the famous stock company at the California Theatre twenty years ago, of which old-timers love to prate, and in his day he has played many parts. His ambition, however, inclined him toward Shakespearean plays, and his present repertoire includes only classic plays. But it includes a wide range of rôles, such as Hamlet, Othello, Louis XI., and Richard III., and for his present versatility he owes much to his early training in this city.

At the Home of Melodrama.

"Sins of the Night," which has been the play of the week at Morosco's Grand Opera House, is one of the best productions of Frank Harvey, who ranks with Pettit and Sims as a writer of melodrama. He was a past-master in the treatment of the most thrilling situations, bringing out their capacity to stir the emotions to their fullest extent and yet always preserving the sense of reality. He had, too, a finely developed power of characterization, and his plays are among the most popular on the boards. "Sins of the Night" has been elaborately staged at the Grand, and the company has given it a presentation evidently satisfactory to the large audiences that have been present throughout the week.

There will be three more performances of "Sins of the Night," and on Monday night Bartley Campbell's play, "My Partner," will be given its first representation at the Grand, with the following cast of characters:

Joe Sanders, Fred J. Butler; Ned Singleton, H. Coulter Brinker; Wing Lee, Charles W. Swain; Major Henry Clay Britt, Charles Edmonds; Josiah Scraggs, Frank Hatch; Mathew Brandon, J. Harry Benrimo; Sam Bowler, Charles E. Lathan; Willington Widgery, Clement Hopkins; Jim Johnson, Edward Browning; Mary Brandon, Maud Edna Hall; Grace Brandon, Florence Thropp; Posie Pentland, Julia Blanc.

The Opera Season.

The Tavery Grand Opera Company will give two more performances at the Baldwin Theatre

this week: this (Saturday) afternoon they sing "Martha," always a favorite for a matinee, and to-night a large audience is expected for the first of their Wagnerian nights, the opera being "Lohengrin."

A double bill will begin their second week, "Lucia" and "Cavalleria" constituting the programme for Monday night. Tuesday night, "Mignon" will be sung; at the Wednesday matinee, "Martha"; Wednesday night, "Aida"; Thursday, "Carmen"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday afternoon, "Trovatore"; and Saturday night, "Tannhäuser."

Among the operas to be heard during their third and last week are "Norma," "La Juive," "The Flying Dutchman," "L'Africaine," "Traviata," and "Rigoletto."

Manager Bouvier's Return from the East.

Alfred Bouvier got back last Tuesday from New York, where he has secured a strong list of attractions for the Baldwin and California Theatres. As we announced last week, the San Francisco season of grand opera by the artists now at the Metropolitan Opera House, for which Mr. Bouvier and Harry Mann had practically completed arrangements, was found at the last moment to be impossible, owing to the London engagement of the De Reszkés and Mme. Melba. For the Baldwin, however, after the Tavery engagement, Mr. Bouvier has secured Frederick Warde for a fortnight, Hoyt's new success, "A Milk White Flag," James O'Neill, Richard Mansfield, the Daly Company in Shakespearean revivals and modern comedies, Nat Goodwin, Katherine Kidder in "Mme. Sans-Gêne," the Empire stock company, "The Gay Parisians," Julia Marlowe, Alexander Salvini, and others. And for the California, the hookings, after Keene's season of legitimate dramas, include Milton Royle's new play, "Friends," Peter Dailey in "A Night Clerk," Roland Reed, Robert Mantell, and Primrose & West's big minstrel company.

May Irwin's Little Joke.

Virginia Dreher, who succeeded Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould) as the pretty woman of the Daly Company, had not been heard from since she married an Englishman named Postlethwaite ten years ago and retired from the stage. But she recently returned to this country on a visit, and while May Irwin, whom she had known in the Daly Company, was at the Bijou Theatre in New York, the former Miss Dreher went to see her. She sat in a box with her five little children around her, and when Miss Irwin came on, at a signal from their mother, the five little ones began to applaud vigorously. Miss Irwin noticed them and recognized the mother. As soon as the business of her part would admit of it, Miss Irwin edged as near to the box as possible, and, with a significant glance at the children, remarked, in an undertone: "Well, Virgie, dear! I see you haven't been idle. Bring them all round to see me after the second act."

Notes.

Yvette Guilbert has gone back to Paris with an American song added to her repertoire. It is "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," which she heard Fay Templeton sing.

Jennie Yeamans and Peter F. Dailey are making a great scene of a cake-walk in "A Night Clerk," a new farce-comedy which will soon be seen at the California Theatre.

Thirty-five thousand dollars a year is said to be the salary Colonel Mapleson is to be paid for his direction of the new English Academy of Opera, otherwise the Imperial Opera.

When next Henderson's extravaganza company comes to San Francisco, it will appear at the Columbia Theatre at popular prices. It will present "Sindhad," and there are one hundred persons in the company.

Eugene Canfield, who has been a prominent Hoyt farce-comedian for ten or twelve years, is now at the head of a company playing a farce called "A Railroad Ticket." It is booked for the Columbia Theatre next month.

William T. Carleton has left Proctor's continuous performance theatre in New York, where he was said to be receiving a salary of three hundred dollars a week, and is now singing Sir Julius Benedict's "Lily of Killarney" somewhere in the North-West.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson," the dramatization of Mark Twain's story that was brought out at the Herald Square Theatre in New York a few months ago, will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in the near future. Frank Mayo will head the company and have the titular rôle.

The Countess Kinsky, who has been an operatic star in Austria and Germany, is to be the heroine of the next Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera, and her part has been written especially to suit her broken English. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," by the way, was a failure in Berlin.

John L. Sullivan is still on the stage and is coming to the Columbia in a few weeks. With him are Paddy Ryan, Parson Davies, and other lights

of the fistic arena. They will appear in a play called "A Wicklow Postman." Eugene O'Rourke is the star of the theatrical side of the company.

Katy Putnam is among the coming attractions of the Columbia Theatre. She appears in a new comedy, with the singularly unattractive title "The Old Line Kilm." It is from the workshop of C. T. Dazey, who wrote "In Old Kentucky." Mr. Dazey seems to regard the word "old" in a title as a sort of mascot.

The failure of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Michael and His Lost Angel," in New York, has been rather hard upon Henry Miller and Viola Allen. Mr. Miller's part contained more lies than almost any other part than Hamlet, and Miss Allen's was almost as long, but their work has gone for almost nothing. By the way, the author was so anxious that the play should be presented just as he wanted it, that he read the whole play into a phonograph and then sent out the cylinders, with instructions that the company must not only follow every line of the manuscript, but every tone and inflexion of his voice.

Marion Singer, a comic-opera artist who was formerly well known in San Francisco, has come into a large fortune by the death of her husband, Charles Bowler Atwood, the architect. They were married in 1881 and separated in 1885, after the death of their child, and very few persons knew of their marriage. Just before his death, Mr. Atwood sent for her, but she was singing in a comic-opera company in the South and could not reach his bedside until he had breathed his last. Mr. Atwood designed the interior decorations of the Hopkins house—now the Hopkins Institute of Art—in this city, and he was the architect of many notable mansions in the East, notably for W. H. Vanderbilt in New York and Newport and for Mrs. Hopkins at Great Barrington.

There was lots of fun on a recent Saturday night at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The opera was "Trovatore" and Nordica was the only one of the great singers in the cast, but she was too ill to appear. But the tenor saved the evening. Signor Russitano was singing Manrico in capital voice, taking his high C in "Di quella pira" with a vigor that brought him an ovation. He repeated it, and the house burst into bravos and two laurel wreaths were thrown to him. Then he wanted to sing it again, but the leader of the orchestra shook his head and left his seat. The applause still continuing, the little tenor finally got the musicians into their chairs again and himself conducted while he sang. The audience was delighted, and even the musicians joined in the roars of laughter that filled the house.

A Profit-Sharing Success.

An interesting event occurred at Ivorydale, the home of the Procter and Gamble Company, on Monday, February 3d. The system of profit-sharing was inaugurated by this company more than eight years ago, and this was the regular semi-annual meeting of the employees convened for the purpose of distributing to them their share of the profits of the concern during the last six months. A special train from Cincinnati conveyed those interested from that city to Ivorydale, and returned them to their homes at the termination of the exercises as the guests of the company. The exercises comprised addresses by the chairman of the committee of arrangements, by Dr. Washington Gladden, and by Congressman Butterworth. The regular business then followed, including the report of the trustees, distribution of dividend, and election of new trustees. Ivorydale is the town that has grown up about the works where Ivory Soap is manufactured, and the proprietors declare that they have found the plan of sharing profits successful in every way.

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Applications for exhibition space, or for concessions of any kind, in the "California State Exposition," to be held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, May, 1896, should be filed at the Executive Office, New York, on or before March 1st. Application blanks, diagrams, and descriptive pamphlets can be secured at this office. Address all communications to

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VANITY FAIR.

The authoritative announcement, after many rumors, that ex-President Harrison is to marry Mrs. Mary L. Dimmock has created much interest. There was some speculation as to what effect the marriage will have on General Harrison's chances as a Presidential candidate. Politicians generally seem to think that it will improve his chances. A man who is a bachelor or a widower does not appeal so strongly to the people of the land as does a married man, or a man who is about to be married, or a man who has just been married. Grover Cleveland's popularity was vastly increased during his first term by his marriage to lovely Frances Folsom, and there is no doubt that her gracious presence in the White House has added immeasurably to his popularity. The mass of the people of the United States—the "plain people," as Abraham Lincoln used to call them—are husbands and wives, and they believe in marriage. Therefore it is that any man who desires to win their suffrages—for if women have no suffrage, they frequently influence their husbands' ballots—must take unto himself a wife. That the widowed ex-President should wish to marry again is not strange. Mrs. Dimmock was an intimate friend of his dead wife, and was in their house a great deal during her life. She is about forty years of age, a brunette, tall, and handsome. But, as usual, whenever a mature man or woman marries again, there is opposition from his or her family. This is almost inevitable. But, once the less, it seems to us that it is unjust and selfish. When a man has lost a wife, or a woman has lost a husband, with whom they have lived for years, reared children who have reached manhood and womanhood, married and left them—when such a man or woman is left alone in the world, their children having gone to found homes of their own, is it not unjust to ask that they should live a lonely life for the rest of their allotted span? Yet that is what their children demand of them, and the opposition which children make under such circumstances almost invariably springs from the lowest and meanest of motives—the love of money, and of testamentary money, ton.

One of the most pleasant of the social gatherings in San Francisco this season was the recent diorance and cotillion. At this there were assembled a number of the younger married set, so called, and some of the girls who are not this or last year's buds. But a girl does not have to be a bud to be very charming, and there are many of these young ladies in San Francisco who have chosen to absent themselves from dances of late for the reason that they fear, and most unjustly, that they were lagging superfluous upon the social stage. When such a gathering as that of last week is brought together, it follows necessarily that there are many who have known one another long and well. A social gathering then takes on an intimate character which is always lacking at a very large and very formal dance. Further than that, there is no doubt that while the buds and the brunies are very charming young people, they are still largely potential. They are possibilities. It is not easy for a man to know a bud, and it is difficult for a woman to know a brunie. It is even questionable whether they know one another, judging from the fantastic, not to say bysteric, nature of their conversations, and it is even much to be doubted whether they know themselves. Under these varying conditions of non-knowledge, it is quite evident that people who are not buds and brunies can not know them enough to be interested in them. Therefore, it is that the contrast is all the more sharply defined between the large dances, at which both buds and brunies abound, and the very charming dinner-dance of which we speak.

A correspondent writing on the recent bicycle exhibit at Madison Square Garden, New York, remarks that there were three hundred and sixty bicycle manufacturers exhibiting, and not one of them showed anything to make a woman look graceful on a wheel. This correspondent maintains that the wheels used by women should be adapted to their length of leg. "For example," he says, "visitors to Asbury Park last summer continually turned to admire a tall, thin, flat-chested girl, who sat her wheel as straight as an arrow. A moment later, the same people would turn to smile at a brown-haired girl from Tennessee, whose softly rounded knees worked like the walking-beam of a ferry-boat. When both wheels stopped at the pier, the riders stepped to the ground, and the attractiveness of each was immediately reversed." The tall girl who was flat-chested was a guy, the other a Venus. What was the cause? The tall girl was following a six and three-quarter throw of the cranks with her ankles, reducing the movement of the knees so that it was hardly perceptible, but the little Venus was obliged to send her short legs through a circle of thirteen and one-half inches in diameter, which made her look ungainly. "Ten days afterwards," says the expert, "this plump and pretty girl was put upon a wheel geared down to forty-nine, with a twenty-six inch driver, the throw of the cranks reduced to four and one-half inches."

Then, he says, her beauty of form was not detracted from by the motion of her legs. This is rather intricate. Most women have confined their ideas as to attractiveness on the wheel to their costume. But there is no doubt that this correspondent is right. If they do not obtain wheels which are geared and cranks which are hung so as to fit their length of leg, they are bound to be ungainly. Most of them on wheels look ungainly enough as it is, without adding to it by unnecessary ungainliness.

People on this coast have little idea of the immense amount of money invested in pleasure yachts on the Atlantic Coast. Only two steam-yachts, in our knowledge, have been built upon this coast—one for Edward W. Hopkins and the other for Charles L. Fair. Concerning the latter the San Francisco daily papers have been printing columns for the last three months, and yet she is practically nothing but a large naphtha-launch. As indicating the difference between the Pacific and the Atlantic in this regard, a recent number of the *Marine Review* contained a list of sixteen steam-yachts now being constructed on the Eastern coast. This list of sixteen, with full particulars as to length, tonnage, cost, etc., measured in the *Review* exactly four inches, while the preliminary descriptions of Mr. Fair's large naphtha-launch in San Francisco Bay have measured up to date in the San Francisco dailies about forty feet. Of these sixteen steam-yachts, one is for M. C. D. Borden, and is to cost one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Another is for P. A. B. Widener, who is the Philadelphia street-car magnate. Widerer was, we believe, originally a butcher, and has risen to be a millionaire. He is now entering the steam-yacht class evidently. The names of the other fourteen intending yacht-owners are those of humble and obscure millionaires who would not interest our readers. The cost of these sixteen yachts is estimated by the *Marine Review* at about eight hundred thousand dollars, which does not include the fittings of the cabins and state-rooms, which will probably double that amount.

In a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* there is an interesting article headed "Social Failures," wherein a woman, evidently of the world, but not of the world worldly, says: "I went to a ball, the other night, and in the dressing-room, as I came away, I found a young girl in tears. I have never seen any distress so appealing, because so cruelly occasioned, as that of this young girl, neglected in the ball-room, and obliged to flee to the dressing-room alone, to hide her mortification and give vent to her tears, while the music and the dance went on below, and she waited, solitary, for her maid and her carriage to take her home." The writer goes on to discuss this, and lays aside the various familiar hypotheses, such as the neglect of men, the boorishness of men, and all that sort of thing. She says that some girls achieve social success whatever their condition of fortune, and others are bound to be social failures, even though they may have family prestige and fortune to push them along. She says, and with much good sense, that when such a girl makes her appearance "in society" and makes a failure, she had better withdraw, and she will save herself many bitter hours. She is probably right. The picture which she draws of this young girl seated sobbing in the dressing-room is not without its pathos, even though to most of us the cause of her sorrow must seem most trivial.

The preparations being made for the Art Association's masquerade ball make it timely to say here that all of the executive committee have agreed to wear fancy dress of some kind. They hope by this means to start the other men in that direction, and thereby add to the picturesqueness and color of the ball. The Art Association is now making ready for its annual ball in New York. Although elaborate preparations are always made by the Art Association in the way of flats, etc., they have this year determined to try and make the wearing of costumes general. They have, therefore, offered the eighteen hundred male members of the society handsome and costly costumes which will be made to their order free by the society if they will wear them upon the floor. In addition, all the girls upon the flats, representing the principal characters in the German fairy-tales, will be permitted upon the ball-room floor after the procession is over, although they are merely engaged for the evening. So with the one hundred and fifty women in the ballet—they, too, will be allowed upon the floor. In this way, the Art Association hopes to have a masquerade ball which will be indeed a masquerade. Last year the Art Association spent twenty-three thousand dollars upon floral and architectural decorations alone. At the masquerade ball of the Art Association, John Stanton, chairman of the decoration committee, promises some very novel effects, and there is no doubt that the big house upon the hill, with its parqueted floors, its polished wood panels, its rich gilding and carving, its elaborate mural and ceiling decoration, tawdry as some of it is, will light up beautifully, and that it is an ideal place for a masquerade. It is to be hoped that the men who design attending will conform

with the wishes and example of the executive committee, and go in fancy dress.

There has been of late years in New York some slight indications of a movement toward a certain order of "swell Bohemianism," such as exists in London. In that great city there is a very charming circle of people, consisting of artists, actors, journalists, literary men, and others connected with the arts, who are well-to-do. There are many of these in London, composed of such men as Sir Frederick Leighton, who has just passed away, Sir John Millais, Marcus Stone, and Luke Fildes, the eminent Royal Academicians, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the actors, Sir Henry Irving, Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, and his wife, and people of that order generally. Many of them have handsome houses in the West End of London, and entertain, giving charming little dinners and musical gatherings, ignoring both the bloated and beefy "city" millionaires and the aristocratic if somewhat poverty-stricken swells of the decayed side of the aristocracy. This is the kind of "swell Bohemianism" which prevails in its independent way in London, and there is a very similar circle in Paris, although in Paris there are more spotted peaches in the basket, to use the simile of Dumas fils, than there are in London; there still exists in London some slight prejudice against innegirdled ladies. New York, ever anglo-manical, has been following London, and, as usual, is wrong. The kind of Bohemianism which New York has taken up is not the right kind. For example, Yvette Guilbert has sung recently at two private houses in New York, that of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koveo and that of Mr. and Mrs. Ronalds. This is a sort of Bohemianism that would not be tolerated in the Bohemian circles of which we speak in London. Yvette Guilbert's songs are not fit to be heard even in the low cafes in Paris, where she sings. Not one decent girl in five thousand in France has ever heard her sing. When, then, she is taken into private houses by people in America, they are doing something which French people of respectability would not do, and inasmuch as they know more about Yvette's songs than the Americans, they must be supposed to know what it is decent for a Frenchwoman to sing and for Frenchwomen to hear.

The literature of the bloomer increases in volume. One of the most peculiar things in record of late is that one Thomas Royce has just received a patent on bloomers. It strikes me with surprise that this article can be patented, because it must have been worn in various shapes by women since the world began, or since they began wearing clothes at all, which was presumably when Eve ate of the tree of knowledge. But the Patent Office has, after minute examination, discovered that while possibly Mr. Royce might not patent female trousers, he was entitled to patent the word "bloomers" as applied in an article of female apparel, that being new, or, rather, distinctively American. The Patent Office most generously admitted that women had been wearing bifurcated garments, particularly in Oriental countries, for many centuries, but still Mr. Royce, it seems, has a right in the use of the word "bloomers." Last summer at Del Monte, it will be remembered, a number of ladies who wore bicycle suits objected to the use of the term "bloomers," and designated their bags as "Algerian trousers." Now that Mr. Royce has secured his patent, any such procedure would be deemed an attempt to evade royalties. We congratulate Mr. Royce upon his success, but we fear he will have difficulty in making it profitable. While the inclination of women to wearing trousers has become most marked, we think that Mr. Royce will have difficulty in collecting his royalties. But if he succeeds in raising this head-tax—*pour ainsi dire*—upon all women who wear bifurcated garments, Mr. Royce will become rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

An Austrian firm has invented a pack of cards as an aid to piety. "There are thirty-two cards, each with a short indulgence prayer upon it. The cards are shuffled, the players draw them, and then, concentrating his thoughts upon some friend or relative, each repeats the prayer for that friend or relative's soul." "The game," say the publishers, "is so to become popular in pious circles." To the ordinary card-player it seems to be lacking in variety, but it will doubtless have its attractions.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Johnson paid a pretty compliment to Mrs. Siddons when, for the moment, he had no chair to offer her: "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will more easily excuse the want of one yourself."

An *Argonaut* contributor writes us from Lower California that he has just been down on the Gulf Coast, where he went in a Chinese junk commanded by a Dutch captain to examine a Mexican mine for an English company, and that on the trip his Irish cook drank up all the Scotch whisky.

The *Chap Book* is authority for this: "Kipling is writing a story for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Kipling! However, with his usual breezy and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof: 'And the fellow tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room,' etc. Little Bok, in a panic, wires the hawny jungle man: 'Can you change?' Tossed down a glass of old Madeira?" *Ladies' Home Journal* rules forbid mention of wine." Kipling wires four words: 'Make it Mellin's food.'"

Several years ago (says Moses P. Handy), Mr. Reed and Mr. Dingley attended a dinner given by Roswell P. Flower, who was then a member of Congress. Mr. Reed is not a drinking man, but takes a glass of wine when he feels like it. Mr. Dingley, a total abstainer, was on this occasion the only man at the table who eschewed the bottle. While conviviality was at its height, Mr. Dingley was called from the room for a moment. Mr. Reed noticed the absence of his colleague, and with great anxiety began looking under the table. "What is the matter, Reed?" said the host. "I was looking for Dingley," said Reed, with a perfectly straight face.

It is related in the *Bookman* that at a New York theatre one night recently, some one pointed out to Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine *nom de guerre*. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day some one asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die; and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. Said that she had decided to be kissed to death!" Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady. "Ah, I see," she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"

Richard Harding Davis, according to *Vanity*, is not an ardent admirer of Henry Irving and Miss Terry. When one recalls his quarrel with Edward W. Townsend over the "Major Max" article, it is not surprising that he should not like Miss Terry, for on meeting him, she told him how glad she was to know him, how much she had enjoyed his work in the past, and how much she anticipated reading his last book, "*Chimmie Fadden*," which was so well spoken of. Mr. Irving also made a sad mistake when Davis, at a dinner given to Mr. Irving, was honored by sitting next to him. Davis had arrayed himself with rows of orders and medals presented to him by the Sultan and the President of Bolivia and various other dignitaries. These orders Mr. Davis would no more travel without than he would without his tooth-brush. It was with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that he saw they attracted the attention of Mr. Irving, and all the guests noticed that the actor raised his eye-glass and scanned them closely, and, alas, for Mr. Davis! all the guests heard Mr. Irving remark: "How interesting. I always like to see college badges!"

Our correspondent, "Dorsey," sends us from Paris the following *bon-mot* of Maurice Donnay on the Lehaudy-De Marsy case, with the remark that it has not yet been published even in the Paris papers. Mlle. Marsy, the young, beautiful, and clever actress of the Théâtre Français, who resigned her position there this autumn under the plea of ill-health, but in reality to accompany the late Max Lehaudy when he was ordered to Amélie-les-Bains, and to whom, it is said, in return for her devotion the poor young millionaire has given several millions, has lately returned to Paris and is the subject of much gossip here. The other evening Maurice Donnay, the witty playwright and author of "Amants," now having such a successful run at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, La Renaissance, went into Jeanne Granier's *loge*—she takes the leading part in his play—to congratulate her on her rendering of it. The subject of Marsy and Lehaudy came up. "Oh, yes," said Maurice Donnay, "Mlle. Marsy is a consummate actress and can fill any part. She went to Amélie-les-Bains to play 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' and has returned to Paris to take the rôle of 'La Légataire Universelle.'"

Apropos of the efforts lawyers make to escape from the New York Court of Special Sessions as soon as their cases are over, in order to avoid being

appointed as counsel for impecunious defendants, the *Sun* tells this story: "An old hound had just concluded a case and was doing his prettiest to reach the door, with a young lawyer a yard or two behind making for the same goal. Just as the older man disappeared, Justice Jerome called his name, but of course got no answer. The other had his hand on the door-knob, when the justice called to him, intending that he should take the case. 'Mr. Jones, will you—' he began. 'Yes, your honor, I will,' interrupted young Jones; 'I'll call him back, he's just outside,' and before the court could interfere, he darted out the door. 'Joe, the judge wants you there in court,' he said, catching up to his fellow-lawyer, who, with a wry face, retraced his steps. 'Did you send for me, your honor?' he asked Justice Jerome, and court, lawyers, and spectators caught on to the joke, and there was a great laugh. 'I did not, Mr. Smith,' said the justice, 'but now that you're here, will you kindly act as substitute in this case for your departed colleague, Mr. Jones?' Young Jones kept out of Special Sessions for the remainder of the week."

VALENTINE VERSES.

Grace's Valentine.

Such a dainty valentine!
Cupids, mottoes, lace,
Roses, satin frills—in fine,
Just the thing for Grace!

Push the satin frills apart,
Lo! beneath the lace
Lies a flimsy, tinsel heart—
Just the thing for Grace!—*Ex,*

Two Valentines.

Love, at your door young Cupid stands
And knocks for you to come:
The frost is in his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire
His lips shall loosen as with wine
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, no need of more
Had I to know, I knew
His path lay straight unto your door—
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeed," I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see;"
And on his lips I set a kiss,
"A valentine from me!"

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Colonial Valentine.

In the days of patch and powder—
Dreamful days of long ago—
If the damozels were prouder
Than to day we may not know;
But it is no elf of fancy
That low whispers to us how
Love's persuasive necromancy
Then was much the same as now.

On the Island of Manhattan
Dwelt there one of heathen race,
Where sleek heeves were left to fatten
In the pastures broad and fair.
There, in his provincial glory,
Ruled his sire—so stories run—
In the times of merry Tory,
And of Colonel Washington.

This sweet maiden had a lover,
Though her father kept her hid
(Trust a youth's eyes to discover
Beauty 'neath the closet lid!)
And at every tender meeting
Would he urge her, "Love, he mine!"
And he pondered such a greeting
For an ardent valentine.

How he marred the virgin paper
Ere he saw a perfect page,
Bureling many a midnight taper
In his "fine poetic rage!"
But at last, when he had penned it
Neatly o'er, and made no blur,
By a servant did he send it,
Waxed and perfumed, unto her.

Came the servant dashing faster,
Faster still the highway down,
Cried, "Your lady says, my master,
That her sire has gone to town."

"Not in vain did I implore her,"
Thought he as he cleared the stile,
Surely happier adorer
Never rode a madder mile.

Little at the door he tarried;
Sought he out the fair one's shrine:
"Let us fly, love, and he married;
Be this day my valentine!"
We will draw the modest curtain,
For she answered with a kiss:
If she had not, I am certain
I should not be writing this!

—Clinton Scollard.

Verses with a Valentine.

I can not send you in this iron time,
A dainty lace and paper thing,
With wreaths of roses and a pretty rhyme
Of love, devotion, and the wedding-ring;

And Cupid's self imprinted on the page,
In varied colors, in suggestive way,
With how and arrows, relics of an age
We laugh at and despise in this stereo day.

Lace paper's out of style, and quite *passé*
Are tinsel roses, while the rhymes themselves
Are in our mother's albums, laid away
With school-girl fancies on forgotten shelves.

And Cupid's self can never claim a thought,
Nor all the symbols that his worship deck;
Love, nowadays, is not won but bought:
I'll send you for your valentine—a check!

—J. M.

There has been much discussion lately about the invasion of all fields of occupation by the female sex. It is said that every occupation in the United States now followed by men, with the exception of two—that of soldiers and mariners—is also followed by women. From a recent paragraph, it is evident that in England an unusual occupation has also been invaded by women. The director of the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Kew has placed two young ladies at work there. These two damsels came from Swanley Horticulture College, which makes a specialty the study of flowers, plants, and fruits by women. The only condition that the director has made is that they shall wear trousers while at work. This was rendered necessary because they could not be engaged as "gardeners," owing to the age limitations, but only as "boys," and the conscientious director could not see his way clear to engaging them as "boys" unless they wore trousers, which they cheerfully donned. He has since been overwhelmed with applications from other girls who also wished to don the breeks, but he has declined to engage any more for the present.

Tommy—"Papa, what comes after a million, a cotton?" "Papa—" "No, my son, a million and a cotton generally go together."—*Bazar.*

We are Poisoned by Air and Water

When they contain the germs of malaria. To annihilate these and avoid or conquer chills and fever, bilious remittent, or dumb ague, use persistently and regularly Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also remedies dyspepsia, liver trouble, loss of strength, nervousness, rheumatism, and kidney complaint. Appetite and sleep are improved by this thorough medicinal agent, and the infirmities of age mitigated by it. A wineglassful three times a day.

—WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, Dorchester, Mass., the well-known manufacturers of breakfast cocoa and other cocoa and chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas awarded at the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had uninterrupted prosperity for nearly a century and a quarter, and is now not only the oldest but the largest establishment of the kind on this continent. In view of the many imitations of the name, labels, and wrappers on their goods, consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at Dorchester, Mass.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs, Hoarseness, or Irritation of the Throat caused by cold.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.

Before you plant, get
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D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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—OF—

The Argonaut

From 1877 to 1896.

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore, all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 2½¢-1¢ Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer *Panama*, at 2 P. M. Feb. 7, 14, 15, 19, 23, 27, and
Gaelic,.....Saturday, February 15
Doric,.....Thursday, March 5
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Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Feb. 14, 29, March 15, 30.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, and Steamer *Panama*, at 2 P. M. Feb. 7, 14, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 9, 13, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Alata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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SS. AUSTRALIA, Honolulu only, Saturday, February 15th, Tuesday, March 10th, 10 A. M.
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Only line Coolgardie Gold Fields, Australia. Connection for Cape Town, S. Africa. Low rates. Special parties to Hawaii, reduced rates, February 15th and March 10th, 1896.
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SOCIETY.

The Hooker-Goad Wedding.

A very pretty home wedding took place last Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock, when Miss Ella Goad was united in marriage to Mr. C. Osgood Hooker. The bride is the daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad, and is known as one of the belles in our leading set. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, and is prominent alike in social and club circles.

The Goad family residence, on the corner of Washington and Gough Streets, was the scene of the wedding, and it was artistically decorated for the occasion. Fully five hundred invitations had been issued, and the majority were represented in person.

Precisely at five o'clock Dr. Harry L. Tevis played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" on the piano, accompanied by a string orchestra, as the bridal party descended the staircase from the upper floor, passing through a lane defined by white silk ribbons, which were held by Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. N. G. Kittle, and Mr. Ernest R. Folger. The bride's two sisters, Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad, acted as bridesmaids, and she was escorted by her father. Mr. Robert G. Hooker was best man. Upon arriving in the main salon, the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of Grace Church. The dresses of the bride and her sisters are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant robe of lustrous white satin, made with a long court-train and trimmed profusely with flounces of old point de Bruxelles lace, which were caught up here and there with dainty clusters of orange-blossoms. The bodice was made with a high neck, and the long sleeves of point lace terminated in ruffles over the ungloved hands. There was a spray of orange-blossoms in her coiffure, holding in place the fleecy veil of white silk moline. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orange-blossoms.

The two bridesmaids were attired alike in becoming gowns of white tulle, over white satin, with trimmings of Valenciennes lace. The corsages were high, the sleeves long, and the gloves of white unadorned kid. Following the English fashion, they wore short veils of white tulle. Their hand-bouquets were of Jacqueminot roses.

After the wedding ceremony there was a brief period for extending congratulations to the newly married couple, and at six o'clock they left the house to make a wedding-tour. They will return in about a month, and during the spring and summer will occupy a cottage at Sausalito. The wedding-gifts were of unusual elegance. Refreshments were served bounteously during the evening under Ludwig's direction, and the younger element danced until quite a late hour. It was a brilliant and enjoyable affair in every respect.

The Bull-Jarboe Wedding.

At St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue, there was a very pretty wedding at noon last Thursday. The bride was Miss Kathryn Jarboe, daughter of the late John R. Jarboe, who was a prominent attorney-at-law of this city. The groom was Mr. Jerome Case Bull, a young journalist of New York city.

The church was artistically decorated and contained a large assemblage of friends of the happy pair. At noon the wedding cortège made its appearance and marched down the central aisle. It was headed by the vested choir, which sang the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin." Then came the ushers, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Dr. George M. Richardson, Mr. Richard Harrison, and Mr. Addison Mizner. They were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, and then came the bride accompanied by her brother, Mr. Paul Jarboe. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Charles P.

Hanley, of Shasta County. The dresses of the bride and maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant robe of modern design made of the new white moiré antique and finished with a court train about three yards in length. The corsage was high and was trimmed with white chiffon and point d'Alençon lace that has been in the family for fully four-score years. The Pompadour sleeves were about three-quarter length, and were met by gloves of white unadorned kid. Encircling the high collar was a band of Etruscan gold, a family heirloom. The veil of white moline was fastened to her coiffure by a diamond brooch, a gift from the groom, and fell in gentle ripples to the end of the train. She carried a bouquet of beautiful red Ulrich Bruener roses.

Miss Kate Clement wore a very stylish and becoming gown of Dresden pink silk, in beautiful floriated designs, made walking length. The sleeves were long and the corsage high, with a fichu of pink chiffon. She wore a large hat of black velvet trimmed with a black ostrich plume and a red rose.

The ceremony was most impressively performed by Rev. W. W. Moreland, during which a hymn was chanted by the choir. Their melody was again heard as the bridal party left the chancel for their carriages. The wedding was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, 1299 Taylor Street, to which about sixty friends and relatives of the newly wedded couple had been invited. After congratulations had been tendered, an elaborate breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Bull left on an early train for Santa Cruz, and will pass some time at "Concha del Mar," the Jarboe cottage, after which they will visit Santa Catalina Island and Coronado. They will remain on this coast about six months, and then go to New York city to reside permanently. The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful gifts.

The Pond-Grant Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Grant and Mr. Edward Pond took place last Monday evening at St. Luke's Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson Grant, and the groom is the son of ex-Mayor and Mrs. E. B. Pond. Masses of palms and clusters of St. Joseph's lilies formed the attractive decoration of the chancel.

It was about half-past eight o'clock when the bridal party arrived in the church, and to the notes of the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," marched to the chancel, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Brewer, of San Mateo, assisted by Rev. W. W. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's. Miss Fanny Grant, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and the best man was Mr. Althion White. The ushers comprised Mr. Samuel Moore Pond, Mr. Charles F. Grant, Mr. Harry Wilson, Mr. Philip Thornton, Mr. Charles Farquharson, and Mr. Alpheus Clement. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses worn by the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride wore a handsome robe of blanc-ivoire satin, with a flowing Princess train. The corsage was high, and was trimmed with a hertha of rare old point appliqué lace—a family heirloom for three generations. The long veil of white tulle was fastened to the coiffure by a brooch of diamonds in the form of a heart—a gift from the groom. She carried an ivory-bound prayer-book—also a gift from the groom.

The maid of honor was attired in a gown of houston d'or satin, made walking length, and trimmed with chiffon of the same shade and point lace. She carried a cluster of daffodils.

After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 2017 Lyon Street, which was attended by a limited number of intimate friends and relatives. An elaborate supper was served. The wedding-gifts were many and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Pond left on the following day for a southern tour, and upon their return will reside at 2017 Lyon Street.

The Mann Birthday-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann entertained a few of their friends last Monday evening at their residence on Washington Street. Games were a feature of the evening and a supper was served. The guests were:

Judge and Mrs. W. M. Willett, Mr. and Mrs. John Dempster McKee, Miss Ada Russell, Miss Genevieve Mee, Miss Susie Wells, Miss Lillie Boole, Miss Sallie Field, Mr. Walter M. Painter, Mr. William Woods, Mr. William Gage, Mr. W. Boole, and Mr. W. Miller.

The Mardi-Gras Bal Masqué.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art will be the scene on Tuesday evening, February 18th, of the fourth annual Mardi-Gras bal masqué given under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association. The former affairs of the kind have been so successful, socially and artistically, that the directors feel confident of even a greater success this year, particularly as they have such an elegant mansion in which to entertain. The invitations to the ball are now out, and quick responses are earnestly solicited. A ticket admitting a lady and gentleman will cost ten dollars, and a ticket admitting a lady only, five dollars. The grand march, led by Prince Carnival and his suite, will commence at nine o'clock. Officers of the army, navy, and National Guard are requested to appear in full-dress uniforms. Ladies must wear fancy-dresses or dominoes and masks. With gentlemen, fancy-dress is not obligatory, but it is hoped that as many as possible will don costumes to add to the

picturesque effect. All maskers will pass before a Visé Committee before entering the ball-room. There will be two large orchestras, playing continuously, and an elaborate supper.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra, in response to a request from many of our leading citizens, has decided to have its benefit concert at Metropolitan Hall on Monday evening, February 17th. This orchestra has so many times and so cheerfully responded to play for charity affairs when appealed to, that it is hoped that now, when money is needed in its own treasury, its past efforts will not lack financial appreciation. It is proposed to give a programme that will attract all lovers of good music.

Sousa's famous band will give its concerts in this city during the latter part of next month. The soloists are Miss Myrta French, soprano, and Miss Currie Duke, violinist, and the novelties this year will be a "Carnival of Nations," in which a regiment of soldiers and many ladies will participate, and a new march, "King Cotton," which Sousa composed for the cotton States exposition.

Frau Amelia Materna is coming to San Francisco. She is singing with Herr Andricek, the violinist, who made his first American appearance with the Seidl orchestra a short time ago, and his tour includes a series of concerts in San Francisco under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

"Hear, Ye Faithful, Hear," a soprano solo with violin obligato, by the late J. H. Rosewald, has been published by Otto Sutor & Co., Baltimore, and is for sale at the music-stores.

Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, will give a recital at the California Theatre on Monday evening, February 10th, and matinees on the following Wednesday and Friday.

The first Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Concert, of this season, will take place this afternoon. The programme is one that should attract a large audience.

The Loring Club will give a concert next Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

A certain Augusto Pedro de Oliveira has caused to be printed in the *Diario Popular*, a newspaper published at Sao Paulo, in Brazil, the following advertisement:

"In view of the rash and usurping proceeding of the British Government toward the government of my country, I declare that from this day forward I decline the friendship which, up to this date, I have had with some Englishmen. I declare, further, that my establishment, called 'Serêa Paulista,' as before, is open to receive any foreigner with courtesy, except the English, who belong to a country at present directed by an unscrupulous government.

"Long live Brazil!"

All over the world evidences like this, of dislike for the British, are constantly cropping up. The British know it, are rather proud of it—and are endangered by it.

An American lady who recently visited Para, Brazil, was invited while there to dine at the house of a wealthy merchant. Everything was very gorgeous and lavish in South American style, but on leaving, she was amazed to hear her hospitable host say to her: "If you have any washing, send it here." It is the custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as an employment for their large retinue of servants. "It did, however," said the relator, "give me a turn at the end of a formal dinner-party to be asked for my soiled linen."

An ocean wedding trip: *Bride* (exasperatingly well)—"I'm so sorry, my love. Couldn't I bring something up for you?" *Bridegroom*—"No, thank you; I can attend to all that myself."—*Judge*.

"—BYTHINIA," SANTA BARBARA'S NATURAL medicinal water, is highly recommended by the most eminent medical authorities as a positive relief and cure for constipation, rheumatism, diabetes, and all kidney and liver troubles. Try it; it only costs twenty-five cents a bottle.

—IN THE ART OF ENGRAVING NO DEPARTMENT requires more care or skill than the stamping of note-papers with monogram, crest, or coat-of-arms. Perfect workmanship is assured by Cooper & Co., No. 746 Market Street.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET Street, Columbian Building, is making cabinets at cut-rate prices.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Torturing Disfiguring SKIN DISEASES

Instantly Relieved by A WARM BATH with Cuticura Soap

And a Single Application of CUTICURA

The Great Skin Cure

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

LOVELY SPRING,

Naturally lovely in California, is thrice lovely at Byron, situated among the hills at the foot of Mt. Diablo, where none but gentlest breezes and warmest sunshine is found. It is the ideal place for convalescents recovering from the numerous diseases that yield to the Famous waters of the Famous

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

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of Coffee and Tea, giving nourishment in place of stimulant, & providing food as well as drink.

Ghirardelli's Cocoa for breakfast or lunch is the ideal beverage, easier and quicker made than Tea or Coffee. For nursing mothers and for children it has no equal.

If you want the strongest, purest and best, ask for

Ghirardelli's COCOA

Sold by all Grocers
32 cups for 25 cents



Absolutely Pure.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Juliette and Hannah Williams and Miss Edith McBean will give a matinee tea to-day at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham will give a matinee musicale and tea next Saturday at her residence, 829 Pacific Avenue.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will hold its final meeting of this season next Friday evening. It will be a leap-year cotillion to be led by Miss Ella Hobart.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club will give its final dance of this season, a leap-year party, next Monday night at Golden Gate Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles gave a dinner-party recently at their home in Oakland, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Ella Goodell, Miss Elinor Wood, Miss Janette Watt, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. Frederick McNear, and Mr. J. A. McNear.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant gave an elaborate dinner-party on Friday evening, in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Schuchman.

Mrs. A. Borel and her daughters, the Misses Grace, Anita, Sophie, and Alice Borel, gave a matinee tea last Saturday from four to seven o'clock, at their residence, 606 Stockton Street, and entertained many of their friends. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mrs. Horace Sperry, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss May Phelan, Miss Page, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Lillian O'Connor, and Miss Edith Pratt.

Mrs. John H. Jewett gave a matinee tea, last Tuesday at her home on Bush Street, in honor of Miss Jennie Cheesman, whose engagement to Mr. W. H. Schumacher we announced last month. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Della Mills, Miss Elinor Wood, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Jennie Aldrich, and Miss Mary Harrington. There were about twenty-five young ladies present, who enjoyed Mrs. Jewett's hospitality and some musical selections by Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Della Mills, and Miss Harrington.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave an enjoyable high tea last Sunday evening at her home on Gough Street, and pleasantly entertained about fifteen of her friends.

Commencing to-day, the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association will be closed to the public in order to allow the decorators to work in preparing the rooms for the Mardi-Gras bal masqué.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are expected to return from Washington, D. C., to-day.

Mrs. John W. Mackay has sold her home in London to Mr. M. K. Klatz, of Paris.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard is visiting San Diego for the benefit of his health.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt are passing a few weeks at Pasadena and other resorts in Southern California.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Mr. Reginald Dickinson, who have been passing the winter in this city, will occupy their cottage, Craig Hazel, at Sausalito, on April 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Townsend have returned to New York city after a visit here of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier returned from their Eastern trip last Tuesday.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, the Misses Elizabeth and Marian Huntington, and Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore are passing a month in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow have removed to 2005 Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome are making a brief visit at Coronado.

Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper are visiting Mrs. John A. Darling at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young were in Constantinople early in the week.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and Mrs. K. B. Favre have returned from the East, and are now in Southern California.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who has been confined to his rooms for the past three weeks with a severe attack of pneumonia, has been able to sit up a few hours each day since last Wednesday. If no relapse occurs, he will probably be out in a week. During his illness, several hundred of his friends have visited him or left cards and flowers at the hotel. Mr. Greenway, if he is able, will act as floor-manager at the Mardi-Gras bal masqué.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter, of Alameda, will leave this evening for Aransas Pass, Tex., where they will remain about a week. On the return trip they will stop over at New Orleans to witness the Mardi-Gras festival.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stern, formerly Miss Elise Meyer, who were married in New York city last month, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Craig Lippincott, of the J. B. Lippincott Company, will leave Philadelphia next Wednesday for this coast on a pleasure trip. He will be accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Lippincott, whom he will leave in this city for a prolonged visit.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig, who left Los Angeles a fortnight ago for Prescott, Ariz., is now in New York city.

Advices from the City of Mexico say bull-fighting has been interdicted in the republic after the fulfillment of present contracts. The cause is supposed to be the frequent dangerous disorders and turbulence at the fights by spectators.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander Edward D. Taussig, U. S. N., will be commissioned executive officer of the *Monadnock* on March 2d.

Lieutenant-Colonel James G. C. Lee, U. S. A., Quartermaster-General for the Division of the Pacific, is in Washington D. C. It is said that he is seeking the position of Quartermaster-General of the Army, to succeed General Bacheller, who is to retire next June.

Major Curtis E. Munn, Surgeon, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Benicia Barracks, sailed last Thursday on the *Mariposa* for a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Munn accompanied him.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., is on special duty at Norfolk, Va.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Angel Island to Benicia Barracks.

Captain Francis Tuttle, U. S. R. C. S., has been appointed to the command of the *Bear*, vice Captain M. A. Healy, now under court-martial in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N., are at 40 West Fifty-Ninth Street, in New York city.

Chief-Engineer E. G. Schwartz, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Bear* and ordered East.

Passed-Assistant Engineer G. W. McElroy, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Adams*.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Benicia Barracks to San Diego.

Lieutenant Richmond M. A. Schofield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant B. W. Leavell, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived last Saturday from Phoenix, Ariz., and reported at the Presidio for examination. He has been acting as instructor of the National Guard of Arizona.

Lieutenant Harry R. Lee, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here recently from Fort Apache, Ariz., and reported at the Presidio for examination.

Lieutenant William T. Litterhalt, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Assiniboine, Mont., after undergoing examination at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Wilmot E. Ellis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was granted one month's leave of absence on February 1st.

Ensign R. E. Coontz, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bureau of Navigation and ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, of Los Angeles, is the guest, for a couple of weeks, of Captain and Mrs. Charles G. Starr, U. S. A., at Angel Island.

Commander H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as a member of the board of inspection and survey at the Mare Island Navy-Yard.

Captain B. F. Day, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain D. F. Tozier, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to superintend the construction of new launches being built at Port Townsend, Wash.

Surgeon J. A. Hawke, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Philadelphia* as fleet surgeon.

Surgeon J. M. Steele, U. S. N., has been ordered to special duty on the *Independence*.

Assistant-Surgeon A. Farenholt, U. S. N., and Passed Assistant-Engineer A. Moritz, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Chief-Engineer A. Kirby, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monadnock*.

Assistant-Engineer F. D. Read, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monadnock* for duty on March 20th.

Lieutenant A. Gleeves, U. S. N., Lieutenant S. Morgan, U. S. N., Ensign R. S. Douglass, U. S. N., and Ensign M. L. Miller, U. S. N., have been ordered to special duty on the *Independence*.

Lieutenant J. M. Roper, U. S. N., assumed duty on the *Monadnock* last Tuesday.

Lieutenant F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant G. W. Brown, U. S. N., has been ordered to the branch hydrographic office at Portland, Or.

Lieutenant James L. Sill, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to duty on the *Richard Rush*.

Lieutenant O. M. Lissak, U. S. N., has been granted six weeks' leave of absence, with permission to go to sea.

Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, Jr., U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fifth Artillery to the Second Artillery, Battery H, at Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

Lieutenant Conway H. Arnold, Jr., U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second Artillery to the Fifth Artillery, Battery I, at Fort Mason, Cal.

Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fourth Artillery to the Fifth Artillery, Battery I, at Fort Mason, Cal.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, U. S. A., recently of the Fifth Artillery, has been assigned to the Fourth Artillery, at Washington Barracks, D. C.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, U. S. A., recently of the Fourth Cavalry, has been assigned to the First Cavalry, Troop H, at Fort Sill, O. T.

The following officers have been detached from the *Baltimore* and granted three months' leave: Lieutenants A. E. Culver and W. A. Marshall, Ensigns G. N. Hayward, C. M. Fabs, L. H. Everhart, W. H. Buck, Chief-Engineer J. A. Scott, Paymaster D. A. Smith, Assistant-Engineer A. Hartrath, and Chaplain W. H. I. Reaney.

Those who have dealings with the brokers on Wall Street know that in their notices of purchases the word "bought" is abbreviated "bot," while sold for sales is spelt out. It is said that the late Daniel Drew, who, it is well known, was not an educated man, always insisted that "bot" spelt "bought," and so wrote it in his notices to his customers. Gradually the abbreviation was generally adopted as a time-saving method.

The late George Augustus Sala once, on arriving at Victoria Station, called a cab and ordered the driver to take him to the Buckingham Palace Hotel. The cabby, supposing that Sala was a foreigner, drove all round town, and finished by pulling up with a flourish at the hotel door. Sala sat silently in the cab, and, on alighting, simply said: "Silly ass!" and handed the man a shilling.

Still proud: "Yes, brethren," said the convert, "I am a humble Christian now, but in my unregenerate days I flatter myself that you wouldn't meet a finer or more thorough-bred sinner in a day's walk."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Out in the West.

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dakotas,
To the land of handsome women;
And in ninety days returning
A divorcee he brought with him.
To his wife he sent the ha-ha—
Sent her back into her ma-ma,
In the outskirts of Chicago.

—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Susan Simpson.

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shier,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she signed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

Six Septembers Susan swelters;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side by side.

—*Boston Globe*.

An Unfair Advantage.

I envy the man who makes Mahel her shoes,
Because, to get down to the root,
We both take our orders from her, hut you see,
The cobbler has Mahel to boot.

—*New York Herald*.

The first and second parts of Volume V. of the Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences, which have recently been issued, contain several notable papers of interest to the scientific world generally and to the Pacific Coast in particular. They discuss the fauna and flora and the physical characteristics of the country from Alaska to Mexico, and present to the world several curious and important discoveries. Among those who contribute papers are President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, Dr. H. H. Behr, Gustav Eisen, John Van Denburgh, William H. Ashmead, George H. Ashley, J. G. Cooper, Alice Eastwood, and Flora Hartley. The plates, including two in colors, are very handsome, and there are a number of elaborate maps in each part.

The Philadelphia *Times* asserts that at no time in the history of the republic have there been so few ex-Presidents, ex-Vice-Presidents, widows of Presidents, and defeated candidates for President and Vice-President surviving as there are to-day. There is only one living ex-President, Mr. Harrison; there is only one living ex-Vice-President, Mr. Morton; and there is not a single defeated candidate for President excepting Harrison and Cleveland, and the only living defeated candidate for Vice-President is Whitelaw Reid. There are only two living widows of Presidents—Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield.

"Not an inch of room left in the house," was the answer of Chicago hotel clerks a fortnight ago to the inquiries of tired travelers. Never since the closing days of the World's Fair have Chicago hotels done the business which was then crowding into them. Cots, which had been stacked away for three years, were brought out and placed in halls and parlors. The bicycle show was the immediate cause, although the regular commercial business was heavy.

The King of the Belgians had a delightful time of it on his visit to Paris last summer, but he is paying for it now, as the visit is being caricatured in Brussels. The king is practically pictured as having made the visit to see Mlle. Emelienne d'Alençon, of the Scala. He wished to stop it, but he found there was no censor in Belgium.

When the self-made and purse-proud Jones said, "I began life without a cent in my pocket," the impecunious Smith sighed and answered: "I didn't even have a pocket!"

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Pastor—"Of course, you should do unto others
as you would have them do unto you." *Parishioner*
—"I suppose so, but I really couldn't afford it."—*Vogue.*

"Do you notice any change in Dumley?" asked
the tall man. "No, I don't," snapped the other
man, sourly. He was Dumley's tailor.—*Rockland*
Tribune.

After marriage: *She*—"I thought you told me
your salary was fifty dollars a week?" *He*—"Oh,
no; I said I earned fifty, but I only get ten."—*Yale Record.*

"Your crime," said the South Dakota judge,
"is absolutely inexcusable. A man who will not
take the trouble to get a divorce deserves no
mercy." And he gave the convicted bigamist the
full penalty of the law.—*Puck.*

"If you don't do something on this hill before
the fifteenth, I intend to sue you." "Ah. And
will you permit me to recommend Sharpe &
Steele? I receive a percentage on all they get out
of me."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Judge—"Are you aware of any mitigating circum-
stances in your case?" *Criminal*—"Yes, your
honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested
for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might
get up a little jubilee."—*Household Words.*

She—"You don't care for my kisses any more."
He—"The idea! Before we were married I used
to expect a dozen or so in payment for a box of
candy, and now I deem only one of them sufficient
payment for a new dress."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The mendicant stood before the wayfarer with
outstretched hand. "Please, sir," he said, "I have
seen better days." "Well, that's no affair of mine,"
said the wayfarer; "make your kick to the weather
man if you don't like this kind of a day."—*Chicago*
Post.

"If you love me," he said, impressively, "you
will never chew gum under any circumstances. I
am satisfied that it is injurious." "But, Alfred,"
she protested, "you know, I haven't any caramels."
It was only then that he realized what a mistake he
had made.—*Chicago Post.*

Miss Cyclopedia—"Mrs. Wheeler's husband is too
mean to live!" *Miss Sprachett*—"How so?"
Miss Cyclopedia—"Why, the other day he over-
heard me saying to his wife that we ought to have
a bicycle club, and he sang out, coarsely, 'What's
the matter with an axe?'"—*Puck.*

"I see a funny thing in the paper some days
sence. It said that Queen Elizabeth always
wanted to run away when she seen a sheriff's
officer. I got the same complaint." *Everett*
West—"I wonder if it is possible that royal
blood flows in your veins?"—*Washington Star.*

"I wish to say," shouted that eminent tragedian,
Mr. Barnes Tormer, "that the fiend who threw
that china egg and knocked me breathless is nothing
but a brute, with the instincts of an assassin. I am
inured to ordinary expressions of disapproval, but
this is more than flesh and blood can hear!"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Professor of Shakespeare—"This morning we
have cases of ellipsis. Definition. Yes?" *As-
piring sympathetic student*—"Omission of a word
or idea easily supplied from the context." *Pro-
fessor of Shakespeare*—"Exactly. Example.
Yes?" *Aspiring sympathetic student*—"Shake-
speare's frequent use of 'Go to!'"—*Puck.*

Dobson—"What made you give up that play you
were going to have in your Amateur Dramatic
Company? Did the actors all back out?" *Fogge*
—"No; that wasn't the trouble; but our leading
lady insisted on wearing a dress with a train three
yards long, and the stage is only eight feet by six,
so we decided to have a monologue."—*Bazar.*

D.—"What, you an inveterate smoker, actually
refuse a cigarette?" *V.*—"The fact is, my doctor
has forbidden me to smoke." A month later, *D.*
meets his friend *V.* with an enormous cigar in his
mouth. *D.*—"I say! Didn't you tell me your
doctor had ordered you to give up smoking?" *V.*
—"Certainly; but you must know—he died last
week."—*Remis Theater.*

Birdie—"That young minister from Christian-
endeavorville is a perfect fraud." *Kittie*—"How
so?" *Birdie*—"Why, we went out for a moon-
light stroll together last evening, and when we
were miles away from everybody else, he said that
he wanted to tell me the old, old story." *Kittie*—
"Well?" *Birdie*—"Well—I told him to go on—
you know—and what do you think! He began to
tell me about Jesus!"—*Jury.*

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beavens Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brenand's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 208 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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By a Washington dispatch dated February 10th, we learn that the Democratic "popular" loan will bring in to the government the sum of \$111,378,836.97. A little over one-third of this goes to Mr. Cleveland's friends, the Pierpont-Morgan Syndicate. They could have secured more—they made a

very suspicious bid, which was only an infinitesimal decimal higher than the bid of the Stewarts, a rival syndicate—but the bids of the small banks throughout the country, eager to get the bonds, overtopped them, and they had to be content with about thirty-four out of the hundred millions. As they got all of the last lot, however, on very much better terms, they ought to be content. The gold reserve, we may remark, has fallen to \$42,000,000 on the day these lines are written, and Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle will speedily have need of all the hundred millions just borrowed to replenish that waning fund.

In the meantime, the Democratic organs are shouting themselves hoarse over the "success of the popular loan"; wild peans of joy burst from their editorial bugles; hysterical head-lines decorate their columns; the "success of the popular loan" has apparently turned the Democratic editorial bead.

For one who is neither Democratic nor insane, it is difficult to understand this frenzy of joy. Why are the Democrats so surprised that the government's credit is good? Or are they surprised that it is so good after three years of Democratic rule? In that case, we may understand their surprise without understanding their joy. For we believe that the good faith, the honor, and the credit of the United States of America will be firmly maintained, through good report and evil report, through panic and depression, through treason, copperheadism, and civil war—even through a Democratic administration. This last is difficult, but the country has weathered as great if not greater evils than Mr. Cleveland and his party, and will weather even them.

The ingenuous joy of the Democrats in finding that the government can borrow money from its own people is not to be wondered at. The administration had given itself, body and soul, to the money-lenders of Wall and Lombard Streets. The last two iniquitous bond deals, aggregating \$162,000,000, were banded over by the Democratic administration to those syndicates of Shylocks, at figures so exorbitant that they are scarcely credible. In addition to the high rate of interest paid—a rate so high that it excited the amazement of the world—the syndicates made some \$12,000,000 in "commissions." With the gratitude usual among pawnbrokers, they determined to put the country in a hole, and drive a harder bargain with it next time. They almost succeeded. When Mr. Cleveland's extraordinary war message caused a fall in American securities, his syndicate friends jumped on them, and "shorted" them for all they were worth. They have been discrediting them ever since, and "American" bankers, so called, have not been ashamed to conspire with their Lombard Street pals to depress American stocks. They had a twofold motive—to make money by "shorting" American stocks, and to create a feeling of insecurity which would prevent the negotiation of another American loan in the money markets of Europe, by which means it would fall into their hands, and they would hunc the United States out of another ten or twelve millions. Fortunately for the country, Cleveland and Carlisle became alarmed at the last moment, and issued their celebrated midnight call for the "popular" loan.

The Democratic rejoicing over the fact that the United States can borrow a hundred millions from its citizens in time of peace is rather curious when one reflects on the high credit this country has always maintained, and that Republican administrations negotiated loans of thousands of millions during the darkest days of the Civil War. The colossal debt rolled up by that war was steadily reduced during the years that the Republican party was in power. From August, 1865, to July, 1892, the national debt was reduced by the enormous amount of nearly two billions of dollars—\$1,914,905,107, to be exact. It was during this period that the aggregate debts of the European states rose to twenty thousand millions of dollars, and it was the unanimous belief of the financial world that their debts would never be paid. Yet while these colossal debts were still mounting up, the United States Government steadily reduced its own debt by nearly two billions of dollars—nearly one billion of dollars in excess of the requirements of the

sinking fund. All this was done while the Republican party was in power.

It is difficult, therefore, to understand the Democratic rejoicing. Since that party has been in power, the credit of the country has been impaired; it has paid as high as five per cent. for money, a rate which is exacted only from semi-civilized and semi-bankrupt countries like Turkey or Ecuador; the Democratic administration has already borrowed at that rate one hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars, which the new loan will increase to above a quarter of a billion of dollars; the Democratic administration has stopped all payments on the national debt, which the Republican administration was steadily paying off. The Democratic administration has, on the other hand, increased the national debt, decreased the gold reserve, and increased the annual interest account. Under Harrison it was reduced from thirty-nine millions to twenty-two millions. Under Cleveland it has been raised from twenty-two millions to thirty-four millions.

The Republican party, then, raised nearly three thousand millions of dollars and maintained the country's credit in the throes of a bloody and destructive civil war; in the following thirty years it paid off two thousand millions of the national debt. In the last three years, the Democratic party, after half ruining the country, has stopped all payments on the national debt, and has been forced to borrow a quarter of a billion of dollars at exorbitant rates of interest in a time of peace. It is not extraordinary that the Democratic organs should be rejoicing over the fact that the citizens of the United States still believe in the faith and credit of their government to the extent of a hundred millions; but it is extraordinary, considering this plain record of Democratic ignorance and incompetency, that the citizens of the country should believe in the faith and credit of their government at all, so long as it is in Democratic hands.

California's interest in the tramp problem is unique. Everywhere the tramp is the same, but older communities have by experience been cured of illusions concerning him, whereas in this region, which is new as well as remote from the long-suffering East, old conceptions of a sentimental sort survive. The pioneer tradition is still with us, and influential. Our State was founded by men who, as a rule, came here with nothing. In their days of struggle most of them knew what it was to be with empty pockets, and a large proportion of adventurers who afterward conquered fortune had undergone hardship and hunger. That memory is softening. Before the American occupation, Mexican hospitality required that the doors should be open to every wanderer.

This spirit, diluted, is not dead. It produces a kindliness, in itself admirable, but altogether unsuited to meet actual facts. The wanderer of the '30's and '40's and the pioneer in his hard-up phases were as little like the contemporary tramp as the passed-away Easterners are like the present. The tramp of the era is an Eastern product, and we know him because we have railroads, and because our climate and our compassionate disposition alike attract him away from the snows of the Atlantic side and the Arctic want of sympathy which are his portion there. Mere poverty is not what makes him objectionable. He is a distinct product of civilization—a barbarian of cities who, determined not to work, has developed into a diseased creature, who likes indolence and dirt for their own sakes, and is as sharply differentiated from honest, industrious, and cleanly men as if he belonged to another species. Not until this is realized, not until the people of California learn to comprehend that the hordes of vagabonds who annually escape from the rigors of Eastern ice and Eastern knowledge journey here for semi-tropical temperature and semi-tropical benevolence, not until they encounter something like what they have left, shall we be rid of them.

It chills the sympathetic Californian blood to hear how the New York authorities are treating tramps. Hitherto they have provided lodgings at the station-houses, and given them

breakfasts in the morning. Between forty and fifty thousand tramps, male and female, have thus, time out of mind, been cared for annually in New York city. Now, when the homeless man seeks municipal alms, he is sent to the Wayfarers' Lodge and Wood Yard, where, in return for an hour or two's toil with the axe and saw, he will be rewarded with shelter and food—and a bath. It is expected that henceforth the professional tramp will dodge New York. He can, on a pinch, stand the wood-sawing, but the bath is too much. This was tried before on a barge in the North River, where the wayfarer was well treated in the matter of food and lodging. He was even given a night-shirt and a comfortable bed. But as he was required to take a bath, the records show that not many tramps returned once, and none at all twice. A clean man can not be a tramp.

New York is acting with vigor. The authorities are resolved no longer to make life easy in the metropolis for the incurably lazy and dirty parasites who have no thought for the morrow, and who prefer to be foul in person. To tolerate these wretches is to place a premium on prideless indolence and to encourage mendicancy.

Driven out of New York, as they have been out of most Eastern communities in recent years, California gets a large share of the overflow of the expelled tramps. They regard this as a land of delight. Hence their camps, their frequent organization into companies, their hold front in rural communities, and their determination to live at ease on the inhabitants. They are as vicious, as insolent, and almost as dangerous as the half-beggar, half-handit bands which were a terror to Europe before modern governments and the modern police arose. They need but arms and leaders of courage to become brothers to the mediæval brigands. Their strength lies in the sparse settlement of the State and the survival of the antiquated notion that it is meritorious to give indiscriminate alms—a most pernicious notion, betokening a defective sense of citizenship.

California's defense against the tramp can be made easy and effectual. While the counties act independently of one another, the vagabonds will overrun and subsist on the country. But by concert of action among the counties, which can readily be taken, existence for the tramp would be no more safe and agreeable than for the burglar. Our roads need prison labor, and more roads are required. The laws on the statute-book for the punishment of vagrancy supply the power to local authorities. Were every tramp who appears taken into custody and, on conviction, sentenced to labor on the roads, we should speedily have an end of the winter invasion. Two years of good sense shown in the execution of existing laws would make of California a land of terror to the work-aborring outcast. But that can not happen while the old hospitable, generous sentiment, that fitted very well the California of Spanish and pioneer days, is brought down to give undeserved alms and protection to the imported Diggers of civilization. The pick, the shovel, the wheelbarrow, the bath, and prison fare are the remedies that common sense prescribes for the curse which at once harasses and disgraces the State.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Hoke Smith, who owns a newspaper in Atlanta, told an interviewer, the other day, how he happened to make the investment, and also delivered himself of his views on the purposes and limitations of modern journalism. Some years ago, a publisher who occupied the building which Mr. Smith had bought and in which he had an office, chanced to remark that he wanted to sell out. The paper had an income of four thousand dollars a year, net, and Mr. Smith purchased it for twelve thousand dollars. Speaking as a man of experience and an expert observer, Secretary Smith thus sizes up the journalism of the day:

"The newspaper press has come down to be business, and not either politics or literature. It is a mercantile organization. Wherever you look you find the strongest publishers to be business men or merchants."

That is conspicuously true. The editor and the writers of the daily newspaper ordinarily have the same relation to it as the clerks and salesmen of a grocer hear to his establishment. It is the proprietor of the paper, in his capacity as a business man, who directs its policy, and his eye is single to the till. As a result, he achieves circulation, advertisements, and profits, but the newspaper ceases to be influential on the public mind, except indirectly, and then usually for evil. Secretary Smith is the most candid of newspaper proprietors. Not only does he admit that a financial motive tunk him into the business, and keeps him there, but he perceives and acknowledges the results to journalism of purely commercial standards. "If," he says, "the mere reporting of everything, from games to crimes, base-ball to society, is to be the stock of the newspaper, people must look elsewhere for means of intellectual refreshment." The reading of books by those to whom the newspaper has become a substitute will, he thinks, revive. "It is absolutely neces-

sary for the man who would not have his mental constitution weakened by the modern newspaper to read books."

We all have the newspaper habit in some degree. The papers must be read if we would know what is going on throughout the world at the moment. But there are few who, like Secretary Smith, publisher, understand how pernicious the newspaper is to the mind when it is not kept very low down in the list of intellectual wants. If a serious man will calculate how much time he spends in reading not the news, but the trash that is spread before him by the press, he will suffer a shock of unpleasant surprise. Most people, at a moderate estimate, give half an hour daily to the newspapers. Half an hour a day is one hundred and eighty hours a year. It has been asserted that in one hundred hours one can get a good reading knowledge of a foreign language. Consider, too, what information, what delight may be derived in one hundred and eighty hours with the masters of English literature. To choose the newspaper instead, is to prefer the husks of thought in the sty of journalism to a well-set table with the best of human company.

Mr. Smith has put his finger on two of the characteristics of the daily newspaper of the time—its raw commercialism and its innocence of intellectuality. He has, however, missed seeing the graver consequences which follow from his premises. The worst is journalistic hypocrisy. While the newspaper is, as he says, a mere merchant, it considers it necessary to assume to be a patriot and a teacher. Therefore it is a fraud, and daily accustoms the people to the spectacle of gainful false pretense. In reality, the average daily newspaper has no higher motive for being than has a circus-poster; but its editorial ring-master, speaking for his employer, feels bound to utter himself on politics, morals, religion, and other high human concerns as if he were an instructor in all.

Proposing to itself only the making of money, the newspaper naturally caters to the wants of the many, who are not wise. Hence its sensationalism, its shallowness, its stupid frivolity, and, worse than all, its indecency. Circulation is the sign of financial success, for circulation brings paying advertising. Observe the papers of the greatest circulation in San Francisco and all American cities. They reek with indecorous pictures and prurient matter. This example corrupts every publisher who is after a fortune. Being a business man, he takes the road that leads to wealth. The sensationalism, the sustained inanity, and all the lesser faults of the press can be endured, but this indecency has become intolerable. It is alike nauseous to taste and destructive of public morals. Unobservant men of self-respect are apt to think that money made by debauching the minds of the young, by publishing newspapers that can not be read aloud before women—such, for illustration, as the *New York World* and the *San Francisco Examiner*, perfect types of the "great daily"—is not sought except by the lowest of mankind. On the contrary, the possession of millions does not in the least degree lessen the desire for such gains. Pride is taken in a species of success that is equivalent to national disrepute.

It is manifest that the press of the United States is in a condition of transition. The old journal of news and opinion, whose character was its dearest possession, has been succeeded by the newspaper of the present, which is a thing of commerce wholly, and in its commercialism has come to ignore those obligations on conduct which still are binding on the individual man. It chooses to be as low as its lowest reader. This can not last. Invention has substituted the machine for the compositor, and invention will displace the costly press and other things which within the past twenty years have so enormously increased the cost of publication that only those who can command large sums of money may go into the business of printing daily newspapers. Time and invention will oust the business-like millionaire and give journalism back to the direction of journalists, who, not being exclusively devoted to the making of money, like the Pulitzers and Hearsts, will have higher notions of what newspapers should be. When we have new Greeleys and Raymonds—when it is possible for men of their qualities and aspirations to publish newspapers—the press will emerge from the degradation into which it has fallen, and, by reason of brains and earnestness, they will deliver it from the commercial state in which Mr. Hoke Smith found it when he took a hand in its direction, and from which, as a thrifty business man, it has not occurred to him he should do anything to deliver it.

In the question of the settlement of the debt of the Central and Union Pacific Railways, now before Congress, California occupies her usual position. We can not recall anything that this State has asked from Congress and the country where the country or Congress has been able to find out what she wanted. Take the question of permitting the resumption of hydraulic mining, for example, under governmental super-

vision; the farmers of California are bitterly opposed to it under any conditions, and they fight the miners in and out of Congress; even the miners are divided among themselves. When the California delegation appeared before the congressional committee, that committee very justly said that it could do nothing until the Californians were themselves agreed. When Cleveland succeeded Arthur, when Harrison succeeded Cleveland, both Presidents found it impossible to make any California appointments for many months. California was agreed on nothing except in abuse of her own candidates. The wearied Harrison remarked at one time that he had more trouble over the Federal appointments in California than in all the rest of the States of the Union put together. When the Horticultural Department at the Chicago Columbian Exposition was allotted to California, the directors were obliged to take it away and give it to another State, owing to the inability of Californians to agree upon an appointee for chief of that department. Every man named was denounced as being corrupt or worse. When the Federal Government tried to give us a new post-office building, we wrangled fiercely for many months over the selection of a site. When the government finally selected one, the daily papers still denounced the site as a "bog," and the selection as a "swindle." Two officers of the Engineer Corps of the United States army subsequently made borings and reported upon the site, stating that it was entirely fitted for such a building as was desired. But California, her press, and her people had enjoyed their regular squabble over everything Federal, with the result that the foundations have not yet been laid for a building which would have been completed by this time were it not for the regular California family row.

We are reminded of these occurrences by the attitude of the press of California on the question of the settlement of the debt to the government of the Pacific Railways. The most remarkable diversity of opinion exists. The *Examiner* declares itself to be in favor of government ownership. The *Chronicle* charges that the *Examiner* is hired to advocate this by an Eastern syndicate which has been formed to purchase the Pacific railways at foreclosure sale. The *Post* also advocates this theory, and says that Sutro is in with the *Examiner's* syndicate. The *Call* says that the Vanderhilt and Gould interests intend to buy the Pacific Railways at foreclosure sale; that the Vanderhilt and Gould set will oppose refunding; that if the transcontinental railroads pass into their hands, it would insure genuine competition with the Southern Pacific; that therefore the *Call*—as we understand it—is opposed to government ownership, in order to bring about this sale to the Gould and Vanderhilt interests. The *Report* calls for the sale of the road to the highest bidder, but the *Chronicle* retorts that such a foreclosure sale would put the roads into the hands of a syndicate for less than the amount of the first mortgage, leaving the government nothing. Mayor Sutro and Mr. Estee, who called a mass-meeting against refunding the debt, had a quarrel over the memorial to Congress which the meeting indorsed; this memorial, after it had been passed, was then rejected by a majority of the committee, and Estee denounced Sutro in a published interview as acting in the interest of an Eastern syndicate.

As for our congressional delegation, Senator White is, we believe, like Judge Maguire, in favor of government ownership. On the other hand, Senator Perkins, in an interview wired from Washington, under date of February 10th, says: "I am opposed to the operation of the roads by the government." Our two senators therefore differ diametrically. As to the congressmen, Maguire, as we have said, is unqualifiedly in favor of government ownership; Johnson is unqualifiedly opposed to it; the rest of the delegation is divided.

When the senators, the congressional representatives, the press, and the people of a State entertain such radically different views, and when they fight so fiercely among themselves as the papers are fighting now, it is not to be expected that the congressional committee will pay any attention to such a quarrelsome and contentious set. If California were to agree upon anything, and make a demand for it, it is extremely probable that Congress would grant it—through considerations of political expediency, if for no other reasons. But when California is rent and torn with internecine wrangles, and when California newspapers are fiercely fighting over what California wants, it is not probable that the Congress of the United States can tell very clearly what California does want.

A case is on trial as we go to press which involves an estate "given" to a Roman Catholic priest for religious uses. The heirs of Ellen Gallagher have brought suit against the Rev. Denis Nugent to recover one hundred and twenty thousand dollars which the priest got hold of during the old lady's last illness. In his deposition the priest admitted that he had re-

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ceived a large amount of property from Mrs. Gallagher. Over ninety-seven thousand dollars was traced up, not including a house now owned and occupied by the priest himself. He exhibited a document executed by Mrs. Gallagher five days before her death, by which he was explicitly freed from rendering any account of the property he had received. Except for the signature, the document was all in the priest's handwriting. Calvin Ewing testified that the priest told him, apropos of the heirs' threatened contest, that he "had so fortified himself that the law could not reach him." The priest was shown a photograph of a house said to have been built by him with money secured from Mrs. Gallagher. He was asked if it represented his house. He replied that he "was not a judge of art." He was directed by the court to answer the question, when he replied, evasively, that it "looked like his house."

It is not many years since the State of California was forced to pass a law protecting the dying rich from the greed of Roman Catholic priests. It was currently reported at the time that the holding-up by the priests of several moribund millionaires—the late William S. O'Brien, of the honanza firm of Flood & O'Brien, among others—led to the passage of this law. It reads as follows:

No estate, real or personal, shall be bequeathed or devised to any charitable or benevolent society, or corporation, or to any person or persons in trust for charitable uses, except the same be done by will duly executed at least thirty days before the decease of the testator; and if so made, at least thirty days prior to such death, such devise or legacy, and each of them, shall be valid; provided, that no such devise or bequest shall collectively exceed one-third of the estate of the testator leaving legal heirs, and in such case a pro rata deduction from such devise or bequests shall be made so as to reduce the aggregate thereof to one-third of such estate; and all dispositions of property made contrary hereto shall be void.—Section 1313, Civil Code of California.

Now it is beginning to look as if the Roman Church were determined to evade this most just law by influencing rich old men and women upon their death-beds to give up their property before they die. The law stepped in once, and protected the moribund rich from being terrified into alms-giving by threats of purgatory. Now a jury will have to step in to protect the heirs of Ellen Gallagher from this new form of ante-mortem sequestration.

The subject of weather in California is an old one, but when one considers the atmospheric conditions which have lately been experienced here, it is worth commenting on. As we write, the dispatches from various favored points show the following facts: At Paris, the weather was reported as "overcast and foggy; temperature, from 30 to 34 degrees Fahrenheit; a cold wind blowing." At London, "overcast and dismal; barometer falling; fog during the day; colder; temperature, from 33 to 44 degrees Fahrenheit." At Berlin, "overcast; cold winds; barometer falling; temperature, 42 degrees Fahrenheit." At Nice, "temperature, 50 degrees Fahrenheit." At Cairo, "temperature, 70 degrees Fahrenheit." At Arcachon, "temperature, 57 degrees Fahrenheit." At Hot Springs, Ark., "temperature, 50 degrees Fahrenheit." At Hot Springs, N. C., "temperature, 54 degrees Fahrenheit." At Marseilles, "temperature, 59 degrees Fahrenheit." At Lakewood, N. J., an Eastern winter resort, "temperature, 44 degrees Fahrenheit." When we compare this with the conditions which prevail here, it is not to be wondered at that Californians find the winter weather here superior to any other point. For several weeks, since the late rain storm, we have had clear and cloudless skies, and a temperature averaging about 70 degrees. Those who have been in Algiers or Egypt, and experienced the hot, sirocco-like winds which sweep over these presumably favored spots, or along the Riviera, and been chilled to the marrow by the icy "mistral" which blows from the snow-clad Alps, will appreciate the difference. There is no spot in the world which has a better winter climate than California.

The enormous increase in the production of gold is attracting the attention of all financiers, and alarming some of them. It seems but the other day that the silver advocates were protesting against a gold basis for the currency on the ground that the supply was diminishing. Now the output disposes of the arguments founded on the scarcity of the yellow metal. Last year the world's production was \$203,000,000, the largest recorded. A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says:

"The yield for 1895 was half again as great as that of four years ago, and twice as great as the average yield throughout the years from 1870 to 1890; indeed it is within the brief interval since Mr. Cleveland's first election that the gold supply has doubled, as that supply is known to this generation. It is now larger by half than in the years when the virgin fields of California and Australia poured forth their golden flood; twenty times greater than in any year from the opening of the century down to 1840; equal to the entire product of two decades before or after the adoption of the gold-basis currency scheme of 1816. The mere increase for 1895 over the year preceding—an increase of \$24,000,000—was nearly twice the whole world's output in any year down to the Mexican War."

And there is every prospect that the volume of new gold

will go on swelling. The United States, Australasia, and Africa last year were equal producers, each furnishing \$45,000,000, and each is considered only on the verge of larger development. Russia gave \$34,000,000, and awaits only better processes to increase the yield. Experts calculate that the Transvaal is good for thirty-five hundred millions here its deposits shall be exhausted—an amount equal to half the total yield of the whole world since Columbus discovered this hemisphere. It is obvious, moreover, that California and Colorado have taken a new start which promises to bring them to the African level of production within a very few years. Utah, also, is coming to the front, and Mexico's riches are comparatively undeveloped. Statisticians who venture on prophecy think that the gold production of 1900 will rise to \$300,000,000, which means that in the present decade the world's output will be tripled.

When, in the early fifties, California and Australia gave up their wealth, there was a panic in the money centres. It was feared that gold would lose its value, and a movement for its demonetization began. Since then the greater production of silver has, in the minds of many, endowed gold with a sort of sacred character, as if its supply were under the direct regulation of the Divine Producer. That queer faith will not be able to survive in the presence of the swiftly growing production.

The *Argonaut* has long maintained that the chief objection to the claims of the free-silver coinage men is centred in that phrase itself—that the coinage of no metal should be "free" to the citizens of a country, but that coinage ought to be a governmental function, jealously guarded by the government itself. Several years ago we said that the time might come when the "free" coinage of gold would be as undesirable as the "free" coinage of silver, and that this government should reserve the exclusive right to coin the metals, and not give the privilege practically to its citizens in the case of either gold or silver. These views were ridiculed at the time, but the facts set forth above confirm their soundness. The relation between gold and silver is about to change radically. There has been a great falling off in the output of the latter and a corresponding increase in the output of the former. It is inevitable that the ratio will alter. The simple faith that nature can be trusted to see to it that the ratio shall remain at 16 to 1, or in that blessed neighborhood, will long survive in the schools and in the Eastern newspaper offices; but elsewhere theory can not hold its own against climbing piles of yellow bricks and diminishing piles of white ones. The authority of government, as expressed in its mint stamp, will be necessary to decree the money value of each.

One effect of the outpour of gold will be to re-open the silver mines and lead to the discovery of others. That will come sooner than is generally expected, for there is bound to be a leap in the price of silver presently. No one who has kept himself familiar with the gold situation during the past three or four years has any other expectation than that the product will go on increasing. The impetus to investment has been given, and such an impetus is not easily stayed. There is no danger at all that too much gold will be mined. The world never yet has had enough of it, and it is not likely to have. Our own State is exhibiting the effects of the renewed interest of capital in gold extraction. Last year California contributed above \$15,000,000 to the world's stock, and there is every likelihood that within three years that amount will be doubled. Reduction in the cost of milling by the invention of new processes and the improvement of old methods has made it practicable to work at a profit mines which were abandoned and dumps that were considered waste. The incoming of Eastern and European money in search of investment has sent an army of prospectors out into the mountains, with the result that many new finds have been made. Encouraged by example, local capital, long loath to touch mining properties, has found courage to take legitimate chances. Mines, known to be rich, or at least reasonably promising, that have lain idle for many years, are being taken hold of. The outlook is good for a general revival. And it is known to all mining men that the only thing needed to make California the first mining region on earth, not excepting South Africa, is the application of capital to her resources. This application is beginning, and the more capital is employed, the more will be. The rewards which come to those who venture are certain to tempt others to emulation. It is probable that by 1900 California's gold product will equal, if not exceed, that of the Transvaal.

Since the Oakland police arrested the two boys who have been engaged in breaking into safes in Alameda County for the last month, the usual revulsion of feeling has taken place. Weak-minded philanthropists are saying that they are "only boys," that they are "victims of criminal heredity," because one of them had a father who was hanged, and similar flabby excuses. As to the question of their being boys, it

strikes us that two youths of fifteen and seventeen who are old enough to study so carefully the *Examiner's* "guide to burglary," to look into the question of high explosives, and to succeed in cracking some dozen safes in a month, are old enough to receive severe punishment. As to the question of "criminal heredity," if that be alleged, no criminal will ever be punished. There are very few in this world who have had no criminal ancestors. When it is considered that every man has four forefathers in the second generation, sixty-four in the fifth, and five hundred and twelve in the eighth, it is extremely improbable that any one could show a clean bill of ancestors. But to allege "criminal heredity" as an excuse for actual criminality would overturn the foundations of society. Not all criminals are fortunate enough to have had a father who has been hanged. But most of them can allege ancestors who have committed lesser crimes. We sincerely hope that these two young rascals will receive the full penalty of the law. If they are not too young to crack safes, they are not too young to be sent to prison.

The San José *Mercury* copies a recent editorial in the *Argonaut* entitled "Peter Funk Journalism," and says: "The *Argonaut* speaks with truth and force, but had it desired to be perfectly fair and candid, it would not have traveled nearly two thousand miles from home to select an example of honest, straightforward journalism, when so conspicuous an example flourishes beneath its very nose—as the *Call*."

The *Argonaut* has already frequently commented approvingly on the course of the *Call* in this regard, as that journal will doubtless admit. We repeat it, however—it is the only daily journal in San Francisco which is apparently able to stand alone, and does not depend on lottery fakes and premium snaps to keep it going. The article to which the *Mercury* refers was necessarily restricted to Chicago, as it discussed the return of journals to journalism, and Chicago is the only city where that practice has as yet become general. In San Francisco, as we said, there is but one daily journal which is not edited on the Peter Funk plan and which is not engaged in junk journalism.

The recent horrible affair in San Francisco, when Mamie McDermott, a woman of the town, was strangled to death, is not an uncommon sort of crime. There is no other stratum in human life, no matter how low, wherein one human being will voluntarily seek solitude with a total stranger. Therefore it is that women of the unfortunate class are particularly subject to robbery, accompanied or unaccompanied with murder. But the striking throg brought out by this crime is not the crime itself, but the status of the woman. If there is anything which is widely believed by good women, it is that women of this class have been "ruined," are unhappy, and are striving to "abandon their evil life." If there is anything that is universally disbelieved by police magistrates, penologists, and physicians, it is exactly this hypothesis entertained by good women. Those specialists know that the vast majority of fallen women are not "ruined," but seek their wayward life of their own volition. Most of them "fall" through love of finery and a life of ease, which is simply another name for that "love of money" which the good book says is the root of all evil, and which is the most squalid and selfish of human loves. The women's theory in regard to fallen women is demolished by the developments in this case. For it seems that this unfortunate creature, Mamie McDermott, was the daughter of a family who were well-to-do; that she was an only child of a widowed mother, who owned considerable real property in San Francisco; that she would have become heir to this property had she lived; that she left her mother's house some five years ago, and deliberately took up a low life; that, despite her mother's entreaties and every effort to reform her, she has remained in her degraded calling simply because she liked it. She is a fair type of her class.

That last Wednesday, February 12th, was the birthday of Abraham Lincoln was made notable by two facts—that Hansborough, a Republican senator, had introduced a bill in the United States Senate, making Lincoln's birthday a national holiday; that on Wednesday, Hale, another Republican senator, called up the bill for passage; but that Hill, a Democratic senator, objected, saying that he desired to amend by making Jackson's birthday (January 8th) also a national holiday. The further fact which made last Wednesday notable was this—some form of celebration took place in nearly every large city in the country—except San Francisco. On this coast we note with pleasure that hanquets and speeches were given at Los Angeles and Portland. But San Francisco was silent. Why? She never fails to celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

THE RISING
TIDE OF
GOLD.

ABRAHAM
LINCOLN AND
ST. PATRICK.

EXCUSES
FOR BOY
BURGLARS.

THE FIGHT AT HANK'S HOTEL.

An Episode in the Career of Jack Devore, Gambler.

A faint yellow light still lingered in the west, although the moon was shining. It was a hot night; not a breath of air stirred the stiff limbs of the yucca-trees or the fiery cactus-blossoms. The stifling heat still seemed to radiate from the baked sides of the small adobe houses, and the sandy soil was uncomfortable to walk upon, although the sun had been down an hour.

The town was just beginning to show signs of life. Any one arriving there between the hours of ten in the morning and six at night would feel assured that the place was deserted. Doors and shutters were closed, and the fierce rays of the sun beat down from the burnished blue Arizona skies with malignant glee, holding undisputed sway. At sundown, however, humanity began to assert itself. Not that it was much cooler, but the terrible, blinding glare was gone. Men appeared on the one long, straggling street, clad in cotton shirts and trousers, the former turned back from the throat as far as possible. Ponies came loping across the trails from the nearest camps with their swarthy riders, and lights began to flare in the saloons and gambling-tents. Sounds of voices were heard, too—true, mostly in oaths and coarse jokes, but they were human—and on this particular night came the wheezy wail of a fiddle and the livelier rattle of a hanjo from the upper floor of the single two-story building in the place, a rough structure of unpainted pine boards, with the words "Hank's Hotel" in large black letters over the door.

A dance was evidently in progress, for several ponies were tethered to the yucca-trees in front, and out on the still night air came the sound of a man's voice shouting orders.

Inside the room it was hot and uncomfortable, made more so by the light of half a dozen lamps. There were perhaps thirty men and one-third as many women, the former cowboys in high boots and tucked-in trousers, or red-shirted miners from the camps twenty miles away in the mountains, and all had pistols or knives gleaming in their belts. The women were brazen, painted things, who had drifted here when they were "down on their luck," and stayed because their sex was such a rarity that they were tolerated.

"A hard crowd," thought Jack Devore, as he leaned against the door, idly watching the dancers; "all of them toughened with crime, and all of them show it, unless it's that one over there," and his eyes rested on a young girl who had just finished dancing, and stood leaning against the wall panting and exhausted.

Jack Devore, in spite of his travels and dangerous life, did not show his forty-two years. Looking at him, one would take him for a gentleman of quiet and retiring tastes. He was remarkably handsome, of the blonde type, and dressed in excellent taste. He spoke good Spanish and purest English, had a knowledge of Shakespeare that many a scholar might well envy, possessed a tenor voice that would have made his fortune on the operatic stage, and a pair of eyes that would win one's heart, they were so innocent and honest. Yet Jack Devore had been put down by more than one as an unmitigated villain. He was a professional gambler, and had broken more hearts and ruined more lives than any other man in California and Arizona. He was said to be utterly without pity, although some swore to the contrary. At any rate, he was relentless in his pursuit of an object, and a dead shot, two things which made him a man whom it would be unwise to offend.

He was well aware of the furtive glances which were cast in his direction as he lounged against the door. It pleased him to hear the respectful invitations to dance which he received, but he felt no desire to join them—Jack Devore was rather fastidious in his tastes, and touching one of the painted women was out of the question, but the girl at whose face his eyes had stopped was different.

"You might look from the City of Mexico to San Francisco," he mused, "and not find another face like hers," and Jack was an excellent judge of beauty.

She stood leaning against the wall in a posture which brought out every line of her rounded figure, from the small foot tapping the floor in time to the groaning fiddle, to the top of her saucy head. She wore a short cotton skirt of some coarse dark material, while a large white kerchief, draped Mexican fashion, leaving her throat and arms bare, served for a bodice. Her hair, which fell in long black curls below her waist, was caught up at the left side of her head with a few brilliant cactus flowers, her teeth shone white through her parted lips, and her eyebrows met in a straight level line over a pair of glorious dark eyes. As if aware that some one was watching her, she stirred uncomfortably, and then looking up, met Jack Devore's gaze; for a moment she stared at him, then her eyes fell nervously. Thinking that this was a decided point in her favor, he roused himself and crossed the room to where she stood.

"Will you dance?" he said, in his musical voice.

She gave him her hand and he led her out on the floor.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Inez," she answered. "I—I am not like the rest," and she looked at him half proudly, half apologetically.

"It is easy to see that," he replied, "but not so easy to see why you are here." He did not ask the question, but she answered it.

"I hate the town," she said, bitterly; "but I can't get away. My mother died here; she used to say her heart was broke. I wish I could leave it."

He looked down into her beautiful eyes, half smiling. "Would you go with me, sweetheart?" he asked, idly.

She looked up startled and hesitating; but before she had time to answer the hanjo music stopped with a discordant crash and a rude hand thrust them apart. Jack, turning sharply, found himself confronted by one of the musicians, whom he recognized as the superintendent of the Eagle-bird Mine.

"Damn you," the young fellow said, savagely, "what do you want with her? She is the one pure thing in this cursed hole, and you shall not touch her."

Devore did not answer him, but turned to Inez. "You have not answered me," he said; "will you go?"

She looked into his eyes, half hesitating. He had taken a powerful hold on her, that he could see, and felt sure of victory; but she was flung to one side and his assailant's knife gleamed in the air. For a moment the two glared at each other, while the other men crowded around, silent and loath to interfere, but bound to see fair play.

Inez sprang between them. "Don't, Max, don't!" she cried.

The young man turned to her fiercely. "Choose!" he commanded. "You know I love you and would give my life for you, but I'd rather see you dead than have him touch you, and, by God! he shall!"

She looked from one to the other, afraid and doubting. The violence of one terrified her, and the other was different from any man she had ever known. The chances of a new life opened before her and dazzled her, yet Max had always been kind and gentle. Both were waiting for her answer impatiently, and Devore's hand was on his revolver—he was not accustomed to defeat. She could not choose, and woman-like, burst into tears.

At this juncture, "Big Jim," proprietor of the "Jack Pot" saloon, saw fit to interfere. "Quit your hawlin' now, Inez," he ordered. "You've raised devil enough. You'd better square yourselves, hoys, at twenty paces; a little cold lead'll soon settle the difficulty." And he laughed pleasantly as he marked off the distance with long strides, and the men took their places. A duel was the surest way, after all.

Jack Devore took his aim with his customary coolness. In reality he cared little for the girl, but he was not used to being thwarted. He could easily kill the young fellow who stood opposite him, but the girl, where would it lead her? His face took on a more serious look than any one had ever seen there. When he had tired of her, as he surely must, what then? She was so different, could she ever sink to be one of those painted creatures? A curious impulse stirred him, and when "Big Jim" gave the word to fire, he raised his arm and fired in the air, receiving at the same time a severe shock in his right arm. "I pass" was all he said.

When Jack Devore recovered his senses, he was lying on a rude couch, and a woman sat beside him. As he opened his eyes, she leaned forward, and in the dim light he recognized her as one of the hangers-on of the place.

"Jack," she said, softly, "you know me, and I know you, and I reckon there ain't much love lost, but I'm glad you didn't shoot. You remember Lola?"

Jack did, and he stirred uneasily. It had been hard to leave her, when he was forced to leave Sacramento, she was so pretty, and did not speak much English, and she had followed him all the way from Mexico. Poor Lola!

"Yes," he answered, shortly. "Because," the woman went on, "I knew her. She died here; she loved you, Jack Devore, and Inez is her daughter, hers and—yours."

There was silence for a long time; then, as it began to grow oppressive, Jack said, in a strangely softened voice: "Does she—does Inez know it?"

"No," the other answered.

"Don't tell her then," he said. "And say, Rose"—he reached into his pocket and painfully produced six hundred dollars in bills—"give her this, and tell her to marry that feller, and get out. You'll do it?"

"Yes," answered the woman. "Anything else, Jack?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "I'm going; get me my pony, Rose, like a good girl."

Half an hour later the sound of galloping hoofs was heard growing fainter and fainter out on the moonlit mesa.

BEATRICE BELLIDO DE LUNA.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1896.

The official celebration at Berlin of the German Empire's twenty-fifth birthday is admitted on all sides to have been, from any popular point of view, a blank disappointment. The emperor had discounted this, to some extent, by excluding the press from even a glimpse of the court festivities, and keeping the people, for the first time in the memory of Berliners, from viewing the parade of troops at the palace end of Unter den Linden. The community retorted by not crowding any of the other streets during the day, and by not lighting up any dwelling-house windows at night. The illuminations were strictly confined to public buildings, and the offices of bankers, merchants, and others whose interest is to conciliate the authorities. All this is significant enough; but it is even more important to note that the celebration was allowed to be a purely Prussian affair. Not a single federal king, or grand duke, or prince came from any of the minor courts of Germany to join in the rejoicings of the Hohenzollerns.

Horseless carriages are subjected to strict regulations in Paris. All persons intending to use an automotor carriage are required, in addition to giving many particulars regarding the machine, to furnish proof under the hand of a magistrate that they are domiciled in Paris, and to send in a copy of their birth and marriage certificates, together with two unmounted photographs of themselves. These are, doubtless, for identifying the remains in case of accident, and to furnish the heirs with legal proof of death.

A new-year's party was given at the London Home of Rest for Horses. The inmates had a sort of high tea, consisting of wheaten bread and carrots and sugar, and seemed to have enjoyed it very much. There was no respect of persons, and the poor invalid steeds were made as welcome as the ancient favorites of the rich. A donkey showed a great discernment in selecting the dishes, keeping, like a child, his carrot to the last, for a *bonne bouche*.

LATE VERSE.

When Extremes Touch.

On Hester Street—on Hester Street
The babes are born with faces old,
And hands are hard and hearts are cold,
And life limps on with lagging feet;
While morning dawns obscure and dim
To sodden eyes and faces grim,
And noon is harsh with motherless glee,
And night is foul with rildrury.
Surrounded by that fetid air,
The mire of muck and squalor there,
The light of love we may not meet—
God pity those of Hester Street!

On Astor Street—on Astor Street
The babes are laid in laps of gold,
While hands are soft and hearts are bold,
And life flows on with rhythmic beat,
For morning trips with rosy tread
Through scented sheen to silken bed,
And noon is decked with trappings gay,
And night is fraught with revelry.
And yet, with all its tinsel pride,
And titled groom and dainty bride,
The light of love we may not meet—
God pity those of Astor Street!

—Albert Bigelow Paine in Truth.

Lord Salisbury.

"Oh! for a year, a month, a day of Oliver Cromwell,"—*The Independent*,
A Speaker in City Temple, London.

Oh! for an hour of Cromwell,
For a leader brave and grand,
To guide the wrath, and point the path,
Of a mighty Christian land!
To heed the cry of innocent blood,
To blush for the world's disgrace,
With hand to deal a blow of steel
In the murderous Moslem's face!

Alas for a leader heedless
While massacred villages flame,
Unmoved by shrieks of maidenhood
At wrong too foul for name!
Strong to throttle the feeble,
Feeble to heed the strong,
With eye o'er-meek, and blenching cheek—
How long, O Lord, how long?

And women cover their faces,
And men are fain to hiss,
Cromwell's head upon Temple Bar
Were a leader better than this!
And heaven grows black with horror,
And earth grows red with wrong,
And martyrs cry from earth and sky,
How long, O Lord, how long?

—Rev. T. S. Perry in the Independent.

In the Baptistery.

In Pisa once within the Baptistery
I well remember, the astonished ear
Took sounds too sweet for earth. For as we stood
Beneath the fretted ambit of the Dome
The poor guide lifted a worn voice, not sweet,
But skilled to evoke the subtle harmonies
Which lurked in those dim heights; a common voice
And earthy as the accents coarse and dull
Of some street singer at a tavern door,
Frighting the midnight street, some hackneyed phrase
Stolen from the Missal book, so poor and flat
We fain had silenced it.

Ere it is done what heavenly harmonies
Flout those poor tones of earth. The ambient air
Seems filled with voices, voices everywhere
Of some angelic choir, which swell, which beat
Reverberating; circling waves of sound
Now single, doubled now, and resonant
And grown together, and interlaced and lost
In some unearthly sweetness mystical,
Till all the enchanted vault is charged with joy,
As when of old by some sea side remote
The lurking Sirens drew the listening crews;
Or as the chanting choirs which soar and fall
In hoary fanes; or the aerial flights
Of the angelic host whose heavenly tones
The rapt Cecilia heard; or those white ranks
Of gold-haired seraphs, chanting row on row,
With viol and voice and trump, the painter saw,
And filled with high-pitched music for all time
Tho' no sound come. Anon the circling waves,
Ebbing and flowing through the stately round
Of that great dome, are driven back, wave on wave,
High, repercussive, till they sink and die
As might the wavelets of the summer sea
In sweetness, and transform themselves and flow
In some low, gracious melody which sighs,
Fainter and fainter, to its perfect close.
As 'twere the soaring, rapt angelic choir
Which vanished in heaven's vault and left earth dumb
Of music, first the uplifted, pealing, high
Archangels' trumpets, then the chanting saints,
And then the faint child angels' voices last.

—Sir Lewis Morris in the Independent.

Professor Boys, of London, recently delivered an illustrated lecture in which he showed photographs of the Lee-Metford bullet as it passed through a quarter-inch sheet of glass. Just before the bullet touched the sheet the air wave cut a disk of glass about half an inch in diameter clean out. At the same time the glass around the hole was crushed into powder and driven back at an extremely rapid rate. The glass stuck to the bullet for a short time after it had passed through, the disk being driven out in front of the "bow wave." In this experiment the waves caused by the vibrations of the glass were plainly shown. A photograph of the bullet after it had cleared the glass by nine inches showed the remainder of the glass intact, but when the bullet had proceeded another sixteen inches the sheet of glass was seen to break and fall in fragments.

The latest university to open its doors to women is the University of Athens. Five women were enrolled for the winter term, yet not without violent objection from some of the students. The question divided the students into hostile parties, and two of them went from words to blows, until finally one shot the other with a revolver at the entrance to the chemical lecture-room. Strange conjunction of the barbarism of the East and of the West at a temple of science in Athens!

DEAN HOLE ON AMERICA.

What the English Cleric Thinks of Us and Our Institutions—His Comments on Our Terrapin and Ice-Water, Press and Politics.

To see themselves as others see them is a privilege frequently accorded to Americans. Traveling foreigners we have nearly always with us, and most of them hasten to preserve their impressions in book-form as soon as they reach home. Dean Hole has proved no exception to this rule; but his book, "A Little Tour in America," is an exception to the generality of such literature in the gentle spirit that animates it and in the kindly view the author takes of all men and all things.

The trip, undertaken with the object of making a lecturing tour for the purpose of increasing a cathedral fund, was a brief one, confined only to the larger cities, and the facts recorded are those which would strike a superficial observer.

New York harbor won immediate admiration from the traveler; not so the statue dominating it. Of "Liberty Enlightening the World," he says:

This gigantic image was presented to the United States by the French Republic some ten years ago, in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. If one of the objects of this presentation was, as I am constrained to suspect, to depress the Britisher with a sense of awe and aversion, I frankly own that "our lively neighbor, the Gaul," has achieved considerable success. It is awe-ful to the Englishman; it does make his heart sad, but not, as was intended, with the shameful memory of defeat—that wound has been healed long ago, and John Bull knows that he was well and wisely beaten—but with a dread and dislike of its ugliness, and of its cumbersome incongruity with the scene around. . . . I remembered a delightful engraving in *Punch*, which represented the ghost of Napoleon Bonaparte contemplating the equestrian statue of Wellington—not a thing of beauty, then recently erected at the entrance of Hyde Park—and saying: "After forty years I am avenged." So might the spectre of some vanquished hero of the revolution stand before this cumbersome erection, which doth bestride its narrow world like a Colossus, and say: "I am comforted by this vulgar caricature of Liberty, and by its independence of all good taste in Art."

The New York hotels and those of the larger cities are superior, the dean considers, to English hostleries. The black waiters are a surprise to him, but he finds them attentive and honest, and "in no instance suggesting the similarity which has been traced between them and Shakespeare's soft south wind, as 'stealing and giving odor.'" He has some pleasant things to say of American cookery and the quality of food, adding:

The Britisher does not at once understand the glass goblet of water and ice, which Mark Twain affirms to be the only distinct Americanism, and which invariably accompanies his breakfast, luncheon, and dinner; but the drier climate and the warmer rooms not only expel his aversion, but tempt him to excess.

Terrapin is not to the divine's taste, and he gives expression to his dislike in the following anecdote:

I do not know to which denomination the specimens belonged which were presented to me in pretty little vessels of embossed silver, expressly made for their reception; but I liked none of them, and I indorsed the verdict of an illustrious visitor from Rome, though I condemned the ungrateful rudeness of his words, when, in speaking of the viand to a friend, he said: "They are always giving me *that disgusting hash*."

In describing his first impressions of New York, the dean finds himself "astonished and bewildered by the sounds and sights of eager work. The roar of London seems to him as a faint murmur compared with the thunder of New York." The tram-cars and omnibuses arouse a little gentle satire in him. He says:

The proprietors and conductors of these vehicles are men of such large benevolence, and so anxious to promote the closest fellow-feeling among their neighbors, that they welcome all who desire to travel with them. It is a New York proverbial saying that "there's always room for one on a Broadway car." The result is that not only the sides, but the centre of the conveyances are crowded, chiefly with men, who almost invariably surrender the seats to the ladies, and who jolt against each other with polite grins whenever there is a sudden stop. Believers in the ancestral ape may readily imagine, as they hold on by the leathern straps suspended from the roof for their support, that they have reverted to type, and are chattering once more among their brother-monkeys, as they cling to the branches of primeval trees. I ventured to remark to an American friend that we had tried this system—this truck system—with our cattle upon the rail, and with a complete success, but that it did not seem to commend itself as a method of locomotion to my brother-men.

The dean defends Americans from the frequent accusation of his compatriots that "their one object of reverence is an idol of gold," saying that he sees "no difference between the nations—England and America—in their high estimate of the precious metals, or in their methods of appropriation." But he has the anecdotal habit peculiar to the clergy, and is therefore unable to refrain from relating the following incident:

I have heard it said that the American only values his possessions according to the price which he has paid for them, and that he will give an extravagant sum not for the beauty, but for the rarity of his purchase. The infirmity exists. I have positive proof. A rich gentleman in New York was a collector of valuable tapestry, carpets, and rugs. A friend, inspecting, noticed on one of these textile fabrics a conspicuous white card, and as he stooped to read the writing upon it—"£1,000"—the proprietor expressed his angry surprise that it had been overlooked, and he unfasted and removed it. The visitor was suspicious, and when he related the incident, a few weeks after his visit, he was not unprepared for the loud laughter which it evoked from his companions, who at once exclaimed, "I was with him yesterday; the ticket was again conspicuous, and was banished with the same expostulation!"

It is rather surprising to find this English clergyman carrying the spirit of fairness so far as to enter on a species of defense of "lynch law." Evidently repeating the arguments offered to himself, he says:

This lynch law, however shocking it may appear to Europeans and New Englanders, is far removed from arbitrary violence. According to the testimony of careful observers, it is not often abused, and its proceedings are generally conducted with some regularity of form as well as fairness of spirit. . . . It may be asked: "Why not create an efficient police?" Because crime is so uncommon in many districts—in such districts, for instance, as Michigan or rural Wisconsin—and the people have deliberately concluded that it was cheaper and simpler to take the law into their own hands on those rare occasions when a police is needed than to be at the trouble of organizing and paying a force for which there is usually no employment. If it be urged that they are thus forming habits of lawlessness in themselves, the Americans reply that experience does not seem to make this

probable, because lawlessness does not increase among the farming population, and has disappeared from places where the rudeness or simplicity of society formerly rendered lynch law necessary.

Even newspaper reporters meet with toleration from him. Of this class he writes:

Before I left America I was visited by more than two hundred reporters, and found them, almost without exception, clever and well-informed, pleasant in manner, and accurate in their records. The majority took no notes, and yet repeated almost *verbatim* a long conversation. A few came at inconvenient hours—when I was making myself a C. B. in the morning, or arriving late at night at my hotel. One young gentleman I found calmly seated in the drawing-room of a friend with whom I went to dine. Several met me at the railway stations, and some came into the train. . . . Occasionally their queries are somewhat too crowded or abstruse for immediate and complete solution. A clergyman of high position in New York told me that he was visited by a pressman, and consented to see him upon the assurance that he would not detain him for more than one minute. "I only wish to ask"—he said, on admission to the clerical study—"why you belong to the Episcopal Church? What is your opinion of the Old Testament characters compared with those of the New? Whether you expect to meet your friends in a future state of existence, and, if so, on what foundations you have formed this expectation?"

When he comes to discuss the daily press, the dean becomes severe. He quotes as curiosities several pages of the startling head-lines and paragraphs common to the newspapers of all American cities, commenting thus:

They pander to that morbid craving for the terrible which, like the ghoul or the horse-leech, thirsts for blood, gloats upon the ghastly corpses spread out in the morgue, and makes a collection of murderers, robbers, and ruffians of all denominations to which Mne. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors is by comparison a bower of innocence and beauty. I am emboldened to make this protest, not only because I know it to be in accord with the conviction of those Americans whose judgment has just claims on our respect, but also because, when I freely spoke my disappointment to the journalists themselves, none dissented or disputed, and only defended on the plea of expediency—the people loved to have it so.

The American railways he finds on a much grander scale than the English, but the sleeping-car accommodations he considers uncomfortable and inadequate. He describes his sensations during his first night in a sleeping-car in these words:

By ingenious adaptation and addition, the seats used by day are converted at night into an upper and lower cubicle, not unsuitable for those of moderate dimensions, but oppressively limited for a bulky giant nearly six feet four in height, and in weight over sixteen stone. Thus caged, cribbed, confined, I felt, as I drew my curtain, about as happy as a sea-gull in a canary's cage. More miserable, in fact, because a sea-gull has no gaiters, with twelve buttons for each leg, to put on or off; no small properties, moneys, letters, keys, watch, to transfer from his pockets he knows not where; no devotions to be said kneeling. I became involved, entangled, confused, oppressed; and when I was at last in a position to rest from my exhaustion, I found it impossible to assume the usual attitude of slumber, and I thought, reverently but ruefully, of Isaiah's words, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it," and the covering narrower than that he can warm himself in it. . . . The morning investment was quite as uncomfortable as the unrobing at eve, and whenever, to expedite the operation, I ventured to put out a leg, some vulgar pedestrian rushed by, thrusting it aside, and then grunting his displeasure. I do not wonder that the potentates of the rail make very different provisions for their own comfort; that they prefer real beds to boxes and hings and cozy sleeping-apartments, elegantly and luxuriously furnished, to the ordinary sleeping-car; that they elect to have special trains of their own, or special accommodations when they condescend to march with the ordinary rank and file.

A visit to Washington is included on the trip, and on the subject of our congressmen, Dean Hole says:

With regard to the members of Congress, they seem to be somewhat inferior to our representatives in the House of Commons, outwardly and intellectually; but I must dissent from the cruel distinction made by a quaint gentleman of Denver, when he said that as the cream was formed upon the milk, so in England the best men were sent up to Parliament, but as in boiling potatoes the scum rose to the surface, so in America the worst men were sent to Congress. Many causes combine to deter the cleverest and most energetic men from offering themselves for election. Congress does not make millionaires, and one thousand pounds per annum, with traveling expenses, and twenty-five pounds for stationery, is not such an inducement, in a country where great fortunes are sometimes quickly made, as it would be in ours. It is said that further enrichments are accessible to the member of Congress who will hold out his hand to take them, and will give his vote upon certain specified measures in accordance with the donor's interest; but while it is generally deplored that bribes have been and are accepted by the weaker brethren, it is confidently affirmed that the number of those who yield to the temptation is grossly exaggerated.

There are several pages given to the verbal differences which the dean jotted down as he noted them, most of them being the familiar idioms which are constantly heard. There are a few, however, which will awaken surprise in the minds of Americans. We were not aware before that to "make snakes" is the term habitually used to express "getting into trouble."

That his impressions of America were, on the whole, decidedly pleasant, the following paragraph seems to indicate:

It will be good for the English traveler to visit a nation, which, in the prevision of the seer and the presence of the thoughtful, will be hereafter . . . a queen among the peoples. It can be said no longer that England holds the balance of power, or a supreme priority in commerce; and if it should be her destiny to recede, and her fate be the common lot of all great dynasties . . . what greater consolation can she have than that the heir-apparent is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh?

The book is intended primarily for an English audience, and naturally contains much information which to American readers will lack the merit of freshness. On this side of the Atlantic, therefore, the chief interest of the work lies not in the facts recorded, but in the impression they have made on an Englishman of eminence and in his manner of relating them.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.75.

St. Peter's in Rome had to be reconsecrated soon after New Year's, as a man chose to cut his throat before the high altar during the noon high mass. The services were immediately stopped. The last suicide in the church was in 1867, when it was not thought necessary to bless the building again, as Pope Pius the Ninth was in it at the time.

A commission has been recently inspecting Robinson Crusoe's island, and found that "its population has dwindled to one hundred and fifty-nine." It gives one quite a shock to know there were so many.

SOME GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

They are Mostly Cooks and Waiters—Some Alsations, Some Germans, and Some German Jews—But Once a Year They Give "A Gay French Ball."

The annual delusion known as the "French Ball" has just taken place, and it has been much quieter than usual. The moral wave which has swept over New York of late years has affected even the French Ball, and when it is praised by a police-officer, you can imagine what it was. Detective Newcome was at the ball with four of his men, and said to a reporter: "In my official capacity I have attended every ball given by the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie in the last fifteen years, and I have never seen a ball where such admirable conduct was maintained as at this." To which some thousands of men who went to it will give a melancholy assent. But they did not go there to see "admirable conduct."

The great floor of the Madison Square Garden remained practically empty until midnight, when the "grand march" sounded, led by a lot of back-number battle-axes belonging to the pre-historic ages at Niblo's. After the grand march there was a batch of antiquated fairies in tights, who gave a comic ballet, and they were followed by eight French Clodoche Quadrille dancers, who, owing to the fact that they wore stockings and garters over their flesh-colored tights, excited a languid interest in the crowd. But when the dancing was over, the ball sank back again into a condition of extreme lassitude. Nothing particular took place until a lady who wore a pair of pink silk tights, apparently very well filled, attracted the attention of two young gentlemen who were far gone in wine. They entered into an animated discussion as to whether the lady used adventitious means of filling her tights, and finally bet a quart of wine upon the matter; one of them, to settle it, began exploring with a pin. He found out that the lady was immediately inside the tights, when, with a wild yell, she called him a "loafer" and gave him a left-hander which knocked him down. But this was the only row of any moment during the ball.

The ballet dancing to which I referred was carried on in a large oval about the size of the Horse Show ring, which was marked out on the dancing floor by a row of white and gold pillars and hedges of evergreen with brilliant flowers. The outside circle was used as a promenade by the guests. The boxes were decorated with bunting, which only measurably concealed the bareness of the hall. The usual raw youths gazed intently at the masked beauties in the boxes, thinking that they were society ladies out upon a spree, and were often undeceived by the extremely familiar way in which these society ladies addressed them on the slightest provocation.

There were, of course, a number of fancy costumes, but the utter lack of originality is shown by the fact that the first prize went to a Trilby. A young lady named Amy Whitford, who bears a striking resemblance to Du Maurier's pictures of Trilby, took the part. Her costume was, of course, the one with which we are all familiar. It is said that she is in reality a model. She is very handsome, and is entitled to the prize if any one was, although a Trilby rig could scarcely be called an original idea. The second prize was carried off by a young woman who was dubbed the "Bloomer Midget." She was apparently about four feet six, and attired in bloomers, and was really a most cunning spectacle. These were the only two prizes given. The same young men of whom I spoke, who thought that the masked ladies in the boxes were women of fashion, floated through the wine-rooms, feeding the fairies there on champagne. Because these fairies wore short skirts and tights, they thought that they were young and beautiful. Alas, many of them had gray hair under their powder, and were old enough to be the mothers of these kids. But the kids have to learn.

The Gentlemen of France who give the ball have a most ingenious system of plunder. Lest not enough people should buy tickets to the ball, they give away stacks of them, and the lucky recipients, on presenting them to the door-keeper, are gruffly ordered to "go git a hat-check." This costs one dollar. The visitors are then assailed by flower-vendors, bootblacks, mask-vendors, ruffians with whisk-brooms, and the desperadoes of the hat and coat-room, who, in addition to your one-dollar hat-check, endeavor to rob you on their own account, aside from their capacity as hired robbers of the Gentlemen of France. The costume of the visitors is peculiar. Some of the men come in evening-clothes, others wear their business clothes, while a few come in overcoats. Many wear their hats, others carry umbrellas, and I noticed several gentlemen in goloshes. As for the ladies, they wore costumes of every kind, and, while none of the men were masked, nearly all of the ladies were. This was thoughtful of them. The few I saw in the wine-room unmasked convinced me that those who wore masks did it out of a kindly feeling toward the men. It is difficult utterly to extinguish kindness in the female heart.

As I left the ball, I noticed three gentlemen with large badges upon their bosoms engaged in earnest conversation. I said to myself, "These are some of the projectors of the great French Ball." Still they did not seem to have a Gallic cast of countenance, and I approached them to hear in what language they were talking. They were conversing in Yiddish Deutsch. These were some of the Gentlemen of France.

NEW YORK, February 3, 1896.

FLANEUR.

An editor in Graz, Austria, had his skull photographed by Professor Roentgen's process, but absolutely refused to have the picture reproduced or shown to any but men of science. "The effect startled him so," it is said, "that it was a long time after he saw the photograph before he could sleep in peace."

THE CAPTAIN FROM BATH.

Extract from the Memoirs of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman.

[Several years ago the *Argonaut* reprinted from an English magazine a story entitled "The Two Householders: Extracts from the Memoirs of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman." The author, who wrote over the initial "Q," had made but little mark in England and was quite unknown on this side of the water. But the story created a sensation and was widely copied, and his books, since issued under his full name, Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, are now very popular. We printed a second extract from the memoirs of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman, about five years ago, and here follows a third, from Mr. Quiller-Couch's new volume of short stories, "Wandering Heath," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.—Ens.]

Our plan of attack upon Nanscarne House was a simple one.

The old haronet, Sir Harry Dinnis, took a just pride in his silver-ware. Some of it dated from Elizabeth: for Sir Harry's great-great-grandfather, as the unhappy alternative of melting it down for King Charles, had taken arms against his majesty and come out of the troubles of those times with wealth and credit.

The house, too, was Elizabethan, shaped like the letter **L** and, like that letter, facing eastward. The longer arm, which looked down the steep slope of the park, contained the entrance-hall, chapel, dining-hall, principal living-rooms, and kitchens.

The ground-floor of the other (and to us more important) arm was taken up by the housekeeper's rooms, audit-room and various offices, the butler's bedroom, and the strong-room, where the plate lay. On the upper floor a long gallery full of pictures ran from end to end, with a line of doors on the southern side, all opening into bedrooms, except one which led to the back-stairs.

Now, properly speaking, the strong-room was no strong-room at all. It had an ordinary deal door and an ordinary country-made lock. But in some ways it was very strong indeed. The only approach to it on the ground-floor lay through the butler's bedroom, of which you might call it but a cupboard. It had no window, and could not therefore be attacked from outside. The very small amount of light that entered it filtered through a pane of glass in the wall of the back staircase, which ran up close behind.

I have said enough, I hope, for any reflective man to draw the conclusion that, since we desired no unpleasantness with the butler (a man between fifty and sixty, and notoriously incorruptible), our only plan was to make an entrance upstairs by the long window at the end of the picture-gallery, or corridor—whichever you choose to call it—descend the back-stairs, remove the pane of glass from the wall, and gain the strong-room through the opening.

The house was dark from end to end, and the stable clock had just chimed the quarter after midnight, when I went up the ladder. I never looked for much carefulness in this bonest country household, but I did expect to spend twenty minutes on the heavy lead-work of the lower panes, and it seemed as good as a miracle to find the lattice unlatched and opening to the first gentle pull. I pressed it back; it bitted it under a stem of ivy that the wind might not slam it after me; and, signaling down to Jimmy at the foot of the ladder to wait for my report, pulled myself over the sill and dropped softly into the gallery.

And then somebody stepped quickly from behind the heavy window curtain, reached out and shut the lattice smartly behind me, and said:

"Show a light, Jenkins, and let us have a look at the gentleman."

Though it concerned my neck, I was taken too quickly aback to stir, but stood like a stuck pig, while the butler fumbled with his tinder-box.

"Light all the candles."

"If it please you, Sir Harry," Jenkins answered, puffing at the tinder.

The first thing I saw by the blue light of the brimstone match was the barrel of old Sir Harry's pistol glimmering about six inches from my nose. On my left stood a long-legged footman, also with a pistol. But all this, though discomposing, was no more than I had begun to expect. What really startled me, as old Jenkins lit the candles, was the sight of two women standing a few paces off, beneath a tall picture of a gentleman with a big lace collar. One of them, a short woman with a hunchy shape, I recognized for the housekeeper. The other I guessed as quickly to be Sir Harry's daughter, Mistress Kate—a tall and slender young lady, dark-haired, and bandsome as any man could wish. She was wrapped in a long traveling-cloak, the hood of which fell a little off her shoulders, allowing a glimpse of white satin. A train of white satin reached below the cloak and coiled about her pretty feet.

Now, the change from darkness to very bright light—for Jenkins went down the gallery lighting candle after candle, as if for a big reception—made us all wink a bit. And excitement would account for the white of the young lady's cheeks—I dare say I had turned pretty pale myself. But it did not seem to me to account for the look of sheer blank astonishment—no, it was more than this: a wild kind of wonder would be nearer the mark—that came into her eyes and stayed there. And I didn't quite see why she should put a hand suddenly against the wainscot, and from sickly white go red as fire and then back to white again. If they were sitting up for house-breakers, I was decidedly a better-looking one than they had any right to expect. The eyes of the others were fastened on me. I was the only one to take note of the girl's behavior, and I declare I spared a second from the consideration of my own case to wonder what the deuce was the matter with her.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried Sir Harry, with something between a laugh and a sniff of disgust; and the footman on the other side of me echoed it with a silly cackle. "He certainly doesn't look as if he came from Bath!"

"Sir," I expostulated—for when events seem likely to prove overwhelming, I usually find myself clutching at my original respectability—"sir, although the force of circum-

stances has brought me thus low, I am by birth and education a gentleman. Having told you this, I trust that you will remember it, even in the heat of your natural resentment."

"You speak almost as prettily as you write," he answered, scornfully, pulling a letter from his pocket.

"This is beyond me," thought I; for, of course, I knew it could be no letter of mine. Besides, a glance told me that I had never set eyes on the paper or handwriting before. I think my next remark showed self-possession. "Would you be kind enough to explain?" I asked.

"I rather think that should be your business," said he; and faith, I allowed the justice of that contention, awkward as it was. But he went on: "It astonishes you, I dare say, to see this letter in my hand?"

It did. I acknowledged as much with a bow.

He began to read in an affected, mimicking voice: "*My ever-loved Kate, since your worthy but wrong-headed father—*"

"Father!" It sounded like an echo. It came from the young lady, who had sprung forward indignantly, and was holding out a hand for the letter. "The servants! Have you not degraded me enough?" She stamped her foot.

The old gentleman folded up the letter again, and gave it into her hand with a cold bow. She was handing it to me—oh, the unfathomable depth of woman!—when he interfered.

"For your own delectation if you will, miss; but as your protector I must ask you not to give it back."

He turned towards me again. As he did so, I caught over his shoulder, or fancied I caught, a glance from Miss Kate that was at once a warning and an appeal. The next moment her eyes were bent shamefast upon the floor. I began to divine.

Said I, "If that's a sample of your manner toward your daughter, even you, in your cooler moments, can hardly wonder that she chooses another protector."

"Protector!" he repeated, lifting his eyebrows; and that infernal footman cackled again.

"If you can't behave with common politeness to a lady," I put in smartly, "you might at least exhibit enough of rude intelligence to lay hold of an argument that's as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Gently, my good sir!" said he. "Do you know that, if I choose, I can march you off to jail for a common house-breaker?"

I should think I did know it—a plaguy sight better than he! "To begin with," he went on, "you look like one, for all the world."

This was sailing too close for my liking.

"Old gentleman," said I, "you are wearisomely dull. Possibly I had better explain at length. To be frank, then, I had counted, in case of failure, to avoid all scandal to your daughter's name. I had boped (you will excuse me) to have carried her off and evaded you until I could present myself as her husband. If baffled in this, I proposed to make my escape as a common burglar surprised upon your premises. It seems to me," I wound up, including the three servants with an indignant sweep of the arm, "that you might well have emulated my delicacy! As it is, I must trouble you to recognize it."

"Heaven send," I added to myself, "that the real *inamorato* keeps his hungry foot out of this till I get clear!" And I reflected with much comfort that he was hardly likely to make an attempt upon premises so brilliantly lit up.

"In justice to my daughter's taste," replied Sir Harry, "I am willing to believe you looked something less like a jail-bird when she met you in the Pump-Room at Bath. You have fine clothes in your portmanteau, no doubt, and I sincerely trust they make all the difference to your appearance. But a fine suit is no expensive outfit for the capture of an heiress. You may be the commonest of adventurers. How do I know, even, what right you have to the name you carry?"

If he didn't, it was still more certain that I didn't. Indeed, he had a conspicuous advantage over me in knowing what that name was. This very painful difficulty had hardly presented itself, however, before the girl's wit smoothed it away. She spoke up—looking as innocent as an angel, too.

"Captain Fitzroy Pilkington could add no lustre to his name, father, by giving it to me. His family is as good as our own, and his name is one to be proud of."

"So it is, my dear," thought I, "if I can only remember it. So it's Captain Fitzroy Pilkington I am—and from Bath. Decidedly I should have taken some time in guessing it."

"I suppose, sir, I may take it for granted you have not brought your credentials here to-night?" said the old hoy, with a grim smile.

It was lucky he had not thought of searching my pockets for them.

"Scarcely, sir," I answered, smiling too and catching his mood; and then thought I would play a bold card for freedom. "Come, come, sir," I said; "I have tried to deceive you, and you have enjoyed a very adequate revenge. Do not prolong this interview to the point of inflicting torture on two hearts whose only crime is that of loving too ardently. You have your daughter. Suffer me to return to the inn in the village, and in the morning I will call on you with my credentials and humbly ask for her hand. If, on due examination of my history and circumstances, you see fit to refuse me—why, then you make two lovers miserable: but I give you my word—the word of a Fitzroy Pilkington—that I will respect that decision. '*Parcius junctas quam fenestras*': or, rather, I will discontinue the practice altogether."

"William," said Sir Harry, shortly, to the footman, "show Mr. Pilkington to the door. Will you take your ladder away with you, sir, or will you call for it to-morrow?"

"To-morrow will do," I said, airily, and stepping across to Mistress Kate, I took her hand and raised it as if for a kiss. Her fingers gave mine an appreciative squeeze.

"But who in the world are you?" she whispered.

"I think," said I, hending over her hand, "I have fairly earned the right to withhold that."

Sir Harry bowed a stiff good-night to me, and William, the footman, took a candle and led the way along the gallery and down the great staircase to the front door. While he undid the chain and bolts, I was thinking that he would be all the better for a kick; and, as he drew aside to let me pass, I took him quickly by the collar, spun him round, and gave him one. A flight of a dozen steps led down from the front door, and he pitched clean to the bottom. Running down after, I skipped over his prostrate body and walked briskly away in the darkness whistling and feeling better.

I went round the end of the gallery wing, just to satisfy myself that Jimmy had got away with the ladder, and then I struck across the plantation in the direction of the village. The June day was breaking before I turned out of the woods into the high-road, and already the mowers were out and tramping to their work. But in the porchway of the village inn, called the "Well-Diggers' Arms"—whatever they may be—I surprised a cockneyed groom in the act of kissing a maiden, who, having a milk-pail in either hand, could not be expected to resist.

"H'm," said I to the man, "I am sorry to appear inopportunely, but I have a message for your master."

The maiden fled. "And who the doose may you be?" asked the groom, eying me up and down.

"I think," I answered, "it will be enough for you that I come from Nanscarne. You were late there. Oh, yes," I went on sharply, for fellows of this class have a knack of irritating me, "and I have a message for your master which I'll trouble you to deliver when he comes down to breakfast. You will tell him, if you please, that Sir Harry was expecting him last night, and the lights he saw lit in the long gallery were there for his reception. You won't forget?"

"Who sent you here?" the fellow asked.

"On second thoughts," I continued, "you had better go in and wake Captain Fitzroy Pilkington up at once. He will pardon you when he has my message, for Sir Harry's temper is notoriously impatient."

And with that I turned and left him, for it was high time to find out how Jimmy had been faring. The past night's experience must have given him a shock, and I reckoned to give him another. I wasn't disappointed either.

I walked leisurely down the village street, then crossed the hedge and doubled back on the high moors. At length, drawing near the old gravel-pit, where we had fixed to meet in case of separation, I dropped on all-fours and so came up to the edge and gave a whistle.

Jimmy was sitting with his back to me, and about to cut a hunch of bread to eat with his cold hacon for breakfast. Instead, he cut his thumb, and jumped up, singing out:

"S'help me, but I never looked to see you again outside o' the dock!"

"No more you did," said I; and, climbing down and sitting on a gravel-beap beside him, I told him all the story.

"And now, Jimmy," I wound up, "you must guess what I'm going to do."

"I don't need to," said he. "I know."

"I wager you don't."

"I wager I do."

"Well, then, I'm going back. Was that what you guessed?"

"I think you will not."

"Ab, but I will," said I. "I swore by the blood of a Fitzroy Pilkington I'd be back in the morning, and I can't retreat from so tremendous an oath as that. Back I mean to go. As for the real captain—if captain he is—I fancy I've scared him out of this neighborhood for some time to come. And as for the credentials, I fancy, at my time of life, I should be able to write my own commendation. I believe the old boy has a sneaking good-will towards me. I can't answer for the girl; but I can answer that she'll hold her tongue for a while at all events. This life doesn't become a man of my education and natural ability. And the risk is worth running."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," says he, very dryly.

"And why not?"

"Well, you see, when I heard the noise last night, and all the place grew light as it did, I was just starting to run for dear life, till it struck me that if the folks meant to go searching for me they wouldn't begin by lighting the picture-gallery from end to end. So I drew close under shadow of the wall and waited, ready to run at any moment. But after a while, finding that nothing happened, I grew curious and crept up after you and looked in through the window, very cautious. A nice fix you seemed to be in; but old Jenkins was there. And while Jenkins was there—"

"Well?"

"Well, I should have thought you might have guessed. The bolt of his bedroom window wasn't hard to force, nor the lock of the small room. Being single-handed, I had to pick and choose what to carry off. But if you'll look under the bracken yonder, you'll own I know my way among silver-ware."

I looked at him for a moment, and then lay gently back on the turf and laughed till I was tired of laughing.

Secretary Olney has advised Venezuela to pay the indemnity demanded by Great Britain for the Uruan affair. Mr. Olney has satisfied himself that the Uruan affair was an outrage upon the British constabulary, for which Venezuela is responsible, and the boundary question is not at all involved in it. The trouble at Uruan was too much celebration of the Venezuelan Fourth of July, with fire-works and fire-water, and a sudden and rash determination of the guard to cross the river and bave some fun with the Britishers.

Antonio Maceo, lieutenant-general of the patriot army in Cuba, is one of the tallest men ever seen in the tropics, standing six feet five inches in height.

THE PADEREWSKI RECITALS.

From the right-hand side of the California Theatre on Monday evening one caught only occasional glimpses of the man who is to-day the great musical phenomenon of the world, as Paganini was and Liszt has been.

In the moments when he stood upright and gave his coldly polite bows to the spectators, the haggard beauty of his countenance, its mysterious melancholy unlightened by a smile, was set in the disdainful and impenetrable passivity of the artist who neither knows nor cares about his audience. At the piano the first commanding chord was followed by the warning side-glances, sent here and there from eyes that imperiously ordered silence and then turned indifferently away. As he played, the nimbus of reddish hair was at first all that showed above the rack. Now and then a hand was raised, poised for a moment like a hawk before the downward swoop, and then pounced upon the keys, striking from them fierce and clamorous sounds, arresting as the note of trumpets, poignant as the cries of an animal in pain.

Presently, however, the face was lifted, and one saw it under the influence of the art—neither disdainful nor impassive. It is one of the memorable faces of this epoch—poetic, worn, with the spiritual beauty that Burne-Jones accentuated in his portrait into a sternly angelic semblance. The eyes are full of an inexpressible, suffused pain, like the eyes of a brooding eagle. The eyebrows are low and shadow the eyes, and, as they look out over the waves of expanding harmonies, they seem to have looked into the heart of all the world's sorrows, and felt, and realized, and understood them and not been afraid. In their musing mystery lie the shadow of the loneliness of genius and a deep comprehension of the tragedy of life. They are eyes that have looked upon and lost joy, and the rest is mere living. Their owner has tasted the fullness of life, held in his hand the cup "with headed bubbles winking at the brim," and seen it dashed broken to the ground.

At nineteen, Paderewski had gone down into the dark places of sorrow and death. His wife had died, leaving him a son, and had died in a poverty that the genius of to-day, the touch of whose fingers turns all to gold, as King Midas's did, had no power to alleviate. The irony of such a caprice of Fate leaves its mark forever. This early acquaintance with the deepest tragedy of existence, the subsequent meteoric rise into higher and higher glory by the sole power of an imperial genius, the king-like preëminence and solitary might that mark all those Nature designs to be the stars of an epoch, the gulf between the life, and fate, and being of this man and the outside world of men—the ants who strive, and struggle, and hurry, and the eagle who beats with lonely pinions "the deep, unfathomable blue"—have given the Polish artist the same melancholy alienation from the world and its ways that marked Paganini.

It is, perhaps, this blasting and precocious experience of sorrow that gave to Paderewski's genius its peculiar expression. Life blighted, but did not crush him. He sees into it ruthlessly and feels with it passionately, and the cry of his spirit issues forth in wild and poignant realization and acquiescence. He has the tenderness of a great spirit that sees far beyond the moment, but not a touch of the sentimentality that so often finds expression in the plaintive sweetness of music. Strength to resist, courage to endure, are his. The battle-cry of those who face Fate bravely, if sometimes hopelessly, the call of courage to those who fall and faint, are characteristics of his style.

He is martial, uplifting, inspiring. The voice of his Muse thrills like the voice of the trumpet when the battalions charge with shout and thunder to the front. The quality to exhilarate, to excite, to en frenzy, is his to an astounding degree. It is heroic, almost warlike in its sudden assault upon the nerves of his hearers. It is, above all, electric. Just what this word conveys—the tingling, thrilling sense of something that shocks the dormant sensibilities into wild, humming vibrations—is the quality that Paderewski puts forth when he makes the blood of a phlegmatic audience suddenly boil up into vociferous enthusiasm.

With this as the salient quality of his art, it is not surprising that his performances of Chopin—with the exception of the nocturnes—were not his finest. He did not play the heroic as well as De Pachmann. The nocturne contained the essence of all the tears shed since sorrow came into the world in its dreamy and sensuous sadness. But Paderewski's nature is not one to be in close sympathy with Chopin's. The older man's temperament was delicate, poetic, over-tender. The blows of misfortune killed instead of toughening that shrinking and sensitive soul. His genius expressed itself in works of a narrow sweetness, an exquisite, twilight tenderness which showed how innately feminine his nature was. His illustrious successor, with his fiercely dynamic power, his splendid indifference to life and its terrors, finds Chopin's work too confining for his own wild spirit.

It was in the Second Liszt Rhapsodie that he showed his power. The piano, under his assault, gave forth the tones of an orchestra, and tremendous harmonies, *bizarre* as the dance of the witches on the Brocken, shook the audience from their languid appreciation like a hand on the backs of their necks. It was a magnificent *tour de force*—the gage thrown down to one of the most depressing and unintelligently apathetic audiences ever assembled to hear a great performer. It struck them into life like an electric shock.

The instrument gave forth strange, unearthly sounds. The thunderous opening chords clanged like the iron grating of huge, reluctant gates grinding on their hinges. A more singular sound, startling, vibrantly metallic, titanic in angry volume, never issued from a piano. Its thunders crashed away, shot through with gleams of light little tingling shivers of notes that skimmed across it like the gleam of small silvery fish as they twinkle by in the murk of streams. Then, hurrying up in accumulating undulations, crowding closer and closer, came floods of crystalline notes, runs and ripples of them trickling through like water over stones, or sunshine through leaves, or bird-notes in the silence of a breathless noon—anything that is clear and quick and melodiously rapid. Storms of sound swept up again and obliterated them; tempests crashed over them. Now and then they flashed out for a moment, sparkling trickily and tremulously like water reflections in the sun or small flames; but the martial march of the bass chords came up and up, clashing and clanging their victory, sweeping the piano with their barbaric clamor, till the audience for a moment forgot their manners and applauded like live men and women who have heard a great and wonderful thing.

The recital of Wednesday afternoon strengthened the impressions of Monday night. But new impressions were added to these. The first astonishment had passed, leaving room for calmer observations. The curiosity to see and hear what now we so seldom see in California, a world-wonder, had been satisfied. The mind was clear of all this litter of common-place sensation; there was time and space for still, unhampered enjoyment.

It is upon this second hearing that the extraordinary magnetism of the master begins to be felt. Back of Paderewski's genius there is a personality as forceful as genius itself. It has been nearly as potent a factor in his march to fame as his mastery of the piano. Genius, the crude, raw thing, does not conquer the world alone. The ways to glory are strewn with the wrecks of mute, inglorious Miltons who lacked that power to conquer, that magnetic dominance of men, which is like the rod of the magician in the hands of the Polish pianist. He is king, not alone by virtue of an unapproachable gift, but by virtue of an astounding force of mastery and attraction.

We call this gift fascination here and magnetism there. We wonder why this man succeeds and that woman attracts, as the Israelites of old must have wondered at the shepherd boy becoming their king, and as Europe wondered at the Corsican whose foot was on its neck. In the man now before us, we see its apotheosis, its possession in the highest, most complete, most overwhelming form. The cast of his countenance, with its inwardly brooding, lion-like suggestion—a suggestion that does not lie in his tawny mane alone—shows the possession of the lion-like temperament, the possession of the power of conquest.

It was noticeable on Wednesday afternoon that there were many children in the audience. It is presumable that most of these were well trained and knew they must keep silence. But a child is much the same everywhere, and when it gets tired, all the training in the world will not keep it still. Yet there was not a murmur, not a rustle, from any of the children. Did they understand and enjoy a long and more or less classical programme? Or did the wizard at the piano exert over them that mysterious spell, quell them with his dominating influence into mute immobility?

The performance on Wednesday was even more varied than on Monday night. There were the selections for the Barbarians and the selections for the Elect. Schumann's "Papillons" showed the master's talents in another style. The composition, with its capricious brilliancy, has the defect of being uninteresting. There are fine pieces of music, as there are fine hooks and fine people, that are uninteresting. "Papillons" is the only selection Paderewski has played which comes under this head. In the polonaise of Chopin—"The Revolt"—he again showed that extraordinary quality of suddenly striking out sparks of excitement that is so much a part of his genius. As the rebellious thunders in the bass augmented into a volume of furiously combative sound, the house sat up to a woman—one can not say to a man, as there was only one man to each row—and drew in its breath with a quick catch. It had the effect of a sudden, startling vision of some phenomenon of nature—a cloud-burst, a cyclone in the distance crashing through falling forests, lightning in the night, spurring every which way through clouds.

The great Beethoven sonata, the Appassionata, was, however, the masterpiece of the programme. It is impossible to express the ineffable majesty, the piercing pathos, of this tremendous achievement of two masters. And what a matchless flowering of art! The great music of the greatest composer rendered by the greatest performer. These are the supreme expressions of the musical life, the peerless moments, the perfect pearls. They are too difficult to write of from the side of sensation, and they are cold written of from the side of the analysis of technique. Best let them rest unrecorded, merely leaving the mind to make its silent register, "Here was a great experience—a white day!"

GERALDINE BONNER.

THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLES.

English Opinion Slowly Changing—The Uitlanders in Johannesburg Denounced as "Cravens"—The True Story of Jameson's Raid—Jameson Regarded as a Hero.

The fluidity of English opinion on the Transvaal imbroglio is peculiar. At first there was every inclination to side with the Uitlanders in Johannesburg, and to applaud Jameson for his daring raid in their behalf. But as the cablegrams continue to come, and the situation to become clearer, the feeling in regard to the Johannesburgers is changing. Jameson is still a hero, but public opinion is condemning the Johannesburgers. The papers do not hesitate to apply to them most bitter terms.

Although you doubtless have received news by cable, still most of your news must have come via London, and as little authentic particulars have been received here until within the last few days, a brief resumé may not be without interest. The meagreness of the news was evidently due to the fact that the Transvaal government was suppressing and amending the cablegrams.

In brief, the story of Jameson's raid, as told by participants, is as follows: On Sunday afternoon, December 29th, Dr. Jameson assembled and paraded the entire military force of the British South African Company at Pitsani, twenty-five miles north of Mafeking, near the Transvaal frontier. The force consisted of Bechuanaland border police, the Chartered Company's own police, and a body of irregular troops under Major Coventry. Dr. Jameson addressed them, and explained that they were crossing the border at the invitation of the leading Uitlanders in Johannesburg, who said they were in danger of an attack from the Boers. He warned them that there would be a hard march and some fighting, and that those who did not wish to go had better fall out. Only a few fell out, and the rest cheered and sang "Rule Britannia." The force numbered close upon six hundred men, with nine Maxim guns, four field guns, and transport wagons. They started on Sunday night to cross the frontier, cutting the telegraph wires behind them.

The Boers apparently did not expect the attack, but after crossing the border, Jameson was several times challenged. To the Landdrost of Marico he stated that he was going to the assistance of the people of Johannesburg. At Malmani, Jameson's column was attacked by small bodies of Boers, but these fell back, and only a sergeant was wounded. The Boer commander had prepared to meet them at Krugersdorp, where he had entrenched his troops.

Jameson's men were traveling fifty or sixty miles a day, and had started with only three biscuits and one tin of Chicago beef per man. A supply-train which was to have met them fell into the hands of the Boers. This was their condition when they were challenged by Commandant Eloff (President Kruger's grandson) near Krugersdorp. Jameson expected to meet two thousand mounted men from Johannesburg with supplies. What he met was a message from the Reform Committee saying that they had concluded an armistice with the president. With an exclamation of disgust, Jameson tore up the paper, and said: "I have done with Johannesburg."

But Jameson had gone too far to turn back. The enemy was in both front and rear. The Boers had adopted their usual tactics—small bodies kept retreating before him until they inveigled him into a position between two lines of low hills, where they were strongly entrenched.

By Wednesday afternoon, January 1st, the Boers were all around him. At first they did not have more than fifteen hundred men, but during the night of Tuesday they gradually increased, until there were four thousand Boers, all mounted and armed with Martini-Henry rifles. During the night of Tuesday, Jameson's troops shelled the Boers' position, and tried to find them by electric search-lights, but in vain. A

gallant cavalry charge was made under Major Coventry, but the Boers shot the horses under the troopers. A painful incident followed this charge. The sergeant-major of Coventry's troop, who was lying wounded on the ground, shot a Boer named Jacoby, who was bringing him water. On this the enraged Boers killed the sergeant-major, and fired a volley at the troopers who had been dismounted, killing a number of them. It was during this brush that Major Coventry and Colonel Gray were wounded.

After four hours' fighting, their plight at nine o'clock Wednesday morning was seen to be desperate. The Boer commandant gave them five minutes to surrender, unconditionally. Jameson parleyed for three minutes, and then capitulated. The Boers took the entire force, and all their arms and ammunition. The wounded men were taken to Brink's farm-house, which was converted into a field-hospital, while the unwounded prisoners were marched into Krugersdorp. The total list of killed and wounded is as yet uncertain.

As the news of the invasion and the battle spread, the Boers began coming toward Johannesburg from all over the Transvaal. Tall, lank, powerful, bearded men, they did not make a brilliant showing, but they were formidable soldiers. Each man wore his work-a-day clothes, with the slouch felt hat usually worn in South Africa. Each man carried a Martini rifle, and around his waist and bandolier-wise over his shoulder he carried well-filled cartridge-belts. As they poured in along the country roads and on the trains of the Netherlands Railway, they were formed into troops and marched to the front. By Friday there were over twelve thousand encamped around Johannesburg.

As for the Uitlanders in Johannesburg, people can not find words bitter enough to express their scorn. It is now indisputable that the so-called Reform Committee sent a letter to Jameson—who was then at Bulawayo, in Rhodesia—telling him that they were in danger from a Boer attack, and asking him to come to their assistance. This letter was picked up on the battle-field, and was signed by five of the leading Uitlanders, all Englishmen but one, John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer. Jameson at once hurriedly organized his column, and went to their assistance. At the time the Uitlanders in Johannesburg had organized themselves into regiments, and were well armed with Lee-Metford rifles. They also had Maxim guns at various points in the streets around the Rand Club and at the Consolidated Gold Fields Offices, which were their headquarters. They were enrolling men there for their irregular army. It is stated that they had fifteen thousand men upon their lists. When the news of the invasion reached Pretoria, President Kruger, who had been watching Johannesburg with some uneasiness, sent at once to the heads of the Reform Committee, demanding to know what their military preparations meant. They sent a deputation to him, which had a long interview with the president. This resulted in an armistice. President Kruger stated that he would protect the lives and property of all Uitlanders, and that he would consider the reforms they demanded if they disarmed by Friday night. Whether unintentionally or otherwise, the Reform Committee signed this armistice without including Jameson, his officers and men. Therefore, when the engagement took place on Wednesday, the roar of the field-pieces and the rattle of the machine-guns were plainly heard in Johannesburg, a few miles away. Yet the craven Uitlanders, with arms in their hands, with provisions, ammunition, and machine-guns, remained safely ensconced within the town, while the man who was coming to their relief saw his troopers shot down by the Boers.

The Boer Government has acted with great lenity under the circumstances. This, it is believed, is due to President Kruger, a man of extreme wisdom. He made it his business to turn over Jameson, his officers, and his troopers to the British authorities as soon as possible. The burghers are slow to anger, but they were becoming much exasperated, and if he had kept Jameson's men in the country it is difficult to tell what would have been their fate. At all events, they were at once taken into the colony of Natal. On the twenty-third of January, the cable tells us, Dr. Jameson and his officers sailed for Southampton, by way of the Suez Canal, on the transport *Victoria*. The troopers were taken to Cape Colony, from which point they will be embarked. All of them are to be tried in England.

The Johannesburg Reform Committee are to be tried in Pretoria. They are imprisoned under charges of treason and conspiracy to overthrow the government by inviting an armed force to invade it. Their trial will take place before the judges of the Transvaal High Court, several of whom are men of English university training. The Reform Committee's advocate is Johannes Wilhelmus Wessels. He was born in South Africa, but was educated for the law in England. He is thirty-four years of age, and was called to the bar at Middle Temple, London, in 1886. Returning to South Africa, he practiced for a time at Cape Town and afterwards settled down at Pretoria. He is undoubtedly the leader of the bar in the Transvaal, and owing to his intimate knowledge of English, High Dutch, and the Boer tongue, and of the legal procedure in both countries, he will be invaluable to the imprisoned Uitlanders.

As for the charges against Jameson and his officers, it is a question which is much discussed. It is believed that he will be tried for a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. There are barristers here who maintain that such a charge would not hold, and there are some extremists who advocate trying him for murder, because if he killed or gave orders which brought about the killing of any of the Boer forces, he is technically liable for that offense. But whatever he may be tried for, he is universally looked upon as a brave though mistaken man. The craven conduct of the Johannesburgers, when he and his little band of men were fighting their battles bravely against desperate odds, has raised him even higher in the estimation of all Englishmen. I think I am safe in saying that if Jameson is brought to trial, his punishment will be a nominal one.

LONDON, January 25, 1896.

PICCADILLY.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Striking Collection of Tales.

A vigorous style and a peculiarly virile quality distinguish the stories of "Q." (Arthur Quiller-Couch), and his latest volume, "Wandering Heath," is a welcome one. Its contents prove to be unusually varied. There are tales of fisher folk in his favorite Cornwall, some humorous hits—rather grisly humor occasionally—which the author calls "drolls," a ghost story or two, a legend of a Round Table knight, an extract from the diary of our old friend, Gabriel Foot, Highwayman (elsewhere reprinted in this issue), and in one we even cross the Atlantic to America.

This last, "The Bishop of Eucalyptus," which is the longest in the book, calls to mind some of Bret Harte's early stories. The scene is a dwindling lumber and mining-camp in the Rockies. Here there strays an innocent young Cornish parson, far gone in consumption, and by the rough men and the one woman in the place he is treated with tender consideration. "I was a stranger and she took me in," he says, speaking of this fallen one, and she, not recognizing a text, is "jerked a bit," believing for the moment that she is found out.

"Visitors at the Gunned Rock" is a fresh and charming tale of young motherhood, and in sharp contrast to it is "The Captain of Bath," where the grim humor of that murderous rogue, Gabriel Foot, finds full play. A fine piece of work is the ghost scene in "The Roll-Call of the Reef," when at the tattoo of the drum the dead crews of the two wrecked vessels "rose out of the graves and formed up—drowned marines, with bleached faces, and pale hussars riding their horses, all lean and shadowy," and answered the roll-call.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

An Excellent Anthology.

The new edition—the fifth, we believe—of "A New Library of Poetry and Song. Edited by William Cullen Bryant," is one of the best, if not the best, of the many anthologies of classical and modern English verse. It fills ten hundred and seventy-six pages, but the use of an excellent quality of very thin paper makes it not too bulky for convenience. The earlier editions of the work are familiar to many thousands of readers, and, after mentioning the fact that it contains the most notable short poems and famous extracts of the English and American poets from Chaucer's time to the present day, we need here refer only to the new features of this present edition.

Foremost is to be noted the inclusion of many poems by living and recent writers, some chosen for their literary value, others for their power to touch the heart. In a hasty review of the pages one notices the names of Eugene Field, Sarah M. B. Platt, James Whitcomb Riley, Margaret (Margaretta Wade) Deland, Samuel Minturn Peck, Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles H. Lüdgers, Coventry Patmore, Edith M. Thomas, Arlo Bates, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, George Santayana, Archibald Lampman, Robert Underwood Johnson, Bliss Carman, Helen Gray Cone, Edgar Fawcett, George E. Woodberry, Frank L. Stanton, Emma Lazarus, John Davidson, Austin Dobson, Louise Imogen Guiney, Clinton Scollard, H. C. Bunner, E. R. Sill, Sidney Lanier, William Watson, R. W. Gilder, Walt Whitman, and James Jeffrey (wrongly printed James W. on page xii.) Roche. It may be mentioned that Alfred Austin is not represented in the book.

Another notable feature is the addition of a number of brief "fragments" at the end of each department, thus bringing into the volume nearly every well-known passage and phrase in the poetical literature of our language. To make this innovation more available for reference, the table of contents and index of first lines are supplemented with an analytical index of poetical quotations giving some fifteen thousand references under alphabetically arranged key-words.

The interest and beauty of the volume are also enhanced, for the publishers have inserted a number of new portraits and fanciful illustrations.

Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$5.00.

Some Russian Stories.

"Russian Portraits," a translation from the French of Melchior de Vogüé, is a volume of striking tales. They are given in the form of reminiscences unfolded by a Russian proprietor to his French guest as a means of beguiling the long winter evenings, and the connecting link, often a useless incumbrance in a collection of short stories, in this case lends reality to the sketches and gives them completeness. In some instances the same characters reappear. Old Pétouchka, whom we see variously scraping upon his rude violin for the peasants' dance, and at his master's house attending to his sole duty of replenishing the *samovars*, plays a stirring part at the siege of Bayazid, and becomes a figure of interest.

The author has the gift of word-painting, and in a few terse phrases he calls up the desolate wastes of Northern Russia and its melancholy stretches of snowy landscape. Most of the stories deal with the Russian peasantry, and show a keen

comprehension of that strange and primitive people. The tale of old Uncle Fédia is told with something of the force and compressed power that we are familiar with in De Maupassant's sketches of French peasants. It relates the sacrifice of an old peddler who accused himself of a crime he had not committed, and dumbly went forth into Siberian exile to be swallowed up forever. The scene in the court-room when, at the prayer of the condemned woman, the peasants simultaneously fall upon their knees is a most impressive one.

There is strength without sentimentality in all the stories, and they are characterized by a grace of style which the translator, Elizabeth L. Cary, has gone far to preserve.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A Follower of "The Duchess."

Many ladies, we are told, rank "The Duchess" as their favorite novelist. With them, Capel Vane may easily take a high place, for her book, "The Desire of the Moth," has all the ingredients that make the former novelist so popular. A beautiful and coquettish young wife, and a doting old husband, unlimited wealth, numbers of gowns categorically described, baronial halls, flunkies in profusion, crowds of wealthy and titled admirers—this is the sort of thing that enlivens its pages. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the heroine starts life as a plain child, with a large mouth and straight hair. At seventeen she blooms into radiant beauty, develops a marvelous voice, and cuts out her step-sister, who has heretofore absorbed everybody's attention. When we add that she finally elopes with a lord, it will be seen that there is nothing wanting to complete a "perfectly splendid" book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price \$1.00.

New Publications.

W. Clark Russell's novel, "A Strange Elopement," has been issued as the ninth volume of the Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Belle-Rose," by Amédée Achard, a romance of love and war in the sixteenth century, has been translated into English by William Hale and is published by Street & Smith, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Fat and the Thin," the authorized English translation of Emile Zola's "Le Ventre de Paris," with an introduction by the translator, Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, has been issued in the Library of Choice Literature published by F. Tennyson Neeley, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

Edgar Saltus has broken his long silence with a new novel which, strange to relate, is based on Scripture. It is entitled "Mary Magdalene," and is chiefly notable for its vivid pictures of life at the beginning of the Christian era. Published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Pierre Puvis de Chavannes," by Lily Lewis Rood, a critical and anecdotic sketch of the great French painter, illustrated with a portrait and reproductions of three of his paintings—including the Boston Public Library Decoration as originally painted—has been issued in an artistically printed brochure by L. Prang & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

A convenient blank-book for the preservation of recipes for cooking is the "Globe Housekeepers' Scrap-Book." It is a royal quarto of one hundred and eighty-eight pages, stoutly bound in linen, and at the top of the blank pages on which the recipes are to be written or pasted are printed the names of various dishes, which also appear in an index. Published by Housh & Drake, Boston.

Three commendable stories for boys, healthy in tone and of a sufficiently absorbing interest, are "Oliver Bright's Search; or, The Mystery of a Mine," by Edward Stratemeyer; "Reuben Stone's Discovery; or, The Young Miller of Torrent Bend," by the same writer; and "The Young Conductor," by Edward S. Ellis, have been published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

A volume of "Songs of France from Napoleon I. to Louis-Philippe, by Pierre Jean de Béranger," edited and provided with literary and historical notes by Lambert Sauveur, LL. D., has been translated into English by Margaret Tatnall Canby and Virginia Roberts Bowers. The songs, some of them translated by other hands, comprise more than fifty well-known poems, among which may be cited "The King of Yvetot," "Roger Bontemps," "The Beggars," "Mary Stuart's Farewell," "My Vocation," "The Marquis de Carabas," and "My Coat." Published (in a limited edition) by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A second translation of "The Recollections of the Private Life of Napoleon," by Constant, for many years his *premier valet de chambre*, is being made by Walter Clark. The first volume has already been published, containing as much as a volume and a half of the edition which was reviewed at length in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*. Mr. Clark provides a brief introduction, there is a synoptical table of contents at the beginning of the volume as well as at the head of each chapter, and

eight portraits are scattered through the four hundred and thirty pages. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price \$2.50.

"Echoes of Battle," by Bushrod Washington James, contains a dozen or more patriotic and heroic poems on the battle-fields of the Revolution and the Rebellion, the Johnstown flood, and other topics, accompanied by prose articles on the same subjects. It is illustrated by a curious medley of pictures—some taken from photographs of famous places, some reproduced from historical paintings, and some prepared especially for this book. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

The American Library Association has published a "List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs," presenting two thousand one hundred works devoted to women's and girls' new opportunities of bread-winning, education, and culture. The department of fiction was prepared by a reviewer of the *Nation*, and a list of notable novels, arranged alphabetically by authors, the more important being briefly described. Similarly, history is treated by Reuben G. Thwaites, fine art by Russell Sturgis, music by Henry E. Krehbiel, natural history by Olive Thorn Miller, and other topics by authorities of equal standing. Published for the association by the Library Bureau, 146 Franklin Street, Boston; price, \$1.00.

A book with the Arena Publishing Company's *imprimatur* generally is a novel dealing with some social question, and "A Daughter of Humanity," by Edgar Maurice Smith, is no exception to the rule. It is an exposition of the temptations and hardships to which the under-paid girls employed in large stores are subjected, in the form of a story setting forth the experiences of a philanthropic heiress who studies the life of her less fortunate sisters by working behind the counter of a great New York dry-goods store. That the evils she encounters really exist can not be denied, but the only remedy suggested—that buyers should refuse to patronize shops that do not pay living wages—is impracticable. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. L. B. Walford likes best to present the social aspect of life in an English country town. Descriptions of dinners and dances, chit-chat, and trivialities that make up the busy emptiness of the routine, slip easily from her pen. Generally it is the grade of people just below the "county families" that she writes of—much the kind of society that Jane Austin's novels take us into. Mrs. Walford, however, has gone over the ground too many times, and the theme has lost freshness to her and to her readers. Her humor is sharp rather than genial, and the faint nimbus of vulgarity that floats around the personages in her stories is increasing. There are some clever touches in "Frederick," her latest novel. Aline is a very real girl, and Frederick himself is life-like, though his traits are hardly heroic enough to make a book about. But their love-affair is a very slender thread of plot, and has barely sufficient interest to lure on the reader to follow it to the end. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An unworthy device occasionally resorted to by not over-scrupulous publishers is that of refurbishing up an old hook, printed before the international copyright act became a law, and passing it off as a new publication. Such a deception becomes ludicrous when the work selected for the trick is as well known as "The Nürnberg Stove." This is one of "Ouida's" most charming children's tales, and is told with a tender simplicity rare with this writer. The beautiful porcelain stove, designed and painted by Hirschvogel, the great potter, had warmed and beautified a peasant's home for three generations. But at last it was sold and taken to a king's palace. One of the children, a little fellow who loved the great stove as a companion, hid himself inside and traveled with it. Many children have listened to his adventures, and Kate Douglas Wiggin has adapted the story for very little readers in "The Story Hour." It is a decided surprise to find the work figuring as "a new book." Published by R. F. Fenko & Co., New York.

"A Self-Denying Ordinance," by M. Hamilton, deals with the provincial society of a small Irish town, and differs little in essential points from the many novels written of English country-life. The style recalls Rhoda Broughton, and the heroine, Joanna, is of her favorite type. She is an everyday sort of a girl, neither pretty nor coquettish, but, nevertheless, she has a love-affair which fills up a pretty long volume. There is little bead paid to probabilities in the tale. A penniless, *blase*, and dissipated baronet, who has retired to his Irish estates for lack of funds, offers his hand to a raw girl who has neither money nor position, who is not particularly in love with him, and with whom he is but slightly enamored. This unlikely situation is carried by a certain degree of cleverness in the dialogue, which, however, sometimes degenerates into snappishness, and by a humorous, if exaggerated way of dealing with the characters. But the story is much too long drawn out, and for lack of a plot an impossible climax is introduced to wind it up. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The clever novelist and dramatist known to letters as John Oliver Hobbes, but to her friends as Mrs. Pearl Craigie, has finally secured a decree of absolute divorce from her husband. She was a New York girl, the daughter of John Morgan Richards, now a wealthy wholesale chemist of London. Miss Richards, as she may now call herself, is still on the sunny side of thirty.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. request all purchasers of copies of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" not containing the account of Dr. MacLure's funeral, to notify them of the fact, stating where the book was bought, and the price paid.

"The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" is the title of A. Conan Doyle's new historical romance, which contains eight adventures in the career of a Napoleonic hero. The book containing these adventures, each of which has been copyrighted in this country, will be published by D. Appleton & Co., with many illustrations.

Anthony Hope writes to the *Bookman* that an American firm has published "a new volume of stories, by Anthony Hope, entitled 'Frisolous Cupid.'" Mr. Hope says:

"I have never written any story or any volume of stories under the title of 'Frisolous Cupid,' and I am in no way responsible for this publication. The stories are very probably written by me. I have not seen the volume. But since I myself exercise a strict censorship with regard to the publication of my earlier essays, I do not desire that in America, where I have received such kind and generous encouragement, I should be held responsible for what may be, in my own judgment, entirely unworthy of republication."

Mr. Stead has been asking some of the "foremost people of our time" to tell him—for publication—what their preferences are in the matter of hymns. It is interesting to note Mr. Lang's reply: "If I had a favorite hymn," he writes, "outside of Homer, I would not on any account make the fact public."

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, the author of "The Little Room and Other Stories," is the daughter of the inventor of the Yale lock, and she lives in Chicago.

Mr. Janvier is one of the Provençal "Félibrige," having been made an honorary member of the great society of the Midi, and Roumanille, the publisher of the band, has brought out a translation of "Fray Antonio of the Gardens," a story which is the most poetic thing Mr. Janvier ever wrote. It was translated for Roumanille by Mlle. Marie Girard, and is published with a preface by Mistral.

Fitzgerald Molloy, with the help of seven volumes of letters written by and to Lady Blessington, has prepared a new book about her, which he will soon publish under the title "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington."

The great success of the American magazines, with their superior illustrations, in England, in part atones for the success of the English authors in America. Says a little preface to an English magazine which has just appeared in altogether new and improved form:

"The success of American magazines in England has shown very plainly that it is only necessary to produce a periodical of the highest quality to secure the favor of the British public."

This same magazine prints as a frontispiece a part of one of Mr. Wenzell's society pictures, taken from *Life*, which, although simply an atrocious photographic reproduction on cheap paper of the reproduction of Mr. Wenzell's original, is by far the finest illustration in it. And this magazine has cut out Mr. Wenzell's signature.

Miss Blue Stocking is a new "greenery-gallery" periodical. It is three by nine and one-half inches in size, the advertising matter being printed in the lower margin. It emanates from Boston.

Félix Gras, who is soon to be introduced to American readers by Mrs. Janvier's translation of his new historical romance, "The Reds of the Midi," to be published by D. Appleton & Co., is the successor of Mistral and Roumanille as the official head of the Félibrige, the society of Provençal men of letters.

The London *Speaker* has unearthed the vigorous couplet in which Tennyson—who by no means liked to be attacked, even by the most insignificant of persons—repaid Alfred Austin for his attack on the poet laureate, many years ago, which we reprinted in a recent issue. Here it is:

"Tennyson is no giant: all men know it;
For so says Alfred Austin, dwarf and poet."

Elizabeth Phipps Train, known to readers and theatre-goers by her novel done into a play called "The Social Highwayman," is about to issue a new story called "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty." It is said to be a brilliant dash into fast London society.

The first number of *The Savoy*, which would seem to be an offshoot of *The Yellow Book*, for it carries with it many of the names that adorned the pages of that quarterly, is out in London. Mr. Arthur Symonds, who was one of the yellowest of *The Yellow Book's* contributors, is its editor; and

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who was the art editor of the older periodical, is conspicuous in the new quarterly. Mr. Symonds contributes three articles besides his labors as editor; Mr. Beardsley appears twice as an author, and six times as an illustrator. The other contributors are about the same as those who gave *The Yellow Book* such fame as it had.

"The Purple East."

William Watson's series of sonnets on England's desertion of Armenia, which have been appearing the past two months in the *Westminster Gazette*, have been collected, and constitute a formidable arraignment of his country's rulers. Of the conditions which called them forth the New York *Tribune* says:

"In this year of grace, 1896, and in a Christian land, made desperate by the sight of countless maidens sacrificed to the savage passions of their officially directed oppressors, the fathers of Armenia have begun to emulate the example of Virginias, and are killing their own daughters to save them from a worse fate at the hands of the Turkish soldiery. That is the drama enacted daily in the most ancient Christian community in the world. And Christian Europe looks on unmoved. And the prime minister of Christian England declares that none of the powers even desire to intervene."

When seven of these sonnets had appeared, the new poet laureate replied to them in "A Vindication of England." This has been recapitulated by Mr. Watson in these words:

"The poet laureate assigns me—First, that whosoever in any circumstances arraigns this country for anything that she may do or leave undone, thereby covers himself with shame; second, that, although the continued torture, rape, and massacre of a Christian people under the eyes of a Christian continent may be a lamentable thing, it is best to be patient, seeing that the patience of God Himself can never be exhausted; and, third, that if I were but with him in his pretty country house, were but comfortably seated 'by the yule log's blaze,' and joining with him in seasonable conviviality, the enigmas of Providence and the whole mystery of things would presently grow clear before my eyes, and, in particular, after 'drinking to England,' I should understand that 'she bides her hour behind the hastened hrine.'"

We here reproduce the most notable of Mr. Watson's sonnets in this series. The one entitled "The Bard in Waiting" is addressed to the new poet laureate, Alfred Austin.

THE TURK IN ARMENIA.

What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute wrested from each golden gale
Thy coffered boards, if thou canst hear the wail
Of maidens martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod,
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the sleepless eye
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

CRAVEN ENGLAND.

Never, O craven England, nevermore
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayer of a people, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing floor
Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf, and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; thy only sleeper; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And lost in ease, there's noble vigor spent,
Stirred by no clarion blowing loud and wide,
Startled by hauntings of no inward wraith,
Behold thy sons, most miserably content
To sit among the shards of broken faith,
And by the ruins of forgotten pride.

THE PRICE OF PRESTIGE.

Yon in high places; yon that drive the steeds
Of Empire; yon that say unto our hosts,
"Go thither, and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world: lo! I from a land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts—
Uphraid you parleying while a People bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand.
On faith forsworn that renders babes and men.
Are such the terms of Glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!

HOW LONG?

Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial: and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
Fire and the plague winds are compassionate,
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's horders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

REPUTATED RESPONSIBILITY.

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain,
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should we, sirs, more than they—or they—
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honor there
Is needed but a requiem, and a grave.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

O towering Daughter, titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure

Of ill intent: although thou threatenest
With most unflin hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing space may Earth endure
The thought of War's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest!
But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of Peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame,
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

THE BARD IN WAITING.

Treachery's apologist, whose numbers rung
This evening, remonstrant in my ear;
Thou to whom England seems a mistress dear,
Insatiable of honey from thy tongue:
Because I crouch not fawning slaves among,
How is my service proved the less sincere?
Have not I also deemed her without peer?
Her hearty have not I seen and sung?
But for the love I bore her lofty ways,
What were to me her stumblings and her slips?
And lovely is she still, her maiden lips
Pressed to the lips whose foam around her plays!
But on her brows benignant star whose rays
Lit them that sat in darkness, lo! the eclipse.

LEISURED JUSTICE.

"She bides her hour," And must I then believe
That when the day of peril is o'erpast,
She who was great because so oft she cast
All thought of peril to the waves that heave
Against her feet, shall greatly misdeceive
Her perilled son who dreamed she shrank aghast
From Duty's signal? She will act at last—
When there is naught remaining to retrieve?
At last! when the last altar is defiled,
And there are no more maidens to deflower—
When the last mother folds with famished arms
To her dead bosom her last hatched child—
Then shall our England, thinned beyond alarms,
Rise in her might! Till then, "she bides her hour."

THE PLAGUE OF APATHY.

The dewfall of compassion, it is o'er;
The nightfall of indifference, it is come.
From wintry sea to sea the land lies numb.
With palsy of the spirit stricken sore,
The land lies numb from iron shore to shore.
The unconcerned, they flourish: loud are some,
And without shame. The multitude stand dumb.
The England that we wanted is no more.
Only the witling's sneer, the worldling's smile,
The weakling's tremors, fall him not who fain
Would rouse to noble deed. And all the while,
A homeless people, in their mortal pain,
Toward one far and famous ocean-isle
Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those hands in vain.

THE KNELL OF CHIVALRY.

O vanish more of crimson and of gold,
O youth and roses and romance, wherein
I read of toinsey and of paladin,
And Beauty snatched from ogre's dungeon hold!
Ever the recreant world in dust he rolled,
Ever the true knight in the joust would win,
Ever the scaly shape of monstrous Sin
At last lie vanquished, fold on writhing fold.
Was it all false, that world of princely deeds,
The splendid quest, the good fight ringing clear?
Yonder the Dragon ramps with fiery gorge,
Yonder the victim faints and gasps and bleeds;
In his Merry England our St. George
Sleeps a base sleep beside his idle spear.

A TRIAL OF ORTHODOXY.

The clinging children at their mother's knee
Slain, and the sire and kindred one by one
Flayed or hewn piecemeal, and things nameless done,
Not to be told, while impertinently
The nations sleep, where Nevada to the sea,
Where Seine and Danube, Thames and Tiber, run,
And where great armies glitter in the sun,
And great kings role, and man is hoisted free!
What wonder if you torn and naked throng
Should doubt a Heaven that seems to wink and nod,
And having moaned at noon, "Lord, how long!"
Should cry, "Where hidest thou?" at eventide—
At midnight, "Is He deaf and blind, our God?"
And ere day dawn, "Is He indeed at all?"

IF.

Yea, if ye could not, though ye would, lift hand—
Ye halting leaders—to abridge Hell's reign;
If, for some cause ye may not yet make plain,
Yearning to strike, ye stood as one may stand
Who in a nightmare sees a murder planned
And hurrying to its issue, and though fain
To stay the knife, and fearless, must remain
Madly inert, held fast by ghostly hand;—
If such your plight, most hapless ye of men!
But if ye could and would not, oh, what plea,
Think ye, shall stand you at your trial when
The thunder cloud of witnesses shall loom,
With ravished Childhood on the seat of doom,
At the Assizes of Eternity?

A HURRIED FUNERAL.

A little deeper, sexton. You forget—
She you would bury 'neath so thin a crust
Of loam, was fiery sordid, and ev'n in dust
She may lie restless, she may toss and fret,
Nay, she might break a seal too lightly set,
And vex, unmannerly, our ease! She must
Beneath no lack of English earth lie thrust,
Would we unhaunted sleep! Nay, deeper yet.
Quick, friend, the cortège comes. There—that will
serve;—
Deep enough now;—and thou'lt need all thy nerve,
If in her coffin, at the last, amid
The mourners in the customary snits,
And to the scandal of these decent mutes,
This corpse of England's Honor burst the lid!

A WONDROUS LIKENESS.

Still, on Life's loom, the infernal warp and weft
Woven each hour! Still, in august renown,
A great realm watching, under God's great frown!
Ever the same! The little children cleft
In twain: the little tender maidens reft
Of maidenhood! And through a little town
A stranger journeying, wrote this record down,
"In all the place there was not one man left."
O friend, the sudden lightning of whose pen
Makes Horror's countenance visible afar,
And Desolation's face familiar,
I think this very England of my ken
Is wondrous like that little town, where are
In all the streets and houses no more men.

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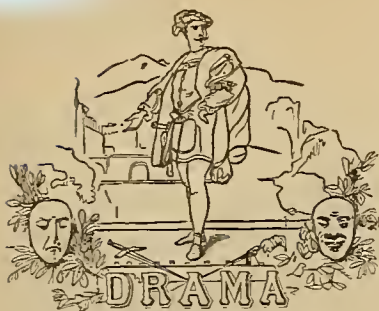
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Last Week of the Opera Troupe.

The double bill of "Lucia" and "Cavalleria Rustica" proved so strong an attraction at the Baldwin on Monday night that the house seemed not to have suffered any diminution through the Paderewski recital. It is to be repeated next Wednesday night, and the programme for the rest of the week is an excellent one. On Monday "The Huguenots" will be sung; on Tuesday, "Lohegrin"; on Wednesday afternoon, "Mig. ooo"; on Thursday, "Faust"; on Friday, "Taon-häuser"; at the Saturday matinee, "Carmen"; and Saturday night, "Trovatore." This will be the last week of the Tavery Company's engagement at the Baldwin, and a lively demand for seats for the various performances has already begun.

Corione Goes and Katie Putnam Comes.

Corione will give three more performances of "Heodrick Hudson, Jr." at the Columbia Theatre—this (Saturday) afternoon, this evening, and to-morrow evening. She has enjoyed a prosperous week, and deservedly, for the company is a large one and carefully trained and the programme is crowded with bright specialties. In fact, "Heodrick Hudson, Jr." is very like the old Kiralfy shows.

Next week another of C. T. Dazey's plays will be given at the Columbia. It is called "The Old Lime Kilo"—doubtless to pique curiosity as to why such an utterly prosaic and unlovely name should be given to it—and the principal part is taken by Katie Putnam, for whom the play was written. She is to be Nita, the waif, who shares her father's wretched lot in the Yellowstone National Park, and other characters are a blind father who has driven his innocent son from home, a villain, army officers, and an Irish corporal.

Keene at the New California Theatre.

Thomas Keene has been presenting a series of classic plays at the California Theatre, during the past week, and he has had audiences that go far to disprove the notion that theatre-goers no longer care for the legitimate drama. Mr. Keene is a painstaking actor and an earnest student of Shakespeare and the classic dramatic writers, and his interpretations of the crafty Louis of France, Egland's malicious Richard, Richelieu, and Hamlet have been very interesting.

For next week Mr. Keene's most notable performance will be given on Monday, when he will play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." It will be repeated for the matinee on Saturday. "Richard III." will be given on Tuesday and Saturday nights, "Richelieu" on Wednesday, "Hamlet" on Thursday, "Othello" on Friday, and "Louis XI." on Sunday.

"Wife for Wife."

Bartley Campbell's play, "My Partner," has been the attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week, and it is to be continued until next Monday, when "Wife for Wife," by John A. Stevens, is to be presented. As one might infer from its title, "Wife for Wife" is a highly sensational melodrama, but it is made livelier than most of its kind by the introduction of a number of songs and dances. The production is given under the stage-management of Louis Imhaus, and Darrell Vioton and Essie Tittell make their re-appearance in the leading rôles. The entire cast of characters is as follows:

Edward Walton, Darrell Vinton; Richard Singleton, Fred G. Butler; Dr. Achille Vernon, Frank Hatch; Barney Elliott, Charles E. Lottian; Archy, Charles W. Swain; George, Eugene Moore; Colonel Hamilton, J. Harry Benrimm; Edith, Essie Tittell; Grace Courtwright, Florence Thropp; Euphemia Walton, Julia Blanc; Martha, Jennie Stockmeyer.

A Revival of "Der Freischütz."

"The Gentle Savage" has run its fortnight at the Tivoli, and had goodly audiences every night, but it will be taken off after Sunday night. On Monday, Von Weber's "Der Freischütz" will be revived. It is more than five years since it was last seen at the Tivoli, and the management has determined to give it a particularly elaborate mounting, notably in the Brocken scene.

The sudden defection of Alice Carle and Laura Millard from the stock company in no way disturbs the Tivoli management, for they had already secured Ida Valerga to sing Agatha and Kate

Marchi for the rôle of Annie. The other parts will be sung by John J. Raffael, W. H. West, and Martio Pache.

Notes.

Paderewski's first concert tour was made in Russia when he was only sixteen. He confesses now that when he came to certain difficult passages in the pieces he played then, he would extemporize on the theme until the fingering came within his capacity again.

Nellie McHenry will produce a new play during her engagement at the California. It is called "Hattie Hurry, M. D."

All the papers Paderewski reads are carefully gone over first by his private secretary and, marvelous to relate of a musician, all references to himself are cut out. He is utterly indifferent to what the critics say. "If they say I do not play well," he says, "I shall not play any better, and if they say I play well, I shall not play any worse."

The Conservatory at Warsaw was the scene of most of Paderewski's musical training. He entered the institution when he was twelve, studying harmony and counterpoint and took piano lessons under Jooatha. Six years later he became a professor in the same institution, teaching by day and continuing his own studies at night.

Charles H. Hoyt is going to send a "Trip to Chioatowo" company to Australia, to try the effect of an American farce-comedy on the natives. It will be seen at the California Theatre before it leaves for the antipodes.

Paderewski once thought of studying the violin. But the teacher to whom he applied told him he could never become a musician.

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., of the Columbia Theatre, are soon to take charge of the Auditorium. Anna Eva Fay, the theosophist, is to give a demonstration of occult phenomena there under their management, and the troupe consisting of Mme. Materna, Herr Oodrick, and Isidore Luckstone will give its concerts in the same place.

The one period in Paderewski's career to which he ever refers is his wedded life. There are many romantic stories rife, as that the woman he loved was a lady of exalted station, and the desire to be worthy of her was the spur to his ambition. Again, they say that his poverty was such that he could not provide her with the necessities of life, that she died of starvation. Color is lent to this by his sad rejoinder to one who congratulated him on his success: "Yes, but it has come too late." However, the known facts are that he married at sixteen and that his wife died a year later, leaving him one son who is now being educated in Paris.

Ignace Jan Paderewski is now in his thirty-sixth year. He was born in Podolia, a province of Poland, on November 6, 1860. It is said that, unlike most geniuses, he comes of an aristocratic family, a contention which finds support in the grace and suppleness of his figure and the refined features of his face.

Fanny Gillette, Isabelle Waldron, and Charles D. Herman are members of Frederick Warde's company, which is to follow the Tavery troupe at the Baldwin.

Four years ago, Paderewski received only fifty dollars each for his concerts in London. Now he occasionally makes as much as five thousand dollars in a single night. His present tour began early in November, and in three months the sales of tickets for his concerts have amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars. The record up to a little less than a month ago is given in an Eastern journal as follows:

New York, November 4th, \$4,362; Philadelphia, November 6th, \$4,570; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 7th, \$1,483; New York, first recital, \$5,389; Brooklyn Seid Society, \$2,000 sold; Philadelphia, Pa., November 13th, \$4,000; Albany, N. Y., November 14th, \$1,128; New York, second recital, November 16th, \$5,930; Boston, Symphony Orchestra, November 19th, \$2,208; Portland, Me., November 21st and 22d, \$3,000; Boston, first recital, November 23d, \$2,593; Worcester, Mass., November 25th, \$1,125; Springfield, Mass., November 27th, \$1,518; Troy, N. Y., November 28th, \$1,793; Boston, second recital, November 30th, \$4,753; Hartford, Conn., December 2d, \$1,796; New Haven, Conn., December 3d, \$2,370; Providence, R. I., December 5th, \$1,631; New York, December 7th, \$3,000 sold; Philadelphia, second recital, December 9th, \$3,034; Richmond, Va., December 10th, \$2,714; Washington, December 11th, \$2,878; Baltimore, December 12th, \$2,087; New York, third recital, \$5,836; Pittsburg, December 16th and 18th, \$4,668; Cleveland, December 19th, \$4,716; Buffalo, December 21st, \$2,204; total, \$82,634.

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The Proposed Register of Copyrights.

There are two bills before Congress for the organization of an office to administer the copyright law, one in the House and one in the Senate. Their general purport is indicated by their title: "To provide for a Register of Copyrights." Their provisions are substantially the same: A registrar of copyrights, to be appointed by the President, with the consent of the Senate; an assistant registrar, who under the Senate bill is to be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury and under the House bill by the President and Senate, and a clerk, who under the Senate bill is to be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury and under the House bill by the registrar. The salaries are: For the registrar, \$4,000; for the assistant, \$2,000; and for the clerk, \$1,500 by the Senate bill and \$1,200 by the House bill. The registrar is to perform the duties as to copyrights imposed by law upon the librarian of Congress; is to be under the supervision of the joint committee of Congress on the library; is to make an annual report to Congress of the number and description of copyright publications for the year and the total amount received therefor; and is to be under bonds of \$10,000 for the proper payment and accounting to the Treasury of moneys received.

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SOCIETY.

The Harris-Sullivan Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Henrietta Sullivan and Mr. Stephen Luring Harris took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 525 Oak Street. The bride is the daughter of the late John Sullivan and sister of Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Mrs. James Ashley Turner. The groom is cashier for the firm of Ames & Harris, but will soon take up the study of the law.

The ceremony took place at half-past eight o'clock in the handsomely decorated parlors before a limited assemblage of relatives and intimate friends. Rev. Father Sheehy performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Father Flod and Rev. Father McCue. Two little children, Master Ashley Bell Turner and Miss Gladys Louise Sullivan, were the flower-bearers. Miss Georgie Sullivan was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Louise and Ella Sheehy. Mr. Edwin Harris acted as best man, and the bride's brother, Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses worn by the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant robe of blanc-ivoire satin made with a court train. The corsage was high, and was adorned with a bertha of point applique lace that formed epaulets over the shoulders. The sleeves were bouffant and long, and the gloves of white addressed kid. In her coiffure was a crescent pin of diamonds, a gift from the groom, which held in place the flowing veil of white silk moiré. She carried a cluster of roses.

The maid of honor appeared in a becoming gown of ciel blue brocade. The round corsage was trimmed with broderie Romienne and the short sleeves were bouffant at the shoulders. Encircling her waist was a belt of pearls and a large bow-knot of velvet was at one side. She carried American Beauty roses.

Miss Louise Sheehy wore a gown of pink taffeta covered with chiffon and a bertha of lace. Miss Ada Sheehy wore blue silk covered with blue chiffon and trimmed with pearls. They carried bouquets of Duchess of Lancaster roses.

The wedding ceremony was followed by congratulations and an elaborate supper and dancing until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left Thursday to make a southern trip, and will reside at 525 Oak Street when they return.

San Francisco Golf Club.

The San Francisco Golf Club is having a clubhouse erected near the First Avenue entrance to the Presidio. It is a corner lot, thirty by one hundred feet in size, and the house will cost twelve hundred dollars. There will be a large assembly-room and dressing-rooms for both ladies and gentlemen, in addition to a workshop. The limit of the club is sixty members. General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., has kindly given the club permission to play on a tract of land on the Presidio reservation. The club-house will be completed in about a week. The only officers are the executive committee, comprising Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Charles Page, and Mr. John Lawson. The members so far are:

Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. G. D. Boyd, Mr. Patrick Grant, Mr. Alfred Bonvier, Mr. R. B. Forman, Mr. Alexander B. Williamson, Mr. F. W. Zelle, Mr. J. D. McKee, Mr. Charles P. Ellis, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. F. A. Frank, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. B. Bourne, Mr. Thomas C. Berry, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. P. F. Moore, Baron von Schröder, Mr. Chaucey R. Winslow, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. Walter S. Hohart, Mr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. G. W. McNear, Jr., Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. Fred W. McNear, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. J. A. Donohoe, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. E. A. Bruguere, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., Mr. P. McG. McBean, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. C. de Guigney, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Thomas Binny, Mr. J. W. Hart, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, and Mr. George A. Pope.

The Fortnightly Club.

The Fortnightly Club gave its last party of this season at Lunt's Hall, and it was the most successful of the series. There were about one hundred and sixty ladies and gentlemen present. It was a leap-year cotillion, and was led by Miss Ella Hobart, who had Mr. Robert M. Eyre as her partner. Miss Hohart introduced six pretty figures, which were followed by a supper and regular dancing until one o'clock in the morning.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has almost entirely recovered from his recent serious illness, and is able to be out once more.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Ram and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose registered at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt, on January 17th.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen and Miss Ethel Cohen, of Alameda, have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Dr. Clinton H. Catherwood, who had come out to California intending to spend some time with his mother and sister, received last week an important appointment in one of the leading New York hospitals. This cut short his stay, and he left on a telegraphic summons for his post.

Mr. Frank M. Smith and family, of Oakland, have leased the Villa Crosby, Quartier Maurice, France, for the season. They will remain away until next fall. The young ladies are studying French and music.

Judge W. B. Cope, of Santa Barbara, is in town on a brief visit.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has returned from a prolonged Eastern visit, and is occupying her residence on California Street.

Mrs. G. F. Sanborn and Miss Nellie Hillyer sailed from

New York for Europe last week, and will be away several months.

Dr. and Mrs. George L. Tait will sail to-day on the *Gaith* for Yokohama, where they will remain for five or six months.

Miss Romietta Wallace is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, in Louisiana.

The Misses Juliette and Hannah Williams will return to San Rafael next week, after passing the winter here at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. William S. Tevis is expected here to-day from Bakersfield, and will remain at the Palace Hotel for several weeks.

Mr. James A. McClurg, of Denver, has been here since last Sunday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and Mr. Callaghan Byrne will not return from Los Angeles until early in March.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned Thursday from a brief visit to El Paso, Tex.

Miss Julia Crocker is visiting friends in Washington, D. C. Her stay East is indefinite.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

A brilliant ball was given at the Hotel del Coronado last Saturday night in honor of Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. A. There were fully a thousand people present.

Captain William W. Robinson, Jr., U. S. A., has been appointed Post Quartermaster at the Presidio.

Captain William H. Roberts, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the command of the *Richard Rush*. He has been in command of the *Forward* at Mobile.

Lieutenant Ormond M. Lissak, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has gone to Honolulu on a leave of absence.

Assistant-Engineer William C. Myers, U. S. R. C. S., who has been on duty here for the past six years, has been ordered to Boston. He will leave at the conclusion of the Healy court-martial.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Symphony Orchestra.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert on Friday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, under the direction of Mr. James Hamilton Howe, conductor, and Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, concert-master. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; "If With All Your Hearts," Mendelssohn, Mr. Frank Coffin; Redemption suite, selections from the "Redemption"; The Creation, March to Calvary, The Apostles, In Prayer, Hymn of the Apostles, Closing Portion, Gounod; overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; "Song of the Sirens," Messrs. B. Mollenhauer and N. Landsberger; vocal, selected, Mr. F. Coffin; "Wedding March," Mendelssohn, Mr. Otto Bendix.

The first benefit concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Roncovi, will take place on Monday evening, February 17th, at Metropolitan Hall. The tickets are one dollar each, and are on sale at Sherman & Clay's. The orchestra will play selections by Rossini, Mnszkowski, Rubinstein, Wagner, Sullivan, Verdi, and other celebrated composers, and there will be vocal selections by Miss Caroline H. Little and Mr. S. Homer Henley.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham has opened his music studio at 609 Sacramento Street and is giving instruction in singing, which he is eminently qualified to do. Mr. Graham has many friends and well-wishers here who have admired his voice and his method at charity concerts and private musicales, and they will doubtless be glad of this opportunity to profit by his instruction.

Miss Daisy Belle Sharpe will give a concert on Monday evening, February 17th, with the assistance of Miss Mabel Love, the Reliance Glee Club, the Treble Clef Quartet, Mr. Frank Belcher, and Mr. Frank Coffin.

The memorial entertainment in honor of the late J. H. Rosewald, the violinist, which was to have been held on February 21st, has been postponed until March 6th, owing to the Paderewski farewell matinee.

Under the auspices of the California Quartet, a concert will be given at St. John's Presbyterian Church, corner of California and Octavia Streets, next Thursday evening for the benefit of the church.

The Euterpe Quartet and the Orpheus Quartet will give a concert next Friday evening at Beethoven Hall under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. An attractive programme will be presented.

The three supplemental Paderewski recitals at the California Theatre will be given on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of next week.

A London "city man" was lately asked to recommend a nice, gentlemanly profession in which a quick fortune could be made without risk. He replied that he knew of only two such professions, and they were both rather hard to get into. They were the professions of Kaffir millionaires and American railroad organizers.

He—"I wish I could go back to my happy school-boy days." She—"It would, perhaps, benefit you greatly if you could."—*Vogue*.

He—"Thought you were opposed to bloomers?" She—"I am, but I want in spite May Jones. She can't wear them."—*Life*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chastity of Men and Women.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, February 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have read your strong, vigorous editorial in the *Argonaut* of the tenth instant, on "A Hoodwinked Husband Tried for Murder," and fail to agree with your deductions therefrom. Now nothing would give us greater pleasure than to hear you from the side of the wronged wife. We notice you justify the husband in taking the law into his hands without proving his own chastity, thereby ignoring Christ's demand of the accusers of the woman taken in adultery, that "he who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." Shall a man who has not led a pure life (and from evidence on every hand the average married man's infidelity to the marriage vow is proverbial) sit in judgment and execute such dire vengeance on his erring wife without proving that he has not, since taking those vows, sinned on the same lines himself?

We are home-keeping women, with growing boys and girls around us, and feel an absorbing interest in the problems of the day.

Awaiting the favor of your views on this subject, we remain, Very sincerely,

MARGARET RUTLEDGE,
CATHERINE CRAIG.

We are glad that such earnest and sincere women appreciate our articles, even if they do not agree with us. We shall endeavor in a future number to answer the questions which they ask as earnestly and sincerely as they ask them.—Eos.

Americans and Britons.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 8, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to your article of February 3, 1896, under the head of "Cleveland's Sham Americanism," will you kindly explain how the President or "his man Olney" can do more than they have already done for the Americans in the Transvaal who were arrested by the Boer Government? Would you have them demand of President Kruger the release of these men, and if not complied with, then what?—send the *Boer* or *Ranger* to force it? Your article is one of three things—malicious, ignorance on your part, or imposition on the intelligence of your readers, neither of which a good paper can afford to be or do.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM WALSH.

The *Argonaut*, in the article referred to, stated that the American Government should do as much for American citizens in trouble in a foreign country as the British Government would do for British subjects in trouble in a foreign country. We expressly waived all question as to what the American citizens now imprisoned in the Transvaal had done. We are inclined to think, from the news so far received, that the Boer Government is justified in imprisoning them, and has treated them with leniency. But, as we stated, the British Government at once got out of the Transvaal all of Jameson's column, officers and men, demanding that they should be turned over to be tried by British courts. Jameson and his men had done infinitely more than the Americans now imprisoned at Pretoria. Yet Cleveland and Olney have done nothing but to ask the British Government to "look out for American interests in the Transvaal." We asked why the American Government did not demand that the American prisoners be tried by American courts. We asked if an American imprisoned in a foreign country was not as good as a Briton imprisoned in a foreign country. We think he is. Evidently Mr. William Walsh does not.—Eos.

"What is a playwright, pa?" "A collector of songs and dances."—*Truth*.



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writes of



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VANITY FAIR.

We remarked recently in this department on the tendency toward "Bohemianism" and the entertaining of professional people which has been manifesting itself recently in New York. We said at the time that the entertaining of such debased creatures as Yvette Guilbert was a step in the wrong direction. It has generally been admitted in New York that it was a mistake. But entertainments to real artists are to be looked upon with different eyes. For example, Mme. Emma Calvé was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Metropolitan Club last week by Mrs. Edward N. Gibbs. Mme. Calvé did not sing after dinner, but surprised the gathering with a number of recitations. Mme. Sarab Bernhardt was also the principal guest at an entertainment given by Mrs. Nicholas Fish at her house in Irving Place. A theatre-party was given last week by Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens at Palmer's to see John Drew in "The Squire of Dames." After the theatre the party went to the Waldorf for supper and an informal dance, where they were joined by Mr. Drew. The gathering was quite a swell one, as may be imagined from the names of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, and some fifty others of similar social standing. A theatre-party which adjourns to a hotel for an informal dance and is joined by the actor who has been playing for their delectation during the evening, is certainly "Bohemian."

In England the cycling boom still goes on, and one of the latest fads is what they call "musical rides," on the same lines as the equestrian rides of the crack cavalry regiments. It requires skillful riding, but there are a number of ladies now who can ride around obstructions like the posts placed for training polo-ponies. The sight of a lot of handsome girls on bicycles winding, turning, and twisting, in and out, in the smallest spaces, going in time to music, is a very pretty one.

A recent article in an Eastern journal, commenting on the absence of eligible men from "society," says that they all become club *habitues*, and that where, ten years ago, the club-man was generally elderly, to-day he is apt to become a "cloistered club-man" under thirty. The average young man soon discovers that balls, parties, receptions, teas, and dinners are rather a bore; that they involve loss of sleep, loss of rest, and loss of outdoor recreation; that men who stay up every night attending such things are not equal in business next day with men who go to bed earlier; and that there is "nothing in it," after all. Hence it is that so many men drift toward the clubs after two or three years of "society." If they do not go to the theatre, they will remain after dinner in the lounging-rooms, smoking or talking, or playing pool or billiards in the billiard-room, or playing euchre or hearts in the card-room, or reading in the quiet library. The average young woman imagines that clubs are wild scenes of dissipation. On the contrary, they are very quiet, orderly, comfortable, and luxurious places. Curiously enough, the library is apparently one of the best patronized rooms in nearly all clubs. In the Union Club in New York, any hour of the afternoon or evening, you will find a number of readers in the luxuriously furnished library. So in the Pacific-Union Club of San Francisco. The Bohemian Club has a spacious and beautiful room devoted to its library, which is filled with a most remarkable collection of books, unique in its way. The Bohemian Club library, being on a separate floor from the rest of the club, is more quiet, and readers are not apt to be invaded by the desultory conversation of chance intruders. When one considers the comforts gained in a club, and the moderate rate at which even luxuries are served, it is not to be wondered at that women should look upon clubs with an evil eye as being detrimental to matrimony.

A curious "competition" is now going on in a so-called "society" paper in London. A prize is offered for the "smartest" woman, to be decided by the number of votes. The Princess of Wales, at last accounts, headed the list with 3,615 votes. Lady Randolph Churchill comes fourth with 2,874. The young Princesses of Wales come together with 600 each. The Duchess of York has 1,432 and the Duchess of Marlborough has 7. Oddly enough, the actresses do not compare with the women of fashion. The highest among them is Miss Hettie Hamer with 87, Alma Stuart Stanley with 502, Miss Lottie Collins with 125, Mrs. Langtry with 61, Otero with 45, and Miss Dorothea Baird, the Trilby of the moment, with 27. Lady Naylor Leyland, who was noted as an American beauty, comes very far down on the list.

Last week, in New York, the principal entertainments were the cotillion given by Mr. Perry Belmont and the reception given by Mrs. Astor. Mr. Belmont's entertainment was called "an opera supper and cotillion." Supper was served after the opera, the guests being received by Mrs. S. S. Howland and Mrs. Augustus Belmont. After

supper, the cotillion was danced, Mr. Elisha Dyer leading with Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The favors were silver knick-knacks, like fans, etc. The rumor that Mr. Belmont had not invited his brother, Mr. Oliver Belmont, and his newly-wedded wife, formerly Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, was false. Mr. Belmont invited them, but they were unable to come, on account of the illness of young Vanderbilt, eldest son of Mrs. Belmont. Mrs. Astor's reception was a house-warming, and all the guests accepted in order to be sure and see the new house. It adjoints that of her son, and both houses were thrown open. Mrs. Astor was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor. It was remarked, however, that the ladies were alone nearly all the time, as the guests were so busily engaged in examining the bouse. The Charity Ball took place last week, and was as successful as it always is—that is, financially. During the week, Mrs. Craigie, who is known in fiction as "John Oliver Hobbes," gave a farewell dinner to her American friends at the Waldorf. The guests were mostly of a literary order, as may be seen from these among other names: Mr. and Mrs. Coudert, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood Johnson, Mrs. Pulitzer, and others. Mrs. Craigie has been much entertained here by the literary set. She sailed for London last week.

The Ice Carnival is now in full blast at Quebec, and it is quite the thing in New York to make an excursion there. Battlements of solid blocks of ice, with bastions and towers, adorn the city. All sorts of structures are erected of blocks of ice, while skating and tobogganing are the features of the Ice Carnival. An ice bridge has formed across the St. Lawrence River, and visitors have the novelty of a drive over this mighty stream on a road-bed cut through the jammed and broken ice that has floated down from above. The carnival wound up with an attack upon the ice fort in the Place St. Pierre, which looked like a battle, but the artillery was merely pyrotechnical.

During the last fortnight there has been a sudden revival of interest in cycling in San Francisco. For some reason, which the dealers have been unable to understand, there was a marked slump during the last two months. It was scarcely to be set down to the weather, for, with the possible exception of a little mud, some of the most delightful wheeling in San Francisco is during the rainless days of winter. Some of the less sanguine among the dealers feared that this quiescence betokened a complete loss of interest. Others prophesied a revival. The more sanguine seem to be correct. When it is considered that in the East, despite blizzards, ice, and snow, people have been going out wheeling in heavy winter jackets and knickerbockers, and that the more timid have been riding in rinks, it seems odd that in San Francisco a little touch of winter could keep people from their wheels, but such seems to have been the fact. However, the wheelmen and wheelwomen are again to the fore, and last Saturday and Sunday saw larger crowds in the park than have been visible there since last August. The bloomer, which elsewhere is disappearing, yields but stubbornly in San Francisco. On week-days it is not much seen, although there are a certain number who wear bloomers. On Sundays a majority wear bloomers, but the "society" girls, so called, have about abandoned the bloomer, and those of them who ride wear short skirts over knickerbockers. In New York, the Mieboux, a club of fashionable wheelwomen, has tabooed bloomers. They recently had a young woman, one Miss Graeme, forced to leave Bowman's Academy for riding in bloomers. In New York, the fashionable women are having more effect upon the shop-girls and others who ride than is the case here. In the New York shops the bloomer costumes are on the wane. The swell costumes consist of knickerbockers, a short skirt, Norfolk jacket, Tam-o'-shanter, leggings of the same material as the suit, bicycle shoes, and sweater. The skirts measure to-day three and one-half yards around the hem. Tam-o'-shanters are the fashionable head-gear. They are frequently ornamented with a quill and ribbon rosette. Very dressy wheelwomen wear cutaway jackets with a ripple back, linen collar and cuffs, four-in-hand tie, and suede, tan, or leather waistcoats. An Eastern fashion authority says that "English and American society women never wear bloomers," and goes on to remark that "unnecessarily short skirts are considered thoroughly bad style." Altogether, the weight of authority seems to be against bloomers and very giddy skirts. Leggings and gaiters seem to be disappearing in favor of boots of soft leather laced almost to the knees. Some women wear boots and leather belts, with bindings of the same shade of leather on the skirt, to match the boots and belt.

The Players' Club, in New York, sets a *table d'hôte* at half after six every day at fifty cents. That price for a dinner in New York is unusually cheap, and the Players' *table d'hôte* is therefore very popular. A Draconian rule is that any member who is not in his seat at half-past six will be

charged for his dinner *à la carte*, which swells the price to triple the *table d'hôte* fee. It is said to be very amusing to see members of the club bustling rapidly toward the dining-hall as the magic hour of half-past six approaches.

A discussion has been going on for several weeks in the New York *Herald* as to "How far a woman may go toward making a man propose." A young lady writes over the initials of "M. L. M." to the *Herald* as follows: "The best and surest way of getting a man to propose is to wear a yellow garter on the left leg and a black one on the right. When a piece of yellow elastic can be procured from a girl who has just become engaged, all the better. I know of three cases where this has been a perfect success. One young lady said that she wore hers for three months, and never took it off in that time. She is happily married now." It is to be hoped that the young lady who never took hers off for three months did not extend the same iron-bound rule to other intimate garments, in which case she might have resembled that celebrated Spanish queen who vowed not to change her linen until a certain siege was raised, and who, in consequence, gave her name to a certain dingy yellow color, which then became fashionable among the ladies of her court.

In a recent number of the *Woman at Home*, there is a symposium on "Platonic Love," in which a number of clever Englishwomen take part. Florence Fenwick Miller has a rather striking paragraph. She says: "Friendship ought to come first, and be the basis on which the sex passion is founded. But much misery would be spared to girls if they could but understand that the reverence, or the admiration, or the wish to please that they so often begin to feel and call 'friendship' (generally for men older than themselves), is really nothing else but the beginning of love—that colossal, that rending and terrible force."

Men who are finical about dress will read with interest the remarks of a London tailor upon shirt-fronts. This tailor says that when he has labored hard in showing off a man's figure to the best advantage, in allowing for the natural curve of his chest and the shape of his shoulders, he is disgusted to be handicapped by the effect of a flat shirt-front. He says that the miserable shirt-makers, who are so ignorant of a man's outlines as to think that a flat shirt-front is wearable over a sloping surface, spoil the work of all good dealers. He further remarks that the shirt-maker who can make a properly curved shirt-front and the laundress who can properly launder it will make huge fortunes.

The ice-skating rink in London, called "Niagara," has been doing an excellent business during the winter, but there has been a slight friction in the fashionable world owing to the fact that the *demi-mondaines* have been attending the rink. There is apparently no way of keeping them out, as it is not a club, but a public place. To add to the indignation of the ladies of the great world, the ladies of the half world have been much in favor with the young men of fashion. The beautiful Countess of Warwick is now leading a crusade against the men who speak to these women in public. At the skating carnival, Mrs. Langtry wore a beautiful costume and won the first prize. Women in her own set and in even lower sets crowded out the women of the upper circles, who had expected that the carnival would be above reproach. Lady Randolph Churchill, Princess Alice of Hesse, and other accomplished skaters, fled from the floor when they saw some of the scant costumes and the wearers of them, took refuge in the boxes, and did not emerge from them until they could escape unobserved and discomfited to their homes.

Dr. Jankan says, in the London *Lancet*, that "as a general rule there is no need to forbid the use of tobacco in surgical cases, with the exception of those involving the eyes, the abdomen, and the bladder, and that most of the affections where the use of tobacco is injurious are just those which cause the patient to dislike it; in fact, in these the disinclination to smoke is one of the first signs that a man is ill."

Brown (of the firm of Brown & Jones)—"Why did you countermand your order for those fountain-pens?" Jones—"The agent took down my order with a lead-pencil."—Puck.

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THE DEFENDER.

Mr. Lewis Herreshoff, of the Herreshoffs, builders of the *Defender* and other celebrated yachts, has written us the following letters:

IN BRISTOL, R. I., Nov. 27, 1895, 10 A. M.
TO THE DEIMEL LINEN MESH CO.:
Gentlemen—I gave the Deimel underwear what I think was a very good test a few days ago, and it was so marked and in exact accord with your claims about it that I thought I would write you about it. I rowed over to an island four miles distant, where I am building a house. I rowed it quickly, and when I arrived I was in a full perspiration. I had a coat with me (an overcoat), but I thought that now was a fine time to try my Deimel, so I did not put on the extra coat, but went at once to the new building about two hundred yards distant from the shore.

A chilly wind had sprung up, and I stood in and around the building for an hour and a half, exposed to the full force of the wind (as you know, a half-finished building is full of currents of wind, even more than one would feel outside). I did not feel the least chill, nor did I take the least cold; in fact, it was not long before I felt myself as quite dry, the sense of the full perspiration I was in passed away without a chill of my body. I was most pleased and really astonished that it should work so perfectly. I am, very truly, your friend,

LEWIS HERRESHOFF.

(Two months later, in the midst of winter.)

IN BRISTOL, R. I., Jan. 23, 1896, 3:30 P. M.
DEIMEL LINEN MESH CO.:
Will you be so kind as to send me three or four of your pamphlets. I find the Deimel Linen Mesh is working splendidly with me. It is exactly what you say of it, which is not a little.

LEWIS HERRESHOFF.

Write for Catalogue A, or call at the store of

The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Company,
111 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SOLID STERLING SILVER Butter Dish, sent to the next 30 days only, on receipt of \$1.00. This offer is limited, and is made for the sole purpose of advertising our extensive line of silverware. Every dish guaranteed solid sterling silver. An article of standard merit, and always beautiful and useful. Sterling Silverware Co., 402 Hagan Building, St. Louis, Mo. Dealers will positively not be supplied.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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October 1, 1894.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,192,001.69; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,506,409.41.

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BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco Agents,
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Father Healy was a constant visitor at the Vice-regal Court, Dublin, in Earl Spencer's time. On one occasion an aid-de-camp asked him, "as an authority on Biblical subjects," whether he could tell him the difference between the cherubim and seraphim. "Indeed," replied Healy, "I believe they had a difference a long time ago, but they have made it up since."

At a dinner-party the other night, a handsome young physician had been particularly bright and entertaining. As the ladies left the table, cigars were passed and accepted by all of the gentlemen but the doctor. The host looked at him in astonishment. "What, not smoke?" said he; "why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner." "Yes, I know I do," replied the doctor; "but if I should smoke, I would lose the whole of it."

Judge Henry Howland tells the story of the embarrassed but generous-hearted young man who felt called upon to relieve the sudden cessation of drawing-room conversation, which oftentimes overtakes even the most brilliant social circles. With the blushes surmounting his cheeks, he timidly turned to the daughter of the hostess, who was not present in the room, and inquired: "Ho-how is yo-your mo-mo-mother? N-not th-that I gi-give a d-n, bu-but it ma-makes ta-talk."

Chauncey M. Depew has a fine capacity to invent anecdotes or to adapt old ones, as when at dinner he convulsed the house by describing a new member of Congress seated in an old black barber's chair, and saying, "You have shaved many other statesmen in the past, such as Clay and Webster?" "Yes, sir," replied the barber, somewhat frigidly; "you are something like Mr. Webster." "In my brow?" inquired the statesman. "No," replied the barber, "in your breath."

In 1805, Pitt called a meeting of the British militia colonels to consider his Additional Force bill. Some objected to the clause which called them out under all circumstances, and argued that this should not be "except in case of actual invasion." "Then," said Pitt, "it would be too late." Presently they came to another clause, when the same objectors insisted on the militia not being liable to be sent out of the kingdom. "Except, I suppose," said Pitt, with cruel sarcasm, "in case of actual invasion."

"When 'The Wicklow Postman' was out on its memorable tour a year or so ago," said an actor in the company, "we almost stranded in Hot Springs. Our next stand was Texarkana, and the manager wired me we must be sure to come on—would certainly play to a big house. Well, I raised enough money to get to Texarkana. It was dusk when we reached there, and, as we rode up to the hotel in a bus, I saw what I presumed was the glow of sunset over the house-tops. 'By Jove!' I remarked to the driver, 'you do have fine sunsets down here.' 'Sunset nothing!' he growled, as he glanced in the direction I was looking, 'that's the opera-house on fire.'"

A well-known naval dignitary has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no resources but his salary, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once taxed him with the fact that he had only his salary—hardly enough to keep him in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons. "Well, Mr. Admiral, what you say is true. But when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the ensign, who believed he had made the most diplomatic of defenses. But not so. The crafty old sea-dog thundered forth: "I lived on my father-in-law for the first two years, but I'll be d—d if you are going to do it!"

A feminine friend of Mrs. Carlyle, calling one day in Cheyne Row, met Carlyle on his own doorstep, his head bent, and perplexity and annoyance wrinkling the philosophic brow. The sage only bowed, and went on his way down the street. The servant showed the visitor into a darkened room, where there were to be seen the debris of tea and the prostrate form of Mrs. Carlyle on the sofa. "Did you meet Thomas?" demanded the wife, in a voice which showed unmistakable traces of a recent domestic storm. "Yes. He was going out. I met him on the door-step, looking very sad. What's the matter, my dear?" "The matter!" cried Mrs. Carlyle from the sofa, with sparkling eyes; "I've been two days on this sofa with a sick headache, and he's only this instant come in and asked me what ails me! And—well, I've just thrown my tea-cup at him!"

One of the Irish members of Parliament, Sir Frederick Flood, was especially earnest in favor of *verbatim* reports, but he changed his mind after seeing one of his own rhetorical efforts printed without the usual editing. It ran thus: "MR. SPAKER—As I was coming down to this house to

perform my duty, to the country and old Ireland, I was brutally attacked, sir, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, sir. If, sir, any honorable gentleman is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of spalpeens, sir, as were after attacking me, Mr. Spaker, then I say, Mr. Spaker, that if you do not, Mr. Spaker, be after protecting gentlemen like myself, sir, we can not be after coming to the House of Parliament at all, at all, Mr. Spaker. And, sir, may I be after asking you, sir, what, sir, would become, sir, of the business of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case, Mr. Spaker? Will you, sir, be after answering myself that question, Mr. Spaker? It's myself that would like an answer, sir, to the question, sir, as soon as convenient, sir, which I have asked you, Mr. Spaker."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Tar Heel Freshman's Soliloquy.

When Daisy's arms her dog
imprison,
Oh! how I wish my neck were
his'n.
How often would I stop and
turn
To get a pat from hands like
he'n.
And when she kisses Towser's
nose
Oh! don't I wish that I were
those!—*The Tar Heel.*

The Cakes of Pan.

Bards sing that Pan is dead,
That maidens mournful-eyed,
Lament his spirit fled
From field and fair hillside:
I deem he doth abide
With nymphs like Betsy Ann,
Who turns, each morning-tide,
The toothsome cakes of Pan.

By some, the hun like lead
Is with delight described,
By some, the muffin, spread
With hutter, amber-dyed;
But though ye wander wide,
Beersheha to Dan,
Naught heats, at morning-tide,
The toothsome cakes of Pan.

Forsooth, when all is said,
When every sigh is sighed
For all the kinds of bread
That man hath multiplied:
Joy doth most radiant ride
When, from the curving can,
Ye flood with maple-tide
The toothsome cakes of Pan.

Prince, though ye may deride
Their steaming cream and tan,
Give me, each morning-tide,
The toothsome cakes of Pan!

—New York Sun.

Love on a Bicycle.

When Love upon his bicycle
Goes rolling down the street,
He has no time to hear my rhyme,
Or rest in roses sweet—
When Love upon his bicycle
Goes glimmering down the street!
When Love upon his bicycle
Goes dashing down the street,
He has no time for bells that chime,
Nor yet for hearts that heat—
When Love upon his bicycle
Goes headlong down the street!

—Atlanta Constitution.

He Kissed the Cook.

I kissed the cook. You see, her head
Came 'twixt me and the baker's bread,
And though I don't, in spite of looks,
Kiss indiscriminately, cooks,
The checks of this one were so red,
Her eyes so soft a lustre shed,
Into temptation I was led,
And quicker than the lamb tail crooks,
I kissed the cook.

I'm absent-minded since I've wed,
And so, perhaps, I haven't said
My wife and Miss Parloa's hooks
Are intimate as eyes and hooks.
'Twas rising from her dainty spread,
I kissed the cook.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A Faulty Sonnet to the Boston Owls.
"To whitt, to who!" so spake the Wordsworth owls;
And imitating them and their poor speech,

"To whitt, to who!" Chicago owlets screech—
Most grammarless, most meaningless of howls
Know well ye are the scorn of Boston fowls,
Ye owls who rashly break the sacred laws
Of holy Lindley Murray.—Pray to pause
And note well how a Boston owl can teach
To youths in their impressionable days—
Who wandering beneath the lovely moon,
Themselves to Nature's teachings do attune—
To them the Boston owl correctly says
These edifying words from out the gloom:
"To whitt, to whitt, to whom! To whitt, to whom!"
—*The Chap-Book.*

The Grateful Patient to His Nurse.

One fully enjoys being wracked with diseases,
Afflicted with sneezes,
And subject to chills;
Be *hers* but the hand that pours oil on one's spasms,
Applies cataplasms,
Administers pills.
Oh! poisons in general, avoided as frightful,
Are simply delightful;
Yes, wormwood and myrrh,
And jalap and strychnine and raw jahorandi,
Are luscious as candy,
If given by her!
Oh! Who would not highly appreciate anguish,
And cheerfully languish,
When Agony smote
His frame on its way through this lachrymal valley,
If only Miss Sally
Were spraying his throat!—*Life.*

"Here's a Boston man been shocked ter death."
"Dem country jays oughten ter fool around New
York electric wires." "He dido't—he went to
hear Yvette Guilbert."—*Life.*

Very Awkward Indeed.

This is precisely the kind of mistake a man makes
if he "turns out" on the wrong side of the road wheo
a vehicle comes toward him. No less absurd is the
error of the individual who takes drastic medicines
to relieve his liver. That organ is on the right side,
and the road to its relief is Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters, a medicine also adapted to the relief of
dyspepsia, kidney and rheumatic ailments, and
malaria.

The Madison Square Exposition.

The material advancement of California can best
be promoted by making the natural advantages and
attractions of the State more widely known. This
is what is aimed at by the projectors of the Cali-
fornia State Exposition to be held at Madison
Square Garden, New York city, in May, and continu-
ing throughout the month. The characteristic
features and institutions of California are to be re-
produced in the form of models, the mining, agricul-
tural, horticultural, viticultural, and vinicultural
interests are to be represented, and the intention is
to display thoroughly the resources of the State.
The design and general plan adopted by the man-
agement will secure an original and attractive ex-
hibition.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Effie—"Jack, papa said we must not see each
other any more." Jack—"Indeed! Shall I turn
the gas out?"—*Bazar.*

Male Mixture
is a gentle-
man's
smoke
WE COULD NOT
IMPROVE THE QUALITY
IF PAID DOUBLE THE PRICE
A 203. TRIAL PACKAGE
POST PAID 25c
FOR 25 CENTS.
MARBURG BROS.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SOUTHERN
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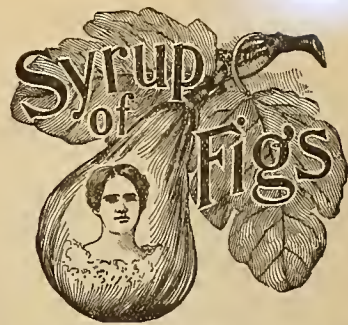


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ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
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Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the
transient nature of the many physical
ills which vanish before proper ef-
forts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—
rightly directed. There is comfort in
the knowledge that so many forms of
sickness are not due to any actual dis-
ease, but simply to a constipated con-
dition of the system, which the pleasant
family laxative, Syrup of Figs, prompt-
ly removes. That is why it is the only
remedy with millions of families, and is
everywhere esteemed so highly by all
who value good health. Its beneficial
effects are due to the fact, that it is the
one remedy which promotes internal
cleanness, without debilitating the
organs on which it acts. It is therefore
all important, in order to get its bene-
ficial effects, to note when you pur-
chase, that you have the genuine article,
which is manufactured by the California
Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all re-
putable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health,
and the system is regular, then laxa-
tives or other remedies are not needed.
If afflicted with any actual disease, one
may be commended to the most skillful
physicians, but if in need of a laxative,
then one should have the best, and with
the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of
Figs stands highest and is most largely
used and gives most general satisfaction.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.
Gaelic.....Saturday, February 15
Doric.....Thursday, March 5
Belgic.....(Via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 21
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in
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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29,
and every fifth day thereafter, for Eureka, Humboldt Bay,
Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Feb. 7, 12, 15, 19, 23, 27,
and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles,
and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29,
and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping
only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles,
Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19,
23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz,
Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette*
Valley, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office,
Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

SS. AUSTRALIA, Honolulu
only, Saturday, February 15th,
Tuesday, March 10th, 10 A. M.
Australian SS. MONOWAI, for
Honolulu, Auckland, and
Sydney, Thursday, March
5th, 2 P. M.
Only line Coolgardie Gold
Fields, Australia, Connection for
Cape Town, S. Africa, Low rates.
Special parties to Hawaii, re-
duced rates, February 15th and
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Ticket office, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327
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United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New
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FROM NEW YORK:

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and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favor-
able terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.
Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40.
Steering tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the
leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Mardi-Gras Bal Masqué.

The Mardi-Gras Ball of the Art Association, next Tuesday night, shows every indication of being the most beautiful entertainment ever given in San Francisco. The house itself makes a magnificent setting, but added to this, Mr. John A. Stanton and a corps of artist assistants have been busy turning it into an Aladdin's palace. Hundreds of incandescent lights have been put throughout the building. A number of the patronesses met last Wednesday at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and took the matter of the invitations in hand, and gave many very valuable suggestions which will be followed by the management; for instance, supper will be served continuously after eleven o'clock, and two bands of music, one in the main hall and one in the salon, which connects with five dancing-halls, will play alternately, so the air will always be filled with music. Some of the richest stuffs of the Orient have been contributed by generous firms and individuals for decorative purposes.

Art and the patrons of art will be represented by two well-known gentlemen. Mr. Amadée Jullin will be Rex, and Mr. Tarn McGrew will personate Prince Carnival. Mr. George T. Bromley will be the Court Poet, and Captain Robert H. Fletcher has written the royal proclamation. Rex and the Prince will have a large retinue, for the committee-men are to come in costume, besides a large number of others. The Queen and Princess will be blindly selected from among the lady maskers. Under the gallery in the main hall a balcony has been constructed, and from it, after the blare of trumpets, the proclamation shall be read, and the command shall be to forget dull care and join the revels. The grand march will begin at nine o'clock, when all participants are requested to be in line to pass through the rooms before the assembled spectators, for whom seats have been prepared. There will be a large number of dinner-parties given by the patronesses and others, who will bring their guests to the ball. Only about five hundred invitations have been sent out, but it is expected that this will serve merely to advertise the ball among society people, who are expected to send in the names of their friends, and the management encourages applications for tickets, as they made no attempt to reach everybody. The invitation committee has been very busy issuing cards to applicants. The secretary of the committee desires it to be known that the Art Association has a two-fold object in making a success of this ball—first, to add to the funds of the association for various necessary purposes, and expects the people interested in art to cooperate with them from this point of view; and, second, if the Mardi-Gras Ball be a success and properly appreciated by the people, the house will be used for no other such purpose, but at the close of the season of every year this entertainment will be made a feature of the social life of San Francisco, and help to make the city more attractive and interesting to its people and guests.

The floor committee has arranged to have seats for spectators in several rooms and have had twelve boxes constructed around the gallery of the main hall. They will be sold at auction at half-past twelve o'clock to-day at the Institute. Mr. Joseph B. Crockett will act as auctioneer. A large number of ball tickets have been sold and a brilliant assemblage is expected.

The Scott Dinner-Parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner-party recently at their home on Laguna Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt. Those invited to meet them were: Mr. and Mrs. E. W.

Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, and Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMinnage.

On Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Scott entertained a party of unmarried people at dinner. Their guests comprised Miss Ella Hobart, Miss McNutt, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Frances Taylor, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Hope Simpson, of New York, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Captain A. Fane Wainwright, Mr. T. L. Cunningham, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. A. B. Williamson.

After dinner there were some callers, among them being Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister. The evening was devoted to dancing and ended pleasantly with a supper.

The Coleman Card-Party.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman gave a six-handed euchre-party last Thursday afternoon at her residence, 1450 Sacramento Street, in honor of Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt. Mr. Kruttschnitt's uncle, Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, and Mrs. Coleman's father, Dr. W. M. Gwin, were fellow-members of the United States Senate in ante-bellum days and very warm friends. The party was greatly enjoyed. Handsome prizes were won and delicious refreshments were served. Those present were:

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. McAfee, Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Jr., Mrs. Montgomery Curry, Miss Carrie Gwin, and Miss Sally Maynard.

The Butler Lunch-Party.

Miss Emma Butler gave a delightful lunch-party at the University Club last Tuesday, at which she entertained twenty-seven of her friends. The table was decorated prettily with daffodils and violets, and an elaborate menu was enjoyed. Miss Butler's guests were:

Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. W. H. Ellicott, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Helen Boss, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Grant, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Schneely, Miss Frances Pierce, Miss Mae Tucker, Miss Davis, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. Frances Curry, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Thomas, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Jennie Catherwood, and Miss Fanny Crocker.

The Curry Euchre-Party.

Miss Frances Curry entertained several of her friends last Wednesday evening by giving a card-party, in honor of Miss Bliss, of Carson City, Nev., at her residence on Laguna Street. The game played was progressive euchre, and six handsome prizes were awarded. The successful contestants were: First prizes, Miss Emma Butler and Mr. George B. de Long; second prizes, Miss Toby and Mr. George Cameron; consolation prizes, Miss Fanny Crocker and Mr. Danforth Bnardman. Among Miss Curry's guests were:

Miss Bliss, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Graham, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Burton, Miss Harrington, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Buckbee, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Toby, Miss Fanny Crocker, Lieutenant T. G. Carson, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Mr. G. Chaucey Boardman, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. McAfee, Mr. Irving Lundborg, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. George Cameron.

Spreckels Matinée Tea.

A matinée tea was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Claus Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Emma Spreckels, at their residence, 2027 Howard Street. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Mangels, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, and Miss Ella Morgan. The hours of the reception were from four until six o'clock. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played at intervals and refreshments were served under Ludwig's direction. After the tea the ladies who received were joined by Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. A. B. Spreckels, Mr. J. Henry Mangels, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. Thomas Watson, and Mr. H. Widemann, and all enjoyed an elaborate dinner. Among the guests invited to the tea were:

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Dr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mr. and Mrs. O. Rothmaler, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Captain and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watt, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tillman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schnusler, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. L. C. Lane, Mrs. Henry Brickwedel, Mrs. F. M. Baumgarten, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. F. Tillman, Sr., Mrs. C. Mangels, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. O. C. Pratt, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. J.

H. Jewett, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. J. R. Loosley, Mrs. J. E. F. Davis, Mrs. W. Hinchley Taylor, Mrs. John A. Buck, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. Charles E. Miller, Mrs. E. L. Bishop, Mrs. H. Zweig, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Bigley, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Robinson, Miss Watt, Miss Sprague, Miss Isabel McKenna, Misses Borel, Miss Tillie Feldman, Miss Preston, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Hill, Miss Wood, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Davis, Miss Alice Muller, Miss Isabelle Whitney, Miss E. Buck, Miss Woolworth, Miss Schnusler, Miss Alice Schnusler, Misses Oxnard, Miss Jennie Bigley, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Peterson, Miss Elma Graves, Miss Emma Lemke, Miss Walker, Miss L. Irwin, Misses Castle, Miss Jessie Kaufman, Mr. Cornelius O'Connor, Mr. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Senator C. N. Felton, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Charles Goodall, Dr. James W. Keeney, Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mr. T. H. Davis, Jr., Mr. T. C. Davis, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank B. Peterson, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, and Mr. Ernest L. Hueter.

Colonial Dames of America.

The Colonial Dames of America resident in the State of California were entertained on Tuesday, February 4th, at the home of Mrs. John Drury Tallant, 2211 Washington Street. A vision of colonial days met the Dames as the doors of the hospitable mansion were flung open by two pages in full colonial costumes of blue and black satin richly trimmed with silver lace, each carrying a cocked hat to match under the arm. Later the two pages, Masters Selden W. and John Drury Tallant, Jr., assisted in the service of refreshments. Miss Eva Moody added to the enjoyment by playing selections from Schubert on the mandolin with piano accompaniment.

The society announces two new members—Mrs. Hervey Darneal, of Alameda, and Mrs. Rodgers, of Fort Schuyler. The Dames present were the four officers, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. George A. Cruik, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, also Mrs. John D. Tallant, Mrs. Hnlladay, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Darneal, and the Misses Wright, Maddox, and Rose.

The directors of the Country Club, who were elected last Wednesday evening at a meeting held at the Pacific Union Club, are Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. C. W. Tuttle, Mr. F. W. Tallant, and Mr. F. R. Webster. The last two gentlemen were hold-overs from last year.

The fear that John Mann, a well-to-do negro of New York city, might purchase and live in a three-story and basement brick house in Williamsburgh, a fashionable district of Brooklyn, has so stirred up the residents of that neighborhood that a syndicate is being formed by them to buy the house.

Count Okuma, Minister of Finance in Japan for more than twenty-five years, has advised the Mikado's government to invest one-half of the war indemnity received from China in the purchase of United States bonds, and to set them aside as the nucleus of a war fund.

Californian Refinement Acknowledged Abroad.

The Paris *Figaro* complimented Californians on their refinement and discrimination of taste, owing to their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. If the consumption of high-grade wines should prove a criterion to the standard of cultivation of a people, the Californians have again merited this compliment for the year just closed, as may be seen from the following statistics, compiled by Mr. A. Vignier, from custom-house records for the year 1895:

Pommery.....	6,000
Mumm.....	3,500
Dry Monopole.....	2,200
Roederer.....	1,138
Veuve Cliquot.....	630
Moet and Chandon.....	340
Perrier Jouet.....	300
Irroy.....	100
Sundries.....	1,773
	15,921

Pommery Sec is also most in demand in London and at the select resorts on the Continent of Europe.—*Exchange.*

—"BYTHINIA," SANTA BARBARA'S NATURAL medicinal water, is highly recommended by the most eminent medical authorities as a positive relief and cure for constipation, rheumatism, diabetes, and all kidney and liver troubles. Try it; it only costs twenty-five cents a bottle.

—"STATIONERY ETIQUETTE IS THE MOST DELICATE test by which a woman classifies her acquaintances."—Cooper & Co., Stationers and Engravers, 745 Market Street, S. F.

—LUCILE & CO. BEG TO INFORM THEIR FRIENDS and patrons that Miss Lucile has left for New York to select the latest novelties in imported hats and bonnets. 139 Post Street, Liebes Building.

—PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES, kodaks, film, developings and printing, bicycle cameras. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

Citricura

THE GREAT SKIN CURE

Works wonders in curing torturing disfiguring diseases of the skin scalp and blood and especially baby humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the continental cities. British deposit: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POZZI & CHAM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

BATHING IN THE HOT MUD

and drinking the Hot Salt water at Byron, will positively cure any case of Rheumatism, Gout, and Joint Disease, no matter how severe.

Delightfully mild climate.

Perfect Hotel accommodation.

Write for descriptive booklet.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

Crockers' are in a rut, a horrible rut!

They started fifteen years ago to do first-rate engraving (cards, invitations, etc), and got so in the habit of it that they can't stop.

The horrible part of it is: nobody likes it except Crockers' and their customers.

227 Post street
215 Bush street

It Takes The Place

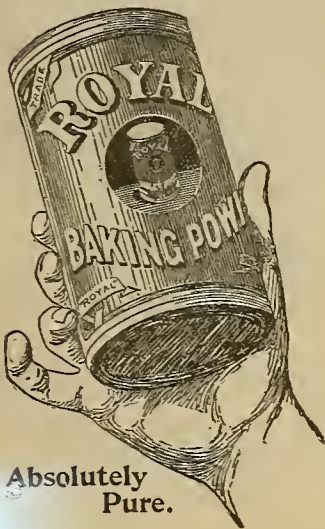
of Coffee and Tea, giving nourishment in place of stimulant, & providing food as well as drink.

Shirardelli's Cocoa for breakfast or lunch is the ideal beverage, easier and quicker & made than Tea or Coffee. For nursing mothers and for children it has no equal.

If you want the strongest, purest and best, ask for

Ghirardelli's COCOA

Sold by all Grocers
32 cups for 25 cents



Absolutely Pure.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Cor. Montgomery, Post, and Market Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Transacts a General Banking, Trust, and Safe-Deposit Business.

Is authorized by law to act as Trustee, Executor, Administrator, Guardian, etc.

Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, and Assignees depositing their funds or property with this Company are exempt by law from all personal liability and need furnish no bonds.

Savings Deposits received and the usual Savings Bank rate of interest paid; also receives commercial deposits subject to check.

This Company offers to the public, safes for rent in its new Fire and Burglar-Proof Safe-Deposit Vaults, which are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city, at from \$4.00 to \$150.00 per annum.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

STATEMENT

— OF THE CONDITION OF THE —

BANKING DEPARTMENT

— OF THE —

Union Trust Company of San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

At the close of business, Dec. 31, 1895.

ASSETS.

Bank Premises.....	\$ 606,074 51
Safe-Deposit Vaults.....	50,080 77
Furniture and Fixtures.....	9,508 17
United States Bonds.....	172,895 99
Other Bonds.....	135,900 00
Loans on Real Estate.....	362,228 73
Loans on Stocks, Bonds, etc.....	940,600 00
Cash with Banks.....	\$366,473 90
Cash on Hand.....	91,428 51
Total available Cash.....	397,902 41
	\$2,675,190 49

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid in Coin.....	\$ 750,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	10,000 00
Profit and Loss and Contingent Fund.....	51,484 91
Due Depositors.....	1,863,705 58
	\$2,675,190 49

INFORMATION REGARDING TRUST MATTERS
CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

DIRECTORS:

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco	
H. F. ALLEN, of Allen & Lewis, Commission Merchants	
ANTOINE BOREL, of Alfred Borel & Co., Bankers	
CHR. DE GUIGNE, Capitalist.	
LEWIS GERSTLE, Pres. Alaska Commercial Co.	
H. L. DODGE, of Dodge, Sweeney & Co., Wholesale Provisions	
J. L. FLOOD, Capitalist,	
TIMOTHY HOPKINS, Capitalist,	
GEO. T. MARVE, JR., Capitalist,	
JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Pres. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co.	
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres. Langley & Michaels Co.	

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN	President
CHR. DE GUIGNE	Vice-President
I. W. HELLMAN, JR.	Cashier and Secretary
C. J. DEERING	Asst. Cashier

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Fanny Crocker, daughter of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, of this city, to Mr. Robert Clarke McCreary, of Sacramento.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mamie Reynolds and Dr. Frank Bosqui. Miss Reynolds is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Reynolds, and Dr. Bosqui is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Huntington and Mr. E. Burke Holladay, of this city, will take place at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. C. P. Huntington, on Fifth Avenue, in New York city, on Tuesday, February 25th.

Miss Hefen Boss will give a large lunch-party at the University Club next Monday. Covers will be laid for about twenty ladies.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet will give a lunch-party next Tuesday in honor of her sister, Miss Fanny Crocker.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham will give a matinee musicale to-day at her residence, 2829 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. David Bixler will receive on the third and fourth Fridays in February at her residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets.

The Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle will receive on Fridays in February at their residence, 2489 Jackson Street.

An entertainment in aid of the Doctors' Daughters, consisting of pictures from Gibson and other artists, will be given at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker next Thursday evening. Tickets will be sold for one dollar and fifty cents, including light refreshments. The pictures will be represented by young society ladies and men, under the direction of Mr. Addison Minner. Tickets may be purchased from any of the members of the Doctors' Daughters.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner-party at the Bohemian Club recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt. The others present were Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Mrs. de Filippa, Mrs. Rumbo, and Colonel C. F. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Laguna Street, in honor of Miss Fanny Crocker, whose engagement to Mr. Robert McCreary, of Sacramento, is announced this week. The others present were Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Jennie Blair, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Robert McCreary, Mr. Frank L. Owen, and Mr. Henry M. Holbrook.

Colonel C. F. Crocker gave a dinner-party on Friday evening at his residence on Leavenworth Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, who are visiting him.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 2010 Washington Street, and hospitably entertained several of their friends.

Mr. Horace G. Platt gave a dinner-party in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening to Mr. and Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave a pleasant dinner-party recently at their residence on Pacific Avenue, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haight, Miss Thomas, and Mr. Edward H. Sheldon.

Baroness von Schröder gave a lunch-party recently at her residence on Sutter Street, at which she entertained Mrs. John A. Darling, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. William Alford, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. William L. Ashe, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. Meyers, and Miss Carrie Gwin.

Mrs. L. L. Baker gave a lunch-party fast Tuesday at her residence, 1882 Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, who is here on a visit to Miss Mary B. West. The ladies invited to meet her were Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. James F. Houghton, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Tewksbury, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. G. F. Ashton, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, Mrs. I. W. Raymond, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, and Miss Stone. The guests were seated at a square table, four at each side, and the coffee was served in the music-room, where the ladies were entertained by the singing of the Treble Clef Quartet.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a lunch-party recently at her residence on Jackson Street, in Oakland, in honor of Mrs. Seward McNear. The others present were Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. George H. Wheaton, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr.

Mrs. H. W. Seale gave a lunch-party recently in honor of Miss Mattie Whittier. Those invited to meet her were: Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Fanny

Loughborough, Miss McDermott, of Oakland, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Mabel Estee, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Lizzie Leigh, of Oakland, Miss Simpson, of Stockton, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Edith Young, Miss Louise Carr, of Yreka, Miss Rose Bryant, and Miss Tillie Feldmann.

Mrs. S. B. Welch entertained a number of her friends at dinner last Wednesday evening at her residence, 1090 Eddy Street.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a very pleasant luncheon last Wednesday at her residence, corner of Jackson and Gough Streets, and entertained several of her friends.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a lunch-party last Thursday and entertained Mrs. C. R. Winslow, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mrs. F. J. Sullivan, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Miss Morgan, Miss Blair, Miss Sprague, and Miss Zane.

Miss Marquita Collier gave a theatre-party at the Tivoli last Tuesday evening, after which the party was entertained at supper at the University Club by Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers. The others present were Miss Eyre, Miss de Noon, Miss Foulkes, Miss Powers, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. G. H. Powers, Jr., Mr. G. B. de Long, Mr. H. W. Poett, Mr. Bryant Greenwood, Mr. F. McC. Van Ness, and Mr. F. A. Macondray.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, had a house-party from last Saturday until Monday at their residence, corner of Fifth and Julian Streets. Their guests were Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Miss Bradford, of Seattle, Judge Hawley, Judge W. B. Gilbert, and Judge Houghton. An informal reception was held in their honor on Saturday evening, the guests being Judge and Mrs. B. G. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lieb, Miss Ryland, Dr. Grissim, Mr. Doord, Mr. J. A. Porter, of Denver, Mr. Findlay, Colonel Moorhead, Mr. E. de Saisset, of Paris, and Mr. H. E. Morrison. A four-in-hand drive was enjoyed Sunday, and the party returned to San Francisco on Monday morning.

Mrs. S. C. Bigelow gave a pleasant dancing-party last Wednesday evening at her residence, corner of Steiner and McAllister Streets, and entertained about fifty of her friends.

A pleasant dancing-party was given by the officers and ladies at the Presidio last Tuesday evening. The final hop of the season will take place on Monday evening next.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club gave its final party of this season at Golden Gate Hall last Monday night. Dancing was enjoyed until midnight and light refreshments were served.

The Lenten season will commence next Wednesday and will terminate on Easter Sunday, April 5th.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

A Notable Exhibition.

The paintings of Moffat Lindner — water-colors of the French Pyrenees — will be shown on Monday, February the 17th and following days, at the gallery of

W. K. VICKERY,

224 POST STREET.

BOWDLEAR'S

FLOOR WAX

Pulverized for Dancing Floors.

All ready. Anybody can apply it. The best thing for the purpose. Is not white. Will not ball on the feet. The floor must be clean and free from oil. Sprinkle and the dancers will do the rest. It will not soil the garments. Put up in pound packages, in cases of 36 lbs. For sale by

MACK & CO., 9 and 11 Front St., San Francisco.

FOR SALE.

A span of bay, standard, fast road-mares; five years old, fifteen and one-half hands, one thousand pounds each; warranted sound and gentle. Terms low. Can be tried. Address

R. JORDAN, JR.,
2319 Washington St., City.

NEW (GOVIN) METHOD OF GERMAN

Taught in classes by Miss Frauenholz, 135 Chestnut Street. Telephone, Main 1889.

SPRING GOODS

HAVE ARRIVED.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Opposite the Palace Hotel.

USE ONLY

MURRAY & LANMAN'S



REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

THE TRIBUNE

A Gentleman's Wheel.



Let us convince you that it is to your interest to make it your '96 mount.

BAKER & HAMILTON

COAST AGENTS,

Cor. Pine, Davis, and Market Streets, S. F.

Write for catalogue.

THE WHITE FLYER
BARNES
BICYCLES

IS THE MOUNT FOR '96

THE WHITE RIMMED HUMMER
IS THE COMER

ITO, SOTOMI & COMPANY,

Japanese Goods

Art Pottery, Curios, and Rugs
A SPECIALTY.

116 SUTTER STREET,

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N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco.
Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Single and En Suite.
Permanent Guests Will be
Given Special Rates.
Elevator Runs Day and Night.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

— THE —

LADIES' GRILL ROOM

— OF THE —

Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which
to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

Sunset Limited

Will take Visitors DIRECT to the

2 Famous Festivals 2

... OF THE SOUTH ...

No Loss of Time! No Extra Expense!
All the Comforts of Home en route!

—THE—

Midwinter Carnival

AT PHOENIX, ARIZONA,

Begins FEBRUARY 19TH, and for four days
that interesting frontier city will

Run Mad with Merrymaking

There will be Indian and Cowboy Sports,
all kinds of Games, Tournaments, Races,
Music, Pageants, Parades, and unrivaled

Wild West Exhibitions.

Phoenix distances the world in last-named
feature.

Take Sunset Limited

Leaving SAN FRANCISCO Feb. 15
Leaving LOS ANGELES Feb. 16

THE WORLD-FAMOUS

MARDI GRAS

OF NEW ORLEANS

Takes Place February 17, 18, 19.

The unique and intensely fun-making
character of this time-honored festival is too
well known to need other mention than the
bare announcement of dates.

Take Sunset Limited

Leaving SAN FRANCISCO Feb. 11
Leaving LOS ANGELES Feb. 12

Inquire of Southern Pacific Company
Agents for advertising matter giving full
particulars.

The pleasure and safety of
BICYCLE RIDING
depend largely
upon the
Tires used.

THE
Great G. & J. Tire.
"The most Reliable Tire on Earth"
has added much to the reputation of that
most popular of all wheels, the
Rambler Bicycle
Any Bicycle Dealer will supply G. & J.
Tires on any wheel, if you insist.
GENERAL AGENT—T. H. B. VARNEY
1325 Market St., San Francisco.

BANK FITTINGS
Office and School
FURNITURE.
Church and Opera Chairs.
C. F. WEBER & CO.
Post and Stockton Streets, San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Those old Greeks seem to have had a god for
almost everything. I wonder they did not have a
god for prize-fighting." "They did. His name
was Eolus."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Why is it," said Mrs. Wilbur to the ragman,
"that you don't buy old paper any more?" "I
save money by subscribin' direct for the Sunday
newspapers, ma'am," said the ragman.—*Bazar.*

She—"If you had never met me, would you have
loved some other girl as much as you do me?"
He—"My darling, if I had never met you, I be-
lieve I should have committed suicide."—*Truth.*

The reformer—"You dare to say that there is no
gambling going on, and I know personally of three
keno games that are running right at this minute?"
The chief—"You ain't sucker enough to call keno
gamblin'?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Stammering is an awful affliction," remarked
the young woman. "Still, it has its advantages,"
said the society young man; "fellow doesn't need
more than two or three ideas to keep him talking a
whole evening."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Nipper—"So poor old Soaksby is gone!" Pro-
prietor Blue Light Saloon—"Yes, he's gone, but
not forgotten. For more'n a year I've given him a
free drink every mornin', an' now he's left a will
bequeathin' his mornin' drink to his brother."—*Truth.*

Wright—"Read my last novel?" Reed—"Yes.
Kept me awake half the night." Wright—"Come
off. You are trying to flatter me." Reed—"In-
deed, I'm not. I read it in the afternoon and fell
asleep, and when night came I was wakeful."—*Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.*

"Don't you sometimes make a mistake and
lynch the wrong man?" asked the visitor from the
East. "We did once," replied the native; "but
we offered to do the square thing by the wider."
"How was that?" "We told her she could take
the pick of the crowd for her second husband."—*Life.*

The barber-shop porter was manipulating the
whisk-broom after the manner of his kind, and
after many flourishes and extravagant gyrations,
howled the customer out. There was a look of
triumph on the face of the latter as he said to him-
self, glancing at his overcoat: "He never touched
me."—*Judge.*

"No," said the stage-manager, petulantly, "I
am not at all satisfied with that kiss. I want more
of a chest tone, with a sharp rising inflection at the
end." The leading lady sighed, while the juve-
nile's under-study, upon whom she was practicing,
looked as if he wished he had never been born.—*Detroit Tribune.*

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime-
museum orator, leading his auditors over to the
next platform, "is the armless wonder, Signor
Basil Bagstock, who was not only born without
arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief
of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can
neither say anything nor can he saw wood."—*Chi-
cago Tribune.*

Paderewski came to the front of the stage for
the fifth time, and bowed low in response to the
tumultuous applause of the hysterical women be-
fore him. "Dog-gone him!" muttered a bald-
bearded pianist in the audience, looking with glitter-
ing eyes at the flaming head of hair bobbing up
and down, "I'd like to mop the earth with him!"
—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Terrible cold!" cried Mr. Tuckerman, as he
met the minister; "everything's frozen over at last,
I'm certain." But the minister shook his head
doubtfully. "You mustn't make that an excuse
for staying away from church any longer," he said,
warningly. And Mr. Tuckerman was half way
down the street before he saw the application of it.
—*Rockland Tribune.*

It was an hour or two past midnight, and Mr.
Jagway was fumbling about in the hallway and
muttering angrily to himself. "What's the mat-
ter?" called out Mrs. Jagway from the floor above.
"There's two hat-racks here," he answered, "an'
I don't know w'ich one to hang m' hat on."
"You've got two hats, haven't you?" rejoined
Mrs. Jagway; "hang them on both."—*Chicago
Tribune.*

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather
cause Bronchial Troubles. "Brown's Bronchial
Troches" will give effective relief.

Steedman's Soothing Powders preserve a healthy
state of the constitution during the period of teeth-
ing.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed
in his hands by an East India missionary the for-
mula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and
permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh,
Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also
a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and
all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonder-
ful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desir-
ing to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge
to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or
English, with full directions for preparing and using.
Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this
paper. W. A. Noves, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE A PIPE SMOKER
—WE WANT YOU TO TRY
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
SMOKING TOBACCO.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so
quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We
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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 24, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brenlund's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Events are happening in Chicago that will make it as interesting in the history of American journalism as Wittenberg—where Luther nailed his theses to the church door—is in the history of religion. It is but a few weeks since the news came that the proprietors of the newspapers in Chicago had agreed to abandon the chromo, the coupon, the guessing-contest, and all the devices of junk journalism. Now there is still better news, and even more surprising. A Chicago publisher has been sent to the penitentiary for being what is known in enterprising newspaper circles as "up to date." The pub-

lisher is Joseph R. Dunlop, his paper is the *Daily Dispatch*.

It does not appear that Dunlop was doing anything startlingly exceptional, anything with which the readers of newspapers in New York, San Francisco, or any other large city are not familiar. He merely printed obscene matter. The Society for the Suppression of Vice expostulated with him, as the publishers of San Francisco have been expostulated with more than once. But Mr. Dunlop laughed at the efforts of squeamish outsiders to edit his paper. He told them that the *Dispatch* was young, that in order to be successful it must stir things up and get circulation, and to that end it was necessary that it should be "lively," "spicy," and "hreezy." Accordingly he printed "massage" and "medical" advertisements, hunted for scandals, and, like the "great dailies" of the East and West, aimed to suit the masses by representing the world's wonders as consisting chiefly of dives and brothels, and its most important inhabitants as undressed actresses, gamblers, pugilists, fallen women, and criminals. Of course he had a staff of "bright young men," who wrote with the knowingness of "sports," the wit of the bar-room, and the moral sense of detectives in love with their work. And, naturally, he had women reporters, who earned their salaries by doing work which rendered their sex the most prominent thing in their writings.

In brief, Mr. Dunlop made his *Dispatch* as nearly like the *New York World* and *San Francisco Examiner* as he could, and was on the high road to a terrific circulation and a fortune when there hefell him a calamity so unexpected, so unprecedented, that it deprived him of his nerve and made him a trembling, weeping, abject thing in the prisoner's dock. The Federal Grand Jury indicted him for sending obscene matter through the mails. Ahle counsel defended him at his trial—able counsel can always be hired to defend anybody—and they pleaded that their client, if he had broken the law, only followed journalistic usage. When Dunlop had been convicted, his attorney asked for a merciful sentence in a speech, from which these sentences are taken:

"It is an outrage to pick out one publisher in Chicago and send him to prison for publishing obscene matter, and to say nothing of the rest of the journals of the city. This community knows, and every newspaper man knows, and this court knows, that there is not a newspaper in this city which has not in the past published that which is a thousand times more obscene."

That is true, undoubtedly, not only of the press of Chicago, but of all the "hustling" newspapers of the country. Indecency is the principal dish of their bill of fare. Witness the treatment, for example, which the *San Francisco Examiner* has given the murder of a prostitute on Morton Street within the past two weeks. The murder has been subordinated into a mere detail, while the prostitution has been erected into a theme for pages on pages of written matter and pictures. The woman's death has been rejoicingly seized upon as a pretext for opening the doors and uncovering the roofs of the lowest hagnios in the city. This work, intolerably foul in intention and execution, would not be permitted in Chicago, where the press as a whole has cleansed itself. Consequently, the plea of Dunlop's counsel did not avail him, for Judge Grosscup sentenced him to two years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of two thousand dollars. In passing this sentence, the court used language which will penetrate the walls of many another newspaper office than that of the Chicago *Dispatch*:

"These newspapers were indecent and obscene. They were not simply insufferable to good taste and good morals, they were clearly and vilely criminal. As Lord Chatham said, 'a man's house is his castle; the storm may enter, the rain may enter, but the King of England may never enter.' Every family can create its own standard of morals, its own atmosphere of taste and purity. The door can be shut against offensive servants, offensive visitors, and offensive literature, but the hand of the mail service penetrates every chamber of the household. It is no light obligation to see that that hand is always clean."

The conviction of Dunlop is a benefaction to the United States, not because he offended with peculiar grossness, but for the reforming value which his punishment is certain to have throughout the Union. The government has post-office inspectors now at work in all the large cities of the country,

with instructions to see that the United States mails are not used for circulating newspapers containing obscene matter. We are apt to hear from them at any time in any city. They have behind them the power of the Federal arm. And the Federal arm is long. A whip has been found at last with which to keep in order the newspaper publisher who, in his lust for money, is indifferent to the effect on morals of the printed foulness which sells his paper. The fear of such a prosecution will of itself do much toward giving the "great dailies" a better standard. Even should a publisher be luckier than Dunlop and escape fine and the penitentiary, the fact that a prosecution of the kind had been deemed necessary would deprive a paper forever of any pretense to decency or character. To avoid this business injury, publishers hereafter will listen respectfully to appeals in the interest of decency. Those who are so stupid, or so corrupted by usage, as not to know the indecent when it offers itself for print, can be handed over to the police. But the more intelligent will heed the Dunlop precedent without formal warning. We observe that the *San Francisco Examiner* has already suppressed its "massage" and "manicuring" advertising department, and done something toward deodorizing its "medical" columns. Thanks to Chicago, there is a reasonable prospect that in all quarters the "great dailies" will be induced to prefer cleanliness to the imprisonment of their proprietors.

The San Francisco Board of Education is again in trouble.

The health board has threatened to close a number of the schools, on account of their unsanitary condition; at present, they are dangerous to the health and life of the pupils. About thirty schools are said to be in an extremely unsanitary condition. The board of education pleads in reply that it "has no money for repairs," and that it has already been forced to hold hack a quarter of one month's salary from the teachers. But the board of health is firm. Unless the board of education shall put the neglected primary and grammar schools into a good sanitary condition, they will be closed.

Director McElroy, when appearing before the supervisors to ask for money to repair the schools, said: "I have yet to hear a single tax-payer outside of the board of supervisors protest against the expenses of the department of education." Director McElroy must be singularly deaf. Not one hut thousands of tax-payers protest against the expenses of the school board—not so much against the amount as against the way in which it is expended. We have before printed the list of "special teachers" in the school department, but in order to refresh our readers' memories, we may repeat that there are in the San Francisco School Department teachers of free-hand drawing, teachers of science, teachers of stenography, teachers of book-keeping, teachers of penmanship, teachers of type-writing, teachers of Spanish, teachers of clay-modeling and wood-work, teachers of mechanical and architectural drawing, teachers of voice culture, teachers of cookery, teachers of elementary science, special teacher of elocution (Girls' High School), special teacher of drawing (Girls' High School), and special lecturer of history with stereopticon views. There is also still maintained what is called "the San Francisco Normal School," which is an evolution of a class known as "the normal class," formerly in the Girls' High School. The board of education have an excellent opportunity to abolish this illegal excrescence on our school system, as the principal and one of the teachers have died within a few months. We observe, however, that they have not yet abolished it. The Polytechnic School is also an expensive institution where boys are taught clay-modeling, architectural drawing, wood-work, and such things. In the three high schools, only 1,433 out of the 32,939 pupils attended during the last school year—that is *four per cent.* of the whole. About \$75,000 was spent for salaries in these three schools, attended by only 1,433 out of over 33,000 pupils. The number of pupils graduated from the three high schools in one year numbered 190. At the total cost of running

the schools, the cost per high-school graduate was about \$470 per year. Now, we do not believe that the people of San Francisco are in favor of any such expenditure. They desire to give all children a primary and grammar-school education, but when it comes to the parents of 33,000 children paying \$100,000 a year to educate 1,400 children in the higher branches, and when all the tax-payers of the city pay at the rate of \$470 per pupil per year to graduate a lot of young persons in music, German, Spanish, free-hand drawing, stenography, type-writing, clay-modeling, and architectural drawing, the thing is going too far.

Already there are several primary schools closed in San Francisco on account of the unsanitary condition of the school-houses. Many more are threatened. Are the tax-payers of San Francisco going to allow primary and grammar schools to be closed, and the children turned loose in the streets, while their money is being wasted in teaching type-writing, clay-modeling, elocution, Spanish, German, and other accomplishments in the high schools?

A similar state of things recently existed in Chicago. There the board of education found itself so pressed for money that it was absolutely unable to pay the coal bills. But that board was made of sterner stuff than ours. On the twenty-first of January they met, and, by a vote of 15 to 3, abolished the positions of all "special teachers," such as teachers of music, drawing, physical culture, etc. By this means they were enabled to pay their current bills, and keep the schools running.

We commend to the San Francisco Board of Education that it follow the example of the Chicago board. Let it clean out its filthy cesspools and mend its leaky latrines, instead of wasting the people's money on teachers of "clay-modeling," "elocution," "vocal culture," and "history with stereopticon views."

If this republic has not yet developed a true aristocracy, it is not the fault of its daughters. The men, infected by the unkingly and leveling principles of the revolution, have usually, in their customary tyranny over the weaker sex, terrified with ridicule those who found the courage to speak in behalf of a society formed on the basis of birth. But the rising tide of feminine independence is heating up against the rocks of a detestable masculine democracy. Woman is to be free and American history re-written. For it is not to be supposed that souls like that of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer will mind a preliminary defeat or two. That lady, bright exemplar of the builders of a more satisfactory aristocracy, has met with what seems to be a reverse, but she and her sister correctors of the records of the past will see in it a promise of larger victory to come.

Mrs. Wals Humphries, of Philadelphia, desired to be admitted to the Colonial Dames, and her credentials proved beyond question that she is a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Mrs. Van Rensselaer, herself of high standing as a Colonial Dame, made objection to Mrs. Humphries on the ground that her ancestor was no gentleman. Mrs. Van Rensselaer evidently did not remember the lines:

"When Adam dived and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

The issue thus joined has torn the Colonial Dames asunder. Mrs. Humphries was rejected, Mrs. Van Rensselaer proving to the ladies' satisfaction not only that Franklin was not a gentleman, but that in his time he had been guilty of straying occasionally from the path of virtue. As to these excursions, the less said the better, for it is too painful, at this late day, to contemplate the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac" as a giddy thing. But as to his social status, it is allowed us to consider the articles of impeachment presented by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Franklin's grandfather was not of the nobility of England, or even of the gentry, but a plain yeoman farmer, or something equally low. Nevertheless, it appears that the old man had some chance of salvation, since the curate of his village entered him in the church records as "Mr." Franklin. The father of Benjamin evidently had no proper ambition, for, with a disregard of his posterity's chances of meriting Mrs. Van Rensselaer's society which is revolting, he became in Boston a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler. It is to be set down to Benjamin Franklin's credit, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer admits, that he evinced a gentlemanly aversion, for the parental calling, and cut soap and tallow for printing and politics. The world knows that he rose to considerable distinction in his day. His "Almanac" was the most widely circulated book of the era, almost equaling in vogue the publications of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter in the present century. He was, in fact, so eminent as an author, patriot, statesman, and diplomatist, in an age that had the misfortune to be without Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, that it apparently did not occur to our Revolutionary forefathers to discuss his claims to being a gentleman. Neither did that vitally important question force itself upon the French, for when

Franklin went to Paris as minister from the young republic, the whole capital of the world rose to greet and welcome him as one of the very greatest and most deserving characters of the period. The salons, which in intellect and refinement were perhaps not inferior to the existing drawing-rooms of Mrs. Van Rensselaer and others of the Philadelphia Four Hundred, were not shocked by the manners of the American minister. Indeed, it was said of him that he could enter no society on which he did not confer more honor than he received. Contemporary memoirs record that the very swellest women of Paris paid court to this old republican and thought him delightful. There was scarcely an afternoon that the carriages of great ladies were not seen standing before his doors. The aristocrats of France, the statesmen, soldiers, scientists, and men of letters, even royalty, paid homage to him. It is probable that had any one in that age risen to say that Benjamin Franklin was not a gentleman because he and his forebears had worked for their living, or even for the reason that he was reputed to have had in his youth an eye for a pretty girl, the critic would not have been saved by sex from being called an upstart, an imbecile, and a snob, so preposterous as to be worth going a long way to see by those of a mirthful temperament. But that age was denied the blessing of the clear-eyed, high-souled, and finely sane Colonial Dames. Only their crude ancestors were alive then, and they seemed, with a unanimity of had taste incomprehensible to a modern Van Rensselaer, to have considered Ben Franklin quite passable socially.

A change in the officers of the Colonial Dames has resulted in the re-submission of Mrs. Humphries's application, her election, and, by consequence, a revision of judgment on the ancestry and personal peccadilloes of Franklin. He is now a gentleman. There can be no doubt about that, for the Colonial Dames have said so. Still, Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer is not without hope. She may get control again, and then Franklin will be reduced to the ranks, and the descendants of no ancestor who was vulgarly employed, or whose morals were not angelic, will be given social recognition in 1896.

The Van Rensselaers are laying broad and deep the foundations of an American aristocracy, of which the republic will learn to be proud when it has outgrown the democratic weakness of thinking that brains and conspicuous service to one's country and mankind ought to be taken into social consideration. We should be thankful for the Van Rensselaers. Modern life is too strenuous, too serious, and whatever contributes to flash a gleam or two of gayety athwart its grayness is a benefaction. Fortunately, not all donkeys permitted utterance by heaven speak so wisely as Balaam's spake.

Last week we printed a communication from Mrs. Margaret Rutledge and Mrs. Catherine Craig, of Salt Lake City, in which they remarked: "We have read your vigorous editorial in the *Argonaut* on 'A Hoodwinked Husband Tried for Murder,' and fail to agree with your deductions therefrom. We would like to hear from you on the side of the wronged wife. We notice you justify the husband in taking the law into his hands, without proving his own chastity. Shall a man who has not led a pure life (and from evidence on every hand the average man's infidelity to the marriage vow is proverbial) sit in judgment and execute such dire vengeance on his erring wife without proving that he has not, since taking those vows, sinned on the same lines himself? We are home-keeping women, with growing boys and girls around us, and feel an absorbing interest in the problems of the day. Therefore we ask for your views on the subject." We remarked at the time that when such earnest and sincere women asked for our views, even if they did not agree with us, we would endeavor to answer the questions which they asked as earnestly and sincerely as they asked them. It is needless to state that in discussing such topics it will be necessary to use plain language.

We may premise by remarking that there can be no equality between men and women in the matter of physical chastity. The reasons are obvious. All theorizing in regard to applying the same standard of morality to men and women is based on false premises. Until there shall be an absolute physiological change in man and woman, no such reasons will hold. However unfaithful a husband may be to his marriage vows, he can not affect the integrity of his own family line. His sins are purely against the moral law. But with the wife, it is different. An unfaithful wife may make her husband the pseudo-sire of bastards. An unfaithful wife may cause the transmission of family wealth and family name to a misbegotten brat. Upon her rests the trust of the legitimacy of offspring. There is no conjugal sin that a man can commit that is not venial by comparison with the adulterous wife. She is the guardian of the family's honor. When a woman breaks her marriage vows, she be-

comes a party to a crime which may involve bequeathing worldly goods and chattels, family love and kinship, and a family's name to an illegitimate child, the fruit of adultery. Such a woman commits one of the greatest crimes known to the race. For her there should be no clemency. When she betrays her marriage trust, there should be raised against her every hand that is loyal to womanly purity, wifely fidelity, and the integrity of the family.

In our system of civilization, everything is based upon the sacredness of the family. The ownership of property, the transfer of property, the foundations of government—city, State, and Federal—all are based upon the integrity of the family. It is one of the greatest safe-guards of woman. If the hulwarks guarding the wife and the family, which have been erected by men in Christian countries—the growth of thousands of years—should be broken down, the lot of woman would become indeed low. Let her compare her condition with that existing in countries where the Christian family does not prevail. Let these two ladies, who live in a community where polygamy once was practiced, look back upon the condition of their own sex in that city before the mighty arm of the Federal Government crushed this relic of barbarism. If the family were abolished, woman would again become what she was in the twilight of European history, and what she is in the Orient to-day—a chattel, a concubine, a slave. Here, wives are free; they are the equals of their husbands, socially and before the law; there are no cages for them here as in the Orient; men place with confidence their names and their family honor in the keeping of their wives; therefore it is that they look with such horror upon a breach of the sacred covenant which exists between the two sexes in the married state. Again we repeat, there can be no comparison between the sin of the adulterous husband and the sin of the adulterous wife. In older countries the law recognizes this fact. Under the French criminal code, a wife discovered in *flagrante delicto* can be imprisoned, and in Paris such wives are sent to St. Lazaire, a prison set apart for prostitutes, female thieves, and other low women. It is a fitting place for faithless wives.

We have never been able to understand what excuse could be made for an unfaithful wife. The phrase "seducer," which is often misapplied, can not be applied to the paramour of an adulterous wife. There should be no such word in use where married women are concerned. The wife is not a silly, trusting girl. Her eyes are open. No "seducer" can win her from her husband without her consent and full knowledge of his purpose, and when she consents, she is not a victim but a co-partner in crime, upon whom much the larger share of responsibility for consequences rests. We do not "justify a husband for taking the law into his own hands," as our correspondents say, but we do believe that juries always will justify husbands in such cases. We hope we have said enough to show our correspondents the horror with which men look upon the adulterous wife. Usually she is the one who suffers least of all. The death and ruin of men, the blighting of children's lives, the crushing of families with burdens of shame—these are the consequences which follow in the footsteps of the adulterous wife who treads the primrose path of dalliance. When such a woman falls a victim to the avenging hand of an outraged husband, there is no sympathy for her among men, and we hope there is little among women.

The *Argonaut* has long urged upon the local Roman Catholic hierarchy the necessity of having some miracles in California. New York, where the Irish population is large, has, so to say, been reeking with signs and wonders, while only strictly natural phenomena have been observable in San Francisco. Fortunately our appeals to Archbishop Riordan have not been in vain. The *Chronicle* of this city, which is doing abject penance for the sins of Editor Young, contained the other day an article which for painstaking devotion of spirit could not have been improved upon by the New York *Herald*. The *Chronicle*, in reverential letter-press and respectful pictures, celebrated the festival of St. Blaise, which occurred on February 3d. This gentleman, it appears, has a permanent engagement with the Roman Catholic Church to cure sore throats. From the "Lives of the Saints," as believably condensed by Editor Young, we learn that St. Blaise, boly bishop and martyr, was an Armenian at the time when Emperor Licinius sent troops thither to annihilate the Christians. The hishop received an intimation from heaven that he should not wait to be annihilated, upon which he took to the hills, where the wild beasts came to his cave and fed him; nor would they depart until they had received his blessing. Editor Young records that it was through these grateful animals that the saint was betrayed, for when the soldiers appeared in the hills the lions, tigers, and the rest of the enchanted menagerie fled to the bishop's hiding-place for safety. St. Blaise was taken, but continued in prison

the good work of healing the sick. A hoy with a fish-bone in his throat, who, of course, could not be relieved by mere earthly surgeons, was brought to him. "The saint," says Editor Young, "raised his eyes to heaven, made the sign of the cross upon the suffering throat, and without experiencing further pain the hoy was immediately relieved of the bone, the swelling disappeared, and he went joyfully away." St. Blaise was hard to kill. His persecutors learned of the cure of the hoy, and, for what reason Editor Young does not state, were so highly incensed thereat that they took the bishop from his dungeon and flung him into a pond, intending to drown him. But he arose to the surface, and, according to Editor Young, "walked to the land," a performance which was in itself, we submit, no mean miracle. Then he was beheaded and torn limb from limb, heavenly intervention having exhausted itself.

On the third instant, at St. Ignatius's Catholic Church in San Francisco, St. Blaise was summoned by the priests to work miracles. "Thousands," reports the *Chronicle*, "came to receive the blessing of the saint, which is to preserve them from the dangers of throat diseases. They knelt at the chancel-rail to receive the blessed benediction of the clergy." Three "venerable fathers," with a lighted candle in each hand, passed from one to another of the kneeling groups, "pronouncing in a low and reverent voice the words invoked to bring immunity from disease." The supplicants bared the throats of themselves and children to receive the pressure of the candle-ends. The *Chronicle's* report of this august scene is very beautiful, and it is hard to see how, after reading it, Father Yorke can refuse to forgive the prostrate editor. Here is one specimen link from the chain of the *Chronicle's* sweetness:

"Throughout the vast auditorium small groups stood expectantly awaiting their turn at the chancel, or bowed reverently in prayer before the image of the Virgin. Occasionally an earnest, stern-visaged man came with quick tread up the aisle, knelt, received the blessing, and retired; others lingered a moment with heads bowed in silent prayer. The spectacle was an inspiring one."

It must have been. And it all occurred in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in the year 1896. But it is to be regretted that while he was thus by deputy doing works meet for repentance, Editor Young did not order his reporter to gather some information under the head of returns. Is St. Blaise any good? Does he really cure sore throats and save well throats from becoming sore? Is the cure efficacious only in cases of plain sore throat, or does it extend to ulcerated sore throat, diphtheria, tonsillitis, laryngitis, pharyngitis, and bronchitis? What are the strict limits of St. Blaise's territory? Does he stop at the bronchial tubes, and, if so, is there another saint who takes up the task at bronchitis when St. Blaise quits at laryngitis? It seems to us that Editor Young, now that he has entered a state of grace, could not render a more valuable service to the people of this city and State than by pursuing his researches and letting us know what saints are good for colds, fevers, headaches, ophthalmia, consumption, nerves, the gripe, haldness, hashfulness before strangers, anchylosis, warts, and all other ailments for the correction of which those without the fold of the faithful usually pay physicians who are no saints, either in their charges or otherwise. If the saints can, by simple miracle, cause all diseases to disappear, why should the expense of maintaining medical colleges be incurred? Why should men waste their lives in the study and practice of medicine and surgery when a celestial staff can do much more certainly, and at no cost, the things which doctors laboriously fit themselves to perform? The whole question resolves itself into a financial one, as should be the case in this strictly business-like age. If the saints are better doctors than the living and fee-charging graduates of the colleges, the comparative cost of service will determine which shall get the trade of the ailing.

The *Argonaut* extends its thanks to Archbishop Riordan for re-inaugurating the age of miracles in California, for it means that we soon shall have a home supply of shrines, and so keep our good American money from going to Lourdes and Knock. But at the same time it is not unreasonable to ask that Editor Young, having become a child of light, will cause the *Chronicle* to furnish all desired particulars as to the saints—such as their respective specialties, office hours, fee list, and letters of recommendation from previous patients.

We are gratified to see by the dispatches of February 19th that the California delegation has come to an agreement on the mining hills. As we have said, it is impossible for Congress to do anything for California until Californians agree as to what they want. In the discussions of the delegation, Mr. T. L. Ford removed the impression from the minds of some that hydraulic mining was, or ever had been, an unlawful business. He quoted from the California supreme court to the effect that the business was not in it-

self unlawful, and that injunctions were issued only where the work was so conducted as to injure the property of others.

A side remark made by the *Argonaut* recently in discussing the Cleveland bond bill has excited considerable attention East and West. We remarked that the government had paid \$18,000,000 into the pockets of Morgan, Shylock & Co. as commissions on the bond deal a year ago, and we further said that if the government had expended this \$18,000,000, which were purely "tips" to bond-sharks, in making the pursuance of hydraulic-mining practicable in this State, it would have insured the production of several hundreds of millions of new gold out of the ground. Several Eastern papers have attacked the *Argonaut* for this suggestion. Among others, the *Chicago Journal* says: "The San Francisco *Argonaut* makes the cool proposition that, considering the sum that was recently paid a hanking syndicate for floating a government loan, eighteen millions would not have been an unreasonable figure for an appropriation to impound mining débris." The *Argonaut* did not claim that "eighteen millions" should be expended in fostering California's mining industry. We should be very glad to get three, or two, or even one. This State has been pouring gold into the lap of the general government for half a century. Very little of it comes back here. In the last two months of last year, \$20,000,000 of red gold dug out of California's hills crossed the continent to the National Treasury. A year and a half ago another shipment of \$20,000,000 was made in a single train. We do not notice much coming back from the Federal Government to California. But looking at it from a purely business point of view, from a Shylock point of view, from the point of view of Messrs. Pierpont Morgan, Cleveland, Carlisle & Co., it would seem to be good policy to enable California to go on producing golden eggs. The output of the goose has fallen from \$35,000,000 to about \$15,000,000 since hydraulic mining has been stopped. The *Sacramento Record-Union* tells us that "we do not know the conditions; that no dam yet constructed has retained; that it is not claimed for any projected dam that it will retain." Other valley papers tell us that the recent rains have washed away many of the dams. Do these papers mean to tell us that in the last decade of the nineteenth century American engineers can not construct dams which will retain débris? And if they tell us that, do they expect us to believe it? Nothing is impossible to engineers. Who does not remember the remark of Archimedes, who said that he could move the earth if he had a lever long enough? There is no enterprise too great for engineering. Therefore, when it is said that the construction of restraining dams in California is "impossible," the only reply to make is that the assertion is preposterous. Given money enough, dams could be built. We wish to assure our valley contemporaries that the *Argonaut* would not for a moment advocate the resumption of mining if we thought that it could cause permanent injury to the valley or to the streams. The rivers must run unimpeded for centuries to come. We owe as a duty to posterity, among many others, the transmission, unclogged and unimpeded, of the rivers which run to the sea. But if it is possible with engineering skill and science to dig, out of the rock-ribbed mountains of California, the gold for which men struggle, and toil, and kill one another, do not let us supinely sit down and say it is "impossible" until we have tried it.

It will be remembered that, not many weeks ago, our voluble demagogue mayor, Sutro, made charges against the character of the San Francisco water supply, claiming that it was dangerous to health and life. These charges were evidently inspired by spite against the water company, for Sutro felt aggrieved over the fact that they had got the better of him in the purchase of some of his land for a reservoir site. In his revengeful rancor, he cared nothing for the interests of the city, or for the harm that might be done to it by accusations against its water supply, made by its mayor. As a matter of fact, these accusations were brought up in the East as one of the reasons why the Republican convention should not come to San Francisco. Doubtless his baseless charges will fall and have fallen under the eyes of thousands who will never see the refutation. Consider what harm may be done to this city, for years to come, by the fact that its mayor stigmatized its water supply as "filthy, poisonous, and unfit to drink."

But Sutro's charges have been refuted. Nearly every thing that is uttered by this demagogic mayor is refuted sooner or later. He had samples of the water submitted to experts for analysis, and they have just reported. Two, working independently, have arrived at the same results. One is W. T. Wenzell, professor of pharmacology in the University of California. The other is Dr. John Spencer, analyst to the board of health. Both find that the water contains harmless organic matter, which comes from the fresh-water algae in the lakes; both find that the water con-

tains bacteria, but non-pathogenic, that is to say, harmless bacteria. There is practically no water without bacteria, except distilled water. There are forty different kinds of bacteria normally found in the human mouth and stomach. Therefore the discovery of harmless bacteria in the Spring Valley water is not to be wondered at.

The analyses of these experts show that the water is perfectly wholesome, that it contains nothing dangerous to health or life, and that, compared with other places, it is far superior to the water of most of the cities in the United States. This we have always believed and maintained. There is no large city in the United States possessing a purer water supply than San Francisco. Most of the large cities of the United States obtain their water from streams or lakes surrounded by densely populated districts. This is the case in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and most other cities. It is not the case in San Francisco.

It would be too much to expect of Sutro that he would withdraw his accusations now that they have been proved to be false. But it is not too much to ask the Eastern journals which printed the attacks upon San Francisco's water supply, coming as they did from San Francisco's mayor, to print the refutation of his attacks, now that the analyses of his own experts show them to have been false.

We observe by the dispatches that Hannis Taylor, United States Minister to Spain, has addressed a curt note to the Spanish Government, demanding an explanation of, and an apology for, an address delivered before a geographical society by Captain Concas which reflected upon the United States. According to the dispatch, it is asserted that Señor Concas stated that "the moral atmosphere of the United States is very defective, that American politicians have no prestige, that in America everything is sacrificed to the almighty dollar, and that business and the materialities of life drown all noble sentiment." These expressions are, of course, not to be endured. But has it struck anybody that they are almost exactly the same as those made by Embassador Bayard in discussing his country before an audience of Englishmen? If Señor Concas, a Spaniard speaking to Spaniards in Spain, must apologize to the United States for these reflections, how about Embassador Bayard, an American speaking about America before Englishmen—what should Embassador Bayard he made to do? If Señor Concas is forced to apologize to the United States, we think that Embassador Bayard should also be made to apologize to his country.

The jury in the case of the heirs of Ellen Gallagher, deceased, against the Rev. Father Nugent, to recover one hundred and twenty thousand dollars—property which the priest succeeded in getting from her as she lay with enfeebled faculties upon her sick bed—has given a verdict for the priest. There was some question when the jury was impeached as to the religion of the various talesmen. It is quite evident now as to the preponderance of sentiment in favor of Roman Catholicism on that jury. Under the law of California, it is impossible for a testatrix to give all, or even half, of her property to the Roman Catholic Church. By parity of reasoning, the spirit, if not the letter, of the law forbids the giving away of an entire estate, even by conveyance instead of by testamentary bequest. We do not know whether the jury is right in its opinion of the facts. But we hope that the heirs of Ellen Gallagher will carry the case to the supreme court, and rescue, if they can, that which is theirs from the clutches of the Roman Church.

The Democratic organs persist in speaking of the recent bond issue as a "popular" loan. Let us examine into the matter, and see with how much justice it may be called "popular." The bids amounted in number to a little less than 4,700; only 358 were for \$1,000 and less, the other bids being for larger sums, and generally coming from banks, bankers, trust companies, etc. Of the 358 small bidders, 281 were outbid by Pierpont Morgan and the other Wall Street men, leaving only 77 who will get any bonds, and all that they get will aggregate less than \$50,000. Thus, out of this loan of one hundred millions of dollars, only fifty thousand dollars goes to the people. That does not strike us as being a very "popular" loan.

Two Chicago papers have been making a careful canvass of the feeling in the West concerning the Republican candidates for the Presidential nominations. Through the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin the canvass has progressed. Of the two papers making the canvass, the *Chicago Times-Herald* is independent in politics, while the *Chicago Tribune* is an anti-McKinley Republican journal. Yet both have obtained the same results. The finger of popular favor seems to point fixedly toward William McKinley.

THE ARTIST'S ANGEL.

A Story of Mardi Gras.

Anisette had posed all the morning at the Julian Academy. When the clock struck noon, she had stepped from the platform with the assumed indifference of an experienced model. It had not been fatigue that had made her tremble with eagerness to exchange the close studio air for the sunshine of the Champs-Élysées. It was Mardi Gras, Mardi Gras in Paris—that is to say, the sun dazzled, the river gleamed, the air sparkled with irresistible hilarity; the very trees on the boulevards threw out gay little ribbons of temptation.

Anisette had promised to pose all the afternoon for George Blackwood; but before that she would have at least one glimpse of the revel—satisfy her thirsty little soul with one hastily snatched swallow of enjoyment. So she ran the gauntlet of the crowded streets, held here, caught there; cajoled, threatened, pursued, until she escaped into the *impasse* off the Boulevard St. Michel, where Blackwood lived. She arrived at the studio flushed, disheveled, and breathless, with her absurd little hat and her shabby velvet cape all powdered with gold and silver dust.

George Blackwood had been pacing up and down in a rage of impatience, but at her entrance he threw himself into a chair with a shout of relief.

"Enfin, Anisette," he cried, "but it is adorable of you to come to-day!"

"V'là!" said Anisette, proudly, "I promised I would come. I am here. I understand how much depends upon me. Besides, I must be in the Champ de Mars as well as that peacock Celestine, posing for your friend at No. 25. As for the folly outside, that is all child's play." She waved her hand with superb disdain, tossed her hat across the room, and began at once to prepare for her pose.

Seizing his palette, Blackwood squeezed his tubes with an unsteady hand. He was a young fellow, but his twenty-five years had been all *Sturm und Drang*. He had a worn face, with high cheek-bones; his forehead, where it was visible under the thatch of grayish blonde hair, was prematurely lined; and the eyes, which shone under overhanging brows, blinked and stared like those of a cat in the dark. At once imaginative and critical, he was a victim of that moral hypochondria, morbid self-analysis; with a giant's physique, he combined a woman's sensibilities, a woman's power of concentrated passion. Intensely preoccupied with himself, he gave but a perfunctory attention to the experiences so many other men were eager to dilate upon for his benefit; as a consequence, he could number his acquaintances on his fingers—he had no friends. He lived alone, drinking innumerable cups of black coffee, smoking cigarettes as unconsciously as he breathed, painting early and late, painting while he devoured his meals, painting while he slept. He gave himself to his art wholly and without reserve, but he would make no concessions to his divinity, he would not woo her to come to him, he would compel her. Sometimes he succeeded for the time being, but she bore the marks of the conflict.

As he prepared his palette, he soothed his excitement by laughing with Anisette over her descriptions of the masks she had seen, as a man speaks gently to a restive horse he can not quite control.

When Anisette sprang to the platform and assumed her pose, his brows relaxed; he was confident, exultant. She stepped into the shadow cast by a screen, and she seemed to him to have a luminous quality, like a streak of pale light. He had painted her in an artificial twilight, against a piece of purple velvet that had been worn into grays as delicate as the mists over distant hills at evening. The light hushed her shoulders and her outstretched arms in a thread of gold, melted in the diaphanous drapery floating about her, and burned like a flame in her hair. The wings of a great sea-bird hovered behind her.

The shouts from the street below reached them faintly. Anisette occupied herself with fancies as *barre* as the costumes of the revelers, but she neither spoke nor moved, and the transfigured purity of her upturned face was as changeless as a mask in marble. To Blackwood, as he painted, she was as incorporeal as the evening star. He had thought of calling his picture that when it was completed.

Blackwood talked unconsciously to himself as he worked; he painted with shaking fingers, stopping every now and then to steady himself, staring at her dumbly—one moment thrilled anew by the beauty of his conception, the triumphant sense of power, the next chilled with the hopelessness of adequate expression, overcome by a dismal prophetic vision of that moment when the joy of creation would pass and leave him with the nauseating certainty of having failed somewhere, somehow, by a breath too little or too much.

Anisette filled the short pauses with her chatter—a chatter that relieved the tension of Blackwood's nerves. He looked at the little creature with a softened glance, his face relaxed from the grimace into which his nervousness had twisted it.

"Anisette," he said, touching her hand with an impetuous movement, "my picture will be a success! It will be you who have done it—we will celebrate it—what will you have then?"

"Half a dozen *pâtés* with *foie gras*," said Anisette, promptly, "champagne, oysters, and, for solid bunger, a *bifteck* as thick as your hand."

"And something to wear—something for your pretty little head," he added, flourishing a paint-brush.

Anisette glowed with pleasure. "Allons! Let us work, then, let us work!" she cried.

Blackwood seized his palette; for an hour the silence was unbroken. Anisette had lost feeling in one of her feet, and her arms trembled with the effort of bolding them upraised. She had posed standing from eight till twelve, from one till very nearly four. She was grateful that the February day was short, but Blackwood, as the light faded, worked himself

into desperation. He had exhausted his tube of madder; Anisette's little figure had grown rigid, it had lost its subtle delicacy of movement.

"Basta!" he said at last, dropping into a chair with a sudden spasm of exhaustion; his palette arm had cramped, his painting hand was stiff as with cold.

Anisette threw herself eagerly into her preparations for departure. What wild schemes of revelry darted into her brilliant little head, pale but a moment before with faintness and fatigue!

"I want this handkerchief, my friend," she cried; "it is Mardi Gras. And I want this bit of blue silk, and you must lend me this droll hag with the spangles. It will hold my *confetti*."

Anisette twisted the silk into her bright hair, covered her worn velvet hodie with the drapery, suspended from her neck the hag with the spangles, and finally, when all was complete, stood on a chair in order to see herself in a misty and deprecating mirror. Blackwood watched her with contempt, contrasting her with the intellectual delicacy of his painted figure.

Anisette startled him from his reflections by balancing herself on one foot and landing on the other close to his chair, with one hand held out in a saucy little movement of appeal.

A dark flush mounted into Blackwood's face. His hand made a mechanical journey to his pocket.

"Only a little—a very little," she demanded.

Blackwood's search brought to light one silver piece of ten sous and half a dozen coppers. His sunken eyes glazed at the girl, who was about to possess herself of them.

"That is all I have," he said, harshly.

Anisette hesitated, sighing deeply, but her eyes were riveted upon the silver piece.

"Lend them to me," she said, "I will bring them back to you to-morrow, or, better still, this evening at seven."

With a sudden, swift sweep, her little hand grasped the coin, and then Anisette, laughing like a child, threw him a kiss and fled.

Blackwood hurled the door to with his foot. He glanced around the room like an animal, breathing heavily; his lips moved into suppressed execrations against her, against art, against the whole accursed city.

Anisette ran out of the dark *impasse* into the Boulevard St. Michel. The streets were crowded, ribbons of colored paper fluttered from the windows and had caught in the branches of the bare trees. A Pierrot with an artist's beard caught her and rained a shower of *confetti* over her head and shoulders. She snatched the bag from his hand and pelted him in return, using her elbows to wedge her way through the crowd.

She invested her ill-gotten wealth recklessly in a supply of colored hags of *confetti*, which she now proceeded to sell at exorbitant prices, with a rattling accompaniment of sharp jests and questionable compliments. A slim harlequin, in black and yellow satin, slipped his arm about her waist, and they danced together down the street.

The harlequin aided her sales, exacting even more extravagant profits; he became an adept in smashing hags of *confetti* in the faces of too affectionate purchasers, adding a last touch of contempt by tipping up Anisette's little face and kissing her himself.

Harlequin was a merry soul, and the droll bag with the spangles began to weigh with the coppers dropped into it. Anisette invested in new supplies, drifting with the motley crowd over the bridge of St. Michel, fighting her way to the great boulevards, where her little soul flamed with joy, where she and Harlequin forgot to make money and simply gave themselves to the exuberance of the moment. What a gay, brilliant, fine thing it was to be alive.

Anisette knew no exhaustion, but as the lights sprang into the night, she suddenly paused in her rapacious and inexhaustible energy.

"V'là," she whispered to Harlequin, "I have enough. I go; amuse thyself, Corinne. T'bout art—"

She slipped her arm about the neck of her friend, and raised her face gratefully.

"For whom is it, all this?" said Harlequin, rattling the spangled bag.

Anisette laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "For a poor devil of an artist, who owes me for ten poses; he paints me as an angel. I am as much alive to him as the Holy Mother to a priest."

"And I will be as much alive as the Holy Mother if I am not back in time to make my good man his bowl of soup. Till to-morrow, Anisette!"

"Till to-morrow, Corinne!"

Anisette slipped away into a side street; she showered *confetti* as she ran. The blood was flying through her veins and singing in her dizzy little head. The air struck her hot cheeks gratefully, and she found her breath as she darted in and out and around corners, through the circuitous route she had chosen.

"What would be say," she thought, that strange, grave man, who starved, and fell into a rage, and was one moment in heaven and the next in hell; who gnawed his mustache, and bit his lips, and shook like a drunkard over his work; but who painted, painted, painted. He would be a great man without a doubt, or, perhaps, reflected Anisette, sagely, he would die some day with a pistol-hole in his head, like that other poor George she had known with the droll American name. At least, for once, this poor George would have a dinner—as much as she could carry!

The sky was studded with stars—twinkling with enjoyment, thought Anisette—the air tingled with frosty radiance, the moon had risen behind the bare light trees of the Luxembourg Gardens.

As the clock struck the half-hour after seven, Anisette turned into the house where Blackwood had his studio on the top floor. The *concierge* had joined the revelers, and the small flicker of gas which usually emphasized the darkness was not yet lit. Anisette felt her way carefully, she

had her arms full. There was a window on one landing, and her shadow, laden with bundles, threw a long grotesque blackness on the opposite wall. She swallowed a little burst of laughter.

Before Blackwood's door she paused to get her breath; it was intensely still. Her hands were full, so she knocked gently with her heel. There was no answer, and Anisette, trembling with impatience, deposited her bundles upon the floor, and, putting her cheek against the door, called his name in a voice that gradually sank to a whisper. An orange rolled out from a bag, and dropped with soft, melancholy distinctness from stair to stair. One of the beautiful oranges! Her heart began to beat heavily—there was no sound—no sound from within. She turned the handle softly and it yielded to her touch.

The light streamed from the great unshaded window and Anisette saw, in one terrible, illuminated vision, the ragged line of a knife-cut quivering down the beautiful, painted angel, and stretched at the foot of his easel a black figure—the face like a white blot in the darkness, the head fallen back, with a hole in it, like that other poor George with the droll American name.

JANE HYDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1896.

Treasury officials were greatly surprised at the carelessness of many bond-bidders. In addition to the 4,640 bids received, there were several score of offerings which had to be thrown out because the men making them had neglected to sign their names or fill in the amount they were willing to take or the price they wished to bid. Most of these blunders were made by hankers and business men. One hider, a Western hanker, started out to make his bid for a million read "at the lowest price offered." But, by some curious mental lapse, he wrote "highest" instead of "lowest," and a greatly surprised and embarrassed man he would be if Secretary Carlisle were to allot him his million at 150. Quite a number of bids were made on a purely speculative basis. Some of these smart bidders may turn a pretty penny for their shrewdness. Suppose Johnny Jones, a broker's clerk at ten dollars a week, had concluded to turn financier and hid for a million of bonds. There was nothing to prevent. No capital was required, no guarantee of good faith, no bond or deposit. Suppose Johnny had kept his eyes and ears open, and thereby reached the conclusion the big bids were going to fall a little under 111 and had put in his own bid, a small notch higher. He would get his million. The Secretary of the Treasury could do nothing else than award him what he had bid for, especially if he could prove he was ready to pay for them. This part of the operation Johnny could very easily manage. It is believed the bonds will soon be quoted at 114. Before the first payment is required, he could go to some hanker and sell out at a profit of two or three cents on the dollar, thus realizing \$20,000 or \$30,000 without any other investment than that of a little nerve and a postage-stamp.

The bullet of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, now adopted by the United States Government, has an initial velocity of two thousand feet per second and has been regarded as a very humane weapon, because, at a range varying from four hundred to fifteen hundred yards, it pierces bone and flesh as cleanly as a drill goes through steel, leaving a small hole that disables a combatant, but does not necessarily maim him permanently. But recent experiments have shown that within the four-hundred-yard range, or beyond fifteen hundred and up to the limit of its trajectory, which is two miles, it is a terribly destructive engine of war. At the shorter range it has an explosive effect. In a recent experiment, a skull, stuffed with potato, which is of about the same consistency as brain matter, was hit by a bullet from the new gun at short range and shattered to pieces, the potato being strewn for half a dozen yards about. A dog shot in the chest, also at short range, was torn open as if by an explosive bullet. At the longer range, too, flesh hit by the Krag-Jorgensen bullet is frightfully torn, while bone is reduced to a pulp. In such wounds, quick amputation is necessary to save life, and yet the range of the rifle is such that the Sanitary Corps, to be out of danger, must remain two miles away from the fighting.

An eminent medical authority discredits the theory that men (or women, either) break down from overwork. He says the brain does its work with the minimum of effort, that with due nutrition and rest in sleep it can work continuously during waking hours, and that, instead of being injured by severe labor, it is improved by it if the labor is done under normal conditions. "When a man says he is suffering from the effects of mental overwork," adds this authority, "the wise physician wants to know what his vices are. Worry may be one. The worries of life do infinitely more harm than the work of life, however onerous it may be."

The air breathed by the "bello girls" in the Chicago telephone company's switch-room is washed, dried, heated or cooled, and ironed—or, rather, compressed—before they are permitted to use it. It was found necessary to keep the air free from dust to secure perfect action of the switches, and so the air is sprayed in the basement, dried of moisture by centrifugal force, brought to the proper temperature, and forced into the room at a rate of ten thousand cubic feet a minute.

A New York policeman has resigned because his horse is dead. The man had been on the force for twenty-one years, and for ten years past had always ridden the same horse, neither man nor animal missing a day. But a few days ago the horse was stricken with paralysis and had to be shot, and that day his rider laid his shield upon the desk and asked to be retired.

BICYCLE BRAKES AND CRANKS.

The New York Aldermen Discuss Making Bicycle Brakes Obligatory—The Bicycle Cranks Meet and Protest—The Arguments Pro and Con.

There are two topics of which this town is talking at present; one is the great Tammany hanquet to Richard Croker, and the other is the threatened ordinance concerning bicycle brakes. The hanquet to Richard Croker cost forty dollars a plate, and a silver loving-cup was given to that gentleman, in which the tiger's head figured and the tiger's claws served as hases for the cup. But the Tammany hanquet, despite its cost, its vulgarity, and the ungrammatical speeches of the Tammany sachems, was not a nine days' wonder. People talked of it only for two. But the bicycle brake excites continuous interest. In fact, one paper, the *Herald*, is printing a blank petition daily for bicycle riders to sign and send to the board of aldermen begging them not to enforce the use of the brake. On the other hand, the *Sun* has given much space to letters advocating the brake. Yesterday a meeting was held in the aldermanic chamber, to listen to the protests of the public. The bicycle cranks were there in full force.

The resolution has been introduced in the board by Alderman Hall, and, if it is passed, the ordinance will require that brakes be used on all bicycles ridden within the city limits. Alderman Hall, although he introduced the resolution, was not in favor of it. He introduced it at the request of Police Magistrates Deuel and Wentworth. He is himself a bicycle rider, and does not use a brake. But such has been the hail-storm of letters showered upon him that he is wavering in his opposition to the resolution. In the meantime, the battle rages. The papers are filled with letters from writers, for and against brakes. It may be set down as a general thing that those who are opposed to the use of the brake are either very young men, "scorchers," or riders of that description, while the non-scorching element, the conservative riders, the middle-aged riders, and the women generally, seem to be in favor of the brake. There are 1,800,000 people in New York, 100,000 of whom ride. As for the other 1,700,000, there can be no question as to where they stand. They are unanimously in favor of the brake. Things have reached such a pass in New York that the man off a bicycle gets more exercise than the man on a bicycle, by reason of the necessity for constant dodging. The police magistrates say that most of the accidents which are brought up before them are caused by the absence of brakes.

The anti-brake bicyclists all talk in about the same strain. They say that it is "all rot" to require brakes on bicycles; that there is "no necessity for brakes"; that "no experienced rider needs a brake"; that "no man ought to be compelled to have his wheel incumbered with extra and useless weight"; and that "any wheelman knowing how to ride would scorn a brake." Their method is "a foot on one pedal and the toe between the front forks resting on the wheel." Occasionally there will be found a frank wheelman who does not use a brake himself, but who will freely admit that hack-pedaling alone will not always stop a wheel when it is going down-hill.

There are many old and experienced wheelmen who have complete command of their wheels without brakes, yet who carry brakes. They have been shown by experience that there are occasions when a man will want a brake, and when he wants it, he wants it badly. There can be no question whatever that the lamented death of Richard Center, the well-known wheelman, yachtsman, and all-round athlete, might have been averted if he had carried a brake upon his wheel. While he may have had only an imperceptible space of time to avoid the coal-cart with which he collided, still he could have stopped his wheel with a brake, and while there might have been an accident, it could scarcely have been a fatal one. As for hack-pedaling, while it is of course useful for retarding the motion of the wheel when going down declivities, it is an infinitely less effective way of stopping a wheel than by applying a brake. To stop a wheel suddenly by hack-pedaling requires that one should be an expert rider, physically strong, not exhausted, not rattled, and on the alert. Even experienced riders sometimes become confused in suddenly stopping by hack-pedaling. The position of the pedals is puzzling when the man does not act automatically, and hack-pedaling is not automatic, as forward pedaling is. If the pedals are just approaching a vertical position, the rider must wait until the lower pedal begins to rise before he can put his weight upon it with any effect. In that time a wheel may travel a number of feet. If he forgets himself—even expert riders sometimes do—and presses upon the descending pedal at the same time as he does upon the ascending pedal, the reversing power will be neutralized. None of these objections can be brought against a brake. As for the use of the foot upon the fore-wheel as a brake, while it is useful, it can not entirely replace the brake. In short, a bicycle can not be considered as completely equipped unless it possesses a good brake, and hack-pedaling and foot-braking are merely accessories to the use of the regular brake. A good rider will not need to use his brake much, and can accomplish all that is necessary by hack-pedaling and by foot-braking, but at times circumstances will occur which will render the use of a brake absolutely necessary.

The disappearance of the brake from the bicycle in the last year or two is readily comprehensible. Toward the close of '94 there was a wild mania prevailing for "light" wheels. This was carried to such an extent that wheels were made of very light tubing, with saddles weighing only a few ounces, with skeleton pedals, gossamer-like tires, and a general structural weakness which resulted in a great many accidents on the road. Ambitious scorchers, with seventeen-pound bicycles, often walked home, carrying their wheels around their necks and the frames under their arms. It was while this craze was raging that the brake was left off. The brake weighed only a few ounces, but even these

few ounces had to be sacrificed to the craze for lightness. Another reason why the omission of the brake was fostered came from the proprietors of cycleries who let out wheels on hire. These gentry found that the terrified beginners when going down an imperceptible grade "scorched," but the scorching they did was the scorching of their tires by firmly pressing the brakes upon them. The result was great wear and tear in tires, and the average cyclery proprietor began discontinuing the use of brakes on wheels. These various causes led to the almost complete disappearance of the brake from bicycles during the year 1895 in America. Abroad, however, this is not the case. In England, a bicycle is not looked upon as a vehicle having the right to the roadway unless it be equipped with a brake. Not long since, a cyclist in England ran into and accidentally killed a man; a jury found him guilty of manslaughter because his bicycle was unprovided with a brake; it was held that it was criminal negligence.

Judging from the tone of the press and public in New York, I am much inclined to think that the aldermen will pass an ordinance making the use of brakes obligatory. And I think it will be a good thing if they do.

NEW YORK, February 11, 1896.

FLANEUR.

Possibly the most striking and daring piece of work ever produced by Frederick Macmonnies, the sculptor, whose work at the World's Fair placed him among the foremost artists of our time, is his new Shakespeare. It is different from any other statue which has ever been made to immortalize the hero of Stratford. He is dressed like a gentleman of the time in which he lived, has an easy, unaggressive attitude, and a serious, thoughtful face. Mr. Macmonnies spent several weeks in Stratford, making notes and gaining suggestions. The general form of the skull he got from the Stratford bust, believing it to be a direct cast from nature. He also received hints for other portions of the figure from the Droeshout portrait. The figure was designed for the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. Mr. Macmonnies, though but thirty-three years of age, is one of the most successful sculptors living. It is impossible for him to complete, or even undertake, the work that is offered to him. His student career was as successful as his career as an artist. For two successive years he took the highest honors offered to foreigners. His Bacchante was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum.

It has been discovered that the State seals printed on millions of national-bank notes are incorrect. The seals of the United States and of the State in which the issuing bank is located are printed on the reverse side of these notes, the United States seal being repeated in the case of the Territories, and about two years ago Robert Stockwell Hatcher, reading clerk of the House of Representatives and an expert in heraldry, drew the attention of the Treasury Department to the fact that the State seal on a Baltimore national-bank note was incorrectly drawn. Since then he has been working in collaboration—gratuitously, by the way—with the chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and has discovered errors in the seals of twenty-one States, which are being rectified as quickly as the facilities of the department will permit.

There is an annex of bicyclists who have each made a record of more than one thousand miles in 1895, and received a medal therefor, in the New York Athletic Club, and they have rolled up a total of 284,634 miles in the year. One member, a business man, has a record of nearly thirteen thousand miles, an average of thirty-five miles a day, winter and summer, rain or shine.

A sure cure for seasickness is announced by a New York physician. It consists in bromidization, and this condition is effected by taking a thirty-grain dose of bromide of sodium three times a day for two or three days before sailing, continuing the dosing for several days. The physician says this bromidization has no evil effect.

A lad gathering wood the other day, in the ruins of a New York building that had been burned down, attempted to tear up and appropriate a wooden box in the basement, and while so doing laid hold of a wire in the box. It was the exposed end of an electric light wire, and his hand was very severely burned.

A suggestion has been made that the name of Lord Dunraven be made the basis of a new verb, as Captain Boycott's was. "To dunraven" a man would mean to accuse him without foundation, to malign him without cause, to speak ill of, to blackguard, to traduce.

A New York dry-goods firm has secured a lodgment in upper Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Fifty-Fifth Street, in the heart of the most aristocratic quarter and under the shadow of the most palatial residences in the city. Others are sure to follow.

Is tobacco injurious? An old man in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, though an ardent smoker, would have been a hundred if he had lived until March 1st. But he fired his bed one night with tobacco-ash, and that finished him.

Camel's flesh is the latest addition to the Parisian hill of fare, Algerian butchers undertaking to provide the supply. The meat is said to taste like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

"The Valley of the Younger Sons" is the sobriquet of Wet Mountain Valley, in Colorado. It is chiefly populated with Englishmen of that class.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Balfour says in her book that she saw in Dr. Jameson the hardest working-man in South Africa, a firm ruler and humane reclamer of the native race.

Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, the last descendant of Goethe, who died recently in Germany, was the man who married the notorious adventuress at the court of Napoleon the Third, Mme. de Paiva.

Verestchagin's right hand is a freak. A leopard hit off his thumb. A rifle ball struck the middle finger during a battle, and the rest were badly smashed up in a sledge accident. The hand is stiff, but it can paint.

Jean Lassalle, the famous haritone, who sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company in the winter of 1894, has set up as a cement manufacturer at Chantemelle, on the banks of the Seine, France. He takes an active part in the direction of several hundred workmen.

M. Lemaître, the new French Academician, is the son of a peasant school-master, and he was designed for the priesthood, but instead he became the favorite theatrical critic of Paris and then a successful dramatic author and novelist. M. Lemaître is a man of robust figure and medium height, and though he is hardly forty, he is growing gray.

Jules Simon, eighty-two years old last month, says that the most exciting moment of his life was when he was trying to obtain a concession on tariff from a foreign diplomat with whom President Grévy was playing hilliards. He whispered to Grévy to lose the game, but Grévy insisted on playing to win, and relented only when he observed that his minister was in anguish.

Lady Henry Somerset's efforts to reform Jane Cakehead appear to have been futile. That notorious offender against sobriety, convicted more than three hundred times in London police-courts, was taken to the home at Reigate, which is under Lady Henry's direction. She caused so much trouble there that it was determined to get rid of her, and now the unhappy woman is to be declared insane.

Baron de Rothschild, of Paris, once called Guzman Blanco the richest man in the world. When the Venezuelan dictator protested against the compliment, Rothschild retorted: "You are surely the richest man in the world, for who else has estates comprising 600,000 square miles of territory? Who else has an income of \$37,000,000? Who else has 2,500,000 slaves?" Guzman was not slow in seeing the point.

The Queen of Portugal has just terminated her second year's study of medicine, and has passed her examinations before the Faculty of Medicine at Lisbon. Queen Amelie does not intend to practice, of course. Nevertheless, it is said that her medical library is the best of its kind in Portugal; that she reads French, English, Spanish, and Italian, and takes all the leading medical reviews published in these languages; and that she corresponds with eminent physicians on special subjects.

During the brief but lively war scare over the question of the Venezuelan boundary, it was observable that the London newspapers gave great attention to everything that Edison was reported to have said concerning his schemes for the defense of New York, and his projects for annihilating a hostile fleet. In many respects the Wizard of Menlo Park is to Englishmen the greatest American of the day. They have no man to match him, and there is much of the romantic to them in his personality.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* says of the Sultan: "He is absolutely reckless as to the fate of his people or the future of his empire. So long as he has his Circassian girls for playthings, his pet regiments to line the roads on Fridays, his favorite priests to pray with, and his court huffoons to make merry for him; so long as his army of spies enables him to arrest and suppress the unruly, and his tribes of sycophants are ever ready to pour honey into his willing ears; so long as twenty fat pashas run up the Yildiz Hill behind his victoria, and the gates clang heavily behind him as he reaches the seclusion of the harem—he is satisfied."

Sunday was Sir Frederick Leighton's day at home. "As he greeted some of his friends," says the Boston *Transcript*, "at the door of his magnificent studio (the 'show' studio of London), one Sunday afternoon, the latest rays of sunlight touched the wavy masses of his silver hair and caused his fine profile to stand out, cameo-like, against a background of rich, dark draperies. He wore a shabby, short coat of black velvet, and could not have looked more thoroughly the aristocrat had he been dressed to appear at court. 'Have you seen my Corots and my Constables, and have you looked into the dining-room yet?' he asked. 'No? I want you to see them, and I'll take you myself.' Then, leaving his guests to entertain each other for a few moments, the host led the way down-stairs, telling as he went something of the pictures which line the way."

During a recent tour made by President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, at one place a leading hurgner wanted a compulsory education law. The president simply would not hear of it. "No, no," he curtly replied, "that is a church question, not a political one." "But," urged another hurgner, "why could we not have compulsory education, as other countries have?" "Yes," replied the president, "education is compulsory in other countries, but so is military service. This is a republic, and people may keep their children in ignorance if they please." President Kruger himself has confined his reading to the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" until recently, when somebody gave him a copy of one of Mark Twain's books. The humor of the famous American joker happened to hit the slow-going old Boer in the right place, and he has purchased a full set of Mr. Clemens's works.

THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.

Gay Scenes that Usher in the Lenten Season—Maskers who Wage a Merry War with Confetti—How an American Girl Got a Souvenir.

Whoever has seen Mardi Gras in all its glory in New Orleans will say that for splendid processions of "floats," Louisiana's King Momus beats the world. And he is right. In many ways our Southern city has outdone the world in its lavish display in carnival season. Mythology, history, and romance are ransacked to furnish subjects to be done in marvelous *papier-maché* figures animated by a human core. As you will remember, the darkey preponderates in the horse-play among the foot-passengers of the thronged streets. It is beyond the height of his ambition to pose on the gorgeous cotton-wagons, and he contents himself with being a frog or a monkey tweaking other frogs' and monkeys' tails.

That same darkey would be delirious with delight if he were provided with the Italian carnival weapons and ammunition, for there remain certain features peculiar to the Italian carnival that have not yet taken a firm foothold in this country. The commonest weapon is a big, long-handled tin scoop, and the ammunition is plaster pellets. I hate to destroy your cherished illusion of showers of bonbons, but truth compels me. Under the name of *gesso*, the plaster grape-shot does the main execution in the fight, and is bought by the sack of a hundred pounds or so. Coriander-seeds, coated with gayly colored pink and green plaster, go by the name of *coriandoli*. Then, showing that, after all, there is some foundation to your bonbon myth, there are the far costlier and more sparingly used *gettoni*. These are candies, generally chocolates adulterated to an unrecognizable degree—for both chocolate and sugar are dear under King Humbert—artificially wrapped in tin-foil and wound in gay tissue-paper ribbons.

You begin, a few days before the carnival opens, to notice strange figures appearing on the streets. Peasants are gathering from far and near for their share of the universal fun; and profit is in their mind as well as pleasure. Do you notice what that brown-cheeked lad is holding and putting now and then to his lips? It is the *sampogna*. It consists of a set of eight reeds of graduated lengths; breathed into by the boy, a scale of wonderful mellowness is produced. Though you have never heard the instrument before, it seems strangely familiar to you, till you recall its very counterpart, larger to be sure, in the famous Bolognese picture by Raphael, the "St. Cecilia." And this similarity convinces you that the *sampogna* held by the saint reputed to have invented the pipe-organ, is, in fact, the primitive form of that most noble of instruments. The *sampognatore* wears the picturesque dress—shabby but richly tinted blue or brown velvet jacket and trousers, and the very hat with the peacock-feather—you have seen in so many pictures. From the knee down his stalwart legs are swathed in homespun, bound and cross-gartered with leathern thongs. He is from the Abruzzi Mountains, and will earn a pretty penny with his pipes, he and his fellow-*pifferaro*, who plays the fife, before returning to his modest patrimony of a half-dozen chestnut-trees and his herd of goats on the slopes of the "Gran Sasso"—the Great Rock.

You begin to realize what a lively battle it is going to be when, a day or two before carnival begins, workmen in blouses, carrying hammers and sacking, go to work on the main thoroughfares carefully putting up shutters over plate-glass shop fronts and covering gilt signs above and below show-windows.

So far as duration is concerned, Milan enjoys the preference. The Milanese carnival goes by the name of the "big Ambrosian Carnival"—*Carnevalone Ambrosiano*. For, fifteen centuries ago, to console Milan's people for a fearful plague that had raged, good St. Ambrose, the town's patron saint, decreed that four additional days were to be given over to feast and frolic. Strange enough it seems that all through Ash-Wednesday, until the first Sunday in Lent, the city is one big playground. On the Saturday night the pagentry culminates in a fairy-like illumination of the Cathedral Square. Here huge masts, hung with the national red, white, and green streamers, are interlaced by wires closely strung with colored glass cups, holding oil and wick—to American eyes, accustomed to Columbian electric fountains, a primitive mode of illumination. Yet it has a charming effect, as when, to celebrate Queen Margherita's coming, the *lampions* were grouped to shape yellow and white daisies. Electric-light globes were thoroughly dimmed by transparencies put over them, every façade gleamed with gas, lamps, or candles.

Naples, perhaps, offers as gay a scene in carnival week as any town in Italy. If you want to be in the thick of the fun, put on your oldest clothes—never, by any chance, a tall hat, or you will be mobbed. I still regret a most becoming stitched-cloth traveling hat, out of whose seams I never succeeded in brushing the white dust. A wedding hat showering grains of rice is not in it. And then one's hair! You suggest sallying out on foot. In this case, you can at best be only an assailed instead of an assailant, for our ammunition is not of a portable nature. If you wish to get many points of view, we will take an open cab by the hour, slip on dominoes—sheets have been known to serve—buy two scoops and a bag of *coriandoli* to be hoisted to the unoccupied seat, and off we go to a Neapolitan horse's frantic trot down the broad Via Roma.

But you do not trot far—nothing to be seen but a sea of human beads, interspersed with slow-moving carriages. All the balconies, many transformed by decorations, are crowded to their utmost. Now and then, to be sure, one sees some artistic or literary celebrity throning alone. There poses a quaint, would-be Japanese, framed in a rich background of oriental stuffs. His nonchalantly tosses red and white camellias from a bamboo basket at her side to a few favored cavaliers who drive by, hand on heart; now

their button-holes boast a flower from the hand of the admired Cataneo, the Doña Sol in the never-old "Ernani."

That fine-looking fellow is Prince Gerace. He is tremendously popular, to the extent of coming in for a versé in last year's prize-song, "Bicicletta." For at Piedigrotta, a gay suburb of Naples, every year a tournament of song is held; certain favorite composers compete, and the song that captivates the public fancy gets the prize. You will realize the vogue of such a song when you recall that the gay "Funiculi-Funiculà" carried off the palm in 1880, celebrating the opening of the Vesuvian funicular railway. Last year the bicycle song took the public by storm; the "miraculous horse that always runs and never tires" is represented as carrying not only a plebeian lover and his lass, but noble Prince Gerace as well. Here on Via Roma the prince, with a few boon companions, has turned his balcony into an idealized bit of the sea: green velvet waves hung with silver nets, corals, and shells. He and his friends figure as very lively and life-like lobsters, in spite of their boiled color.

Many masks are worn, even in day-time. Yet it is not *de rigueur*. You drive by in your open cab and single out some acquaintance to be favored by a volley of your *gesso*. It is quite as likely, however, that you, a man—for few women, except foreigners, are seen in carriages—attract the notice of some pretty stranger in a balcony, and you balt to pay her the compliment of a scoopful. She returns it by launching a handful of *gettoni* at you. The chances are that few of the candy shuttle-cocks reach you. So far as I could see, women are no better shots with scoops than with guns.

Now a car, one of the most amusing, drives by, hugely applauded. On it stands a *fiasco*, a wicker-covered Chianti bottle, ten or twelve feet high. It is a pun perpetrated by the "Society of Artists" upon the recent *fiasco* of the opera, "The Black Mountains," by Augusta Holmes, the Irish-French woman composer, who writes such original but unsingable music. The big *fiasco* is surrounded by nimble two-legged champagne-bottles and glasses, who, along with the more telling ammunition, toss flasks of all shapes and sizes.

The Baccarat Club's gorgeous car, "Fortune," now rounds the turn. There stands the goddess, as life-like as *papier-maché* and paint can make her, with blindfolded eyes, turning her wheel. Behind her, in a fine, careless heap, are piled gigantic cards, bank-notes, coins, billiard-balls and cues, in the midst of which are ensconced the knights of the green carpet. All the tools of the trade in clever miniature imitations are thrown as costly souvenirs to a few favored ones, and grabbed by the surging crowd on foot. My pretty California friend with me on our American consul's balcony confides to me: "I positively must have one of those dear little dice," and claps so vigorously, and finally calls out so piteously, that a good-natured clubman takes aim at her. Woman-like, she dodges, and only secures a microscopic pack of cards.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

Dr. Van Dyck, who died recently at Beirut, Syria, was known throughout that country as "El Hakim," the doctor. He went to Syria from New York as a missionary physician, and soon became so fluent in the speech of the Arabs that it came near costing him his life. At first he adopted the native dress, but during an outbreak between the Maronites and the Druses, as he was returning one night from a visit to a patient, he was seized by a band of marauders, who were about to assassinate him. He protested that he was an American, a physician who had been in attendance on one of their own men, but his Arabic was too perfect—they did not believe him. As a shibboleth, they asked him a question, the answer to which involved the mention of a certain bridge. His unhesitating answer was near being his death, for they dragged him from his horse, declaring that no foreigner could pronounce that word. Dr. Van Dyck, however, insisted on being taken before the sheik, and his manner was so impressive that his demand was granted. The sheik recognized him, and sent his late captors home with him as a guard, but warned him never again to wear native dress—he was too good an Arab!

All but one of the Presidents—Buchanan—married. All but one—Cleveland—were married before they were elected President. Cleveland was the only President married in the White House. Two Presidents—Tyler and Fillmore—married twice. Five—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Fillmore (the second marriage) wedded widows. Another curious Presidential coincidence is found in the fact that two Presidents—Jackson and J. Q. Adams—were born in the year 1767, and two—Grant and Hayes—in 1822. Jackson succeeded Adams and Hayes followed Grant.

Professor Roentgen's use of the cathode rays in photography pales into insignificance beside the discovery Professor Salvioni, of Perugia, claims to have made. In a paper which he read two weeks ago before the Rome Medical Academy, he described an optical instrument of his invention which enables the human eye, by means of the Roentgen rays, to see through anything which those rays can penetrate. It is said that Professor Salvioni produced his wonderful invention, and by its means physicians present were enabled to see the contents of a closed aluminum box.

Embassador Bayard's deafness has of late increased to such an extent (according to a London correspondent of the Chicago *Times-Herald*) that it is almost impossible for him to transact business except by correspondence. Such a thing as a personal interview between Salisbury or Chamberlain and our embassador is almost out of the question, and so painful that officials of the foreign office resort to all sorts of expedients and excuses to escape the ordeal.

OLD FAVORITES.

Abraham Lincoln.

[As the *Argonaut* remarked last week, San Francisco was almost the only city in the land that did not in some way observe the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday on February 12th. At this time, and in view, also, of the recent feeling between the United States and England, it is interesting to read the following poem, which appeared, shortly after the assassination of the President, in *Punch*, which had theretofore heaped unending gibes and contumely upon Mr. Lincoln.—Eds.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose:
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might's—

The uncleared forests, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined word to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accus! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

—Tom Taylor.

Rear-Admiral S. Makaroff, of the Russian navy, is the inventor of the Makaroff ram-guard, which, though it was devised but a short time ago, has received much favorable comment from authorities in maritime matters. It is designed to minimize the effects of collisions at sea, such as resulted in the sinking of the *Elbe* and the British man-of-war *Camperdown*, to mention only two well-known disasters. The unprotected sharp edge of a steamer or the ram of a war-ship now penetrates the skin of the modern iron vessel in a collision, as a hatchet penetrates the side of a tin-can, and water-tight compartments have been found an inadequate protection. Admiral Makaroff has suggested that the prow of a steamer or the ram of a war-ship be protected with a false nose which shall be strong enough to cut the water, but, in case of collision, would flatten out and oppose a broad surface to the other vessel's side. The invention is being generally adopted in the Russian navy, and it will doubtless prove of great benefit to humanity.

Cornelia Weekes, widow of a well-known Brooklyn undertaker, died on Saturday, February 8th, at her home in Brooklyn, aged seventy years. On the following day, Henry I. Eldert, her brother, seventy-four years old, died at the same place. Mrs. Weekes and her brother had been invalids for more than a year, and each died from heart failure.

France has just recalled the Count Lefebvre de Behaine, who for fourteen years has been her embassador at the Vatican, and sent in his place a certain M. Nisard, who is stone deaf.

A BRITON IN THE WEST.

Extracts from the "Strange Career" of John Gladwyn Jebb—Mysterious Murders in Colorado, a Perilous Ride on Snow-Shoes, and a Very Brief Mexican Revolution.

A book which has been attracting attention of late is called "A Strange Career." It narrates the adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb, an Englishman who spent his life in wandering over various parts of the globe. His travels took in a wide range of country, beginning with India and extending to Central and South America; but the book is devoted largely to his experiences in Colorado and Mexico.

For a number of years he made his headquarters in the mountains of Colorado, where he had mining interests, and during this period he traveled over various sections of the country. Afterwards his business was transferred to Mexico, and he acquired an acquaintance with the inhabitants and the physical features of that country which has rarely been equaled.

His biography, which makes interesting reading, has been written by his widow, Mrs. John Gladwyn Jebb.

It was during Mr. Jebb's sojourn in Colorado that he first heard of some mysterious murders which were agitating the people of the State. The facts are thus narrated:

Colorado and its neighborhood were just beginning to settle down into a fairly respectable place, where murders were infrequent, and where such as did occur were usually considered to be richly deserved. . . . when the driver of the Colorado Springs stage brought in news of a murder having been committed in Ute Creek. Probably no one would have been greatly disturbed by this announcement, but for several curious features in the case. The murdered man had been shot in his tracks and then marked with two deep gashes, in the form of a cross, upon his chest. His scalp was still where nature placed it and he had not been robbed, so that his death was not the work of either "road-agents" or Indians. Therefore it must have been the result of sheer spite or "cussedness." The whole thing seemed queer; but probably, as the murdered man was a stranger, the manner of his death would soon have been forgotten, but that a few days afterward news was brought of two more murders—one on the road below Georgetown and the other nearly a hundred miles off. Both were apparently the work of one hand, for neither had been robbed, and both bore the fatal sign of the deeply cut cross on the chest; while stranger than all, although so far apart, they both appeared to have been killed the same day. Nothing had made such a stir since people first penetrated into those mountain passes; for it looked as though some one were at work who killed for the mere pleasure of slaying, and no man knew if his turn might not come next. Search-parties were sent out, but with no result, except that they came to the conclusion that a gang was at work, for the road near the murdered man in each instance was covered with horses' tracks, but with so many, and going in such different directions, that it was useless to attempt to follow them. A week later, yet another body was found, about twenty miles south of Denver, evidently recently killed, and in the same manner, and marked with the same sign as the other three. . . . The vigilantes took the affair up, but with no success whatever; and week after week news would come of other ghastly crossed bodies found, perhaps as much as two hundred miles away from the last one; until by the time the snow began to fly in November, there had been over twenty murders committed by that secret band of assassins.

While the country was still deeply stirred over these events, Jebb went out with a hunting-party in search of big game. Unexpectedly they came upon a new victim, marked like the others. Following on a fresh trail, which was evidently the murderer's, they succeeded in tracking him and shooting him down. The motive of this shocking series of crimes is difficult to credit. It is told in these words:

Great crimes are not always bred of great injuries, for this was the trivial cause of feendish hate and vengeance. It seemed that when Colorado and New Mexico had a joint legislature, he was one of the Mexican delegates chosen to go to Denver. Of course the two sets of men detested each other, and the Colorado "boys" were forever playing tricks on the Mexicans, who retaliated when they could. But this particular Mexican took it all in earnest, and when he was finally christened "Big Foot," in delicate allusion to the size of his extremities, he fairly boiled over, and left the court-house, cursing the whole American nation (including the Canadas), and swearing he would be bitterly revenged upon his tormentors.

And revenged he was in a horrible manner.

Mr. Jebb took a trip to California very early in the seventies, but his stay was not long. The following brief mention of San Francisco is not remarkable for its accuracy:

How lovely it looked, with its blue sea and towering mountains, its gorgeous flowers and abundant fruits, and the stately palaces which even in those days were beginning to rise upon its rocky eminences. It is true that the people were less cultivated than their surroundings, and that a six-shooter was as necessary an article of attire as trousers; still the vigilantes were hard at work improving all that, and the charm of a new civilization makes up for many defects.

Sacramento also seems out of drawing:

Jack soon pushed on to Sacramento, then at its very worst and rowdiest; for the gold fever was at its height, and all the sweepings of Europe and America were gathered there, drinking and gambling, fighting and murdering, with little restraint and less compunction—a "straight shot" the only reputation of any importance. Jack had long ceased to be a "tenderfoot"; nor, with his stalwart frame and strongly marked bronzed features, did he look like one; so he manages to steer clear of "rows," despite the damaging facts that he neither drank nor played and had the misfortune to be a "Britisher."

Our hero returns to Colorado, where he is placed in charge of several mines at high altitudes. The following adventure serves to show some of the hardships of the life, where we find him braving the winter snows in an endeavor to visit the various mines under his control:

On one memorable occasion, Jack started on a nocturnal journey at one A. M., and, blessed with a good moon, he made capital time, reaching the crest of the range by daylight. The snow was in excellent traveling condition, the crust being just soft enough to let the twelve-foot Norwegian shoes he was using bite well. All the lower branches of the pines were covered, and in the gulch below the snow must have been at least twenty feet deep. On the crest it was blowing hard, and the wind whirled the ridges clear, he had to carry his shoes for half a mile or so, to where a long valley, through which his road ran, headed up to the highest peak—13,200 feet above sea-level.

One of the advantages of the Norwegian snow-shoe is that it cuts into hard snow just deep enough to give a grip without sinking so far as to stop the pace, and on a steep down-grade it is possible to go at almost any speed, if the balance-pole be used carefully.

Jack fastened his shoes on again, and started down-hill, going slowly at first, and then faster and faster as the plateau dipped off toward the head of the valley. He had run about half a mile, and was traveling almost at top speed, when suddenly he found himself in the air and got a fall which nearly stunned him. He had struck a sheet of ice, and, of course, the shoes lost their bite instantly, depositing their startled wearer on the broad of his back without a moment's warning. Naturally they both came off, and, although he

clutched at them instinctively, he only succeeded in saving one—the other was already beyond his reach, sliding rapidly out of sight down the mountain-side. . . . The snow around him was very deep, and, though it was harder some hundred yards above, he did not think he could get there; while even if he succeeded in doing so, there were still four or five miles of snow, from ten to thirty feet thick, between himself and his destination.

Before him were twenty miles of mountain and valley to the nearest camp. And to stay where he was meant being frozen to death in a few hours. There was plenty of choice, but of the possibility of following his shoe, which would of course slide down the steepest grade it could find, and would therefore pass into the lower valley by means of a rocky gorge, which Jack could see from where he stood, and which was a thoroughly break-neck place, whence it would be impossible to climb up again, should the quest be unsuccessful. However, any chance was worth trying in such a desperate case, and Jack thought that as the shoe he had would naturally follow its mate if placed on the same grade, his best plan would be to lie down upon it, start sliding, and trust to its being stopped by whatever had arrested its fellow. . . . Accordingly, he carefully found the place where the accident had happened, put the remaining shoe on the track, and then lay down along it, rounding his chest as much as possible and steering with his elbows. Down they went—sometimes sliding along gayly, sometimes plowing heavily through the soft drift; on and on, it seemed to the anxious traveler interminably. He watched keenly for any trace of the lost shoe, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for any ghastly header that might be in front of him. At last he came to a turn in the gully, and could scarcely believe in his good fortune when he caught sight of the lost shoe sticking out of some drift in front! Slowly and anxiously he extricated it, fearing lest the toe might have struck a rock and splintered. But no—it was all right; and in a moment more he was safe and sweeping down into timber.

Some idea of life in camp may be gathered from this extract:

At one of the mines in which Jack and his partners were interested, and which was situated far above timber-line, the works had been frozen since November, and the camp practically deserted by all but an old man, three women, and the lad who drove the teams in summer and experimented in cooking during the winter. But as this was the nearest point, and lay on the best trail to the other camps which Jack must visit periodically during the snows, he resolved to take up his winter quarters here. December set in badly; storm followed storm, piling up the snow a good six feet around the house, while at the head of the gulch it was twice as deep. But the great fall commenced on December 18th, and from that date until January 6th there was not an hour's cessation. The snow came down ominously day by day, and what the intense cold was no one ever knew, for again and again the mercury was found frozen in the bulb, although the thermometer was sheltered in an out-house. The meat was literally as hard as boards, and venison-steak had to be cut with a saw, being afterward hammered into splinters.

It was practically impossible to go out of doors, so for three weeks the distant camps remained uninspected.

Jebb's career in Colorado proved to be a failure financially, and later we find him penetrating into the heart of Mexico to inspect and report upon a group of mines. Here is some account of his experiences at the little Indian village which was his destination:

The Cacique who ruled, and virtually owned these sierras where the little mining-town slumbered peacefully, had been working the mines in a primitive way all his life, but at last awoke to the superiority of nineteenth-century methods, as against those employed at about the time of the Otomies. Hence Mr. Jebb's mission. It turned out that he was the first European who had ever penetrated into this mountain abode of unmixed Indians, and the old Cacique was a little doubtful of his reception by the villagers. He, therefore, had an escort awaiting him on his arrival, consisting of a captain and six soldiers, and Jack afterward learned that they had orders to shoot at sight the first person who cast an unfriendly eye on El Ingles. They did their duty nobly, never leaving his side for an instant. He used to fall over them sleeping outside his door in the mornings, and run against them down mines, up mountains, and in every sort of unlikely place. . . . Later on, when the works were in full swing and several Englishmen employed there, a company of infantry was quartered in the town to take care of them. But the natives had taken kindly to Jack from the first, and did not seem inclined to interfere with the others. So the lieutenant in charge—an amiable *caballero*, with a cultivated taste for Scotch whisky—grew tired of a post which was such a sinecure. His desire for employment grew upon him, until one day he said to Jack: "Are you *señor*, that no one has threatened you since you have been here?"

"Not in the slightest degree," he was told.

"Well, then, has any one been at all uncivil to you?" was the next question.

"On the contrary, they have all been kind and helpful," was the reply.

"Then, *señor*," asked the lieutenant, "is there any one you don't like?" Because, and he tapped his revolver significantly, "my men have nothing to do, and idleness is bad for them."

The only English household in the place was that of the superintendent's wife, and there all the Englishmen boarded who were connected with the mine. An incident concerning this establishment is related, which illustrates the primitive Mexican method of dealing out justice:

After a time the mistress of the establishment took to fattening her own chickens and turkeys, and when she had got one of the latter up to the requisite degree of plumpness, she ordered him to be killed for the next day's dinner. But when his presence was required in order that his neck might be wrung, he was discovered to be missing. He could not have gone away by himself, so therefore he must have been stolen, and the services of the one policeman were called in. He had no doubt of being able to find the missing bird, and started at once on his search; which he conducted on the simple principle of walking into every hut in the town until he came to one where a turkey was hanging half-roasted over the fire. The ingenious officer seized it, and marching off to his employer, asked if she recognized the fowl. She explained that she found a difficulty in doing so, as the last time she had met him, he was arrayed in all the glory of his feathers, and looked rather different from the denuded, half-cooked object before her. "Never mind," said the intelligent native; "nobody in the village would dream of killing a turkey on his own, or anything but a very superior saint's day," so leaving the defunct bird with the cook, he returned to the culprit, whom he marched off to the judge. A little later, while sitting at dinner, the entire tableful were convulsed with laughter by a message arriving from the judge to ask what the *señor* would like him to do to the thief. If she had replied, "Shoot her!" there is no reason to suppose that the sentence would not have been carried out.

Jack paid frequent visits to the City of Mexico, where, at this period, the political atmosphere was charged with electricity and small conflicts were frequent. At one time he witnessed a fight between the mob and the soldiers, which took place in the Zocalo—a beautiful garden surrounding the cathedral, where large numbers of people were accustomed to congregate in the evenings. This opera-houffé combat is thus described:

In a *hiosk* situated in the centre of a splendid circle of trees, a military band was playing selections from "Faust," while people sauntered slowly past listening to the music, or talking softly together. It was a perfect night, now the rain had ceased, and the clear full moon brought into strong relief the great white towers of the cathedral and the long, palm-bordered terrace which runs about its base. As Jack and his companion began to walk up and down here, they were accosted by an officer, who was evidently on guard. He said he could tell the *señores* were foreigners, and he therefore advised them to go straight home, as trouble was expected that night, and once

firing commenced no one's life would be safe in the streets. The two men thanked the courteous officer for his advice; but almost before they had finished doing so, a succession of shots were heard close by, followed instantly by a large crowd which surged round one side of the cathedral, while from the other side a troop of infantry charged with pointed bayonets. In these circumstances discretion was certainly the better part of valor for people caught between the two opposing forces, and our friends fled down the steps for their lives, just in time to escape being trampled under foot by the excited mob or spitted on the bayonets of the soldiers. As the fight seemed inclined to confine itself to the terrace on which it began, the pair went over to the band-stand, about a hundred yards off, to watch the progress of events. It was evidently a desperate struggle, and the firing grew continuous, as the combatants fought to the air of the "Soldiers' Chorus," for the hand never left off playing. Anything more like a scene from "La Grand Duchesse" can not well be imagined than the furious battle on the cathedral steps, while the stolid musicians attended strictly to business. At last it became evident that the troops were getting the mastery, as the mob began gradually to fall back, firing at random as it went. Within a quarter of an hour of its commencement the whole thing was finished, and the only sign of anything unusual having taken place was the sight of soldiers marching off squads of prisoners. The rest of the crowd had melted away as suddenly as it had made the attack.

There are many distinctively Mexican tales narrated besides those relating to Jebb's own career, but these we will leave the reader to investigate for himself. Enough has been quoted to show the character of the book. It is all in the same lively vein, and its purpose is manifestly more to amuse than to present a strictly veracious biography.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle have "replenished the Treasury" in the Democratic way—that is, by borrowing—let us see what lessons may be drawn from the latest bond issue. Although this loan has by no means reached the people, but has been practically confined to Wall Street, it is evident that many hundreds of millions could be raised directly by the American people—if they were allowed to buy the bonds without bidding against professional bond-dealers like Pierpont Morgan and others of his kidney, and if the methods of procuring the bonds were simple and clear, and there was a flat rate of interest and a fixed price, instead of a premium and a net rate.

Here is a lesson for the Republican party. It will not be many months before the gang of incompetents now in power will be driven from office. They will probably have to borrow more money before they get out, to pay the current expenses of the government. Let them borrow it in any way that pleases them—either from Lombard Street or Wall Street. But as soon as the Republican party comes into power—which will be on the fourth of March of next year—let a genuine popular loan be inaugurated. Not for the running expenses of the government—Republican administrations have always paid current expenses out of current receipts, instead of, like the Democrats, running the government on bonds. But let a popular loan be negotiated to make a complete and invulnerable system of coast defenses.

On the last day of the year the Senate passed a resolution directing the Secretary of War to state what amount of money could be profitably used for coast defenses prior to July, 1897. He replies that \$25,670,000 could be advantageously used up to that date, and that \$4,700,000 should be available at once. There are several hills before Congress appropriating money for coast defenses, one of them for \$100,000,000. General Flagler, Chief of Ordnance, Admiral Walker, and other officers of both army and navy, have appeared before congressional committees and urged the necessity of large appropriations. Among the points they recommend for fortifications are New York, San Francisco, Boston, all the lake ports, Hampton Roads, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Washington, Portland, Me., Rhode Island ports in Narragansett Bay, West Charleston, Mobile, New London, Savannah, Galveston, Portland, Or., Pensacola, Wilmington, N. C., San Diego, Portsmouth, N. H., Cumberland Sound, Fort Clinch, the ports of the Kennebec River, Fort Popham, defenses of the ports on the Penobscot River, Fort Knox, and also defenses at New Bedford and New Haven, as well as defenses for Puget Sound and such other ports as in the judgment of the chief of engineers and the Secretary of War may require permanent works of fortification.

Our coast defenses at present consist of two 12-inch guns and sixteen 12-inch mortars at New York, one 12-inch gun and sixteen 12-inch mortars at San Francisco, and sixteen 12-inch mortars at Boston. This does not include the dynamite gun at San Francisco. At no other city is there a single modern gun or mortar. As for the old guns, many of them have no carriages, and Congress has appropriated no money to pay for them.

Now, waiving the question as to this country possessing a navy which would enable it to cope with Great Britain, we should certainly possess the means for at least a defensive war. We do not possess them now. Suppose the Republican party, on its accession, should inaugurate a popular loan—a genuine popular loan, and not a Cleveland-Morgan "popular" loan. Let bonds be issued for \$100,000,000 at 2 per cent., the money to be expended in coast defenses. Every man who subscribed for a thousand-dollar bond would be giving the government annually a present of \$15—which is the difference in the interest on \$1,000 at 2 and 3½ per cent. There must surely be more than 100,000 men in the country who are patriotic enough to accept 2 per cent. interest on a national loan when the money is to be devoted to national defense.

There has been a great deal of "war talk" in this country during the last two months, both in and out of Congress. But we do not observe that Congress is making any appropriations for defense, much less for aggression, in case of war, and we do not observe that the people are providing the money for Congress to appropriate. Until these things are done, it is useless to talk of war. War, like any other craft, is waged with tools. We have no tools.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Great Composer's Memoirs.

"The Memoirs of an Artist," an autobiography by Charles François Gounod which was published serially in the *Revue de Paris*, has been translated into English by Annette E. Crocker. It is a most interesting volume, not only in the reminiscences unfolded, but from the insight it gives into the character of the great composer. The pages reveal a nature single-minded, warm-hearted, and generous, conscious of power, but without egotism. Gounod begins his memoirs with his earliest childish recollections, and has much to tell of his mother's early struggles to educate and advance her children. He entertained for her an affection and veneration amounting to a passion, and he dwells on the bond between them with an artlessness that is eminently French. It is interesting to learn that he had other gifts besides those of a musician. During his sojourn in Rome at the Academy of France, he was often urged by Ingres, the well-known artist, to give up a musical career and become a painter, as his father had been before him.

It is disappointing to find the volume come to so early a conclusion. At the time he ceases to write, "Faust" had not yet received the full recognition afterward accorded to it. At this time he declares himself unable to say whether it is his greatest work, and commenting on the fact that the first performance of this opera made no great impression, he says: "It is by the surface that the favor of the public is first gained; it is by the depth that it is maintained and strengthened. It requires a certain length of time to seize and take to one's self the expression and the meaning of the infinite number of details of which a drama is composed." And in an earlier passage, where he records the failure of his first opera, "Sapho," he affirms that "a dramatic work always has, or nearly so, all the success that it deserves with the public."

It is believed that Gounod, for some reason which can only be surmised, destroyed the latter portion of his memoirs. This must be much regretted, the more so as the missing chapters concern the most successful years of his life. Fortunately, however, the loss will be partially repaired by the publication of his correspondence, which is extensive and, it is hoped, covers the same ground as the destroyed memoirs.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Austin Dobson's Revised Poems.

A new revised and enlarged edition of Austin Dobson's verses has just been issued. It is in two volumes, with the title, "Poems on Several Occasions," and the sumptuous style in which it is got up will delight Mr. Dobson's many admirers. The type is large and clear, it is printed on deckle-edge paper, the first volume has for frontispiece an etched portrait of the poet, done by William Strang, one of the boldest of contemporary English etchers, Labauze contributes seven etchings illustrative of the Gallic and Oriental poems, the cover was designed by George Wharton Edwards, and the edition is limited to seven hundred and fifty numbered copies.

Mr. Dobson's dainty verses are so widely known that it is unnecessary to praise them here. He and the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, with William Mackworth Praed and Charles Stuart Calverley, have for twenty years been at the head of those who write *vers de société*, and Mr. Dobson adds to the exquisite polish which characterizes the verse of all four writers a tenderness and pathos which replace the sharper satire of the others.

As one glances through the volumes one sees a host of familiar poems—"The Ladies of St. James's," "The Ballad of 'Beau Brocade,'" "Good-Night, Bahette!," "Avic," "To 'Lydia Languish,'" "Rose Leaves," "To Ethel," "On a Nankin Plate," "The Old Sedan Chair," "Molly Trefusis," "A Fairy Tale," "In Town," "My Books," "The 'Squire at Vauxhall,'" "The Water Cure," "Ad Rosam," and "The Screen in the Lumber Room." But the edition is not complete, for we note the omission of the rondeau, "You Bid Me Try," "The Bookworm," "The Jessamy Bride," "Poor Miss Tox," and the "Notes of a Hooeymoon," in triplets.

In another column we reprint three poems from the book—not Mr. Dobson's best or most famous verses, but typical of his style.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

The Slums of London.

In "A Princess of the Gutter," by L. T. Meade, the heiress of a large fortune devotes it to improving the condition of the London poor. Like Marcella, she takes up her quarters in the slums and gives all her energies to the task before her. Some of the details of her work are described—the model buildings she puts up, the girls' club she establishes. "The Princess" is Martha, a water-cress girl who gives up the man she loves to her friend Lucy, and afterward, when the latter stabs her husband, takes the crime upon herself.

The story is written with earnestness, but it has not a convincing ring. It shows a closer acquaintance with places than with people, and if, as the

author assures us in the preface, Martha is "sketched from a living original," the work is not done with sufficient skill to leave an impression of reality. The romantic incidents are too highly colored, and the effect given is that of a very superficial study of the London slums.

Joan, the heiress, narrates the story and divides the interest with Martha. Her personality is a more real one, but the book is written with an abruptness of style which has the result of making her appear pugnacious and eccentric rather than merely firm and decided, as the author intends.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

From Poverty to Riches, and Back Again.

In "A Bubble Fortune," Sarah Tytler tells an interesting tale of an inheritance gained and lost again. Harry Newton, for a quarter of a century a poorly paid clerk in a London mercantile house, all at once finds his fortunes changed. The main branch of an old family, with which he is remotely connected, dies out, and he is proved to be the nearest of kin. With his two pretty daughters he takes possession of a fine old English mansion with a good rental attached, and they find their lots cast in much pleasanter places.

But another claimant, this time the real heir, makes his appearance and ousts them from their newly acquired riches, and they go back to poverty in Paradise Row. Miles Newton, the new relative, is a fine young fellow, however, unmarried, and ready to fall in love with a pretty cousin, as the intelligent reader has surmised, even before he returned from the antipodes.

The story is pleasantly told, and the ups and downs of the Newton family will be followed with interest to the end.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Melodrama for Children.

There is enough plot in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Brown Ambassador" to fit out two or three juvenile stories and have enough left over for a grown-up novel besides. The scene of the story is a charming old English home, in the heart of a pretty country, where a boy spends his holidays in company with his cousins, two little girls. The elders are called away on business, and during the three days that the children are left to themselves, hosts of things happen.

The book is named for Tip, a brown dachshund, who might be related, from his gift of speech, to some of the animals in "Alice in Wonderland." But the interest that he and his four-footed friends excite is overshadowed by a thrilling succession of events which centre around a lost will, a ghost that walks, a black-mailing butler, and a crazed mother mourning for her baby.

All this is told in a bright and entertaining style. The children are interesting and well drawn, and there are some pretty scenes, notably the one where Fenella sings a song that saves her baby brother's life. But this sort of mental food is overstimulating for children. They may like it, but it is not good for them. Mrs. Fraser should discard melodrama and devote the charming style she knows how to command to simpler incidents when she writes for children.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

For Plain Women.

The title of George Fleming's, "For Plain Women Only," having performed its office of piquing curiosity, ceases to be pertinent, since the book is designed less to instruct than to amuse. Plain women as well as pretty ones may find in it some excellent hints on the art of making the most of their looks; but Aunt Lavinia's reflections are too piquant to be classed with the sort of thing that goes into the women's column of the Sunday newspapers. The book makes no new discoveries, and is largely composed of a mingling of the lore which Mrs. Jenness Miller and Edmund Russell have long been pouring forth. This is hammered out thin and put into the form of a dialogue between an old woman and her nephew. They are both clever people, and their talk sparkles with epigrams and contains many pungent criticisms on woman and her ways.

A little of it, however, goes a long way. The subject is suitable to a briefer form of discussion, and probably the papers appeared better singly, as they first came out, than when gathered into book-form. The same thing is said too many times in different forms, and Aunt Lavinia convinces us so often that the average woman is plain through her own fault that we get tired of the subject before she does.

Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Hildegard's Neighbors," by Laura E. Richards, a story written for little girls, has been published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Sheikh's White Slave," by Raymond Raife, is a decidedly thrilling story of adventure. Its hero is an English lad, and his experiences among the Arabs of the desert are quite as wonderful and hair-raising as any Rider Haggard has described.

Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"What I Told Dorcas," by Mary E. Ireland, a story about mission work and intended to be read aloud in installments at the meetings of missionary societies, has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Emerson," by George William Curtis, and "Bryant," by Carollee H. Kirkland, are the latest issues of the Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents each.

"An Excellent Knave," an English novel by J. Fitzgerald Molloy which enjoyed considerable vogue three or four years ago, has been republished in the Belmore Series published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

J. R. Bendix's amusing comedy, "Die Hochzeitsreise," printed in German and provided with English notes by Natalie Schiefferdecker, has been published in Heath's Modern Language Series by S. C. Heath & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Stanhope of Chester," by Percy Andrae, and "The Sea Wolves," by Max Pemberton—the latter a very strong story of pirates—are the latest issues of the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents each.

"The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius" is the title of a little book of quotations from the Chinese classics, one being given for each day in the year. It has been compiled by Forster H. Jennings, and a preface is furnished by Hon. Pom Kwang Soh, minister of justice to the King of Korea. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Some months ago, Louis K. Harlow, the water-color artist, paid a visit to this coast, and while here made a number of studies of the Spanish missions. From these he has selected eight of the best, showing the Carmel, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, San Diego, Dolores, Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, and San Fernando Missions, and, reproduced in aquarelle fac-simile, they are published separately, handsomely mounted, and also as a set in a portfolio entitled "The Old Missions of California." Published by L. Prang & Co., Boston.

The subject of forest reservations is treated by Professor Joseph Le Conte, Mr. John Muir, and Professor William Russell Dudley in the Sierra Club Bulletin, No. 7. The club is composed of scientists and lovers of nature, and its members have made valuable contributions to our store of information regarding the mountain regions of the Pacific Slope. In the present bulletin Professor Bolton Coit Brown contributes the opening paper: "Three Days with Mt. King"; then follow "Forest Reservations: With a Report on the Sierra Reservation, Cal.," by Professor Dudley; the proceedings of the meeting of the club held in last November, including addresses by Professor Le Conte and Mr. Muir; and, finally, notes and correspondence on matters of which the club takes cognizance. There are a number of excellent photographic and other illustrations in this bulletin. Published by the club at the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

The Englishwoman who writes over the pseudonym of "The Duchess" has published her twenty-eighth novel. It is called "A Point of Conscience," and is of a piece with its twenty-seven predecessors. The personages are all of the caste of Vere de Vere, with their complement of "worthy creatures" in the way of governesses, servants, and the like, and they have their several ambitions and passions and trials as they have had in "The Duchess's" stories from "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn" down. "The Duchess" has a little of the light touch of "Gyp" in sketching society types and repeating their chatter, but she has none of the Parisian's wickedness. Living among a nation of shop-keepers who dearly love a lord, she writes for their daughters, and while her stories may be frothy and unprofitable, they will never fall under the ban of the decorous. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley, professor of geography and lecturer on geology in King's College, London, has been added to the Library of Useful Stories. It is a little book that may be carried in the pocket, though it contains nearly two hundred pages, and its scope may be inferred from the chapter-heads, which include: "The Earth's Internal Heat," "Material of Mountain Chains," "Volcanic Rocks," "The Materials of Strata," "The Succession of Strata," "Origin of Stratigraphical Geology," "Fossils," "The Classification of Water-Formed Rocks," "The Archæan Rocks," "Cambrian and Silurian Rocks," "Old Red Sandstone and Devonian," "Carboniferous Strata," "Permian and Trias," "Lias," "Oolites," "The Neocomian Period," "Lower Cretaceous Rocks," "The Chalk," "Lower Tertiary Strata," "Middle Tertiary Strata," "The Crag," and "Glacial Period and Gravels." The book contains some forty illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A volume on the romantic characters and incidents in the history of Kentucky is in course of preparation by James Lane Allen, author of "A Kentucky Cardinal." Mr. Allen is also contemplating the writing of two novels of Southern life, one of which, it is solemnly stated, will be "cast on different lines from that of any novel heretofore published."

The Boston Public Library refuses to issue to its readers Thomas Hardy's recent novel, "Jude, the Obscure," as well as his older work, "Two on a Tower."

It turns out that Paul Verlaine's "Livres Posthume" is not the only volume of verse he has left behind him. His publisher, M. Vanier, has the entire manuscript of a volume of satirical verse entitled "Invectives," consisting for the most part of sonnets in which Verlaine criticises a number of contemporary French writers with much freedom and some bitterness. Verlaine would have issued the volume during his life-time but for the advice of his publisher, who persuaded him that its appearance would only create him enemies.

Mr. Stead has just published some interesting statistics relative to his popular penny publications:

There are fourteen machines employed day and night in turning out this novel form of literature for the masses. Of the Penny Poets he has already sold nearly 5,000,000, for which 300 tons of paper have been used. The Penny Novels, the first of which was published about a month ago, have called for sixty-four tons of paper for the 1,000,000 copies now in circulation. Of these "Joshua Davidson" has been shortened of its original length by about fifteen out of every 100 pages; "She" has been shorn to the extent of thirty, and "Monte Cristo" to the extent of seventy-five pages out of every 100 to the original publication. Mr. Stead's next volume in this line is to be "Æsop's Fables," the first number of Books for the Bairs. The feature of the series is that it will consist of a two-column page, one devoted to letter-press and the other to pictorial matter.

John T. Morse, Jr., in preparing "The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes," has had the concurrence and help of Dr. Holmes's family. The work comprises two volumes, and is said to be "peculiarly rich in letters that are as attractive and characteristic as anything he ever wrote."

The abrupt and unexplained dismissal of Henry Cust from the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* by William Waldorf Astor is celebrated by the *New York Sun* in this quatrain:

"Too much has my paper, yelet the *Pall Mall*,
Delighted in giving America fits,
But no longer, cries Astor, with shame and disgust,
'Shall my journal be damned, nor its Editor Cust.'"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been under the editorship of Mr. Cust since it was purchased by Mr. Astor, three and a half years ago. The paper has become one of the strongest and most influential Tory journals in England. It has been, by all odds, the best evening newspaper in London. Progressive, enterprising, and original in all its methods, it has had the distinction of being the first to publish two of the greatest pieces of news for England in the last three years—the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and the formation of the Russo-Turkish alliance. It is not known who the new editor will be. Mr. Cust, probably, will not be long without a journal of his own, and it is reported that a large part of the *Pall Mall Gazette*'s staff will retire with him. He will also reënter public life. He resigned from Parliament a year or more ago on account of his journalistic duties.

The *Black Cat* for March contains a remarkable five-cents' worth of fiction, including a detective story, a love story, a ghost story, a society story, and a tale of mystery.

A question discussed in English literary circles at present, "Do authors gain or lose by living in the country?" develops the following facts:

Jerome K. Jerome makes it a rule to spend three days of each week in the country. Anthony Hope "attends chambers" every morning, and works with clock-like punctuality from ten till four. Stanley Weyman is at present wandering in Wales with his bride and his eye-glass. Grant Allen is "A Man Who Won't" stop in town unless obliged to do so. Zangwill shuts himself up in his suburban home till he has finished a book, and then recuperates by going into society. Away from his desk, the capricious critic becomes the mildest of tea-table lambs. Crockett visits London once a year, and Rider Haggard runs up to town for a week at a time.

E. Irenæus Stevenson has written a story of life in a fashionable boarding-house in New York, which is being published as a serial in one of the weekly papers. Its title is "Mrs. Dee's Encore."

Writing of the profits of authors, a topic of perennial interest, James Payn says:

"The year 1896 will be an *annus mirabilis* for them, since I know, of my own knowledge, three of them will receive for their books the sum of twenty-seven thousand pounds, or an average of nine thousand pounds in the year. Never have such huge sums been made by so many writers, nor anything like them; though Sir Walter Scott alone—for many years—made even a larger income. The causes for this transformation scene in Grub Street are various, chiefly the immense increase in the number of readers, the growth of wealth, the American copyright, and the large sums paid for the serial issue, a source of profit which in old times did not exist."

Fitzgerald Molloy's forthcoming biography of "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington"—the title of the book is the phrase applied to the lady by Dr. Samuel Parr—promises to be of very great

interest, for Lady Blessington corresponded with all the most famous people of her time. Prince Louis Napoleon wrote to her from the Fortress of Ham, during his imprisonment there; the Countess Guiccioli wrote to her about her lover, Lord Byron; and Captain Marryat, Landor, Dickens, Disraeli, and Bulwer were among her regular correspondents.

The London *Daily News* recently referred to Mr. Crockett and his latest successful novel, "Ian Maclaren"!

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has a strange disinclination to consider Mr. Hall Caine the mightiest writer of his time, has described that ovelist's style as "Bible and *Daily Telegraph*." Now, the *Gazette* is hugging itself over that artless description, for Mr. Caine has declared in *McClure's*:

"Whatever strong situations I have in my tales are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Descent' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapgoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

The *Gazette* adds: "Samuel as a little girl suggests infinite possibilities in the way of the Bible turned into fiction."

It is said that Mr. du Maurier has been paid fifty thousand good American dollars for his new story, "The Martian," upon the illustration of which he is now at work. Of course, these latter bring another good round sum, and the manuscript of the story and the originals of the illustrations are both retained by the author.

"Ouida's" opinion of England is thus expressed in "Under Two Flags," where Cigarette, addressing Bertie Cecil, the English nobleman who is the hero of the tale, says:

"As for nobility? Puff! Not much of that in me. I love France—yes. A soldier always loves his country. She is so brave, too, and so fair, and so *riante*, and so gay. Not like your Albion, who is a great *gobenoische*, stuffed full of cotton, steaming with fog, clutching gold with one hand and the Bible with the other, that she may swell her money-bags, and seem a saint all the same; never laughing, never learning, always growling, always shuffling; who is like the spider—look!—a tiny body and huge, hairy legs. Pull her legs—the colonies—off, and leave her little English body, all shriveled and shrunk, alone, and I should like to know what she would be then, and how she would manage to swell and to strut."

Henry James recently remarked that England's "two most distinguished novelists are Meredith the Obscure and The Amazing Hardy."

H. C. Bunner is traveling through California in search of health and literary material (according to the *New York Journal*). He is accompanied by Mr. Schwarzmänn, the publisher and principal owner of *Puck*, and "during the trip a careful study of the political sentiment of the people will be made, and *Puck's* policy during the coming campaign decided upon."

POEMS BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Paradox of Time.

(A VARIATION ON RONSARD.)

"Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
Las! le temps non: mais nous nous en allons!"

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, we go;

Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,

For Youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say!—ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet

Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see

The earth's fixed surface flee—
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,

And mine had shamed the crow.
Now, in the self-same stage,

We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say!—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song

To praise your "rose" and "snow";
My bird, that sang, is dead;

Where are your roses fled?
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,
What backward Fate delays

The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires?—

Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say!—ah, no!

How far, how far, O Sweet,
The past behind our feet

Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,

Let us fold hands, and pray;
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

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Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Alas, Time stays—we go!

Whose was it once?—Who manned it once in hope

His fate to gain?

Who was it dreamed his oyster-world should ope

To this—in vain?

Maybe with some stout Argonaut it sailed

The Western Seas;

Maybe but to some paltry Nym availed

For toasting cheese!

Or decked by Beauty on some morning lawn

With silken knot,

Perchance, ere night, for Church and King 'twas drawn—

Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day, 'mid foils and gloves

Its hilt depends,

Flanked by the favors of forgotten loves—

Remembered friends—

And oft its legend lends, in hours of stress,

A word to aid;

Or like a warning comes, in puffed success,

Its broken blade.

The Secrets of the Heart.

"Le cœur mène où il va."

SCENE.—A chalet covered with honeysuckle.

NINETTE. NINON.

NINETTE—This way—

NINON—No, this way—

NINETTE—This way, then.

[They enter the chalet.]

You are as changing, Child—as Men.

NINON—But are they? Is it true, I mean?

Who said it?

NINETTE—Sister Séraphine.

She was so pious and so good,

With such sad eyes beneath her hood,

And such poor little feet—all bare!

Her name was Eugénie la Fère.

She used to tell us—moonlight nights—

When I was at the Carmelites.

NINON—Ah, then it must be right. And yet,

Suppose for once—suppose, Ninette—

NINETTE—But what?—

Suppose it were not so?

NINON—Suppose there were true men, you know!

NINETTE—And then?—

NINON—Why—if that could occur,

What kind of man should you prefer?

NINETTE—What, looks, you mean?

NINON—Looks, voice, and all.

NINETTE—Well, as to that, he must be tall,

Or say, not "tall"—of middle size;

And next, he must have laughing eyes,

And a hook-nose—with, underneath,

Oh! what a row of sparkling teeth!

NINON [touching her cheek suspiciously]—

Has he a scar on this side?

NINETTE—Hush!

Some one is coming. No; a thrush:

I see it swinging there.

NINON—Go on.

NINETTE—Then he must fence (ah, look, 'tis gone!

And dance like Monseigneur, and sing

"Love was a Shepherd"—everything

That men do. Tell me yours, Ninon.

NINON—Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair...

I mean he should have; then an air

Half sad, half noble; features thin;

A little *royale* on the chin;

And such a pale, high brow. And then,

He is a prince of gentlemen—

He, too, can ride and fence, and write

Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight

No worse for that—

NINETTE—I know your man.

NINON—And I know yours. But you'll not tell—

Swear it!

NINETTE—I swear upon this fan—

My grandmother's!

NINON—And I, I swear

On this old turquoise reliquaire—

My great—great grandmother's!—

[After a pause.]

NINETTE!

I feel so sad.

NINETTE—I too. But why?

NINON—Alas, I know not!

NINETTE [with a sigh]—Nor do I.

The seventh annual report of the Los Angeles

Public Library has just been issued. It is an admirably

prepared resume of the library's conduct

and progress during the past year, and shows that

the institution is much used by the Angelenos.

There has been a steady increase in the number of

books used each month, until in January the average

daily home use of books mounted to nearly

twelve hundred. In the tables showing the circulation

of periodicals in the reading-room, the curious

fact is developed that the *Scientific American*

is the most popular of the weeklies in the library's

list, leading all the others by fully fifteen hundred

calls. It is gratifying to note that the *Argonaut* is

one of the eleven most popular weekly papers in a

list of one hundred and seventeen, outstripping

such weeklies as the *Critic*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Harper's*

Round Table, the *Independent*, *Littell's Living*

Age, the *Nation*, and *Punch*; among the monthlies

the *Atlantic* comes nearest to the *Argonaut's* circulation,

falling about one hundred below it. Such lists should be kept in all public libraries, as they

constitute an index of popular taste.

The circumstance that the *Athenæum*, the chief

literary organ of England, has pointedly omitted

all mention or reference to the new laureate is

treated in England with all the seriousness of an

affair of state. It is hinted that the editor of the

Athenæum, when reminded that his journal had

not noticed the appointment of Alfred Austin to

the laureateship, observed airily that he did not regard

it as an item of literary interest.

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RIPANS TABULES

Dennis Bernhard, who lives at No. 1188 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes under date of May 23, 1895: "Having heard of your Tabules, and having suffered for years from dyspepsia and biliousness, I thought I would try them. I have been using them now for about six weeks and they have given me great relief." Mr. Bernhard keeps a Bowery lodging house and the air is often very bad. He says that a Tabule taken now and then keeps him from getting sick to that air.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.



There is a popular saying about one Don Ferdinand not being able to do more than he can do. It is a pity the Tavery Opera Company are not more like Don Ferdinand, for they are continually doing more than they can do. They did a great deal more than they could do on Monday night with "The Huguenots."

It is not so much the principals of the company that are unfitted for such very grand opera as it is the resources of the organization in the way of scenery, costumes, chorus, etc. There are certain things which have to be well done or not done at all—poetry, a made-up complexion, above all, a grand opera. Pleasure can be taken from the pipings of a minor poet's reed. It is possible to endure the sight of a countenance which is as frankly frescoed as a Roman Catholic church, though the strain is trying. But it is a trial of endurance to listen to a ponderous and florid grand opera, in which the singers are over-weighted, the scenery is inadequate, and the chorus look as if they had been picked up at a bargain.

Why do the Tavery Company cling to these ambitious operas? Why do they not content themselves with simpler and lighter works? Emma Abbott, in whose footsteps Mme. Tavery might successfully walk, rarely made the mistake of producing a piece utterly beyond the resources of her company. Emma Abbott made a fortune giving light grand opera in the West, and we suppose it is upon the same quest that Mme. Tavery is now engaged. To be sure, the West was then virgin territory so far as opera was concerned. Emma Abbott was the monarch of all she surveyed; no one disputed her throne, and if she chose to give "The Bohemian Girl" when her audiences wanted "Faust," they had to take "The Bohemian Girl" or go without. Times are changed since then. The West is no longer what it was when Emma Abbott ruled its musical destinies and made a million there. Nevertheless, it has still the old hunger for an opera, the old love of "La donna e mobile" and "Ah che la morte," and the company that will give it these old familiar friends prettily and tunelessly ought to stand high in its favor.

But the West has passed that stage of primeval ignorance when it can stand a tremendous grand opera, which can only be put on the stage properly in the great cities of the world, presented by a traveling company that, roughly speaking, has neither scenery, costumes, nor chorus. The traditional flight of stairs, which seems as necessary to the second act of "The Huguenots" as the screen does to "The School for Scandal," was there, and so was the barge in which De Nevers carried off his unwilling bride. But, upon the whole, the scenery was meagre. This also was the predominating characteristic of the chorus. The court-ladies who did honor to Queen Marguerite were an assemblage of singularly thin women in singularly ugly costumes. It is not their fault that they are thin, and it is not their fault that they are cast to sing in an opera which never ought to be produced in this country outside New York. They ought to be angry with Mme. Tavery for putting them in a position where they look such guys. In fact, the whole company is justified in feeling some resentment at being set to sing an opera which taxes the abilities of the greatest companies.

In the polyglot rendering of the piece, one for the first time caught some buried glimpses of the story of "The Huguenots." In Italian opera nobody ever thinks of the story. Does any one now living know what "Trovatore" is about? Three languages were used in "The Huguenots" on Monday. Mme. Tavery used Italian; the Chevalier Albert Guille, French; and the others English. Miss Lichter, who was that frolicsome "Reine Margot" whose life was destined to be so stormy and adventurous, sings in English, tempered by a strong foreign accent into something sibilantly unintelligible, but pretty, nevertheless. In her fresh girlishness, her face showing soft and charming lines, her hair black and crisply curly under her diadem, she was the most attractive figure on the stage.

There are two great soprano rôles and an important contralto rôle in "The Huguenots." This latter one was taken by Belle Tomlins, who on Tuesday appeared again as Ortrud in "Lohengrin." Miss Tomlins was a disappointing Urbano, and a very dramatic and satisfactory Ortrud. One bad, indeed, a strong desire to see the Tavery Company in German opera, and a strong and revivifying hope that they would redeem some of their labored Italian productions by a return in the musical element which, at any rate in Mme.

Tavery's case, is her native one. But there seems to be a hnodoo on "Lohengrin." At the first performance, Elsa was sick and there was no Lohengrin. At the second performance, Lohengrin himself was sick, and, rather than disappoint a second time, the opera was given with a Lohengrin who, though he looked as blondely superb as that august being is supposed to look, was a decided failure when it came to singing.

Everything, indeed, went promisingly till the appearance of the Swan Knight. Few of the audience knew that Payne Clark was unable to appear, and, rather than change the performance again, a Lohengrin had been procured who would have to scramble through on his looks. His first appearance was very cheering. Pulled by the "liebe Schwan," the mystic knight came slowly sailing in, his armor glistening, his yellow curls gleaming below his winged helmet. But as the "Swan Song" swelled out upon the air, he died and did not spring again in the human breast all evening. It was a most unfortunate predicament for the company to be in, and one feels the deepest sympathy for them; but the sorrowful part of being a member of the noble army who live by amusing the public is that the public is a capricious and remorseless master. When the jester grows old and no longer has mirth in him to make the king laugh, when the musician's hand grows tremulous and loses its cunning, when the painter's eyes are dim and can no longer see to lay on the tints of nature harmoniously, there is no pity or mercy to be expected from the master they have served so long and well. They are worn-out things, grown past their usefulness—throw them on the dust-heap with the other broken toys! So long as you serve the public with your best, they will fling you their passing coin, but when the glory of that best is dimmed by sickness, by despair, by age, they will pass laughing on, to offer their tribute at the newer, gayer booths of Vanity Fair.

The Tavery Company may be the recipients of the sympathy of the humane side of the community in their "Lohengrin" trials, but they had better arrange so as to have no more. Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark is no worse than "Lohengrin" with a Swan Knight who sings badly and has a poor voice. It was most especially provoking, as the rest of the company—true to one's hopeful prognostications—were better fitted in the German opera than they have been in anything but "Carmen" and the two small Italian operas they give together. Had Mr. Payne Clark conquered his indisposition, or had a more competent understudy been forthcoming, we really might have had the pleasure of listening to a well-performed work. Even as it was, the entertainment was infinitely better and more interesting than that of the previous evening.

The company are better suited to the rendering of German opera than Italian. Mme. Tomlins, for example, who was not at all at home with the brilliant ornamentation of Meyerbeer's score, and who seemed as ill-suited to her page's dress as to the florid music, made an extremely striking Ortrud. It is one of the rules of dramatic criticism never to say what you think, but always to say what you ought to think. This is what people believe to be a fine, lofty, cultured criticism, especially when, in their secret hearts, they never agree with it. But it is no use trying to make those who are blindly indifferent to the public try to win favor with them. It would be quite correct to write here that the opening scene in the second act of "Lohengrin" is one of the most inspiring and dramatic in the German opera, whereas, after having listened stolidly to it half a score of times, one can only doggedly reiterate that it is about the dulllest, and heaviest, and deadliest act that Wagner ever wrote.

Two things redeem it—an Ortrud with a sense of the dramatic and the picturesque significance of the scene, and a power of imagination on the part of the spectator to see the contrast between the dark woman with the dark soul and the creature of light and love she is striving to ruin—a contrast that Wagner attempted to develop into a great poetic idea which would dominate the act. Later on, when his genius matured, he would have done this with grandeur. In "Lohengrin," however, he was not yet perfect master of his medium. His grasp on the act was never strong enough, and its singular chaotic and dragging weariness is the result. Miss Tomlins's Ortrud easily dominated. It was powerful, rough, but true. She looks like a Mexican, with black hair and eyes that slant up a little on the outer corners. Her draperies were dull black and russet brown, and the only relieving light about her figure was the whiteness of her arms and finely modeled hands, which showed with a Henner-like effect against her dark robes.

Mme. Tavery, being a German singer, makes a good Elsa. Elsa is the German ideal—the tender, sentimental, dreamy maiden. All in white, with her favorite golden hair, she made an effective appearance, and sang the still, untroubled, innocent music of the score with the correct tranquillity and smoothness. The musical honors of the evening were, however, Mr. Abramhoff's. He is the most important acquisition to the company, bringing to it the richness of a full, deep, bass voice. In "The Huguenots," the evening before, he was excellent as Martel.

The Ladies' Auxiliary.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Mercantile Library Association held a reception last Saturday afternoon in the rooms over the library, and entertained many of their friends. An interesting programme was presented in which the participants were Barness W. von Meyerinck, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Miss Ida Cohen, Miss Grace Davis, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Caroline Herrin, Miss Cecilia Decker, and Mr. George T. Brimley. Light refreshments were served during the afternoon. The reception committee comprised:

Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Edward May, Mrs. Isidore Burns, Miss Tessa Semple, Mrs. F. Vassault, Miss K. E. Commins, Mrs. Frank J. Symmes, Mrs. Fanny Lent, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. Edward Probert, Mrs. Mary Prag, Mrs. J. T. Dare, Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, Mrs. Frank Sumner, Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Miss Moran, Mrs. Hadrim Swain, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Miss Bigelow, Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mrs. D. C. Babin, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Miss A. G. Catlin, and Miss Marian J. Snook.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Mercantile Library Association will give an entertainment at Native Sons' Hall next Friday evening, which promises to be quite interesting. It will be a mock trial, an appeal from the decision of the Oakland court which recently sentenced Mr. George T. Bromley to the State legislature for life. Among the participants will be Mr. Bromley, Judge Robert Ferral, Mr. William S. Barnes, Mr. Milton S. Eisner, Mrs. Edna Snell Paulsen, and others as jurors and witnesses.

A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it, he remarked in his agent: "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advise him, as usual, and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star, Mr. D—, will appear in several parts."

Besides the £5,000 raised by the *Daily Telegraph*, Dr. W. G. Grace has received in testimonials this year £2,000 from the Marylebone Cricket Club, £1,300 from his own county of Gloucestershire, and £250 raised by the *Sportsman*, £42,000 in all.

One of Dr. Jameson's force, who was slightly wounded, is John Arthur Burnand, the fourth son of F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*. J. A. Burnand was in the Bechuanaland police, and has been in South Africa for the last four years.

Professor Gieseler, of Göttingen, has twenty-four children. He saw a child crying in the street, and asked: "What is the matter, little boy?" "Dn't you know me, papa?" said the boy. He was one of the twenty-four children.

"What do you object to in the case of the baroness?" "To be frank, her past." "But I assure you her reputation is unspotted." "I know that; I only object to her past because there is too much of it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Frederick Warde in Classic Plays.

Frederick Warde will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Baldwin on Monday evening. While retaining tragedy largely in his repertoire, Mr. Warde includes in the list of his productions several classic romances which he has found fully as pleasing to a majority of thoughtful theatre-goers as are the standard tragedies.

Two of these romantic dramas, "The Mountebank" and "The Lion's Mouth," and one tragedy, "Virginius," will receive production during the first week of his engagement here; the first named on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and at the matinee Saturday; the second on Tuesday and Thursday evenings; and "Virginius" on Saturday evening. "The Mountebank" is not a new play, but it has been seldom presented in recent years. Mr. Warde played it for a season some five years ago, and has now revived it as a special production. It was written by Alphonse d'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," but the adaptation used by Mr. Warde is largely his own work. The scenes are laid in France during the Napoleonic era, and afford scope for handsome scenery and costumes. Mr. Warde's production of "The Lion's Mouth," by Henry Guy Carleton, is familiar here. "Virginius" was Frederick Warde's earliest success.

Mr. Warde's supporting company contains many well-known artists, among whom may be mentioned Charles D. Herman, Charles Sutton, Beverly Turner, H. D. Byers, Harry Barton, Ernest C. Warde, J. Landers Stevens, John Hickey, George Fullerton, Miss Fanny Gillette, Mrs. Isabel Waldron, Miss Lucia Moore, and Miss Craig Garrick.

"Der Freischütz" at the Tivoli.

The revival of "Der Freischütz" has proved so popular with the Tivoli patrons that the opera is to be continued all next week. Ida Valera and Kate Marchi have been cordially welcomed back, and, with Raffael, W. H. West, Arthur Boyce, Marcel Perron, and Martin Pache in the cast, the production has been a very creditable one. The orchestra, now under the leadership of Louis Heine, maintains its position as the best in the city, and the scenes have been mounted very handsomely. On Thursday a new-comer, Theresa Coudray, made her debut, alternating with Miss Marchi in the rôle of Annie; she is known in private life as Miss Anna Schnabel, and has already appeared in German in this city.

"Rip Van Winkle," with Ferris Hartman in the title-rôle and Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers as the children, will follow "Der Freischütz."

Two Melodramas.

"Wife for Wife," a strong melodrama by John A. Stevens, has been the play of the week at Morosco's Grand Opera House, with Darrell Vinton and Essie Tittell in the leading rôles. It will be continued through Sunday night, and on Monday "The Pulse of New York," another realistic and sensational melodrama, will be put on. In it Florence Thropp has the most prominent part, appearing as a young heiress with ideas of her own, an Irish washerwoman, a down-East Yankee widow, a green German girl, a newsboy, and Mrs. Hagerty, No. 2. The cast of characters is as follows:

Polly Morton, Florence Thropp; Edith Dennison, Alice Condon; Mother Skevotki, Julia Blanc; Edward Dennison and Riccardo, Eugene Moore; Philip Holt, Fred J. Butler; Giaromo, Frank Hatch; Sammy Snapper, Charles W. Swain; Dicy Moran and Templeton Trippett, Charles E. Lethian; Policeman McSorley, J. Harry Benrino.

One scene takes place on the Elevated track in New York, and another introduces a leap for life in a great fire.

A Bicycle Play.

Nellie McHenry comes to the California Theatre, next Monday night, with a farce-comedy built up on the bicycle craze. It is called "A Bicycle Girl," and was written for Miss McHenry by Louis Harrison. The plot, such as it is, concerns the heiress of a bicycle manufacturer; she is an up-to-date young woman and is president of a bicycle club, and she has two suitors, a rival bicycle-maker and a college athlete. The first act takes place in the Briarwood Bicycle Club, the second at a clam-bake, and the third at a race-track. John Webster and Charles Morrison will have the rôles of the rival suitors, and the remainder of the cast will be filled out with pretty girls, singers, and comedians.

"The Old Lime Kiln."

C. T. Dazey, the author of "In Old Kentucky," has constructed a remarkable play in "The Old Lime Kiln." It includes most of the known forms of the drama in daring combination, with a few distinctly original features. The first act is like a combination of "M'liss" and "The Silver King," presenting to us a Wild Western maiden—with an intermittent Southern accent—whose father has buried himself in the West for eighteen years because he can not prove his innocence of a crime. But the daughter rescues him from despair, and they go back to the old home to find the guilty man. The remaining three acts are taken up with this search, and, in one of them, the army man whom the heroine loves is almost burned up in an

old lime-kiln, in which he is thrown by a half-crazed epileptic. Hence the play's odd name.

This sounds very sombre, but an Irish corporal and the washerwoman of his choice, a cowboy in love, and a spinster chaperon are on the scene almost all the time, and they keep the house in a constant laugh. The corporal has some Irish songs that take well.

"The Old Lime Kiln" will be continued at the Columbia all next week, and later come Eugene Canfield, the farce-comedian, in "A Railroad Ticket," and a New York company in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Notes.

Nat Goodwin is coming to the Baldwin in May. He will present his new play, "In Missouri," which had a long run in New York.

There are sixty persons in the company which is to present Hoyt's "A Milk-White Flag" at the Baldwin after Frederick Warde's engagement.

They say Sir Henry Irving is strongly opposed to his son's marriage to Dorothea Baird, the Tlithy of the London production. He refuses to speak on the subject when questioned by reporters.

A popular testimonial for Mme. Nordica is being arranged in New York, Mrs. Astor heading the subscription list. A considerable sum of money has already been subscribed, and it has been decided to give the testimonial the form of a diamond tiara.

Alphonse d'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," who has just been made a commander in the Legion of Honor, has had a share in two hundred and nine plays, operas, dramas, and farces. Fifteen he wrote alone; for all the others he had collaborators.

Ladies in the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver will have to take their hats off hereafter, or be in contempt of court. The theatre is at present managed by assignees under directions from the district court, and their orders, requiring ladies in the audience to remove their hats, bonnets, or other paraphernalia during performances, has just been approved by the court.

Augustin Daly's players will be in San Francisco in April, and will play an engagement at the Baldwin. Charles J. Richman, the handsome young actor who was in Mrs. Langtry's company, and came out here to join Rose Coghlan's company, but played only one week before the company disbanded, is now Daly's leading man. The company will play "The Countess Ghicki" during the engagement.

Ambrose Thomas, the composer of "Mignon," died in Paris last week. He was in his eighty-fifth year and had been director of the Conservatoire de Musique since 1871. "Mignon" was written in 1866, and, except in 1871, not a year has passed since that it was not sung at one of the Paris theatres. The one-thousandth performance was made a great occasion, some months ago, and the composer was then honored with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

The rumor of Jean de Reszke's engagement is being revived by his brother's brother-in-law, but it looks like an advance-agent's story. It has been public gossip in Paris for years that the handsome tenor is in love with the Comtesse Miramaille and that the lady is not averse; but she is a Catholic, and her husband, though legally divorced, is not dead. The brother's brother-in-law, who is known as M. Willy Schultz, says they are to be married as soon as the De Reszkes get back to Paris, and that Jean will then retire from the stage. But an engagement to sing in this country next year makes against the last assertion.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Americans in the Transvaal.

WHATCOM, WASH., February 18, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am surprised to note in your issue of the third instant an article on the Transvaal question, in which your usual clearness of view and justness of opinion seem wholly at fault. In the article referred to, you take President Cleveland and Secretary Olney to task for not demanding the release of John Hays Hammond; but why? If Hammond has been an instigator and abettor in the raid against the Boer Government, which seems, as nearly as may be gathered from the daily press, to be the case, he deserves to be tried and punished by the law he has broken, or attempted to break—that "their plots were futile" does not lessen the criminality of their action, but simply makes punishment of some sort inevitable. While the American Government ought to protect its citizens to the utmost of its power, they should be protected in right and not in wrong-doing. We have consular agents in South Africa who will see that justice is done, and if John Hays Hammond shall be found guilty, then can reparation be demanded; but it would seem only fair to try him by the laws he has attempted to break. Americans, as a nation, are so inclined to leniency and mercy, that justice is sometimes overlooked—as you have many times had occasion to remark, apropos of the ever-increasing criminal class in this country. But the Boers are a brave and just nation, and may be trusted to act with their inherited calmness and moderation, so that even the friends of Mr. Hammond need have no fear of an injustice being done him, or any other American who is to be tried. That Dr. Jameson, though more guilty, has been sent to England, where he will be lionized and lauded for the dastardly crime of invading a peaceful people, killing some and wounding others, instead of being justly tried and punished, is truly an aggravation of all sense of justice, and not a reason why Mr. Hammond should be delivered over to the United States. And we think if

harm comes to the Americans who are implicated, it will not "be due to the criminal negligence of President Cleveland and Secretary Olney," but to the criminal deeds of the Americans themselves.

Very respectfully, E. C. T.

[If "E. C. T." will re-read the article to which he refers, he will see that the *Argonaut* does not defend the action of the Americans now imprisoned in Pretoria. What we were contending for was that the United States Government should claim the same privileges for its citizens as the British Government did for its subjects. We were not discussing any questions existing between the imprisoned Americans and the Boer government, but the comparative treatment accorded to Englishmen and Americans. Since our article was written, we see by late London papers that President Kruger offered to turn over John Hays Hammond and the other Americans to the British Government for trial. The British Government, however, refused, not wishing to embarrass itself with the United States Government. If President Kruger would, unsolicited, turn over accused Americans to be tried by British courts, does not our correspondent think that proper representations made by this government would have resulted in their being turned over to our courts? We hope that "E. C. T." may never find himself in a similar position. But if he should be accused of a crime in a foreign land, and had to stand up at the bar of a court whose proceedings were conducted in a foreign language, whose laws differed entirely from those of his own country, and whose customs and usages were utterly dissimilar, he would realize how the Americans in South Africa must feel when they see Englishmen accused of armed invasion sailing triumphantly back to be tried by the English courts, and yet find themselves, for lesser offenses, being tried by the Boer courts, in a language which is not even Dutch, and which even a Hollander has difficulty in understanding.—ECS.]

An Unpublished Letter to the "Examiner."

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose herewith a copy of a letter mailed by me to the *Examiner*.

Yours truly, H. D. LANSING.

125½ Twenty-Fourth Street.

[Copy.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1896.

TO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE EXAMINER—Sirs: I have for some years been a regular subscriber and a friend of the *Examiner*, notwithstanding its apparently strong inclinations toward the sensational and scandalous.

"There are others," I believe that I am one of many in this respect, and that I will have a large percentage of supporters in the remarks to follow.

Your edition of Wednesday, the twelfth instant, is the "last straw that breaks the camel's back." I refer to page 9—the title-page of the second portion—which shows a diagram of the scene of the Morton Street tragedy, and gives statements of various disreputable people connected therewith. Thereon is pictured and described the lowest of the low, and this, with its very noticeable illustrations, is distributed among the best homes to attract the eyes of our fifteen-year-old sons and daughters.

Such a page in one of the police papers, *i. e.*, the *Gazette* or *News*, might not be considered out of the way, as these papers are not to be found in respectable households. However, it is not necessary to elaborate further on this subject—the fact that a leading paper of this State should constantly furnish its subscribers with reading matter of this character is a thing to be deplored by any native son.

Kindly stop delivery of your paper to my address at once, and collect amount due to date.

Very respectfully, H. D. LANSING.

Another Woman on Women.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 18, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your remarks in reply to "M. L. W. C."—"A Woman on Women"—impel me to say: The reformation of society does not rest with women—under the old régime of uneducated dependency. If the standard of womanhood is female chastity, whose standard is it? Certainly not man's standard, for the demand is not for that class of women; the supply far exceeds the demand. That this kind of woman is not sought by men, as friends, or companions, or wives, is proven by the determined effort of chaste girls to be self-supporting. It is true "that women can be educated by men to condone and outwardly approve that which they secretly believe to be low and vile." This kind of education comes after matrimony, and the wife is compelled to accept it, as her maintenance and that of her children depend on her heroic, silent endurance. N. J. M.

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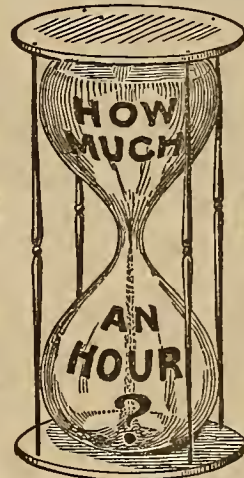
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VANITY FAIR.

Many meo who are thinking of proposing may find in recent periodicals a number of precedents. Mr. Howells writes of a young lady, in *Harper's*, who flatly tells a young man that she does not care for him and that he can go away. "As he turns to go, she asks: 'You are oot going away hating me?' 'No; loviog you more than ever.' She averts her eyes and murmurs: 'Why, what are you going for?' It is needless to state that the lover at once 'claps her to his bosom.' Mr. Howells offers no explanation for her vacillation. Kate Douglas Wiggin strings out a proposal in her latest story to a column. But it evidently took time to this case, because the lovers had been engaged ooce before, had a row, and broke up. Mary E. Stickoey in her novel, "The Old Silver Trail," has an interview between two ex-lovers, and the man says: "'The last time I saw you, you told me that you hated me. It was not true?' 'I think—I think more of you—than I ever did,' she murmurs." Curtaio. Robert Barr also has a proposal in his story, "The Uoderstudy." The girl says: "'Oh, I have ooo patience with you.' 'I am sorry for that,' replied Ormoed, 'for I intended to ask you to be my wife.' 'Oh I' cried the girl, breathlessly, turning her head away." Theo follows the usual explanation. Altogether the literature of proposals this month seems to be unusually rich.

In a recent number of *Vogue*, there is a paragraph on the custom of making an allowance to daughters. There can be no doubt that such a custom is a most excellent ooe, as the *Argonaut* has often maintained. Wheo a girl reaches a certain age, say seventeen or eighteen, she should be made an allowance, paid monthly or quarterly, out of which she should be expected to provide herself with gowns, hats, and all the staple requirements of her toilet. As to luxuries, like furs, jewels, hall-gowns, and such things, they may be left to the individual generosity of her parents, who need not stint themselves in that because they give her an allowance. Too much stress can not be laid upon the fact that every girl should have an allowance, and thus be trained to the expenditure of money. Many a young girl, when she marries and goes to her husband, excites alternately his irritation and alarm, owing to her utter ignorance of money. If such a girl had been trained from girlhood to the receipt of a stated sum out of which she had to meet her needs, she would make a better wife.

Amoo the cotillions given in San Francisco this winter, it has been a subject of remark that there have not been many new figures. However, it is not always the case that the newest figures are the prettiest or the most popular. For example, one of the oldest figures in the cotillion is the grand chain, which is nothing but the grand right and left as it is danced in the lancers. Yet, old as it is, this is one of the most popular figures, as it at ooce gives all of those dancing the cotillion a chance to meet and to see who is there. Among the other figures are the driving figure, the ring figure—in which the women pass under the up-raised arms of the men to the next rig—the arch figure, and the snake figure, in which all the couples are wound from a ring into a knot. All of these are old, but they are, none the less, pretty figures and popular ones. It is the experience of most people at cotillions that when new figures are introduced, all the dancers have not learned them, and the result is usually nothing but confusion.

Congressman Bailey, of Texas, who has excited some remark in Washington by his dress, thus said in a recent interview: "I have always held that society had no right to regulate the style of a man's clothes. I have always worn, as I do today, the same black broadcloth suit, cut in the same style; the same style of broad shirt-front and a white tie; the same kind of collar and broad black felt hat. I wear these clothes regardless of society's dictation, because I believe they become me and they please my wife. There is a rule of society which prescribes that a dress-suit shall not be worn until after six o'clock in the evening. If I chose to wear a dress-suit, I would feel free to put it on in the morning if I liked. The society rule which regulates a man's dress is autocratic. If men showed more independence, they would soon be able to break over the society restraints, and after that anybody could wear whatever he chose." But would Congressman Bailey wear his "black broadcloth suit" going down a mining shaft, or riding a bicycle, or canoeing, or playing polo, or hunting in the Rocky Mountains, or tobogganing, or on the deck of an Atlantic steamer when a wintry gale was howling around the decks? In the latter case, if he did not wear a cap, Congressman Bailey's slouch hat would be lost in the Sargasso Sea, and his coat-tails would wrap themselves around him and be blown to ribbons while the wind sobbed through his whiskers. There is a place for everything and everything in its place. Congressman Bailey is at perfect liberty to wear his "black broadcloth suit" when it pleases him, but when he goes to a place where rules in regard to dress are enforced, he must follow those rules or stay away. We can conceive of no place in Washington where

Congressman Bailey would find his "black broadcloth suit" objected to except at some of the social gatherings there. Among the statesmeo who lounge and spit around Welcker's, Chamberlain's, and other botels and bar-rooms in Washington, any kind of attire is fashionable. Even that of the late lamented Senator Mahone, who wore lace frills and ruffles, pegtop trousers, and woman's prunella gaiters, excited no remark in Washington. And if Congressman Bailey will not wear the attire which gentlemen usually wear at social gatherings in Washington, it is probable that the social gatherings will have to struggle along without Congressman Bailey. It will be hard, but they will have to do it. However, it will redound to the benefit of one person at least, for Congressman Bailey "pleases his wife" by wearing his broadcloth suit, and he had better continue to dazzle that lady with it, and her alone.

A womao philosopher says that conversation with a man under thirty-five is impossible, because a man under thirty-five oover converses. He only talks, and if you pride yourself on being a good listener, it is entirely thrown away on him because he does not care whether you listen or not. He is so used to talking to people who talk at the same time, that he does not care very much whether you listen or not. Further than that, he always talks about himself, whereas a man over thirty-five is apt occasionally to talk about you. Therefore it is that women prefer to talk with men who are not under thirty-five.

As usual, Chicago is to the froot with an unusual social affair. Adelaide Johnson is well known in Chicago as a sculptor. Last week she invited twenty friends to a "white eveing." The company, on arriving, found the rooms draped in snowy cheese-cloth, white silk cushioned chairs, the tables draped in white, and on them crystal howls filled with white blossoms. Presently the strains of the Wedding March from "Loheogrin" were heard, and there entered Alexander Frederick Jenkins and Adelaide Johnson. Alexander is twelve years the lady's juoir, although she is still comely. None the less, the twain were wedded, and Alexander Frederick Jenkins took his bride's name and became Alexander Frederick Johnson. The ceremony closed with the reading of a poem by Mrs. John Vance Cheney to a musical accompaniment. When it comes to New Women, Chicago is in the lead. This is the first case we have heard of where the woman has married a man younger than herself, and given him her name instead of taking his.

A lady who had been away from New York, living abroad for a dozen years, returned this season, and, as she said wheo she went to Mrs. Astor's hall the other night, "I felt as if I had strayed into another city. New York society, in which I had been horn and bred, where I had always felt as much at home as in my father's house, suddenly seemed quite alien. The room appeared to be full of unfamiliar faces, with here and there an old friend, whose greetings were of the briefest, and who seemed intimate with people I had never heard of. 'I wonder where all of these frumps come from,' I overheard one of these strangers say; 'I never saw such a set of dug-ups in my life. I suppose they are the Van Amsterdams, and the Van Twillers, and all the rest of the Rip Van Winkle tribe who have been asleep for the last twenty years.' Never have I felt so oddly as to hear myself spoken of as some one who had been 'dug up.' From what I hear, it seems to me that New York society has changed most markedly, and not for the better." The experience of this lady is not peculiar. There is nothing that changes so rapidly as society anywhere. In New York, so rapid are the changes that the venerable social organization known as the Patriarchs is now spoken of with derision by the younger men, and it will probably be supplanted by a younger organization. In fact, it was perpetuated beyond the ordinary time by the skill of Ward McAllister.

A recent interview with a corset-maker shows that there are many women who "follow the distinctively barbarous and untidy habit of allowiog themselves only one or two pairs of corsets per year." This expert says that a stout woman must have six per year anyway, and that a thin girl might do on fewer, but that the ordinarily plump girl can not get along on less than five. It is said by the expert that there are many stout women who buy twelve pairs a year. The expert went on to say that corsets lose their elasticity, and sag, stretch, and twist, so that a woman who wishes to preserve her outline must not only buy good corsets, but not wear them too long.

The bicycle continues to extend its power throughout the British Isles. Among the aristocratic names added to the Cyclists Touring Club in the month of January are Lord and Lady Bertie, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Boston, the Baroness de Langsdorf, Sir Charles and Lady Wolseley (who was a Miss Murphy, of San Francisco), the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Windsor, and Lady Paget. One of the queen's ladies of honor is now a skilled cyclist. This is Miss Minnie

Cochrane, who is described as the prettiest maid of honor of the English court. It is said that every member of the royal family now possesses a cycle. The Princess of Wales rides a tricycle, but the Princesses Victoria and Maud ride two-wheelers. The colonies have also taken up the wheel, the boom being affected there by the governmental example, as Great Britain was by the example of royalty. Lord Hampton, the new governor of New South Wales, recently arrived at Sydney, and the fact that his daughters are great bicyclists set the boom going. The craze is terrible, and all the lady's wheels in Sydney have been sold out. In Melbourne, the war is raging between the hifurcated garments and the skirt. Lady Brassey has been petitioned by a number of female cyclists in Melbourne to throw aside the skirt and appear in knickerbockers. She has refused to do so, and therefore the hloomer there is still considered a plebeian garment.

THE FIN-DE-SIÈCLE GIRL.

The little birdiog oo her hat! No wonder he is mute, Because the notes just under that are sweeter than a flute.
The toy lizard sweetly sleeps among her fluffly curls,
The oyster, too, in gladness weeps to furnish her with pearls;
The stolid tortoise gives bis home, and his possessions, too,
That she may sport a knobby comb of iridescent hue;
The sulky seal contented died that she might have his fur,
And man would almost give his hide to please the like of her!
The moth that flits by candle-light does penance for his sios,
And as a worm with all his might her silken garments spins;
The hungry slave deep io the mine puts in his hardest blows
That he might grasp the diamond fine that oo her finger glows;
The weaver, too, with patient face, in ancient towns remote
Long labored on the bit of lace that trims her petticoat;
The praise of all the world her meed, from dull convention free,
Philosophy hath fixed oo creed for beings such as she!
Great fleets that face the sullen seas go speeding far away
In search of treasures oew to please her whims and fancies gay;
The forests of the Orient, where primal nature smiles;
Strange climes where oddities are blent in Australasian isles;
Queer charms from pre-historic graves, from India or Japan;
Strange scenes from Ocean's coral caves are pictured on her fan;
The wisdom of the sages fails before this creature dear,
The bravest warrior trembling pales whenever she draws near!
Musicians sing and sculptors carve in emulation strong;
And artists dream and poets starve to wreathe her charms io soog;
Economists in grave debate consider all ber ways;
And leaders in affairs of state in ber reflected rays
Are at their best; and all the rest go trooping in her train,
Take up the problem with a zest, their labor all in vain:
It only caters to her mirth and keeps them all in a whirl,
The rarest riddle of the earth, the fin-de-siècle girl.
True, brave men died for nohle dames in olden days, perchance,
And nations changed their rulers' names upoo a woman's glance:
Fair Helen sealed the fate of Troy, and Cleopatra's smile
Outweighed ambition's fiercest joy, sweet sorceress of the Nile;
And gentle womao, sweet or sad, in every time and place
Hath welded infuence good or bad upon the human race;
But in this last emboodimeot ber genius stands impeared,
The glory of the century, eighth wonder of the world!
—Montgomery M. Folsom in *New York Sun*.

"Maud Thynne says she never could dare to face the world in hloomers." "The world? More likely she means the wind."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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THE DEFENDER.

Mr. Lewis Herreshoff, of the Herreshoffs, builders of the *Defender* and other celebrated yachts, has written us the following letters:

IN BRISTOL, R. I., Nov. 27, 1895, 10 A. M.
TO THE DEIMEL LINEN MESH CO.:
Gentlemen—I gave the Deimel underwear what I think was a very good test a few days ago, and it was so marked and in exact accord with your claims about it that I thought I would write you about it. I rowed over to an island four miles distant, where I am building a house. I rowed it quickly, and when I arrived I was in a full perspiration. I had a coat with me (an overcoat), but I thought that now was a fine time to try my Deimel, so I did not put on the extra coat, but went at once to the oew building about two hundred yards distant from the shore.

A chilly wind had sprung up, and I stood io and around the building for an hour and a half, exposed to the full rake of the wind (as you know, a half-finished building is full of currents of wind, even more than one would feel outside). I did not feel the least chill, nor did I take the least cold; in fact, it was not long before I felt myself as quite dry, the sease of the full perspiration I was in passed away without a chill of my body. I was most pleased and really astonished that it should work so perfectly. I am, very truly, your friend,
LEWIS HERRESHOFF.

(Two months later, in the midst of winter.)

IN BRISTOL, R. I., Jan. 23, 1896, 3:30 P. M.
DEIMEL LINEN MESH CO.:
Will you be so kind as to send me three or four of your pamphlets. I find the Deimel Linen Mesh is working splendidly with me. It is exactly what you say of it, which is not a little.
LEWIS HERRESHOFF.

Write for Catalogue A, or call at the store of

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sarasate once found his memory deserting him at a recital; but he discovered the reason of the mishap in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of the stalls. The violinist stopped playing. "Madam," he said, "how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" The lady shut up her fan, and the recital was concluded successfully.

One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice. "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause. The thrust was: "An' it's mair liker the place."

The late Prebendary Rogers's humor was very unconventional. At a dinner where he happened to be sitting next to the Bishop of London, responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Rogers said that some of his friends still regretted that he had not attained higher preferment in the church. They wanted him to be made a bishop. "But," he added, "I feel that I have got quite enough happiness out of my life without baving this flummery hanging about my legs." And he lifted up Dr. Temple's apron.

The London *Lancet* has received the following production from a medical man, to whom it was sent by a child: "DEAR DR.—: I would be very pleased if you would let me have a Baby for one guinea. We want it on the 4th of Febry for Mother's birthday. We would like it fat and Bonny, with blue eyes and fair hair. We Children are goiog to give it to her ourselves please asower at once. Yours sincerely, ARCHIE —. P. S.— Which would be the cheaper a Boy or a Girl?" The "P. S." especially is delightful.

King Charles the Second, as he was passing through the court-yard of St. James's Palace one day, saw Nell Gwynn at one of the windows with her infant in her arms. As he saluted her, the clever woman leaned out of the casement, holding the child in mid-air. "What will you do for your son?" she cried. "Nothing," said Charles, laughing. "Then I will drop him out of the widow," retorted Nell, holding the baby as if about to loose him. "God save the Earl of Burford," cried Charles, and the child was drawn back to the safe shelter of his mother's arms.

An action was once brought in the court of the late Sheriff Galbraith, in which the plaintiff sought to recover the sum of two pounds lent on a bill marked payable on Day of Judgment. The defendant, looking to the terms in which the bill had been drawn up, thought he was safe, and he stated quite glibly on oath that he had actually received the money, and was prepared to pay on the day alluded to. Sheriff Galbraith eyed the oia on a severe expression, and in the most solemn tones declared, "This is the day of judgment; enter judgment for plaintiff, with costs."

Before Whitelaw Reid became minister to France, he devoted a good deal of his time to the conduct of his paper, the *Tribune*. The copy editors who put up the head-lines of stories of the day fell into the habit of making most of them interrogative, as, for instance: "Was it Murder or Suicide?" or "Did She Kill Him for Love?" or "Will the President Sign It?" etc. The entire paper was specked with interrogation points. This thioig had been going on for weeks, till one day a postal-card arrived, addressed to Mr. Reid, and marked personal. It read as follows: "I'm getting awfully tired of your questions. Why don't you find out something? A great newspaper is supposed to know everything, and ought not to annoy its readers with needless inquiries. This morning you ask, 'Will Mr. Platt Consent?' How the hell do I know?"

One day the home of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the famous French naturalist, became a perfect pandemonium. Every room was turned upside down, except the study of the master of the house. Mme. St. Hilaire had lost a very valuable diamond eocklace, but she instructed the servants not to mention the loss to her husband, lest the knowledge of it should disturb him in his work. Moreover, the missing bauble could not be there, ioasmuch as she rarely entered that sanctum. The search proved in vain, but the great savant was still left in ignorance. A few days later, at Mme. St. Hilaire's weekly "at home," one of her female friends sympathetically inquired after the ornament in the hearing of her host. In the most airy, but withal most unaffected way, the great naturalist remarked that his favorite haboon had been playing for nearly a week with a "similar thing to that described," which "similar thing" turned out to be

the priceless ornament. Mme. St. Hilaire indignantly protested at M. St. Hilaire's neglect in not having taken the necklace from the animal. "I thought that it belonged to him," was the calm reply, "he seemed to take such pride in it."

The first news that the President of the United States received of the death of General Grant came in a dispatch that read: "GROVER CLEVELAND, WASHINGTON: Grant dead; send two non-commissioned officers and two privates. W. J. ARKELL." That was the first of a series of telegrams that came flying into Washington at the rate of half a dozen an hour, and each one signed "W. J. Arkell." When the fact became known that General Hancock was going to Mount McGregor to arrange for Grant's funeral, he received a series of dispatches with the same signature. General Hancock reached Saratoga and went to the bouse of J. W. Drexel. "Mr. Drexel," said he, "who the devil is Arkell?" "This is he," said Mr. Drexel; "let me introduce you. Mr. Arkell, General Hancock." Arkell reflected a moment as he held the general's hand, and then he said: "Hancock? Hancock? Let me see; army or navy?"

MISS CHOLAMONDEELEY'S DIAMONDS.

An Office-Boy's Romance.

Tommy sat in his uncle's office, perched contentedly among the legal papers on the desk, and with admiring eyes regarded his uncle's office-boy, who reposed in the one comfortable chair the office boasted. Tommy's uncle, needless to say, was absent, but Billy had promised to take care of Tommy while the child's mother did her shopping in peace. The office-boy answered to the name of Billy, but that, as Tommy knew, was not his proper appellation. He had been christened Raoul (he called it Rool), a name much to favor among the oobility. His mother was an "Eyetaliao baroness" and his father was an English "dook." He had been stolen in infancy by Iodians, through the machinations of the wicked count, his uncle. Some day he would turo the tables on this villainous relative and regain his rights, but at present his noble parentage was known only to Tommy and a few trusted comrades.

Tommy felt deeply honored by the confidence of a character so distinguished, and he now addressed the disguised Rool with respectful interest:

"Tell me about the time you dooe-up Three-thumb Jake."

"Oh, sbucks!" said Billy, tersely, "that wasn't nothin'. Makes me tired to be jawio' 'bout that feller. I say, though, d'I ever tell youse 'bout the time I recovered Miss Cholamondeeley's di'monds?"

"No," said Tommy, eagerly.

"She was a tip-top girl," said Billy, reflectively. "Firs' name Vi'let. She thought ao oful lot o' me; said I remiended her of a Freochmao prince she knowed. I was fond of that girl. Her mother, she throo obstacles between us, but wheo I'm come to my own ao' gits my rights, I'll go back an' marry her."

Tommy waited breathlessly while the orator wagged an auburn head in mournful reminiscence. "She came home from the theayter ooe eveoin' an' took off her di'monds, o' course, 'fore she goes to bed," went oo Billy, impressively. "I'd been secio' her home, ao' the o' sorter huog 'rouod ao' looked up at her winder, like fellers doos, Tommy, wheo they thinks a lot of a girl. Firs' thing I noticed a sbag-haired villaio on t'other side o' the street, a-lookio' up at her winder, too. I reckeroized him as a chap I'd seo cheatin' at cards out West; an' be hadn't ooly one eye-brow, 'cause the feller what be'd cheated bed blew off the other. His right ba'd was gone—this feller's was what did the shootin'—took by the red meo'—ao' he had to shoot with his left, yer see, an' that's why he made such a poor job of it, for he was a man allers shot to kill. But this villain what he shot, I mistrusted o' that chap right away wheo I seen him uoder Rosabel's casement."

"I thought her name was Vi'let?" said Tommy's childish treble. "Dido't I tell yer her name was Vi'let Rosabel? If yer a-go'in' to be cuttin' in like this 'bout nothin', I don't tell youse oo more," said Billy, sternly. And it was ooly after humble and fervent sollicitation oo Tommy's part that he deigned to continue. "I kep' my eye on him," finally resumed Billy, "pritty soon he slouched off, ao' then I goes alooig home ao' didn't think oo more 'bout him. But oext day Rosabel Vi'let she seot fer me in a rush an' coofided to me how all her di'monds was gone—ev'ry las' ooe, ear-rings an' bracelets an' ta-ra-ras—ta-ra-ras is a sort o' jewel crowo, Tommy—Vi'let had jus' dozens o' 'em. Well, every blessed sparkler was vaioished. An' she was cryin', an' her mother had swooned, an' her father was a-yellio' fer detectives. When I got there, I sorter coaxed 'em to be calm, an' I says to 'em: 'Doo't youse send fer oo detectives—jus' youse leave this here job to me,' I says. Fer, o' course, Tommy, beein' used to follierio' clews, I thought right off o' that sneakin' villaio I'd seen the oight before. I says to 'em: 'I'll get them di'monds,' I says, 'or my name's

not Rool.' O' course I'd told Rosabel the secret of my birth—ah, me!"

But Billy brightened up, after a brief, though gloomy meditation on the instability of human greatness, and proceeded briskly:

"I disguised myself as a sailor, with a couple o' neat little shooters in my pocket, an' started out to find him. Myl but he was a cute one, Tommy. He knew how to make things lively. I had to change my disguise six times in one night, an' it was two days 'fore I could set eyes on him, though I was keepin' trace o' him all the time, you bet. He thought it was the bes' dodge jus' to bide hisself in the city, an' not try to git away, an' it was the bes' plan fer him, fer don't youse believe but I had sharp an' trusty men a-watchin' every train."

"Well, the second night I was a-sittin' io a saloon, puttendin' to drink some beer. I never drink nothin' stronger when I'm out on a job like that. D' lever tell yer 'bout the time I was drugged by Crooked-Mouth Mike? Pshaw, didn't I? Well, ask me some time, Tommy. But, anyhow, I was too sharp fer that this time, an', as I said, I was drinakin' my lager, when I see a lame Chinaman come limpin' in, an' I says to myself in a minute: 'That's my man,' says I; 'I know what to make o' that limp. I'll lay a t'ousand he's got them di'monds in his shoe!'"

"Had he?" asked breathless Tommy.

"Course he had. That was the reason he walked lame. I twiggid in a minute, but I laid low, an' him by I got chattin' with him. We drunk a couple o' glasses together, real friendly, but I didn't really drink. I thruw mioe on the floor. Bime-by, I says: 'Come on, Chiney, I says, 'me ao' you'll take a walk together.'"

"I didn't waot to tackle him there, because that saloon was a tough place. Well, be come oo with me, very sociable, a-leanio' oo my arm, an' after we'd gooe a little way, I whispers loud an' clear, an' I draws my pistol ao' claps it to his head. 'Now, my fioe feller,' I says, 'I'll jus' trouble you to—' Yessir, No, sir. No ooe heeo here but Mis' Goring, wanted me to look after the kid, an' she'll call for him later."

Thus, with a humble and abashed demeanoor, the heroic Billy greeted his employer, Tommy's uncle, who had unexpectedly entered. Tommy slipped off the table with a sigh, as the office-boy retired to the other room and commenced straightening law books on their shelves with a great appearance of industry. The trivial conversation of his uocle—ooly io part atoned for by the gift of a quarter—detaioed Tommy for some time, but he managed, at length, to join the office-boy, who was diligently studying a yellow-covered romaoce with "Parsoos on Contracts" as a blind.

"I say, Billy," the child whispered, eagerly, "did you get all the diamonds?"

"Betyer life," answered Billy, *sotto voce*. "There ain't nothin' Rool de Montmorgooi undertakes but what he prioforms. Oh, yes! I got the di'monds, Tommy. He swallowed ooe o' the ta-ra-ras—the villain did—but I got a stomach-pump ao'—"

"Billy," said the voice of Tommy's uncle, "take this oote to Mr. Bingham and wait for an answer. Lively, oow!"

"Yessir," said Billy, meekly alert.

Thus are great souls beld io petty bonds.

Lady of the house—"Would you be willing to work if you had a chance?" *Wary Willy*—"How remote is the chance?"—*Puck*.

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By the kidneys, impurities pass off harmlessly. The inactivity of the organs oamed oot ooly cause these impurities to remaio and poisoos the system, but also leads to the degeneratioo and destruction of the orgaoos themselves. Prevent Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, and other ailments which affect the secretive organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise overcomes malarial, dyspeptic, bilious, oervous, and rheumatic complaints.

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SOCIETY.

The Mardi-Gras Bal Masqué.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art was a brilliant scene of beauty and color last Tuesday evening, when the San Francisco Art Association gave its Mardi-Gras bal masqué. The only public ball in the social annals of San Francisco to equal it was at the Grand Opera House under the same auspices. No better place than the Hopkins mansion could have been selected in which to give an affair of the kind. Its spacious apartments gave ample room for all who were present, and afforded an excellent opportunity for beautiful decorative effects, which the committee on decoration utilized to the best advantage, transforming the place into a veritable Aladdin's palace. The main salon was naturally the centre of attraction. Rich rugs and tapestries adorned the dozen private boxes in the gallery, incandescent electric lights filtered their rays through red balloons in mid-air, brilliant fireflies flitted to and fro, and gayly colored draperies added to the ensemble. Upon the wall were bas-reliefs in imitation of bronze-work, giving a pretty finish to the whole. It was a scene of great beauty.

There were about four hundred ladies and gentlemen present at half-past nine o'clock, when the heralds, Mr. Robert Aiken and Mr. William Wilkie, announced the approach of Rex and his suite. This personage was represented by Mr. Amadée Joullin, and his pages were Mr. Henry Warren and Mr. Henry Schröder. Prince Carnival was impersonated by Mr. Tarn McGrew. After the parade and when the throne was reached, the chamberlain, Mr. Alfred Bouvier, read the royal proclamation, a composition of Captain Robert Howe Fletcher. At its conclusion the poet of the evening, Mr. George T. Bromley, read the Mardi-Gras poem. Then came the dancing to the music of two large orchestras, which was enjoyed until several hours after midnight. An elaborate supper was served down-stairs under the direction of Ludwig. The event may be classed as both a social and an artistic success, and its repetition annually is assured. There were quite a number of army and navy officers present in the attractive full-dress uniform of the service, several officers of the *Cristoforo Colombo*, including Prince Luigi of Savoy, in uniform, and a number of men in pink hunt-coats. The ladies were all in mask up to eleven o'clock.

The Cunningham Cotillion.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham gave a very successful cotillion last Monday evening at her residence on Pacific Avenue. It was entirely impromptu, as most of the invitations were sent by telephone. It was a leap-year cotillion, the ladies choosing their own partners. The german was led by Miss Minnie Houghton, and some attractive figures were introduced. There was an elaborate supper, after which, to carry out the leap-year idea, the gentlemen, instead of the ladies, donned masks and dominoes, and were incognito until departures were made.

Tableaux for Charity.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker kindly gave the use of her residence, 1609 Sutter Street, last Thursday evening for the benefit of the Doctors' Daughters of the First Presbyterian Church, who gave a series of "living pictures" there. The tableaux were given under the direction of Mr. Addison Mizner, and were arranged on an improvised stage at the rear of the main salon. Seats were provided for the spectators, and the attendance was large.

The tableaux and musical numbers were as follows:

lows: "Springtime of Love," Mme. Roland; song, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr.; "The Wooing"; violin solo, Miss Hush; "The Valentine"; "Daughter of the Rajah"; "The Gauntlet"; recitation, Miss Bender; "Princess Alene"; "American Girl"; song, Mr. Wilson Mizner; "Alsace"; "Medea"; "Girl With a Muff"; song, Miss Lillie Lawlor; "A Letter"; "Good-Night." The entertainment was a most enjoyable one, and was the means of bringing about three hundred dollars into the treasury of the society. After the performance light refreshments were served in the billiard-room.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club, and afterward took his guests to the Mardi-Gras bal masqué. A feature of the dinner was the distribution of favor cakes. Miss Alice Ann Clark won the lady's prize, a handsome jeweled gold fox-head, with ruby eyes, seed-pearl teeth, and a diamond clasp. Mr. George Davidson received the gentleman's prize, a jeweled match-box with a figure of Mephistopheles on one side and a rose emblazoned on the other. Mr. Phelan's guests comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Baron and Baroness von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss McNutt, Miss Alice Ann Clark, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Emelie Hager, Major J. L. Rathbone, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. Milton S. Latham, and Mr. Tarn McGrew.

The Bourn Card-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn gave a card-party last Monday evening at their residence on Buchanan Street. Cards were played until eleven o'clock, when refreshments were served, after which some musical selections were enjoyed. Among the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langhorn, Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzner, Mrs. Harold Sewall, Miss Ashe, Miss Margaret Casserly, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Lena Maynard, Miss Carrigan, Miss Ida Bourn, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Anna Head, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. William Carrigan, Mr. Frank Washington, Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. Francis Michael, and Mr. Fisher.

The King Dinner-Party.

Mr. Frank B. King gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at the club-house of the Chi Phi Fraternity, in Berkeley. Covers were laid for twenty-five, and the dining-room was artistically decorated with the Chi Phi colors, scarlet and blue. The name-cards each bore an inscription from Austin Dohson's poems. The evening was very pleasantly passed. Those present were:

Mrs. Benjamin Morgan, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. T. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Baldwin, Miss Campbell, Miss Palmer, Miss Pringle, Miss Dunham, Miss Prather, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Haven, Miss McDonald, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Fletcher McNutt, Mr. Frederick Knight, Mr. Paul Miller, Mr. Howard Avery, Mr. Lawrence Haven, Mr. Joseph Moore, Mr. J. McDonald, Mr. Boss, Mr. Herbert Lang, and Mr. Joseph P. Chamberlain.

The Forsyth Dinner-Party.

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., gave a dinner-party in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club last Monday evening as a compliment to Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, and the other officers of the Italian man-of-war, *Cristoforo Colombo*, now in port. The table was decorated with flowers and ferns and illuminated with miniature incandescent electric lights, and the room was adorned with the flags of America and Italy. An elaborate menu was served, and speeches were made by the host and his honored guest. Those present were:

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Prince Luigi of Savoy, Chevalier Alessandro Bertolini, Chevalier Umberto Cagni, Chevalier F. B. Grimaldo, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. James D. Phelan, Hon. Charles N. Felton, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Major Alfred E. Bates, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, U. S. A., Mr. E. A. Bruguière, Mr. Frank McCoppin, Colonel S. M. B. Young, U. S. A., Mr. Horace L. Hill, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

The Cunningham Musicales.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham gave a matinée musicale last Saturday at her residence on Pacific Avenue, and entertained many of her friends. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. George Whittell and Mrs. A. P. Whittell. The programme presented was as follows:

Trio in F, Godard, Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel, and Mr. Heine; (a) "Adieu Suzon," Testi, (b) "Bon Jour, Suzon," Pessard, Miss Sofia Newland; Preislid, from "The Meistersinger," Wagner, Mr. Sigmund Beel; "To All Eternity," Mascheroni (with violin obligato), Mr. Willis Bacheller; "Sarabande and Gavotte," Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; duet, "In Woodland Dell," Chamade, Miss Newland and Mr. Bacheller; bolero, Arbos, Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel, and Mr. Heine.

An interesting exhibition of water-colors, by Moffat Lindner, of London, is being held at Vickery's Gallery on Post Street, and will continue until Saturday, February 29th. They include a score of picturesque scenes from the Pyrenees and Venice.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The members of the Saturday Morning Orchestra gave their first benefit concert last Monday evening at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Roncovieri. A large and fashionable audience was present, and the following programme was presented:

Overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; (a) "Spanish Dance," (b) "Bolero," Moszkowski; (a) "Should He Uphold," Bishop, (b) "Kennst du das Land," Thomas, (c) "La Folletta," Salvatore Marchesi, Miss Caroline H. Little; parphrase, melody in F, Rubinstein; fantasia, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; (a) intermezzo, "I Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, (b) "Gracful Dance," Sir Arthur Sullivan; song, "Bedouin Love Song," Chadwick, S. Homer Henley; spring serenade, "Aubade Printanière," Lacombe; ballet music from "Naila," Delibes; collocation from "Ernani," Verdi.

The members of the orchestra are as follows:

First violins, Miss Gruenhagen, Miss Knox, Miss Beckhusen, Miss Crabtree, Miss White; second violins, Miss Whiting, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Barbagelader, Miss Rouleau; violas, Mrs. Redman, Miss Fubero, Miss Barrington; basses, Mrs. Van Buskirk, Miss Mai Moody; harp, Miss Kimball; flute, Miss Ludlow; snare drum, Miss Fraser; cornets, Miss Noble, Mrs. Shepman, Mrs. Brown; tympani, Miss Ellery; trombone, Miss Maud Noble; cello, Miss Duff, Miss Rouleau, Miss Barrington, Miss Gruenhagen.

St. John's Church Concert.

A concert was given at St. John's Presbyterian Church last Thursday evening for the benefit of the church. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

(a) "The Old Mill," (b) "If You Love Me," Mason, California Quartet; violin solo, romance, John Svendsen, Mr. A. A. Solomon; kontralto solo, "Love in Springtime," Arditi, Miss Daisy May Cressy; tenor solo, (a) "To-Morrow," Niedlinger, (b) "Sweet Wind That Blows," Chadwick, Mr. C. T. Wendell; piano solo, op. 34, Moszkowski, Mr. J. B. Warburton; "In Absence," California Quartet; soprano solo, "Summer Night," Goring Thomas, Mrs. Ernest Palmer; baritone solo, "Werter to Charlotte," N. Clifford Page, Mr. Henry A. Melvin; duet, "Merry, Merry are We," Mrs. Ernest Palmer and Mr. C. T. Wendell; "Good Night," Dudley Buck, California Quartet.

John Philip Sousa and his concert band will shortly appear for a series of concerts in San Francisco at the Auditorium, under the local management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. Sousa and his organization were here two years ago, during the Midwinter Fair, and since that time the band has not rested a single month, touring the country from ocean to ocean. Sousa himself has been called the representative composer of national martial music—a claim that is attested by the playing of his marches by every band of note in the United States. He will present several new compositions during his appearances here. Assisting his band are four young soloists: Miss Myrta French, soprano; Miss Currie Duke, violinist; Arthur Pryor, the young trombonist who created something of a furor when he played here two years ago; and Signor Simone Mantia. The night of Sunday, March 1st, will be set apart as "Sousa night," when compositions by Sousa will be made to include the entire programme. The dates of the Sousa concerts are Friday, February 28th, and the following Saturday and Sunday.

The Loring Club announces the third concert of the nineteenth season for next Thursday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. The club has again the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr as accompanist, and in addition to the numbers contributed by the club, the programme will include solos by the violin soloist, Mr. B. Mollenhauer. Additional interest is given to this concert by the fact that Miss Ardella Mills will appear as soprano soloist for the first time at a Loring Club concert. The programme includes Mendelssohn's "Vintage Song," Beethoven's "Serenade," and Dudley Buck's "Nun of Nidaros," for tenor solo and male voice chorus. The conductor of the club is Mr. D. P. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Jordan gave a musicale on Wednesday evening at their home on Rincon Hill, and entertained about thirty of their friends. An excellent programme was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Palmer, Mrs. A. Hinrichs, Mrs. Bassett, Miss Gruenhagen, Miss Partridge, Miss Higby, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Clarence T. Wendell, Mr. Biggerstaff, and the California Quartet.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give a musical entertainment entitled "An Evening with Tennyson, Dickens, and Anthony Hope," next Thursday evening at Haywards. He will be assisted by Mrs. Eva Tenney, Miss Gruenhagen, the California Quartet, and Miss Mahel Hussey, the elocutionist.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the Polish pianist, will give his final recital to-morrow (Sunday) evening at the Baldwin Theatre.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Laura Rountree and Dr. Charles A. McQuestoe will take place at the home of the bride-elect, in Alameda, on Saturday, February 29th. Miss Rountree is the daughter of Mr. James O. Rountree, and Dr. McQuestoe is a well-known physician of this city.

Miss Bessie Shreve gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at her home on Pine Street. The decorations were all of pink. Miss Shreve's guests were Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. Bruce Booy, and Mr. H. B. Houghton.

Miss Rose Hooper gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening, and afterward took her guests to the Tivoli. The performance was followed by a Bohemian supper.

Mrs. John A. Darling gave a valentine lunch-party recently at her town residence, on Gough Street, in honor of Mrs. Gustave Niebaum. The table was decorated with the artillery color, red, and the valentine name-cards were painted in water colors by Miss Jennie Catherwood. The others present were Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Baroess von Schröder, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet gave a lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence in honor of her sister, Miss Fanny Crocker. The decorations were in tones of pink. The others present were Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Cluness, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Owen.

Miss Hele Boss gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Monday, with pretty decorations of violets and daffodils. Her guests were Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Miss Daisy Vao Ness, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Harrington, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Wilson, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Mary B. Kip, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Geoevieve Goad, Miss Clementia Kip, and Miss Irwin.

A lunch-party was given by Miss Farquharson last Monday at the University Club. Her guests comprised Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Probert, Mrs. Fanny Leot, Mrs. F. L. Moody, Mrs. S. Cowles, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Gould, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Gruhe, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Carter, Miss McNeil, Miss Mary Bowen, and Miss Clark.

Mrs. Duke Baxter, formerly Miss Hilda Macdonald of this city, entertained many of her friends last Saturday by giving a matinee tea at her home on the Crocker Rasocho in Santa Barbara County. The affair was in honor of Miss Burton, of the Presidio. Mrs. Baxter was assisted in receiving by Mrs. George Edward Colemao, Mrs. Harold Sidebotham, and Miss Doremus.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a lunch-party recently at her residence, 2000 Gough Street, and entertained several friends.

Miss Edith McBean gave a lunch-party recently at the Hotel Richelieu, and entertained nine young ladies.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a theatre-party at the Tivoli last Saturday evening, followed by a supper. Her guests were Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Alice Ano Clark, Mr. Walter Leonard Deao, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. F. R. Webster, and Mr. C. N. Felton Jr.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge gave a dinner-party last Monday evening in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Igoace Jan Paderewski. The others present were Mr. Claus Spreckels, Judge F. W. Henshaw, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Colonel Isaac Trumbo, Judge A. A. Soderstrom, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, Mr. W. Greer Harrison, Judge Van R. Patterson, Mr. I. W. Hellman, and Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening, in the Owl Room at the Bohemian Club, in honor of Igoace Jan Paderewski, the pianist. He has also been entertained at the University Club by Mr. Harry Babcock, and at the Pacific-Union Club by Mr. John Parrott.

The Misses Graham, daughters of General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., gave a tea last Monday at the Presidio in honor of the Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper. Quite a number of guests from the city were present.

Miss Jeonie Catherwood gave her final high tea last Sunday evening at her home, on Gough Street, and entertained about twenty of her friends.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a dancing party last Monday evening in the hop-room there, and entertained a large number of their friends.

Miss Blanche Baldwin gave a progressive euchre-party last Saturday afternoon at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Among her guests were Mrs. B.

Baldwin, Jr., Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. Bertody Stode, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Dorothy Ames, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Tillie Feldmann, Miss Woods, Miss Charlotte Cunningham, Miss Elsie Bowman, Miss Helen Andros, Miss Rosalynde Bryant, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Anna Sheppard, Miss Louise Sheppard, Miss Florence Dogan, Miss Wells, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Sweigert, Miss Anna Deuprey, Miss Florence Denigan, Miss May Palmer, Miss Field, Miss Rambo, Miss May Ayres, Miss E. Moffat, and Miss May Colhuero.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer entertained a few ladies at luncheon recently at the University Club.

Miss Jennie McFarland gave a progressive euchre-party last Saturday afternoon at the residence of her parents, Judge and Mrs. McFarland, 2241 Jackson Street. Handsome prizes were awarded and light refreshments were served.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a dinner-party last Sunday at their residence in honor of Judge E. M. Ross, Judge W. B. Gilbert, and Judge Thomas P. Hawley. Covers were laid for twenty.

Mme. B. Ziska and the young ladies of her school, at 1606 Van Ness Avenue, gave a reception a week ago Friday evening, at which the officers of the *Cristoforo Colombo* were present. A musical programme was presented, consisting of vocal selections by Mrs. Hassett, Mrs. C. M. Jeonings, and Miss Alice Lewis, and instrumental numbers by Miss Wioans, Miss Tungate, and Miss Edna Lewis. A feature of the affair was an improvised post-office in the music-room, from which the post-mistress, Miss Enid Yale, sent poetical valentines to the guests. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker will reside in Sausalito until next fall.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and Mrs. K. B. Favre have been in Pasadena during the past week.

Miss Gwendolen Overton has returned to Los Angeles, after a month's visit here.

Mrs. William H. Avery is now in the Blue Mountains, in Australia, and from last reports by the *Monrovia* was steadily improving in health.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie Hecht will leave early in March for Boston, where they will be joined by Miss Helen Hecht. They will then all sail for Europe, and will be away about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels have returned from New York, and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, will return from Paris next October.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock have returned from the East, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John A. Paxton, of Healdsburg, has been visiting friends here during the past week.

Mrs. Benno Hart will receive on the first and third Wednesdays of each month at her residence, 1107 Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Donnell left last Saturday on the Sunset Limited for a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. C. R. Gilbert, nee Porter, has returned to her home in Butte, Mont., after a visit to friends in San José.

Mrs. H. E. Smith, wife of the librettist of "Robin Hood," is here on a visit to friends. Mr. Smith is expected from New York in a few weeks.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander Theodore F. Kane, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Commander Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N., has been detached from the Steel Board and ordered to the *Monterey*. Passed Assistant Paymaster S. R. Colhoun, U. S. N., has been detached from the *New York* and ordered to the *Albatross* at Mare Island.

Congressman Barrett has presented a resolution to Congress to remove the Naval Academy from Annapolis to Newport, R. I. Maryland is likely to make a strong fight against the transfer. The fact that the Naval War College is at Newport will be used as an argument in favor of the proposed change.

Lieutenant Wilmet E. Ellis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles G. Treat, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted seven weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery U. S. A., has been granted seven weeks' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been found incapacitated for active service, and has been retired and ordered home.

Second-Lieutenant Edmond M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to be first lieutenant. Additional Second-Lieutenant Henry B. Dixon, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Tenth Cavalry to the Fourth Cavalry.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N. (retired), left last Thursday for New York for a prolonged visit.

Lieutenant Charles E. B. Flagg, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been transferred from Angel Island to Fort Duchesne, Utah.

Lieutenant Paul F. Straub, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been transferred from San Carlos to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty with the Fourth Cavalry at the Presidio on March 1st, and will then proceed to his station at Fort Bliss, Tex.

Captain W. H. Roberts, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

Lieutenant-Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., will commence his duties as executive officer of the *Independence* on February 29th, relieving Lieutenant-Commander F. W. Crocker, U. S. N., who will be placed on waiting orders.

Major Joseph E. Girard, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio and ordered to Jeffer-

son Barracks to relieve Major Robert H. White, Surgeon, U. S. A., who will report for duty at the Presidio.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Chief-Engineer David McC. French, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

Chief-Engineer A. L. Broadbent, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to superintend the construction of machinery for the cutter *Golden Gate*, now building at Port Townsend, Wash.

Lieutenant J. H. Brown, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

Lieutenant T. C. Prince, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the marine barracks at Norfolk, Va.

Assistant-Engineer W. L. Maxwell, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

A family, residing in Lakeville, Conn., were visited by relatives residing some distance off. One of the visitors remarked that there had been a great quantity of bean porridge made in his mother's family; "enough," said he, "to float a 74-gun ship. Don't you think so, Uncle John?"—appealing to one of his relatives. "Yes, yes," replied that uncle; "and the ship could float twenty-four hours and not hit a bean."

The little King of Spain, according to a floating paragraph, had for his lesson the other day the mottoes of the different European countries. He got as far as Englaod, and promptly recited, "Dieu et mon Droit," and then abruptly asked, "What is the motto of America?" Count Z—, who happened to be in the room at the time, answered, "Dieu et Mon roe" (Mooroe).

One of the stories told of Russell Sage is that when a thief one day dropped a bill near him in order to draw his attention from counting some money he had drawn at a bank, Mr. Sage put his foot on the bill, thanked his informant, finished his count, stowed his own money securely away, and then smilingly put the thief's bill also in his pocket.

Auréléo Scholl, wittiest of the boulevard wits, has quitted Paris. He has at Etampes a house, a stable, a barn-yard, a café; but he complains that his friends do not come to see him. "To get them," he says, "I'd have to pay salaries to them."

"To Lovers of the Classic, the Antique, and the Beautiful. A gentleman proceeding to India for a year or more wishes to let his home at Bayswater and to leave his head housemaid," is the way an advertisement in the *Church Record* reads.

Early widowhood appears to be the destiny of many members of the British royal family. The queen herself was widowed at forty-two, the Empress Frederick at forty-eight, the Princess Beatrice at thirty-nine.

Willie—"I knew you were coming to-night." Castleton—"Why, Willie?" Willie—"Sister has been asleep all the afternoon."—Truth.

—PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES, kodaks, film, developing and printing, bicycle cameras. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—MISS LUCILE IS STILL IN NEW YORK, and will be back about March 1st with an elegant assortment of hats and bonnets. 139 Post Street, Liebes Building.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I don't like her singing. Her notes come from her chest." "Well, ought they not?" "No, indeed. They ought to stay there."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Hungry Hoggarty—"How did you feel when that old farmer fired de load of buckshot at you?" *Ragged Haggard*—"Felt like things was comin' my way."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Manhattan—"What objection have you to marrying Mr. Severance?" *Mrs. Lakeside*—"A very serious one. He's paying big alimony already."—*Truth.*

"Ah, me, my heart is full!" sighed the girl who had been taking advantage of her leap-year privilege until she found herself engaged to five men.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"How tedious it is playing whist with such a partner as that Miss Gadabout!" "Yes; I believe that girl would ask the Angel Gabriel 'What's trumps?'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Those autumn leaves are much too gaudy," said Adam, eyeing them coldly and critically; "why didn't you get evergreens that would last awhile?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Hotel proprietor—"Why did you let that countryman climb the stairs instead of taking the elevator?" *Clerk*—"He'll be so out of breath that he can't blow out the gas."—*Bazar.*

A good time in prospect: "I want you to come around Tuesday night and meet some of the boys." "What are you going to do?" "We're going to break some new-year's resolutions."—*Puck.*

"Do you miss him much?" She, to the surprise of the questioner, smiled. "Not so much as I used to. Even a woman can learn to throw straight across a breakfast-table."—*Household Words.*

"You don't seem to care much for original ideas," said the contributor, with a sneer, as he gathered up his manuscript. "No," replied the zero-blooded editor; "we'd rather have good ones."—*Washington Star.*

"You don't have a professional poet in your system of government," remarked the English statesman to Emperor William. "No," was the reply; "when I want anything done well I do it myself."—*Washington Star.*

Customer—"Say, I want the ugliest valentine youse has in de shop. Me an' me goil had a scrap, an' I wants to send her somet'in' dat 'll scare her—see?" *Shop-keeper*—"Um—er—er—why don't you go to a photographer?"—*Bazar.*

"I would be mighty willin' to work," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able." "You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp-nosed lady; "what is there to prevent you working?" "Me pride."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Little Lord Charles—"Oh, I'm going to be an omnibus conductor when I grow up." *Fair American*—"But your brother's going to be a duke, isn't he?" *Little Lord Charles*—"Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know."—*Punch.*

Isaacheimer—"If I had a gouple of millions, Repecca might marry into der nopolity." *Cohenstein*—"But dem nobles must be very expensive to support?" *Isaacheimer*—"Yes, dot's so; but if der shildren vos boys, efery vun of dem might marry a heiress, aindt it?"—*Puck.*

"Sit," began the high-browed man with the rolled manuscript, "in 'me you behold a man who is in advance of the age." "Yes," said the editor; "you are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume." "Next summer?" "Yes, I notice that you have left the door open."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Hockheimer (departing from the stormily ending "Kaffeeklatch")—"I will go; but I want you to understand distinctly, Mrs. Wogglebaum, dot I do not go around sticking my nose in odder people's business!" *Mrs. Wogglebaum* (quickly)—"If you did, Mrs. Hockheimer, der peesness would suspendt at vonce!"—*Puck.*


"William," she said, "you need a new hat." "Do I?" "Yes. And a new overcoat." "I have suspected that." "And your umbrella is shockingly shabby." "I know it." "What are you going to do about it?" "I haven't any idea," he responded, gloomily. And then, with the animation which comes with a happy thought, he added: "You might give a tea."—*Washington Star.*

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentland's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The importance which the Salvation Army has assumed in the United States is shown by the deep interest taken in the removal of Commander Ballington Booth and his wife, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. They have been in command of the American branch of the army for some nine years, and in

the course of their duties have traveled all over the United States. They were in San Francisco not many months ago, and impressed all those who met them as being sincere, lofty, and earnest workers in the cause of true religion and humanity. That the general in command of the Salvation Army has seen fit to remove them has excited disaffection in the army and dissatisfaction in the minds of the American public. When it is considered how markedly the attitude of the public has changed toward the Salvation Army, and how large are the contributions given by the public to that organization, it will be admitted that the people have a right to express dissatisfaction with this change in command.

It is not disputed that the secret of Ballington Booth's removal lies in the fact that he has attempted to Americanize the Salvation Army in this country. This has caused dissatisfaction on the part of his father, General Booth, who commands the whole army. The result has been the removal of Ballington Booth from his command, and his withdrawal from the army.

It is impossible to tell what will be the upshot of this removal. There is much dissatisfaction in the ranks of the Salvation Army. This religious organization has become a power for good in the United States. It is but a few years since its members were subject to insult and even to assault as they went their way about the streets. Now the female members of the Salvation Army go into the lowest dens of vice without fear, and the men whom they address, even if they do not heed their prayers, at least treat them with civility. There are some six thousand people who are known as "outside members" of the army. Most of them are people of means, who contribute five dollars a year, aggregating thirty thousand dollars. This number of contributors is being added to all the time, and this large sum is constantly being increased. Already the army owns in the United States property the value of which is estimated at one million five hundred thousand dollars, over half a million being represented in one piece of ground and building in New York city. Most of the members of the army here are Americans. Even Commander Ballington Booth and his wife have become thoroughly Americanized by their stay of a decade in the United States. Under the circumstances, a split in the ranks of the Salvation Army seems inevitable.

There is enough, and more than enough, for the Salvation Army to do in this vast country. It is not the first time that a religious organization has broken away from the parent organization in Europe. After the American revolution, the American members of the Anglican Church found that an archbishop was obliged to make the oath of allegiance to the British crown. Dr. Samuel Seabury was elected the first bishop of the American Episcopal Church by the clergy of Connecticut. The English bishops refused to consecrate him. He therefore had recourse to the Scottish Episcopal Church, and was consecrated to the episcopate at Aberdeen, November 14, 1784, by the bishops of Aberdeen, Ross, and Moray. Pennsylvania elected Dr. White and New York elected Dr. Provost, who also were consecrated; there then being three bishops of the American Episcopal Church, they were empowered to consecrate others, the first being Dr. Madison, of Virginia. By the beginning of this century, the number of diocesan bishops had risen to seven, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America was formally organized and had its own bishops, with power of consecrating other successors.

At present, the only church organization in the United States which has its ruler in Europe or any other foreign land is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church in both its branches, Greek and Roman, looks to a foreign head. The Catholic Church in both its branches, Greek and Roman, is distinctively foreign. The Salvation Army, like the Catholic Church, has, up to the present time, been a foreign institution. Let us hope that the removal of Commander Ballington Booth from command will bring about such a change in the Salvation Army that it may cease to be foreign and may become an American religious organization, as did

the Protestant Episcopal Church of America more than one hundred years ago.

No matter how measureless may be the advances made by the New Woman into the political or socio-economic inane, there is one particular in which her resemblance to the Old Woman remains unimpaired—her interest in man. It is true that, unlike her unprogressive sister, she is not satisfied with him as he is, but her never-ceasing, sometimes querulous, yet always yearning efforts to improve him demonstrate how necessary to her happiness he continues to be. Occasionally she waxes playful and coaxing in her attempts to lift him up to the plane where he would cease to be mere man and become the weird thing suitable for a lover or husband of the New Woman. That man, being of the earth, shrinks from making this ascent, is a fact much less surprising than sad. On the average, such is his native inseparability to the attractions of the higher life, he shares the Old Woman's view, and is tolerably well satisfied with himself. Indeed, he is so lost to appreciation of the elevating labor being expended in his behalf, that he is prone to regard it only with the interest of a good-humored spectator. Seldom, very seldom, is he provoked into the rudeness of inquiring if he is the only member of the human family who may possibly need elevating. He prefers to be amused by the outpourings of the great host of ladies who have learned to write for print, and to marvel that it does not occur to them to turn their eyes on themselves. On the average, again, his greater calm is due to his sex, which predisposes him to concrete thoughts in this matter. For him, woman in general is relatively nothing, but some particular woman everything. The reverse of this is true of women—unmarried, or, at all events, unloved women. Read in evidence a contribution on "Men as Lovers," by Miss Lilian Bell, to the *Ladies Home Journal*. Miss Bell writes brightly, divertingly, gayly, and acutely, and the multitude of the unwed will approve of her and deem her a credit to the sex; yet were a man to write of women as lovers as Miss Bell writes of men in that capacity, his offended brethren would have the will to take him beyond the walls of the city and play foot-ball with him. There is a masculine prejudice in favor of reticence concerning some intimate things of life. Men, according to the vivacious Miss Bell (whose portrait in the midst of her skittish article shows her to be a pretty girl) are failures as lovers because they are wanting in *finesse*. They go straight to the heart of things with a brutal directness, instead of toying elegantly and prolonging the joys of coming conquest by taking satisfaction in little preliminary victories over female pretenses of reluctance. For reprehensible example:

"A good whist-player is only slightly interested in the play of the great cards. His fine instinct comes into play when the delicate points of the game are in evidence. . . . I have seen lots of men win very superior girls, but they have done it in a manner which would disgust a good whist-player."

The best answer to this complaint will be given when a real lover lays siege to Miss Bell. Then, when she gives in, as she will, and lays her fair head upon his masterful shoulder, she will own that simple love is better than flirting, however scientific, and that man, perhaps, can be trusted to attend to his part of the business without instruction from epicurean lady journalists and magazinists.

Three of the latter—Marion Harland, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Elizabeth Bisland—favor the *North American Review* with a "Study in Husbands." They agree that the American husband is a reasonably good sort of creature, yet even his noblest virtues are, when viewed from the great height of the feminine ideal, his most discouraging defects. He is open-handed, trustful, easy-going, but he lacks soul, and therefore understanding of the divine creature who has condescended to be his wife. How can a great-hearted, modern woman be entirely happy with the sort of husband described by Mrs. Harrison, for instance, "who carries to pathetic lengths his willingness to give precedence to his wife?" This clog on feminine felicity is "insignificant of appearance, homely of origin, in manner ill at ease."

without real zest for the pursuits of life into which his pretty, ambitious wife has succeeded in conveying her." Yet as the poor devil is proud of the wife's fashionable success and ready to pay the bills, Mrs. Harrison gives him an encouraging word or two. Much can be done, moreover, by a wife who sets herself in earnest to the task of bringing her husband up in the way he should go. "I have known many women," is the stimulating report of Marjorie Harland, "who educated their husbands, in the true sense of the *educere*, drawing out latent good and developing the finer qualities of mind and soul." Miss Bisland, although as yet ostensibly in the maiden state, has admirably clear opinions on what a husband should be like, and a conviction, of course, that the man does not live who can discharge the duties of the onerous position in a manner creditable to himself.

If women felt as women write, the world would salute for distinguished bravery the man who should surrender himself into the Andersonville of matrimony. The ladies of the pen never tire of blocking out the kind of lovers and husbands they want. To none, seemingly, come doubts that they are not competent to lay down the whole duty of man, and to guide the male of the species after he has been captured and broken to harness. This confidence, this enviable cocksureness of capacity to understand and direct and reconstruct the other sex, is distinctively feminine. Men are humbler. Unless they happen to be fools, they admit that woman is a mystery to them. They do not pretend that they know how to manufacture a woman into the best kind of wife. They are generous in making allowances for women, not being given to imputing perfection to themselves. And when they marry angels (as always) to find that the angels are women (as occasionally occurs), they do not make their moan in type. Can it be that it is man's greater readiness to give up his ideal and content himself with the reality which renders him so inferior as an instructor and re-modeler of the opposite sex? Age seldom cures a woman of her belief that she has the gift to make man over. By the time a man's head grows gray hairs, he is quite willing to let his wife manage herself, and to thank God that it is no worse.

The remarkable discovery made by Professor Roentgen, of Wurzburg University, has attracted the attention not only of the scientific world, but of the world at large. Professor Roentgen has found that a kind of radiation called by him the "X-ray" will pass through many substances that are quite opaque to ordinary light, and will affect a photographic plate as ordinary light does. We have referred to this before, and so much space has been given to it by the dailies that the subject is familiar, if such an abstruse subject can be called "familiar." Much that the dailies have printed is, of course, fantastic, but still much will result from Professor Roentgen's discovery, notably in surgery and in medical diagnosis.

This reference to the dailies recalls the fact that many people did not believe the story of Professor Roentgen's discovery for some days after it had been bawled through all the dailies in the land. It seemed almost incredible, and the dailies are so prone to faking and lying that the average man of intelligence thought it was simply another lie or another fake. When the news was cabled, it was a very common thing to hear professional men, physicians, college professors, and others asking whether there was any foundation for the stories in the dailies. In fact, they doubted the genuineness of the discovery until they began to read of it in serious and technical publications, such as *Science*, *Nature*, and kindred journals.

It is a curious fact that the daily papers, like the boy who cried "wolf" too often, have printed such endless columns of lies that nobody believes anything they say. In this world, every person of intelligence and education has an intimate knowledge of some one particular thing. It may be telegraphy, it may be photography, it may be gunnery, it may be geography, it may be ship-building, it may be medicine, it may be surgery, it may be postage-stamps, it may be coin-collecting, it may be conchology, and it may be, as is the case with that amiable scientist, Dr. H. W. Harkness, a profound knowledge of the diseases of mushrooms. But the daily press includes in its scope everything within the purview of man. There is no fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter in San Francisco who would hesitate for a moment to write oracularly on Dr. Harkness's specialty, the diseases of mushrooms, if he were so "detailed" by his city editor. Correspondingly, the young gentlemen who report the races at the Bay District and Ingleside tracks would have no hesitation in writing about Professor Roentgen's discovery if they were so "detailed." Is it then to be wondered at that the daily papers are so full of rubbish?

We do not believe that there is a reporter or an editor on a San Francisco newspaper who knows what the "X-rays" are, notwithstanding the glib way in which they speak of

them. To avoid contemptuous disclaimers, we may state that there is no harm in their not knowing. It is only the false assumption of knowledge which we condemn. Professor Roentgen himself does not know what they are—hence his name, "X-rays." They are not cathode rays, but are produced by them. The cathode rays are visible; the "X-rays" are not. We learn from a letter to *Science*, from Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, writing from Freiberg, Germany, that Professor Roentgen is in doubt as to the relation of the "X-rays" to light. He "suggests in the most cautious manner the possibility that the X-rays are in fact physically dissimilar, and lie altogether outside of the phenomena covered by the undulatory theory of light. He apparently leans to the belief that they are due to longitudinal vibrations of the ether, instead of to the transversal vibrations which are the fundamental assumption of the existing theory of light." These vague and ambiguous remarks of Professor Roentgen are evidently designed to cover up his ignorance. There is not a daily in the land—and particularly in San Francisco—which has not for the past fortnight been blandly explaining to us exactly what the "X-ray" is.

Every man knows about his own specialty. When he finds in a newspaper a mass of unintelligible and barbaric gibberish about his specialty, he will mentally say that the man who wrote it did not know what he was talking about. When he finds such bald nonsense about a subject with which he is conversant, it inspires him with doubts as to the value of other matter concerning subjects with which he is not familiar. It is a curious fact, but specialists always look with contempt upon articles in their line in the daily papers. They invariably go to serious and technical journals for news and information in their own lines. Even in the commercial and financial columns, the daily papers have caused such doubt in men's minds by their ridiculous errors that the careful man of affairs does not trust to the financial columns of the daily papers, but goes for information about financial affairs generally to special and technical journals like *Bradstreet's*, *Dunlop's*, the *Financier*, the *Economist*, etc. Such journals are carefully prepared by men who know the value of accuracy. "Accuracy" is a word which is not understood in the offices of American daily newspapers. In England, the papers at least try to be correct. There are errors enough even when the editors are trying to exclude them, but when, as is the case in American daily newspaper offices, the tone of the staff is utter indifference to accuracy, utter carelessness as to correctness, the result is a mass of matter in which there are more errors than facts. Hence it is that thoughtful men throughout the country entertained doubts as to the discovery of Professor Roentgen when they first read of it in the daily papers, and waited to be convinced of the truth of the story until they should see it in the technical journals.

A new mining device which is attracting attention in California, and is sure to attract more, is on the principle of the coffer-dam, or caisson. It is designed to work the river-beds. The plan of the ordinary coffer-dam has necessarily often suggested itself to miners, but the limited space that could be so reached has not encouraged experiment. The new affair is not stationary, but can be shifted from one spot to another by the simple process of floating. The invention was recently exhibited before a body of mining engineers in this city. The device is thus described:

"It is in the form of a tower, with a square hollow in the centre, which is for a sort of elevator. The tower is supported by a float or raft intended to rest on the surface of the water. After the float has been anchored, the tower is allowed to sink to the bottom. Next the elevator compartment is forced down to a resting-place within seven feet of the bottom, and by means of force-pumps all the water below it is driven out, allowing ample space for workmen to explore the ground. The miners are provided with a separate passage to and from this space, which is equivalent to a diving-bell. It makes no difference how long the workmen are under water, as the pumps furnish them with pure air. The material they gather is carried up by a suction-pump, the nozzle of which is in the bell. The whole thing is made of iron, provided with a telephone and electric lights. It is simply a portable shaft which can be floated and sent down at will."

It is needless to say that if this device shall be found to work in practice, the claim made for it, that "it will do more for river mining in this State than millions of dollars already spent," will be justified.

It is the belief of all old miners that the river-beds of California are rich in gold, and this belief is well grounded. To get at these beds great works, from the earliest days up to the present, have been undertaken. Bands of miners were wont to build immense wing-dams for the diversion of the waters of a stream in order to lay bare the bed. More recently, companies with vast capital have done the same thing by other methods, one foreign corporation running a great tunnel at a cost of over two millions of dollars to turn the Feather River. Much rich ground was found, but, for reasons which led to a dispute concerning the management, the enterprise was only a partial success. No doubt exists

that could the river-beds be rendered easily and cheaply accessible, colossal returns would be the result. The fruits of placer-mining, which amazed the world in the fifties, insure this. It was when he came to the river and could not with his wing-dam send its waters through a new course that the early miner was stayed. The gold is all there yet.

If this new invention supplies a means of reaching the water-covered stores of wealth, the portable shaft will be a ready prospector of ground which hitherto it has cost tremendous sums of money to examine, and will give access to ground that there has been no way of getting to at all. And there does not seem any reason, in the invention's principle, why it should not be successful. It is but a variation on a very old engineering device as applied to the building of foundations for bridges and similar structures in water. If the approval given it by the mining men to whom it was exhibited shall be confirmed by actual experiment, there will, naturally, be no want of capital to multiply the caissons, and the rivers of the State will shortly be again alive with miners, but not miners of the old pattern. The invention comes at a good time. Men with money are ready to put it into mining enterprises of reasonable promise, and whatever will increase the gold output of California is sure of a welcome.

During the last few weeks the *Argonaut* has given no space to the Fitzsimmons-Maher "fight." It is true that, judging from the columns the dailies gave it, the topic must have been one of overmastering interest. But this journal concluded to wait until the "fight" took place, which date, from the amount of preliminary clapper-clawing, seemed to be the Greek calendar. In fact, it looked at one time as if the sleuth-hound press, with its ceaseless trailing of the "fighters" (accompanied by a brass band, four special trains, and a sixty-foot kinetoscope), would be baffled—not by its inability to find the fighters, but by the inability to make them fight when found. The *Examiner* of this city—ever at the front where the lamp of civilization is to be held up in the dark corners of the world—sent two special reporters to the Mexican frontier, one of them a woman. There must have been several scores of thousands of columns of stuff about the "fight" printed in the nineteen thousand newspapers of the United States, and these columns, if pasted together, would have spanned the widest stretches of the sandy Rio Grande, from our territory to Mexico.

The Mexican officials were naturally somewhat perturbed over this newspaper clamor. While they do not care very greatly about suppressing barbarous amusements or saving human life (for life is cheap in Mexico), they do not like the slur involved in a lot of men crossing into Mexican soil to accomplish acts which are forbidden in the United States. Therefore there was some slight, perfunctory, and formal opposition to the "fight" by the Mexican officials. But it was purely perfunctory and formal. The "fight" took place, and as we learn through the dispatch of a special correspondent of one of our valuable daily contemporaries, the result was as follows:

"Maher was knocked out in the first round. There was not enough blood spilled to stain a lady's handkerchief. On Maher's left jaw there is an abrasion of skin about as large as a five-cent silver piece. On the back of his head, where it struck the platform, there is a lump as large as a hen's egg."

The result of this "fight" has astonished the Mexicans. From the herculean efforts made to prevent it, and from the hordes of newspaper correspondents, they naturally thought it must be either a fight of extreme ferocity or a spectacle of extreme barbarity, like one of their own bull-fights. They are now undeceived. They do not come of a laughter-loving race—the Castilian and his descendants are notoriously solemn—but all Mexico is at present on the broad grin. In Mexico, when men "fight" there is always somebody hurt. The lady-like encounter of Fitzsimmons and Maher is utterly outside of the Mexican ken. As a result, the Mexican officials informed the managers that in future they could have as many concessions as they wanted for "fights."

We hope that this most ludicrous termination to this much befuddled affair will result in the dailies ceasing to advertise these leather-lunged and brass-tongued "fighters." They are all of them fakirs and frauds. There is scarcely a day passes in San Francisco that a more vicious fight can not be seen among the longshoremen on the water-front; there is not a day passes that some bloomer girl in the park does not lose more of her cuticle than did Maher, the "fighter."

How readily prison labor may be usefully employed is receiving a practical illustration in San Francisco through the work being done on the county roads by the prisoners of the branch county jail. This is the old prison on the outskirts of the city, formerly called the House of Correction. The statement of the *Examiner*, however, that this employment of the convicts is new, and originated with Sheriff Whelan and

Superintendent Clarkson, is erroneous. It is our impression that some years ago the superintendent of the House of Correction set his charges to toiling on the roads without any special "order" or "warrant" from any court. He simply decided that as he had the men, and they had hands, and that as the city had had roads, the highways might as well be mended and improved. Inasmuch as the branch jail is in the outskirts, most of the citizens do not see this work in progress, and are, therefore, ignorant of it. Nevertheless, it has been pursued for some years in a desultory manner. We are glad to learn that it is now being done methodically, and that the roads around Sunnyside district are being put in excellent condition. Some seventeen miles of highway have received the benefit of the prisoners' labors. It is also gratifying to know that the men have teams to aid them in their work, the horses being animals which have been found not quite up to the fire department's requirements. Instead of being sold for next to nothing, these horses are put to valuable service on the roads.

Only about fifty prisoners are engaged on the highways, and they work less than eight hours daily, yet the amount they have accomplished is surprising to the average San Franciscan. Consider what might be done were all the available prisoners utilized. There are other prisons. Altogether the municipality has about three hundred law-breakers behind its bars. Were this force employed, the results would be substantial. The only roads we have that are in fit condition are those in the Presidio Military Reservation, Golden Gate Park, and the old county road around Sunnyside district, of which we have just been speaking. The fine roads in the Presidio Reservation have been constructed by the military convicts imprisoned at Alcatraz. The Alms-House Road, so called, from Golden Gate Park to Logside, is in a shocking state. There is no reason why it should be so, or why any road should not be in good repair, when the city has labor ready to its hand. The only things which stand in the way of its employment are inexcusable contrary custom, and the fear that objection may be made by the class of workmen who would rather the roads should remain bad than that they should be made good by prison labor. Politicians, indifferent to the common rights of citizens, are respectful to these dog-in-the-manger workmen who have votes. Were public opinion intelligently active on the subject, not alone the roads in the environs, but the streets of the city would receive the energies of the inmates of the jails. In every way it would be beneficial were it an understood thing that a sentence of imprisonment involved hard work on the highways. There would be fewer offenders, and those who fell into the law's clutches would pay for their maintenance. There can be no question that the great body of the citizens of San Francisco would heartily favor this plan.

California needs rousing on the subject of prison labor. Therein lies the cure for the tramp evil, under which the people of the interior suffer as do no other people in the United States. Therein lies also the means for the removal of California's bad distinction as the State which has the most comfortable penitentiaries known. Forbidden, by laws enacted out of deference to the narrow-minded and completely selfish trades-unions, to employ prisoners at productive occupations, the State is, nevertheless, doing something toward making her convicts useful. At Folsom there is a granite-quarry, and a rock-crushing plant turns out the finest road-metal in the world. This is sold to counties at a nominal price, but difficulties are found in distribution. Governor Budd has shown a creditable interest in making the prisons and charitable institutions mutually helpful, and he favors the utilization of convict labor. He would honor his administration were he to give State engineers the task of making plans for highways to run through the State on a uniform system, the counties to perform the work of construction with the inmates of their jails, and the road-metal to be furnished by Folsom State Prison at cost. The people would support the governor in this policy. An immense amount of work could be done by the vagabonds and criminals who now fill the county prisons and live at the cost of the tax-payers in a luxury to which they are wholly unaccustomed when at liberty. There is not a single legitimate argument against this proposition. Economically it is impregnable, and morally it appeals to every penologist. Idleness is the mother of crime inside the jails as well as outside of them. There can be no doubt that the tender treatment received by prisoners throughout this State has much to do with the lawlessness which is our reproach, and the vagabondage which is our plague. Given a man who has sunk below caring for the disgrace of being a jail-bird, and there is nothing in California's prison system to cause him fear. He is assured of good housing, good food, and freedom from exertion during the term of his incarceration. In his material state he is far better off than the hard-working laborer who respects the laws. This is at once disgraceful and perilous to the community. It is also inimical in a

State which stands in such need of better roads, and more of them, as does California. Let Governor Budd lead the way in the direction of common sense and the people will follow him readily enough. What is required in the circumstances is a well-digested, coherent, scientific plan of State roads. The rest would soon come.

We have received a note from Mrs. Francis W. Leiter, head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, inclosing a copy of the Carter bill now pending in Congress, which aims to secure a military training in the public schools. Mrs. Leiter in her note says: "Will you join with us in an effort to prevent such legislation? You reach many readers. Your name appended to these three petitions, sending one to each of your United States senators and the other to your representative at Washington, can not fail to add force to the petition which is going to Congress from various parts of the country. May we depend on your cooperation in this important matter?"

We are sorry, but we are not disposed to protest against the enactment of the Carter law. While the *Argonaut* does not believe in fighting the battles of South American republics, or in waging war by means of barbaric yaws in Congress and inflammatory editorials in the daily press, it believes that war at times is inevitable, and that battles must be fought with soldiers and sailors, ships and guns, of which, at present, we have almost none. If our country should unfortunately become involved in war, she would have need of soldiers. Where better could she find them than among the ranks of her own citizens? Would the women of America have her men hire mercenary armies, as did the Carthaginians? When they do, the republic will fall, as Carthage fell. If this rich and prosperous country continues to grow richer and more prosperous—as we think it will when the Democratic incubus is removed—it must look to its defenses, internal and external. Otherwise it will be a great, rich, helpless money-bag, which may be tapped at the mercy of the first armed brigand. We believe that all governments are based on the power of those who compose them to put down internal disorder or to resist invasion with a strong hand. The United States at present has not the means to suppress internal disorder or to resist a foreign foe. She could prepare herself to do so, we admit, but she is not prepared now. Why should not her youthful citizens receive a military training? It does not necessarily follow that because they have received a military training they will want to indulge in causeless war. It has been well said of Germany that she is a military but not a militant nation. If this country should possess many millions of potential soldiers instead of a hired police force of twenty-five thousand, it would be even more secure from war than it is now. Let us not forget the words of Washington: "In time of peace, prepare for war."

Last week we referred to the fact that Mr. Hannis Taylor, United States Minister at Madrid, had addressed a curt note to the Spanish Government, requesting an explanation of a paper read before a geographical society by Captain Concas y Pulan, in which the writer criticized the United States. Captain Concas commanded the caravel *Santa Maria* sent by Spain to the World's Fair at Chicago. Admiral Heranger, minister of marine, a superior officer of Captain Concas, regarded the reading as inoffensive, as it took place before a private society, and was in no sense an official act. He did not feel inclined to direct his subordinate to disavow the paper. But Señor Canovas del Castillo, the Prime Minister of Spain, has requested Captain Concas y Pulan to write an apology to the minister of the United States, and thus terminate the incident. This request is equivalent to a command, and the apology has probably already been tendered.

According to the cable dispatch, it is asserted that Captain Concas y Pulan stated that "the moral atmosphere of the United States is very defective, that American politicians have no prestige, that in America everything is sacrificed to the almighty dollar, and that business and the materialities of life drown all noble sentiment."

These remarks are not pleasant reading for an American. But they were uttered by a Spaniard, talking to a gathering of Spaniards, in the private rooms of a Spanish geographical society. Let us look back a few months and see what was said by Thomas F. Bayard, an American ambassador, talking to a British gathering, about his country and his countrymen. Among other things, he said:

"In my own country, I have witnessed the insatiable growth of a form of socialism styled protection, which has done more to corrupt public life . . . and to lower the tone of the national representation than any other single cause. Protection, . . . an engine for selfish profit, . . . has sapped the popular conscience; . . .

Elsewhere, Ambassador Bayard referred to American

political life as a "foul pool of corruption," and in still another speech, referring to his country and his fellow-citizens, he used this remarkable language:

"The President stands in the midst of a strong, self-confident, and oftentimes violent people—men who desire to have their own way and who need to have that way frequently obstructed; and I tell you plainly that it takes a real man to govern the people of the United States."

This language was used by an American minister talking in a foreign land, before a British audience, in a public lecture-room, and it was subsequently printed in the newspapers and sent to the four quarters of the globe. If an apology for his indiscretion be demanded from that bluff old sailor, Captain Concas y Pulan, smarting under what he believed to be American neglect of the Duke of Veragua, descendant of Columbus, what reparation shall be asked from an American minister who, talking to a foreign audience, holds up his country and his countrymen to foreign scorn?

Eugene F. Loud, congressman from this district, has introduced a bill concerning the postal laws, which is attracting a great deal of attention.

The bill throws limitations around what the Post-Office Department calls "second-class matter." For many years the government has been carrying newspapers and other periodicals—"second-class matter"—at a very low rate. This is defensible and, in fact, highly commendable, as it conduces to the spread of intelligence. But it costs the government a large sum annually. Carrying first-class matter—sealed letters, etc.—pays four times its cost; carrying third-class matter—books, pamphlets, etc.—just pays for itself; carrying fourth-class matter—seeds, miscellaneous articles, etc.—pays double its cost. But the cost of carrying second-class matter is eight cents a pound, and it pays only one cent. In 1895, the government lost on carrying second-class matter \$18,572,000.

This is too heavy a tax for the people to bear. Even if it redounded to the benefit of honest publishers, it would still be unjust. But it is not for the benefit of honest publishers. In the last six years the second-class matter has increased from 143,000,000 to 265,000,000 pounds. Most of this increase is fraudulent. The mails are loaded down with sheets purporting to be newspapers, but which in reality are nothing but advertising circulars. It is a favorite method of many large advertisers to circulate their advertising matter under the guise of monthly and quarterly "periodicals" at the expense of the people.

We urge the newspaper publishers of California to use all the influence they possess to aid Congressman Loud in the passage of his bill. In addition to the fact that it is a just and honest bill, and ought to be passed, it will lose nothing in the eyes of the newspaper publishers when we say that these heavy advertisers who are now defrauding the mails, are also neglecting the newspapers, and that if they are driven out of their irregular use of the mails, they will be driven back into the columns of the regular journals.

A heated debate took place in the House of Representatives on February 24th over the appropriations for Indian schools. In the course of this debate it transpired that something like a million and a half of government money had gone to maintain Roman Catholic schools in the Indian reservations.

Congressman Linton, of Michigan, in the course of an eloquent speech, said that the pending bill carried with it an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, every dollar of which would go into the coffers of the Roman Church. He then offered an amendment to the bill, providing that no money appropriated for the support of Indian schools should go to any sectarian school. In the debate which followed, it was very evident on which side of the chamber the Roman Catholic strength lay. The speeches in favor of the appropriation were almost all by Democrats. One of them—Walsh, of New York—in a heated harangue, declared that if the appropriation was withdrawn, the Roman Catholic Church would take care of its schools itself. That is eminently fitting. Let the Roman Church take care of the Roman schools. There is no reason why the rest of us should pay our money for teaching little Indians the Romanist catechism. When the amendment came to a vote, the Democrats voted almost solidly in favor of appropriating the public moneys for Roman Catholic schools, the Republicans almost solidly against it. The appropriation was defeated, we are glad to say. Already the Roman Church has grabbed a million and a half of the public money to maintain their sectarian schools. Now it is stopped. It is a good thing that it is stopped. There is no warrant in the Federal Constitution for appropriating the money of this government to maintain sectarian schools. We do not see how any congressman, whether Republican or Democratic, could conscientiously vote in favor of such a dishonest appropriation.

THE SUN SAPPHIRE.

A Strange Story of the Ring of an Inca King.

Some years ago I had charge of a large hardwood lumber business on the west coast of Mexico. Toward the evening of a busy day, during which we had been loading one of our large lumber schooners with the aromatic Spanish cedar logs, two men rode up to my *jacal*, or temporary house of cane and palm-leaves, on the beach where I held my office as superintendent. They had come down from the village of La Chola, where we kept our permanent office, upon my invitation to see us load the lumber vessel.

One was an Englishman, a mining engineer, by the name of Pickwick, who had charge of some gold mines not far from La Chola; the other, a Dr. Moses, who, as his name implies, was a Jew. He was a man of the world, accustomed to danger, lithe, quick-eyed, and quick-witted, a fatalist, an expert in games of love and chance, generous and friendly, his morality not of the highest order; he was a good shot, a good liar, a good drinker, and a good fellow.

I was glad enough to see them, for a white face is eagerly welcomed in that country of brown ones; and after I had shown them the manner of loading the logs on the schooner, and we had watched the big logs hattle with the breakers as they were slowly but surely yanked out on the endless line, we repaired to the *jacal* for our supper.

During the meal the doctor entertained us by recounting his adventures and showed us this ring which I now wear.

"Look closely," said he, "and you will see gleaming far down in the liquid blue depths of this bisected oval stone a brilliant golden sun, with its sparkling corona darting out until its rays are quenched in a sea of sapphire blue."

We examined it, and greatly admired its beauty. Its central sun shone clearly and steadily.

"The Peruvians," continued the doctor, "prized these stones very highly. They held them sacred and called them *Opu*, and have a very pretty tradition in regard to them: Whenever an Inca ruler was born, the sun, who, according to their belief, was his father, and whom the Peruvians worshiped as the giver of all things, dissipated a world—a sort of pyrotechnic display in honor of the happy event. All that was pure and good in that world was concentrated into this one liquid lump and deposited somewhere, to be discovered by some lucky person in the empire. When the Inca ascended the throne, this lucky person came forward, presented the sapphire, and received from him some high sinecure.

"The Inca carefully guarded the stone, and usually had it set in a resplendent sunburst of pure gold. This he wore on his breast, as insignia of his office. Thenceforth it was his lucky stone, his guiding star, his life. As long as its central sun remained bright, so long did that ruler prosper; but when the central sun commenced to pale, he knew some danger was coming, and when it went out entirely, his death accompanied its extinguishment.

"With stately pomp they interred the Inca and placed all his jewels with him, in mute testimony of his earthly wealth. Of the eighteen rulers of the Huacan Dynasty there still remain five tombs undiscovered, and if either of you gentlemen feels desirous of possessing one of these stones, you can take a pick and shovel, and go to Peru and prospect. Another curious thing is that no one has ever found one of these stones in the rough, and no one in modern times has been able, as some folks have thought could be done, to cut a piece of corundum, the material composing sapphires, in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of light in one spot as this does, and thus produce a sun.

"Now," continued the doctor, "suppose we turn our attention from the dry subject of jewelry and indulge, as the French say, 'in ze American game of pokaire.' Are you all agreeable?"

Bidding Doña Maria, the cook, remove the remains of the supper, and calling for a fourth hand Theodoro, our Mexican foreman, a protégé of mine, who, among other accomplishments, could have instructed Hoyle in card playing, we sat down to play.

Playing the game of poker to me is not very enjoyable, owing, no doubt, to the fact that I invariably lose. It has, however, always been my pleasure to hear and tell poker stories, all of course absolutely true; but never in the course of my observation or hearing, nor in the wildest flights of my imagination, have I known of such luck as that Jew possessed. The way he held cards that took in our shakels was awful, atrocious, blood-curdling; if I had pairs, he had better ones; if I had threes, he had a full house; if I had a full house, he had fours or a straight flush. This continued until I was thoroughly disgusted. Even Theodoro lost.

Presently the doctor, who during the last few moments had grown quite pale, much to my surprise said: "Had we not better quit? It is not very valorous in me, who have been winning, to suggest it, but I feel sleepy and you have a hard day before you to-morrow, if you wish to finish loading the schooner. You may have your revenge on me at a later date." And, notwithstanding our losses, we were very glad to stop.

In the early *mañana*, long before the sun had risen, and while the thin veil of mist hung low in the massive forest, making it cool and pleasant to travel, I had the doctor and Pickwick adieu; but before they left I intrusted Pickwick with two thousand dollars in bills to take to La Chola and exchange for silver to send me by messenger. The *raya*, or pay-roll, of the men fell due next day, and hills were entirely beyond the comprehension or use of a people to whom a dollar was a small-sized fortune.

The doctor looked very glum and uneasy, and it seemed to me that he was watching something about his hand. Was it possible that he believed in that old Peruvian superstition, and that the signs were inauspicious? As I had them good-by his face brightened, and he said, in as cheery a voice as he could command: "Well, old man, good-by,

and I hope your revenge will not be put off too long;" then, waving a graceful *adios*, the two rode away.

That evening Pickwick's messenger arrived in camp, but instead of the money he was to bring, he brought only one thousand dollars and the following note:

DEAR HERBERT: I have been able to exchange no more than one-half the amount of your bills, and now a messenger comes from the mines asking me to start for them immediately. The large Cornish pump is broken. The lower level is flooded, and I must go immediately to see if I can not remedy matters. I send you what money I could get. I cleaned out the town of ready cash and have intrusted the balance of the bills to Moses, who will go over to Anaya's ranch this evening—[Anaya was something of a banker]—exchange the money, and send it to you by noon to-morrow. In haste,

PICKWICK.

The turn affairs had taken did not please me. I was not willing to trust the doctor; but there was no alternative.

The morning dawned and the sun reached the zenith, but the messenger with the money did not arrive. The day ran on, noon passed; the sun shone in the surf-men's eyes as they worked in the frothing breakers; but the froth of the breakers did not portend money, as does the froth on a cup of tea, for none came.

As I sat at the table we had used the night before, making up the log list from the measurers' tags, my hand happened to stray underneath, and I felt something smooth. Investigation proved it to be cards—three kings and an ace, held there by a little watch-spring arrangement screwed to the soft redwood. They were underneath that part of the table occupied the night before by the doctor.

I was dazed. So this was the reason he won; and I had been fool enough to believe that he played a "straight" game. Calling Theodoro, I showed him the "hold-out." He was greatly surprised and very angry, and suggested that we pursue the doctor and recover our money. This I decided to do, and telling the men that pay-day would be put off until Monday, Theodoro and I set off in a hurry for La Chola.

We arrived in that pretentious village about five o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately repaired to the Meson de Guadalupe, the only hostelry in the place, to leave our horses. Hardly had we passed through the grand *portal* of the meson, when Doña Carolina Mendoza, the proprietress, came toward me with such a troubled look that I asked her in alarm what ailed her.

"Ah, *valgame Dios!* why did I trust him, the *sin-verguenza*," she wailed.

"What is the matter, Doña Carolina?" I again asked.

"Oh, señor, that *picaro* Jew has gone away with all his rent and hoard-hill unpaid, more than twenty-four dollars; and that is not all, he took my mare, the best horse in the whole *distrito*." With this, the poor woman broke down completely.

This was interesting, but not surprising news to me, and I eagerly asked her when he left.

"I don't know the hour," she sobbed; "I learned that he had gone only a half hour ago, when I went to put some clean clothes in his room."

Thereupon I hastened to the office of the *Jefe Politico*, a police officer with combined state and municipal functions.

I found him idly swinging in a hammock. On my approach he got up and grasped me warmly by the hand and offered me a chair. Disregarding the custom of the country of going around Robin Hood's barn before telling a thing, I immediately proceeded to business, told him all that I have told you, and asked him what course had better be pursued.

"It is as I expected," he replied; "read this." He handed me an official-looking document, which proved to be an official letter from the governor of Vera Cruz in regard to a certain Max Bergstein, who was wanted for two crimes—the abduction of a girl and embezzlement. The description fitted Moses exactly; it was he, without a doubt.

"Why did you not arrest him at once, this description is perfect?" I asked.

With a shrug of his shoulders: "Well, I thought *mañana* would do as well as to-day, and I still think so. He is gone now and off my hands. *Que le vaya bien!*"

"But are you not going to try and catch him?" I asked in astonishment.

"Señor Herberth," he answered, with a languid smile, "you are not acquainted with the customs of this country. We Mexicans never fly in the face of Providence as you Americans do. When fortune so favors us as to kill for us a great quantity of trouble, we never try to resuscitate that trouble. Besides, in this case it would be foolish to exert ourselves. Moses has, as you say, Doña Carolina's mare, the fastest horse in the district. He probably started this morning, and if so, is already far down the Maneadero; perhaps at Panuco by this time. You know there are no telegraphs in this State, so, *amigo*, I am sorry, you had better bid your thousand dollars *adios*, and be thankful they were not more. However, if you wish to cool your indignation by chasing Dr. Moses, take as many of my soldiers as you wish. Regard my feelings, though, and if you catch him, don't bring him back here—put him to some good use, such as fertilizing the orchids, for instance. You know the orchids, they grow high up in the tree," and he smiled significantly.

Thanking him for the offer, I went off to talk the matter over with Theodoro, who had learned that Moses took a servant and a pack animal. He learned further that some washerwomen had seen Moses pass at three P. M. This news encouraged me, and I asked Theodoro if he thought we could overtake the doctor.

He studied awhile. "Yes," he replied, "but in only one way. If we can borrow Don Vicente's horse for you to ride, and I get a little mule of mine from over the hill in the *milpa*, I think we can catch him by morning. He can not travel very swiftly with his *mozo* and pack animal; besides he will go by the coast, which makes a long curve to the west. We will follow a wood trail that I know and save an hour's time between here and Panuco."

"Can we handle him alone, or shall I borrow some soldiers of the *Jefe*, Theodoro?"

"Señor," he answered, "do you remember the night you saved my life from the wood-choppers; how we fought back to back and whipped those nine *macheteros*? and then you ask me if we can whip *one* mao. I will go alone and bring him back."

"No, Theo," I replied, "we will go together. Let us eat, then you can get your little mule, and I will ask Don Vicente for his horse."

Supper over, we soon procured our horses, and, with many blessings and good wishes from Doña Carolina, we started out.

Our way led along the main road, or *camino real*, until we reached Tzatlán, a small village, where we struck the wood trail. There we learned that about four P. M. Moses and his servant had passed. Theodoro had carefully studied the ground from La Chola to Tzatlán, and though the light was now failing rapidly, he had no difficulty in recognizing the track of Doña Carolina's mare.

We rode hard; at times the way was bad, and we had to slacken our pace. Occasionally we were forced to duck our heads to preserve our eyes from some thorny hush, and once we rode for two miles through a swampy country where the gigantic trees, arching overhead, completely shut out all light. Once, when riding over a husby *mesa*, my horse stopped and snorted, and there, ahead in the moonlight on the trail, stood a large jaguar; but only for an instant, then he turned and crashed through the bushes.

At midnight we stopped beside a small creek, and watered the horses and stretched our legs. Oh, how sore I was! I had never ridden so hard before. How I wished for a telegraph line, and I wondered if Herodius suffered as much when she chased her wandering Jew.

About five o'clock in the morning, Theodoro, who was ahead, stopped, and I rode up to him. "What is it?" I asked.

"We are now," answered Theo, "about half a mile from Panuco. I think we had better try and stop them here. We have traveled fast, and I don't believe they have passed this point."

I agreeing, we turned down an *arroyo* and reached the *camino real*. Here Theodoro made a close scrutiny of the ground by the aid of a couple of lighted matches, and assured me that Moses had not yet passed.

We tied our horses a few yards back in the wood, and selecting a large clump of *mesquite* to hide behind, waited with anxious hearts the coming of the Jew.

It seemed that we had waited an age, and I was beginning to despair. The day commenced to dawn and the moon to pale, when we heard a rattle of hoofs and stones, and Theodoro said to me, "Here he comes; he is about three hundred yards away." I hastily looked at the cartridges and cocked the shotgun that I had brought along in preference to a revolver. It was loaded heavily in each barrel with buckshot.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and, looking through the foliage, I could see in the dim light Moses and his servant. They were asleep. The mare, tired from her all-night trip, was walking slowly.

I stepped out from behind the hush. The mare gave a snort and stopped. The *mozo* awoke with a jerk, and seeing two men with guns leveled on his master, valorously turned tail and went clattering down the road, leaving the pack-mule and Moses to our tender mercies.

"Get off your horse, doctor," I cried.

He made an involuntary move toward his revolver, then looked down the barrels of our guns and concluded that it was best to do as I wished.

"That's right," I said. "Now, throw up your hands. I don't wish to detain you unnecessarily, doctor, but I would like the money you so kindly changed for me."

Theodoro now stepped up, and, while I covered Moses, he disarmed him and went through his pockets, grip, blankets, and saddle-bags; but all he could find in money was two hundred and forty-six dollars.

"Where is the rest of my money, doctor?" I asked.

"I lost it cock-fighting at Don Ignacio's," he replied.

"All right, then; your jewelry will be good for two hundred dollars, and when you get settled in some other country I shall draw on you at sight for the balance."

How his black eyes gleamed with anger at me! Theodoro relieved him of his watch and attempted to take the ring from his hand; but, as he did so, Moses jerked his hand away and started to run.

"Stop," I cried, "or I'll shoot! Deliver that ring, or I'll blow your head off."

He stopped and, with a voice full of sorrow, said: "It's no use. I knew it would come to this. Fool that I was to believe that I could in some manner circumvent the predictions of this ring! There, take it," and, with a gesture full of bitterness, he hurled it at my feet. "May it trouble you as it has me. It has five times unerringly predicted disaster to me, and, do my best, I can not escape. Yet I could not hear to part with this stone. It possessed a horrible hold on me. I could not live without knowing the future. Now I am glad it is gone."

"Never mind about me," I replied, "I'll take the chances of the bad luck to come. I ought now to take you back to the *Jefe*, and let him ship you over to Vera Cruz to answer for your crimes there"—he winced at this—"but I shall be more merciful. I know that a Mexican prison is as much to be dreaded as Hades, so here is your empty revolver and five dollars in silver. My revenge has come quickly, according to your wish, doctor. Now go, and let your presence be scarce hereafter in La Chola. You may take the mule."

He climbed on the pack-saddle, spurred up the mule, and quickly vanished down the road.

Theodoro and I returned to La Chola at our leisure. I gave the watch to him, settled the doctor's hoard-hill, returned the mare, and kept the balance of the money and the ring myself.

So far I have been fortunate. You see the central sun shines brilliantly.

ROSCOE HOWARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1896.

A NEWSPAPER WAR.

Pulitzer's "World" and Hearst's "Journal"—They Battle for a Supremacy in Nastiness—The "World" Reduced to One Cent—They will Ruin the "Police Gazette."

Grim-visaged war hath reared his wrinkled front. A battle has broken out in the newspaper world. The battle is between the New York *World* and the New York *Journal*.

Ever since W. R. Hearst changed the style and make-up of the *Journal*, he has been spending money in a way that has appalled other newspaper publishers and caused extreme delight upon Newspaper Row. He has been taking high-priced men away from other papers by over-bidding their employers. For example, he sent Julian Ralph abroad to represent the *Journal* in London. He has now secured Murat Halstead, who has been sent to Cuba to represent the *Journal* there. The latest coup which Mr. Hearst has made has been to secure Morrell Goddard, the editor of the *Sunday World*, with his entire staff, altogether eleven men. In addition, Shaw, Baker, McCarthy, and Max Alder, recently artists on the *World*, have deserted Mr. Pulitzer's paper and gone upon the *Journal's* staff. Arthur Brisbane takes Goddard's place on the *World*. The defection of Goddard has caused much gossip among newspaper men in New York. He was always a particular pet of Pulitzer. He has been in receipt of a princely income, and his employer was in the habit of making him costly presents from time to time, among others a yacht. It is not known what salary Hearst has been obliged to pay Goddard, but he was receiving ten thousand dollars on the *World*, in addition to his employer's many presents. As for Murat Halstead, it is not known what his salary is either, but inasmuch as he is a person of extreme prominence in the journalistic world, and himself part proprietor of some newspapers, it is probable that he comes high. Halstead won fame as war correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* during the Franco-German War.

Altogether, Hearst is cutting a wide swath in metropolitan journalism. He is in the habit of indulging in all sorts of striking advertising features. He has secured the blank wall at the end of the gore overlooking Madison Square, and has an enormous advertisement thereon in electric lights at night. Rumor says that his mother, the widow of Senator Hearst, of California, has promised to erect a building for him, and that she has practically secured the Victoria Hotel property at Fifth Avenue, Twenty-Seventh, and Broadway. This, however, is only rumor, and I can not vouch for its accuracy.

What is certain, however, is that the *Journal* has been cutting enough into the *World* to disturb Brother Pulitzer seriously. As a result, the *World* announced last week that in future its price would be one cent per copy instead of two cents "within greater New York." The *World* now claims a circulation of six hundred thousand copies a day, and states that it intends to raise its circulation to one million. This is its excuse for the reduction to one cent. It is the belief of many newspaper quidnuncs that the *World* will lose heavily by the reduction, and there are some who put its loss at one thousand dollars a day. But this is a loss which, if it exists, will speedily be diminished, as the *World* is certainly gaining enormously since it reduced its price.

Mr. Hearst has modeled the *Journal* largely upon the *World* ever since he took charge of it. The old *Morning Journal* was sensational, but comparatively innocuous. It was intended—as its New York name, "The Chambermaid's Own," implied—for the delectation principally of female domestic servants. The theoretical morals of these persons, whatever their practical morals may be, are like those of the gallery gods. They believe that the wicked should be punished and virtue should be rewarded. Therefore, the old *Morning Journal* inclined toward revealing the secrets of the houndir rather than the secrets of the hoozing ken. The *World*, on the other hand, while not neglecting female underwear, has always inclined toward crime and blood. Then, too, there has always been a faint trace of nastiness running through the *World*. The *Journal* has been following faithfully in the footsteps of the *World*, and at the same time attempting to retain its former clientele. For example, in the last number of the *Sunday Journal*, there is given away for the delectation of the chambermaids a large chromo-lithograph in five colors done by W. Granville Smith, representing the Patriarch's Ball of a few nights before. Going to the other extreme, the *Journal* has in the same number a full-page picture entitled "Early Morning Frolics at the Big Arion Ball in Madison Square Garden." From this title it may readily be imagined what the picture is. It is the usual collection of women in tights riding on men's shoulders, women in tights kicking men's hats off, and women in tights sprawled around upon the floor. It is exactly the kind of picture which is to be seen in the *Police Gazette*. In the same number there are, of course, the usual accurate studies of the underclothing of the "Four Hundred," and a picture of "the swimming class of the 'Four Hundred' at the Berkeley Lyceum," in which there are pictures of the young women engaged in fixing their garters and other comparatively intimate details of dress.

Mr. Pulitzer has looked upon all this with mingled feelings. Having for a number of years occupied the undisputed position of being the editor of the nastiest paper in the universe, Mr. Pulitzer does not like Mr. Hearst's competition. It is for this that he has lowered his price to one cent. There is no doubt that this will help his circulation, large as it was before, and it is the belief of newspaper experts that it has stopped the encroachments of the *Journal* upon the *World's* circulation. Mr. Pulitzer has maintained a dignified silence touching the *Journal*, but in a recent number the *Journal* has a full-page cartoon representing Mr. Pulitzer as a hattered parrot being pulled off its perch, with its tail feathers in a sadly bedraggled condition. But if the *World* is silent about the *Journal*, it is industriously beating the drum about its own gains. It claims that its

average daily circulation of 618,496 for the week ending February 8th, when the change was made, has been far exceeded, although as yet it has given no figures.

The *Journal* claims that it gives more matter than any other paper in New York. It prints a table showing that in last Saturday's papers the *Journal* had one hundred columns of reading matter, the *World* eighty-six, the *Tribune* eighty-three, the *Herald* seventy, the *Times* sixty-five, and the *Sun* seventy. It further states that on the same day the *Journal* printed three and one-half columns of cable, the *Herald* two and one-quarter, the *World* one and three-quarters, the *Tribune* one and three-quarters, the *Times* one and one-half, and the *Sun* one and one-quarter. But while the *Journal* may be printing more reading matter than its competitors, and while it may even be printing more sensational and nasty matter than the *World*, it has got to print more columns of advertising than it is doing now, or it will lose barrels of money. For example, last Sunday the *Journal* consisted of forty pages, with thirty-six columns of advertisements, while the *World* consisted of forty-eight pages, with one hundred and fifty-four columns of advertisements. These one hundred and fifty-four columns of advertisements speak more loudly of success than Mr. Hearst's plethora of petticoats, his most nude of women, his most elaborate studies of feminine underwear. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 23, 1896.

What a serious business the trade of emperor has become in the modern world may be inferred (says the *Nation*) from some statistics recently published in the German papers regarding William the Second's distribution of his time during the past year. He spent one hundred and fifty-nine days away from Berlin. Of these, fifty-two were taken up by hunting parties, thirty-eight by visits to allied princes, and twenty-eight by military parades and army manoeuvres—what has been called the "defilirmg tremens" of the Kaiser. The remaining days of his absence from the capital were passed in different German cities, haranguing the burgomasters, and in various royal châteaux, doing "suthin' in the pastoral line." Even when in Berlin, William keeps up his pathological activity, counting that day lost whose low descending sun has not seen a garrison alarmed, a minister rebuked, socialists threatened with the sword of the Lord's anointed, or an imperial finger thrust into some international pie.

Twenty-seven horses were shot under Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest, who earned the *sobriquet* of "The Wizard of the Saddle" during the war, and Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor said of him: "I doubt if any commander since the days of Lion-Hearted Richard has killed so many of the enemy." Forrest's aphorisms are such as one would expect from such a man. "War means fighting, and fighting means killing," he once said. On another occasion, he declared: "The way to whip 'em is to get there first with the most men." Once when discussing with a graduate of West Point the question of how to fight cavalry to greatest advantage, he remarked: "I would give more for fifteen minutes of hulge than for three days of tactics."

The man who "once sold the site of the Palace Hotel for five hundred dollars," and he who "could have bought all Chicago for a pair of old boots" have their prototype in a confirmed invalid in an English workhouse. He bought fifteen thousand acres of land near the source of the Crocodile, or Limpopo, River for three hundred and fifty pounds, before the Transvaal was made over to the Boers, but he fought against the latter in the subsequent war, and, when the republic was declared, refused to accept service under President Kruger. His land was accordingly confiscated; it included the site of Johannesburg, and is worth many millions of pounds.

A policeman on night duty near the Chicago River, week before last, heard a splash, and then a man began calling for help. The policeman hurried to the rescue and threw the drowning man the end of a chain. But the poor fellow's frozen fingers could not hold it, and he called out: "Tell my wife good-bye. I'm John Bradley, 3539 Wood—" then he sank and the water closed over him. His body was recovered, some hours later, with grappling tongs.

The most extraordinary stenographic feat we ever heard of was performed last year by Mr. Reed, an Englishman. In the sittings of the Opium Commission in India, he recorded accurately, and afterward read over, the evidence of two Brahmans, of whose language he knew nothing and whom he had never seen before. He took down the sounds as they came from their lips, representing each sound by its phonetic character.

The Hungarian physicist Lenard succeeded, in 1894, in photographing through pasteboard by means of the rays emanating from the cathode or negative pole of a galvanic battery. He published an account of his experiments at that time in the *Annalen für Physik und Chemie* (Vol. LI, p. 225), with plates showing the results.

"Chewed up by a bull-dog" was the remarkable entry set opposite the first sixty-four ballots in an election on Staten Island, N. Y., last week. The ballots had been locked up over night in an engine-house, with a bull-pup to guard them, and the intelligent beast had swallowed sixty-four of them hy morning.

Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy," walking in his garden one night with his chaplain, asked him whether "public bodies might not go mad as well as individuals," adding that "nothing else could account for most of the transactions in history."

A FEMALE BLACK-MAILER.

Severine, the Woman Journalist, Mixed Up in the Lebaudy Scandal—Her Lover was One of his Persecutors—Her Career and her Influence.

Severine, whom we have learned to look upon as a sort of avenging angel, must, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion. From the moment that it was possible to suspect her of connivance with any member of the ignoble crew who fattened on the Lebaudy millions, she was lost.

The prospect of being hauled over the coals by Severine made the stoutest heart ever owned by cabinet minister quake within him. For several years Severine has been a power in the state, and she has done more than any one else—even not excepting Henri Rochefort—to extend the influence of the press. No woman, and hardly any man, ever reached such a height of popularity merely through articles in the newspapers. She had but to espouse a cause for it to be won, and her pen was drawn in the cause of the weak and suffering, the victims of unjust laws, inexorable fate, and undeserved misfortune. Her words carried conviction with them. Nor is she satisfied with the part of town-crier; personally she is indefatigable. We have seen her transformed into a hospital nurse tending the ghastly wounds inflicted at colliery explosions, organizing relief funds, administering soup-kitchens, district visiting, carrying food and money to the starving denizens of slums, smuggling interesting criminals out of the country, cheating the guillotine and the jail. Her enemies, of course, say it pays.

Having constituted herself the patron of the poor and wretched, it was doubtless natural that Severine should convert Max Lebaudy into a target for the barbed arrows of her rhetoric; at any rate, she pursued the beardless millionaire ruthlessly to the end with gibes and reviling, so that when we heard of his miserable death in the grim military hospital of Amélie-les-Bains, we felt she was in some measure responsible for the event.

But Severine was much more nearly mixed up in this affair of Private Max Lebaudy. When a man gets into trouble, people say *cherchez la femme*, and women often get into trouble through their lovers. Now, although for the public who every morning reads a column or so of Severine's electric prose, the writer partakes more of the sibyl, yet she is a woman, even to the extent of being hoodwinked by a man hardly worthy, from an intellectual point of view, to fasten her shoe-strings. It is all the more strange that she should be attracted by so superficial a creature as La Bruyère, because she made her apprenticeship in journalism under that leviathan of the press, Jules Vallès; and rumor credits him with having been something more than her patron. Severine herself, who never set up for this sort of virtue, describes her admiring friendship for Vallès to have been strictly platonic; but, as we well know, women do not habitually stick to the truth in such matters. In the dim background there is a husband, but history does not concern itself with him, and at any rate he seems to have passed out of Severine's life about the time of the Vallès episode. Friendship or platonic affection, whichever it was, the last days of the *ex-communard's* life were sweetened by it; and during his long illness it was the woman who held the pen. It is difficult to say how much of what then appeared in the *Cri du Peuple*, under the signature of Jules Vallès, was his and how much Severine's. The coöperation had a marked influence on the latter's literary career, and although there is unmistakable individuality about all Severine writes, you can still trace the Vallèsian influence.

But if she was fortunate in her first love, her second—I have a hazy remembrance that it was not her second, by the bye, though this is neither here nor there—was a sad falling off. La Bruyère is one of the not uncommon type of French journalists with whose name every one is familiar, and who, nevertheless, has never written anything of the slightest importance. (One such hanger-on of the press, having some hold on the editor, of one of the big dailies, is paid a liberal stipend *not* to write.) Severine might pick and choose, her position is unique, editors and newspaper proprietors vie with one another for the favor of her copy, and if she is not a rich woman, the reason may not be far to seek. A lover of the La Bruyère model is a somewhat expensive article, the more so that there is a wife and family in the case.

When Jacques Saint Cère, the man who for some years past has played the oracle in all matters connected with foreign politics, was accused of participation in the Max Lebaudy fraud, the *Figaro* simply cut him adrift. Severine is of another metal altogether: no sooner was it found that La Bruyère had black-mailed "Little Sugar-Bowl," deceased, than she became as a very lioness defending her cub. With supreme indifference, she allowed the aspersions on her own rectitude to remain unanswered; but all those who dared to put a finger on her lover, she met with her teeth and claws. As for Rochefort, who had joined in the hue and cry against the heloved one, she vowed to have his heart's blood; but he is no mean antagonist, and the lioness was powerless against his cool sarcasm.

I do not think any one believes that Severine was conversant with La Bruyère's intrigues; one can quite suppose him pocketing bribes and promising to use his influence with his formidable mistress to stop the campaign she was leading against the millionaire in the name of equity and justice. One of the witnesses describes her as watering her plants in the garden while La Bruyère was closeted with one of his pals in the parlor. When a woman determinedly shuts her eyes to the seamy side of a man's character, who so blind as she? Undoubtedly, in all matters not connected with "son ami," Severine is wide-awake and clear-headed enough, but it is difficult to make the world understand this, and the suspicion, undeserved though it may be, will injure Severine's popularity.

PARIS, February 7, 1896.

PARISINA.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The board of health of San Francisco has addressed to the board of supervisors a ringing and eloquent appeal. It is an appeal to provide for the care and cure of persons suffering from contagious and infectious diseases. The provisions at present made are of a character to shock and disgust all humane and right-minded men. The only asylum for such cases is called "the pest-house," and in it are herded together lepers, small-pox patients, and others. The building is a mere shed, and is falling to pieces from decay. The proposal to erect a new building anywhere within the city limits is at once met with violent opposition from the dwellers in that particular vicinity—generally headed by Mayor Sutro, who owns so much property in San Francisco that he does not want the hospital anywhere near here.

Viewed in the light of modern sanitary science, San Francisco is in the Dark Ages. There is no more danger in the proximity of a modern hospital for contagious diseases than there is in the proximity of a church—in fact, less, if we may judge from some of the revelations concerning churches lately made in San Francisco. In London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, and other large cities, there are such hospitals in the heart of the shopping and residence quarters. If we are not mistaken, there is one on Twenty-Third Street, New York, not far from Broadway. In fact, New York is dotted with hospitals for various diseases, hospitals due to the generosity of her citizens. Judging from the tone of San Francisco public opinion—led by Mayor Sutro—a citizen who would attempt to give a hospital to this city would be driven out of town by an infuriated mob—led by Mayor Sutro. The erection of the fine medical school and hospital at Sacramento and Laguna Streets by Dr. Levi Cooper Lane was opposed by the adjacent property-owners.

We hope that the board of supervisors will realize that this is not the fourteenth century, but the nineteenth; that human beings afflicted with mania, imbecility, or contagious diseases, are not to be treated like wild beasts, but that their care should be provided for; and last of all, that if Adolph Sutro owns most of the peninsula of San Francisco, he does not own the earth.

The horrible murders and suicides which have recently taken place on Morton Street, in the heart of San Francisco, have given new impetus to the demand for the removal of that human cess-pool to some other quarter of the city. Already steps have been taken by the police toward driving the women away. But have any steps been taken toward saying where they shall go? A correspondent writes us as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 25, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In regard to the sudden enforcement of a certain municipal law, would it not be wise to stop and consider before immediate action? However forcibly this community may have been made aware by recent tragedies of the existence among us of brothels and dens of vice, yet should we not stop before acting, and observe what has happened elsewhere and what may happen here? The existence in every city of barlots is, and always will be, a necessary evil. In London there are *eighty thousand prostitutes*, and these women are all what are commonly known as "street-walkers"—in other words, they solicit publicly on the main streets of a city. It is impossible for a man to walk on the streets of London in the evening with his wife, or sister, or any other lady, and not be in constant jeopardy of insult from these creatures. The city of Boston—"our cultured Boston"—is almost proportionately as bad. The reason is that houses of prostitution are a legal impossibility.

It has ever been the pride of the citizens of San Francisco that this city is not infested with this class of traveling vermin. Foreigners always remark their absence and compliment us for it. Is it not more expedient to relegate these people to some defined portion of the city, where they can not force themselves upon a decent-minded public?

Our correspondent's suggestion is a good one. A quarter of the city must be selected where these women will be tolerated, and where they will be under the eye of the police. The experiment of breaking up such communities and scattering the women has been tried repeatedly in many cities, and it has always failed. In Paris, where it has been several times tried, the police have given it up; they say that breaking up such communities invariably results as follows: the women are scattered through the city; they invade respectable quarters and respectable houses; they are no longer under the eye of the police, and many of them become nuclei of disease and dishonesty—for experience shows that such women, when not under police supervision, are prone to rob visitors. Further than that, they become street-walkers, for, their quarters being unknown, they must seek their prey.

London, which is one of the most pharisaical of cities, is also one of the worst. London will not permit these fallen women to live in a quarter by themselves, nor will it permit the existence of known houses of ill-fame. The result is that every afternoon and evening in London there is witnessed a sight which has not its equal for repulsiveness in the civilized—or the uncivilized—world. Along such streets as the Strand, Piccadilly, Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street, and others, there flows a stream of female mud. Raddled drabs by the thousand—painted harlots of all ages from sixteen to sixty—winking children and smirking, bedizened hags—that is what confronts the eye and ear in London town. And not only the eye, for these harpies do not scruple to seize the hapless passer-by, and even if he repulses them rudely and strenuously, he is liable to have his pocket picked before he frees himself.

Such is the spectacle presented in a great city which attempts to ignore the existence of the social evil. This street market of human flesh is a blot upon civilization. It is a shame and a horror. It fills every foreigner, no matter what his nationality, with amazement and disgust. But it exists because London attempts to ignore the social evil. But the social evil can not be ignored. Those cities which, like London, pretend to ignore it, are like ostriches thrusting their heads into the sand. The social evil, according to sacred writings, has existed for over four thousand years. Even in the pastoral days of the Hebrew patriarchs, the Old Testament tells of a time when Judah, going on a jour-

ney, saw what he believed to be "an harlot sitting by the road-side," because she sat in an open place, wrapped in a veil. (Genesis, xxxviii., 14.)

If the social evil has existed for four thousand years, it is too late for San Francisco to hope to abolish it now. But she can regulate it, she can confine it, she can restrict it. She can banish it to remoter districts, where its sights and sounds will not offend the eyes and ears of virtuous women. She can excise it, like a cancerous growth, from the heart of the city, where it at present stews and festers. She can take it away from its neighborhood to our finest shopping streets, where all day long good women and innocent children pass within a few yards of hideous vice. She can remove it from its proximity to busy corners, where the decent element of the community may not be startled by raucous screams coming from the throats of strangled bawds.

There is a quarter all ready to San Francisco's hand. The Chinese quarter is becoming depopulated, owing to the operation of the Chinese Exclusion bill. Let San Francisco move the Morton Street women there, and they will at least cease to offend the public eye and ear.

A strange scene was that which took place in a San Francisco court-room one day this week. Mrs. Virginia McMullin had brought suit for maintenance against her husband, Thurlow McMullin. They were married in 1871, a son was born to them in 1873, and they separated in 1877. During all these years they have remained apart, and the son, Latham McMullin, now twenty-three years of age, has never met his father. During the trial, the son testified to this effect. His father was seated a few feet from him, but the son swore that he had never seen him to know him. "I may have passed him on the street," said the son, "but I never knew it if I did." In the evidence it also came out that the father was employed in Tillman & Bendell's and the son in Baker & Hamilton's, two business houses only a few blocks apart. It seems extraordinary that in a city the size of San Francisco two human beings so closely related as are a father and a son should pass twenty years in ignorance of one another's identity.

We are glad to note that Postmaster McCoppin's plan for cable and electric mail-cars in San Francisco has received the approval of Postmaster-General Wilson. It has been arranged that at the close of the present fiscal year, June 30, 1896, San Francisco is to be provided with these improved methods of transporting the United States mail. The plan of attaching mail-cars to cable and electric systems has been in use for some time in various Eastern cities, and has been very successful. But there is no city in the country to which it is so well adapted as San Francisco. The topography of the city, and the fact that nearly all of the streets and all of the street-railways eventually converge at the Market Street ferries, which are to the rest of San Francisco what the handle is to a fan, makes the plan an ideal one for this city. It will result in a collection and delivery of the mails so rapid as to be surprising. The State Harbor Commissioners will provide quarters at the foot of Market Street, upon ground belonging to the State, for the use of the post-office. The street-railway companies will charge the government from seven to twelve cents mileage, but they could afford to perform the service gratis, considering its advantages to them. After the change, their property will be under the protection of the Federal Government. Strikers will not dare to hinder the transportation of the United States mails. The passage of the mail-cars of the Federal Government over the streets of a city is the death-knell of street-car strikes there.

The steamer *Miovera*, from Australia, which arrived in San Francisco this week, was spoken by the ship *Dartford*, whose captain said that in latitude 37 south, longitude 12 west, he had been hailed by a small boat. It contained several men, and was loaded with potatoes, eggs, milk, and penguin skins. The men were from the Island of Tristan da Cunha, and wanted to exchange their supplies for tea, sugar, corsets, hair-pins, and ribbons. The *Dartford's* skipper was able to comply with the first part of their request, but, there being no ladies on board, could not give them any corsets or hair-pins. In explanation of their strange demand, the men in the boat stated that the ladies on their island had to depend on passing ships for such articles, and as they had not spoken a ship for six months, their corsets were all worn out and their hair-pins were all "lost." They further stated that the population of the island consisted of sixty—forty-five women and fifteen men. This marked disproportion of the sexes naturally put a premium on the men. The spokesman in the boat related that the latest accession to their population was the mate of the shipwrecked *Allan Shaw*, who was cast up by the sea. To use the words of the *Dartford's* skipper, the women seized him and married him before he was dry.

Those men who live within the precincts of civilization and find themselves sought after—sea-shore young men, dancing young men, brownies, summer young men—these men may at times become apprehensive as they find the circle narrowing, the nets enmeshing their hitherto vagrom feet. But fancy the nervous strain upon the mate of the *Allan Shaw*, when that hardy mariner was surrounded by thirty ladies, all of whom wanted a husband, and he the only man. It was a case of being between matrimony and the deep, deep sea.

James G. Blaine's old saddle-horse, Denman, died the other day at a farm near Trenton, Me., at the ripe age of twenty-five years. After Mr. Blaine's death Mrs. Blaine sent the horse to the farm and paid a liberal allowance annually for its support.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emperor William has received hundreds of insulting anonymous letters from England since his famous message of congratulation to President Kruger. He was very angry at first, and finally gave orders that no more letters from England should be opened.

During her recent stay at Rome, the Pope received Minnie Hauk in special audience and gave her permission to be present at the private mass celebrated by the Pope himself in his private chapel on New-Year's Day. A few days afterward the singer was presented to the Queen of Italy, at the queen's own desire, and sang a few songs at the Quirinal.

Princess Marie Louise of Bulgaria, mother of Prince Boris, has begged permission from the Pope to enter the Convent of Sepolte Vive, at Naples. His Holiness refused the request. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* states that Prince Ferdinand offered to bring up Prince Boris secretly as a Roman Catholic if the Pope would wink at his ostensible conversion, but the offer was rejected.

The news that Mrs. Hetty Green has contracted the habit of dressing well has had a marked effect upon her mail. She is in receipt of circulars from dressmakers, milliners, shoe-dealers, and other tradesmen who had long ago reached the conclusion that the richest woman in America was not a target for their shafts. It is said that even London and Paris have already heard of Mrs. Green's change of habits.

Hubert Herkomer recently told a class of English art students some entertaining anecdotes of his own student days in Paris and of his early struggles against poverty. His studio cost him two dollars a week and he cooked his meals, while the Trilby of the studio, to quote the painter's own words, "sometimes lit the artist's fire, tidied his room, and was a true friend." Professor Herkomer was long on intimate terms with poverty. When his "Chelsea Pensioners," his first signal success, was accepted, he "fell on his knees and wept."

Rosa Bonheur has just finished a large canvas representing a combat between two stallions. Rosa Bonheur is now seventy-four, has to wear glasses when she paints, and to remain standing, which, added to the fact that she has grown stouter with the years, renders labor at the easel very fatiguing. No further progress has been made on the gigantic picture which she began a score or more years ago, representing horses treading out grain, and which is over five yards high and as long in proportion. It has not been touched for many a year, and will probably never be finished. And yet three hundred thousand francs await the artist the moment she signs this canvas.

The late Prince Henry of Battenberg was exalted to the standing of Royal Highness, and the queen lavished attentions on him to such an extent as to arouse the jealousy of her sons. Yet his position was inexpressibly bitter to himself. The penny-a-liner never ceased to call attention to the fact that he was "found" handsomely in everything by the English people, and that he led the life of a lap-dog in consequence of their generosity. The Ashantee expedition was his first chance since his marriage to redeem his equivocal position, and he did not let it pass. A few days before leaving London for the African coast, he jestingly said to a friend: "If I die out there, what will Grub Street do for a target?"

Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, widely known by her *nom de plume*, "Pearl Rivers," owner of the New Orleans *Picayune*, is dead. Mrs. Nicholson was perhaps the only woman who owned, edited, and directed the policy of a great daily newspaper. She was the first Southern woman to begin a newspaper career. She did so at the request of the editor of the *Picayune*. Her marriage to the proprietor soon followed. He died. She kept the paper, and ran it against the advice of most of her friends. Then she married the business-manager, George Nicholson. Hers was still the controlling hand, and when in 1889 the fiftieth anniversary of the paper was celebrated, she had paid off a debt of eighty-five thousand dollars, was at the head of a fine establishment, due, in great measure, to her own brain and industry.

Sir John E. Millais has been elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy, left vacant by the death of Lord Leighton. He was an exhibitor at the academy before he was out of his teens, and as a lad, with Dante G. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and others, helped to found the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-five, being, with the exception of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the youngest artist to attain that dignity. His wife was formerly the wife of John Ruskin. She fell in love with Millais, on observing which, Ruskin, with rare chivalry, permitted her to secure an annulment of her marriage to him on grounds calculated to cover him with ridicule, but which enabled her subsequently to marry Millais, not as Mrs. Ruskin, but under her maiden name.

The public's knowledge of Edwin F. Uhl, who succeeds Mr. Runyon as ambassador to Germany, dates from the *Allianza* incident. When the *Allianza* was fired upon by a Spanish man-of-war, the President was out of Washington, Mr. Gresham was ill, and Mr. Uhl, Assistant Secretary of State, was the responsible head of the State Department. He took prompt action, which was very favorably regarded by most of his countrymen. Mr. Uhl was born in New York in 1841, but grew up in Michigan, and was educated in its schools and State university. He began to practice law in 1866. In 1894 he was nominated for senator, but after the fall elections there was but one Democrat in the Michigan legislature, so Mr. Uhl became Mr. Quincy's successor in the State Department. His appointment as ambassador is popular both in this country and in Germany. He is of German descent.

"OUR MARY'S" AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Some Extracts from "A Few Memories," by Mary Anderson de Navarro—The Kentucky Girl's First Appearance—Her Criticism of the Old California Company.

The favorites of the public who win their laurels on the stage soon pass from mind when they leave the scene of their triumphs, but the memory of "Our Mary" is still fresh with those who saw her during her brilliant stage career, and there has been a lively curiosity to see the reminiscences that have been so frequently announced since Mary Anderson became Mrs. Antonio de Navarro and definitely retired from public life. These are now published by Harper & Brothers in a volume entitled "A Few Memories." Of her purpose in writing, she says: "I will not plead the apology for publishing these few recollections that friends—I might add strangers—have urged me to do so. I am content to be forgotten, except by such friends as I hope will always keep a place for me in their hearts. But it seems to me reasonable to believe that my experience may be of some service to those who have, or think they have, an aptitude for acting." We give herewith a few extracts from the earlier chapters which show the character of the work, and will doubtless whet the reader's appetite for more.

Mary Anderson is now thirty-six years of age, and spent her childhood in Louisville, Ky., where her debut was made in her sixteenth year. She had for some time had a girl's ambition to go on the stage, and had even gone to New York to see what George Vandenhoff, noted as a trainer of aspirants for the stage, thought of her abilities. She gives this account of her meeting with Mr. Vandenhoff:

Though already advanced in years, he was full of fire and vigor. The expression of his face was stern and far from encouraging; and his manner on that day was annoying in its extreme brusqueness. He insisted upon my reading from a book. This was a blow; a book is such a hindrance when you know the words thoroughly. I began the first scene from "Richard the Third":

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In deep bosom of the ocean buried!"

"Stop!" he thundered; "you would split the ears of the groundlings with a voice like that."

This reproof, though he nearly split our ears in uttering it, was well merited, for I had not yet learned that one can not touch the heart by piercing the ear. But it seemed then a cruelly unjust rebuke. His constant interruptions embarrassed and put me at my worst. Tyro-like, I chafed and champed under the curb, and my relief knew no bounds when the ten lessons, of an hour each, were over. The experience, however, had tamed, clipped, and done me general good, and I shall always be grateful to that capital actor and teacher of declamation for showing me the folly of attempting male characters, and for suggesting Juliet, Julia, Pauline, and Evadne as better suited to my sex and youth. He had met my unbridled enthusiasm with a calm, business-like check at every turn, which, though painfully irritating at the time, was very beneficial afterward. Though we met no more as master and pupil, he continued till the time of his death a kind and helpful friend.

Returning to Louisville, Miss Anderson, in accordance with Vandenhoff's advice, turned her den into a stage:

Imagining one of the walls the auditorium, it needed but a step further to crowd the house with an enthusiastic public, and a small audience was never seen in that theatre. Chairs were made to represent the different characters, and a bust of Shakespeare (the Chandos, to my mind the finest of all, though unfortunately not as authentic as the Stratford) was placed at a proper height, and converted into the "leading juvenile." Clifford, Claude, Colonna, were the parts assigned to it, but as Romeo, I imagined, it looked least stony. Six months of solitary work was now begun. Dancing and music, of which I was passionately fond, were renounced, and my girlhood friends and companions given up. The exaggeration of youth led me to believe that complete concentration on the one subject alone would lead to success. The labor was particularly hard, working as I did in the dark, having no one to consult and no experience to guide me. I longed for help, which never came, except from my mother, who was as ignorant as I of the rules of dramatic art. Still we worked on incessantly, I producing effects, she criticising them to the best of her ability. . . . To get the hollow tones of Juliet's voice in the tomb, and better realize my heroine's feelings on awakening in her "nest of death, contagion and unnatural sleep," I frequently walked to Cave Hill, Louisville's beautiful cemetery, there to speak her lines through the grilled door of a vault.

John McCullough happening to appear in Louisville about this time, Dr. Griffin, Miss Anderson's step-father and, subsequently, manager, prevailed on him to hear the ambitious girl. She writes:

McCullough hated stage-work people, and said as much. He came to our house, he afterward owned, only to rid himself of Dr. Griffin's importunities. It was humiliating for my excellent friend and step-father to have to beg an audience of one on whom he had no claim, but he kept to his point, and at last won the actor's consent to give me a hearing. As may be imagined, when Spartacus arrived, he was in a gladiatorial mood, ready to combat the entire family, its stage-struck heroine in particular. Seeing that we listened to his tirade against "would-be actors" quite unmoved, he changed his manner, yawned, looked bored, and was generally disagreeable. "I have only a quarter of an hour," he said, "and as you will have my opinion of your daughter's abilities, she had better begin at once. Be on your guard" (to me)—"I shall observe every look and tone, and criticise your work unsparingly." In spite of his discouraging manner and words, I went through the potion scene of "Romeo and Juliet," forgetting the stern critic entirely after the first few lines. When I had finished, his manner had changed. He remained for several hours, acting with me scenes from all the plays I knew.

McCullough offered Miss Anderson an engagement to play the leading female rôles in his company, but she would be a star or nothing, and refused. However, McCullough strongly recommended her to "Uncle Dan" Macauley, manager of a theatre in Louisville, and, not long after, having had a most disastrous week, the manager offered to let Miss Anderson have his theatre, company, etc., to make her debut. She was delighted, and chose the rôle of Juliet. Her first entry on the boards of a theatre she thus describes:

As I was in the quiet church, the hour for rehearsal struck, and I started for the theatre in a radiant frame of mind. . . . Passing with my people through the darkened house and private-boxes covered with their linen dusters, I found myself for the first time upon the stage. How strange and dream-like it seemed, that empty theatre, lighted only here and there by the faint glimmer of the gray day without, bereft of all the eager faces it had always been peopled with! And the stage! How dismal it was with the noisy patter of the rain on its tin roof, a small gas jet burning in the centre, throwing a dingy light on the men and women (they did not relish the extra rehearsal), gloomily standing in the wings. Could they be the brilliant, spark-

ling courtiers I had seen but a few nights before, blazing in jewels and wreathed in smiles? On seeing me, all looked surprised. Some made remarks in whispers, which I felt to be unkind; others laughed audibly. Scarcely sixteen, my hair in a long braid, my frock reaching to my hoot-tops, tall, shy, and awkward, I may have given them cause for merriment; but it was as cruel, I thought, as under-hired, to make no effort to conceal their mirth at my expense. However, their rudeness was salutary in its effect, putting me on my mettle before the work began. The stage-manager clapped his hands for act one. The actors immediately rattled off their lines, making crosses and sweeps down the stage quite different from the "business" I had arranged. I was bewildered, and asked them to go through the play as they proposed doing it at night, and to allow me, at least in my own scenes, to follow the only "business" I knew.

"Oh, hother!" said one of the actors, who did not remark the tall figure of the manager at the back of the dark theatre, "I acted in this play before you were born, and I, for one, don't mean to change what I have always done."

To have all I had arranged in my sanctum thus upset in every detail threw me out so hopelessly that I was unable to go on with the rehearsal. Mr. Macauley's voice put an end to the awkward pause, saying that he had not thought it necessary to ask them, as old actors, to do all in their power to aid a girl who was then standing on the stage for the first time, and he added: "I must request now that you follow the 'business' she knows, and that you try to be obliging." The sulkeness that followed this rebuke was dampening, but the rehearsal proceeded more smoothly. They were, with three exceptions, the most dogged, coldly uninterested set of people I have ever met, sneering at my every movement or suggestion.

The public performance took place on Saturday evening, November 27, 1875, and of it Miss Anderson gives this account:

After the sad experience of the day before, I was hardly hopeful enough to be nervous. The horrowed rôles were quickly donned. They fitted well, with the exception of the white satin train (the first I had ever worn), which threatened every moment to upset me. The art of make-up was unknown to me, and ornaments I had none. When Juliet was called to await her cue, what a transformation in the scene! The actors, in velvets and brocades, were gay and excited; some of them even deigned to give me a condescending nod, while the gloomy stage of the day before was flooded with life, light, and animation. I became feverishly anxious to begin. It was hard to stand still while waiting for the word. At last it came: "What, ladybird! God forbid!—where's the girl?—what, Juliet!" and in a flash I was on the stage, conscious only of a wall of yellow light before me and a burst of prolonged applause. Curiosity had crowded the house. "Why, it's little Mamie Anderson. How strange! It's only a few months ago since I saw her rolling a hoop!" etc., etc., were some of the remarks which, I was afterward told, ran through the audience.

The early, lighter scenes being uncongenial, I hurried them as quickly as possible. Even these were well received by the indulgent audience. But there was enthusiasm in the house when the tragic parts were reached. Flowers and recalls were the order of the evening. While things were so smiling before, they were less satisfactory behind the curtain. The artist who had acted in the play before my birth forgot his words, and I had to prompt him in two important scenes. In the last act, the lamp that hangs over Juliet as she lies in the tomb fell and burned my hands and dress badly, and, to make matters worse, Romeo forgot the dagger with which Juliet was to kill herself, and that unfortunate young person had, in desperation, to dispatch herself with a hairpin. But, in spite of much disillusion, a burned hand and arm, and several other accidents, the night was full of success, and I knew that my stage career had begun in earnest.

Three months later, Mr. Macauley offered Miss Anderson a week's engagement, and she accepted gladly, making her repertoire of characters Bianca, in "Fazio"; Julia, in "The Hunchback"; Evadne, in Lawler Sheil's "Evadne"; Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons"; Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." She gives this picture of her scant resources at this time:

At the end of the engagement I was in debt to the manager for the sum of one dollar, the houses having been large enough only to cover the running expenses. All I had gained by a week of hard work was a sad heart and a very sore throat. Besides, creditors became unpleasantly importunate, for my scanty wardrobe was not yet paid for. This consisted of a white satin dress, simply made, which did service for all the parts. It sparkled in silver trimming for Juliet; was covered with pink roses for Julia; became gay in green and gold for Evadne, and cloudy with white lace for Pauline. The unfortunate gown owed its many changes to the nimble and willing fingers of my mother, who spent much time each day in its metamorphoses. A train of velvet, a white muslin dress, and a modern black silk gown (which, like Mrs. Toodles, we thought "would be so useful," but which had to be discarded after its first appearance) completed my wardrobe—surely a meagre one for five plays of five acts, each requiring at least twelve gowns. We had built up financial as well as artistic hopes for that week, and were disappointed in both. But it proved more successful than was at first thought, for, shortly after, Ben de Bar (one of the greatest Falstaffs of his time) engaged me for six nights at his St. Louis theatre. At the end of that time I found myself in his debt for the sum of six hundred dollars; but the houses had steadily improved.

Then Miss Anderson played a week at New Orleans, under the management of Mr. de Bar. It began with an empty house and ended with a packed one, and led to another week's engagement at Mrs. Chanfrau's theatre. The wife of "The Arkansas Traveler" stipulated that Miss Anderson should play Meg Merrilies, which she learned and played with this result:

On Friday I donned the witch's rags, in Meg Merrilies, for the first time. All my teeth were covered with black wax, except one, which in its natural whiteness produced a tusk-like effect. The hair concealed by gray, snaky locks, the complexion hidden beneath the wrinkles and brown parchment-like skin of the weather-stained gypsy, the eyebrows covered with shaggy gray hair, the figure bent nearly double, made the illusion so perfect that my mother could not recognize one feature or movement. The character had been studied at a few days' notice, and the astonishment of all, including myself, was great when it was received more warmly than anything I had attempted. After much enthusiasm from the audience that crowded the play-house, speeches and presentations were made; checks concealed in baskets of flowers were handed over the footlights, and, among other gifts, the greatly prized "Washington Artillery" badge, which made me an honorary member of that battalion, was presented. Miss Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and I were the only lady members, an honor of which we were justly proud, for the splendid bravery of that body of men during the war had won for them the title of "The Tigers."

Miss Anderson's criticism of the company with whom she made her first appearance in San Francisco, printed last month in a Philadelphia magazine, has been much discussed, and was answered by Barton Hill. We reproduce it here:

With but few exceptions, the members of the California company continually ridiculed my work. My poor wardrobe was a subject of special sport to the gorgeously dressed women; and unkind remarks about "the interloper" were heard on every side. The press cut me up, or, rather, tried to cut me down, advising me to leave the stage. Continual taunts from actors and journalists nearly broke my spirit. I slept but little, and then only toward morning, from the exhaustion of weeping all the night. There was no one with whom I could share these sufferings, for pride kept me from hinting my real state of mind by word or look, even to my mother. The effort to smile and seem hopeful before others was as wearying as the giving vent to sorrow and humiliation when alone. The engagement, with the exception of the last two nights, had come to an end, when Meg Merrilies was

given and received with genuine enthusiasm by actors and public. But this success came too late. Only one night remained, and I could not hope to retrieve for Mr. McCullough all I had lost for him. For the last performance I played Parthenia, for the first time, to his Ingomar. This was also highly successful.

Mr. Edwin Booth was in San Francisco at the time arranging for his appearance there. The one bright spot in that unhappy engagement was meeting him. His assurance that such trials as I was then passing through were beneficial both to character and art, gave me new courage. He laughed at my idea of quitting the stage on account of the unkindness of my fellow-actors. "I also am a fellow-actor," said he; "I have sat through two of your performances from beginning to end—the first time I have done such a thing in years—and I have not only been interested, but impressed and delighted. You have begun well. Continue, and you are sure of success in the end." The effect of these words from (in my opinion) the greatest actor of our time to one in the very slough of despond may easily be imagined. For years they were as a beacon light in every hour of failure and discouragement.

The Southern successes that followed this experience were very pleasant. Here is one of Miss Anderson's anecdotes of that tour:

At Savannah a levy of school-girls—forty or fifty in number—swept past the stage door-keeper and, bursting into my dressing-room, insisted that I should embrace them one and all. The request was extremely embarrassing. I made a rush for the door, but was seized by the crowd and not allowed to depart until I had kissed them all. This feat accomplished with a very ill grace, I was permitted to quit the theatre. Not being able to find a carriage in which to escape, my mother and I were followed by the entire school, whose ranks were enlarged on the way by stragglers and passers-by until, reaching our hotel, they formed a long procession behind us. My cup of indignation and embarrassment overflowed when a grinning spectator remarked as we passed: "My stars! what a long tail our cat's got!"

It was on this tour that Miss Anderson met General Grant, and it recalls a pleasant anecdote. She writes:

General Grant had a remarkable memory for faces. Some years after, I was met at the door of the hotel in Washington by a man who greeted me in a cordial manner. Not recognizing him, I told him that he must have made a mistake, as I had never seen him before. "So you forget your early friends so easily, Miss Mary!" he answered; "I am General Grant." In my embarrassment I could only excuse myself by saying that my mind was still on the rehearsal I had just left; that he had so changed, etc., etc. "Yes," he answered, laughing, "I have grown thinner and paler; I am no longer President, you see, and am consequently less haughty."

Apropos of her own preference for plays that are unsullied by the modern sex-problem, Miss Anderson writes:

Joseph Jefferson was very severe upon plays that drag one through the mire of immorality, even when they show a good lesson at the end. "What I could not invite my friends to hear and see in my own parlor," he said, "I would not feel at liberty to put before my friends in the theatre." I remember that at a luncheon-party, years after the above conversation, "La Tosca" was discussed, and Mr. James Russell Lowell was asked what he thought of the play. "I have not seen it," he answered; "I refuse to have my mind dragged in the gutter. If Mme. Bernhardt will appear in such plays, I, for one, will forego the pleasure of seeing her act."

Miss Anderson during her career had the friendship of many other eminent men. Of Longfellow she has many pleasant things to say. We reproduce a few paragraphs here:

Longfellow's influence was only for good. Surrounded by the calm of his peaceful home, it seemed as though the hand of evil could not reach him. Every conversation with him left some good result. His first advice to me, which I have followed for years, was: "See some good picture—in Nature, if possible—or on canvas. I hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself."

He loved to surround himself with beautiful things. I have seen him kneel before a picture which had just been presented him, and study every detail and beauty of his "new toy," as he called it, with a minuteness and appreciation which few would understand. A portrait of Liszt he was particularly fond of, and he explained how it was painted for him, as he had first seen the master, descending a dark staircase in his own house, the light of a candle which he held high shedding a golden glow over his silvery head, leaving the rest of the figure in shadow. . . . The poet had many amusing stories of his own experience. He was particularly delighted at the ingenuity of an enterprising vendor of patent medicine who, vaunting the "marvelous effects" of his drug, no doubt in the hope of inspiring the poet, invited him to write a verse for the label, promising him a percentage on each bottle and a free use of the medicine for himself and family. . . . On one of his birthdays he was astonished at seeing a wagon containing a piano drive up to his house, followed by a strange young lady in a carriage. The latter informed the housekeeper that she wished it to be put in a room where it would "sound well," as she had composed a piece of music in honor of the poet's birthday, and meant to play it to him on her own instrument. . . . We heard several operas together in Boston after my engagement there. He generally arrived before us, armed with flowers and full of delightful anticipation. On one of these occasions some one sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor, I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so. "Put down my simple ones," he said, "and take up those beautiful flowers. It will gratify the giver, who is no doubt in the house; try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better."

It will doubtless interest many theatre-goers to hear Miss Anderson's opinion of the "star" and the "stock company" systems. She writes:

Few theatre-goers to-day realize the difference between the old traveling star, and stationary stock company systems, and the present one, when every star has his or her own support. Though one could cite numerous individuals who have soared high in the theatrical firmament in spite of it, the effect of the former system could not but be pernicious in its influence on dramatic art generally; principally, because of the lack of time on the part of the members of the stock companies to study and digest their work, and so give to it the respect and importance due to it as an art. Besides, it seemed to me anything but conducive to intellectual or artistic growth, or to originality. It fettered and cramped one, and its conventionalities frequently descended to mere tricks. One of these, much practiced at the time, was for the actor to stand in the centre of the stage, as far back as possible (in the lime-light, if there was one), so as to force the other artists, in listening to him, to turn their backs upon the audience, thus concentrating all the attention upon himself; then say his speech, whatever it might be, beginning *pianissimo* and ending *fortissimo*; after which he was to sweep grandly into the corner and wait for his applause, which usually came from "the unskillful" and made "the judicious grieve." Before learning the remedy for this trick, which had in it nothing resembling the manner of "Christian, pagan, or man," I often had an Ingomar, Colonna, Master Walter, or Macheth take me by the hand, swing me below him, then spring back three or four steps, and keep me during all of his speeches with my back to the audience, literally forcing me down the stage until I was almost in the footlights. Dion Boucicault unfolded to me the antidote for this evil, which was "simply turn your back upon the hellowing artist, and, in ignoring him, cause the public to do likewise." It was amusing to see how humbly the old-stager came down from his central position, and turned his back to the public, even that, to get you to look at him. These practices often grew into conflicts between actors playing lovers' parts. Each player acted for himself.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Last Book of Eugene Field.

Eugene Field's own words, in which he sums up the ideals of a book, might fitly apply to his posthumous work, "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac"—"fair to look upon, of clear, clean type, well ordered and well edited, amply margined, neatly bound; the text corresponding felicitously with the comeliness of the exterior." It is a charming volume which will be lingered over the more lovingly by the dead poet's admirers since it contains the last words written by his hand.

In it the love of books and the pleasures of book-hunting are dwelt upon humorously and tenderly. There is plenty of gentle satire, but its drollery does not seek to disguise a genuine passion. Himself a victim to the "soothing affliction of bibliomania," the humorist knew well the feelings of the confirmed book-collector, and he has hit them off to a nicety in a series of delightful essays. Of the twenty which were to have made up the volume, but one of these—the last—is wanting, and the titles alone are enough to arouse a feeling of pleasant anticipation. "On the Odors which My Books Exhale," "The Luxury of Reading in Bed," "Diagnosis of the Bacillus Librorum," "The Malady of Catalogitis"—these and the rest hold a promise of good things to come which is well kept.

Throughout the volume an old bookworm, past seventy, sings in prose and verse of the charms of his many mistresses. Beginning with the "New England Primer" and "Robinson Crusoe," he winds his leisurely and gossiping way through all the rare old editions and the various ways of obtaining them that fill the bibliomaniac's life.

It all makes delightful reading, and has a finish and beauty of style that gives constant pleasure. In a felicitous introduction, the brother of the author, Roswell M. Field, writes that the book was to have concluded with the death of the old book-hunter, just as he became the owner of a priceless copy of Horace—Eugene Field's early love. But the chapter was never written, and the verses which end the book were completed little more than twenty-four hours before his death.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Is there a Jewish Race?

"Israel Among the Nations," by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, is a close and careful study of the derivation, development, and characteristics of the Jew, considered more especially in his relations to Christians. The work is, in a measure, a plea for the children of Israel, as an oppressed and misunderstood people, and the fact that the author is himself a Christian and a scholar of rare ability lends weight to his utterances.

The old question as to whether there is, after all, a distinctively Jewish race is entered into exhaustively, and the conclusions reached, while opposed to the popular belief, are most ably and convincingly expounded. As all modern nations are a blending of races, so the sons of Jacob, in the course of the ages, have had the blood of many peoples mingled with their own. The modern Jew, therefore, M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends, is "not the natural product of a soil or a climate"; he is what his environments have made him—"the result of a penning in—of all that is comprised in the word Ghetto." The marked resemblances, both moral and physical, running through the Jewish people are traced to the identical modes of living forced upon them in all countries for ages. In dwelling on the results of heredity, many interesting facts are recorded concerning the sanitary regulations of the Jewish religion. To many of their laws science now lends countenance, and medical authorities would gladly see them enforced in all communities. To them, without doubt, the Jew owes his longevity and his immunity from various infectious diseases.

It is a surprise to find the author denying to Israel a national Jewish genius. Their supreme faculty he terms "the gift of assimilation," considering it the hereditary result of the ages of humiliation they have endured.

The work of translation is admirably performed by Frances Hellman.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

Thomas Hardy's First Manner.

The latest volume which has appeared of the new edition of Thomas Hardy's books now being published is "The Trumpet Major." Out of a long list of remarkable novels a better choice at this moment could not have been made. After the insufferable nastiness of "Jude the Obscure," and the piled-up agonies of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," it is well to make our peace, for a time at least, with the great master of English fiction in the reading of this wholesome and pleasant romance. "The Trumpet Major" is not the greatest of Hardy's novels. That place belongs to "The Return of the Native," whose tragic power lays a spell upon the reader almost oppressive in its intensity. Nor does it come second in sylvan charm, picturesqueness of scene, or vivid force. But it has a certain idyllic freshness of its own, and out of the whole list it is almost the only one unmarred by the stain of sensuality and grossness

which, broadening and spreading through the years, has at last perverted a noble genius.

The time chosen—that of Napoleon's threatened invasion of England—is a stirring one, for which Hardy has always shown a preference, observable particularly in his shorter tales. And the fidelity of the picture, in its half-quaintness, seems to enhance the manliness of the men and the sweetness of the women.

For of all Hardy's heroines—bewildering, sensuous creatures most of them, half fascinating, half revolting—there is not one other who has the maidenly charm and naturalness that belong to Anne Garland. We repute that it is to fickle Bob and not to the steadfast trumpet-major that she must give her heart. But it is inevitable, and we do not quarrel with the novelist's art that it is so. What we do find fault with, however, is his fondness for taking matters out of the hands of destiny and shifting his puppets about the board with too palpable a hand. A dozen times John Loveday has happiness within his grasp, and each time not Fate but Thomas Hardy dashes the cup from his lips. These doubling and turnings can not spoil the book, but they do detract from its completeness.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

An English Wolf in the American Fold.

"The Black Lamb," by Anna Roheson Brown, is an entertaining novel of New York life. The authoress has gathered together a pleasant group of agreeable young people whose love-affairs awaken a friendly interest. There is plenty of amusing chit-chat, and the story is diversified by a variety of incidents. The plot is an improbable one, but it is unraveled in a plausible fashion which will quite satisfy the novel-reader in search of entertainment, for whom the book is intended.

The "black lamb" is a rascally young Englishman who is taken for a good fellow in the circle of Americans he frequents, but who is in reality a forger and a pickpocket. He is also responsible for a collision in mid-ocean between two racing steamships, an incident with which the fortunes of most of the characters are ingeniously wound up. In time his guilt is detected, and the manner of the discovery is dramatically told.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A Book by the Author of "Tom Brown."

In these days, travelers' tales must have some special claim on the interest before they can be sure of a reading. From the North Pole to the Antarctic continent, the world is being thoroughly explored, and every corner which promises to supply a racy or a unique record has its chronicler. "Vacation Rambles," by Thomas Hughes, does not enter into this modern race. His wanderings were all in the beaten track, and the first dip into the volume is disappointing. Travels in Germany and Austria, Turkey and Greece, even though made thirty years ago, have little of novelty to offer. But the book repays further investigation. The charm of a genial spirit pervades it, and a leisurely, almost garrulous style, together with a fondness for classic allusions constantly reminding that the author belongs to an earlier generation, gives the book a distinctive flavor of its own.

The work consists almost entirely of correspondence addressed to the London *Spectator*, dated all the way from 1862 to 1895, and written by the popular author of "Tom Brown's School-Days" during his holiday excursions.

One of the most interesting portions is that describing an American tour made in 1870. These chapters are largely extracts from private letters, and they gain in interest from the fact. An incident dwelt on with pleasure is a visit paid to James Russell Lowell, through whom Mr. Hughes met all the great literary men of the time, the same group of whom Howells writes in his lately published reminiscences of early New England days.

The impressions of an intelligent and broad-minded foreigner are always worthy of attention, and Mr. Hughes writes with a zest and a freshness of interest that are infectious. The book is a long one, and is of the sort which will better repay a dip here and there than a continued perusal.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

A Novel of North and South.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's latest novel, "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," is one of the few which she has produced of late years, her work having been confined more to short stories. The hook is in the nature of a character study, the principal heroine, Milly, being a complex creature with a soft feminine exterior and a hard scheming little head. She turns her back on love in a cottage and marries for money, but riches fail to bring her happiness.

In the earlier stages of the story, she and her sister Anne play the parts of Martha and Mary in a measure, with the difference that the practical-minded Milly, who looks after the homely details of the household and keeps down the hills, is also the pretty sister whose beauty gives her a choice of suitors. The development of the narrow-hearted girl, plotting and managing to inherit her aunt's fortune, into the woman with a mania for money is

capitally done. Anne is a slighter sketch, but a skillful one. The scene of the story shifts from village life in the North to glimpses of a Southern plantation, and the types of character from both sections are distinct and effective.

Mrs. Davis has done work of artistic excellence in the past, especially in the direction of short stories, and this book does not touch the high-water mark of her powers. But it is interesting and well told, keeping up to that even standard of merit below which she never falls.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Another Story of the Slums.

"The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten," by Annie E. Holdsworth, is an uncomfortable sort of book. It begins by endowing the heroine, Priscilla, with genius and beauty, as well as all the virtues, and then proceeds to scourge her with every form of suffering. The author shows a grim determination to make things as bad as they possibly can be. After Priscilla has endured her misfortunes with fortitude, she dies under harrowing circumstances just as she is about to taste the sweets of successful authorship.

Following the fashion adopted of late by English novelists, the action takes place in the slums. The scene is one of those London "buildings" where the poor live in swarms, and here Priscilla and her husband take up their residence. After the unlikely fashion of romances, an artist, a singer, and an ex-governess also elect to live in these quarters, and the five form an intellectual group, the poor people around them merely serving to fill in a cheerless and depressing background.

The story essays to present the grim realities of life, but it does not succeed in its purpose. In spite of occasional flashes of better things, it is in the main over-strained and hysterical.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Poems of the Southland.

A new edition has been issued of "Down the Bayou," a volume of poems by Mary Ashley Townsend which first appeared many years ago. The place of honor is given to the title-poem, but a particular interest attaches to "The Captain's Story," from the fact that the introduction consists of a letter written more than twenty years ago by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which he expresses the intensity of his interest and admiration on the first reading of this poem.

It is not quite easy to fall in with his mood. There is a tragic interest to the story of the Northern soldier who discovered the taint of black blood in his veins; but Mrs. Townsend's powers are not of the sort that deals well with tragedy, and the poem often horders on melodrama. She pipes a little lay that is always flowing and musical, sometimes commonplace, never false.

"Down the Bayou" is in a style suited to her talents, and by many will be considered the best piece of work in the collection. It is full of vivid word-painting, and it has a tropic charm that places it above the efforts of mere poetasters.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A new pamphlet of cooking recipes, entitled "Desserts for Everybody's Table," has been published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company, San Francisco.

"La Frontière," by Jules Claretie, edited, with an introduction and explanatory notes in English by Dr. Charles A. Eggert, has been issued in the series of Contes Choisis published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 25 cents.

"My Honey," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," a story of a blackleg's daughter whom a young Englishman places in his father's care rather than expose her to the temptations of her father's life, and whom he eventually comes to love, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Myths and Motherplays," by Sara E. Wiltse, is a book containing a number of classic nature myths, arranged in twelve groups to correspond with the months of the year, and narrated in a manner fitted to the comprehension of very young children. Such books do admirable service in aiding to develop the child's imagination. Published by the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.; price, \$1.00.

"Christian and Leah," by Leopold Kompert, is translated by Alfred S. Arnold, and consists of three stories of the Ghetto. The tales are simple in incident and simply told, their chief interest lying in their sympathetic insight into the lives of the poorer Jews of Continental Europe. The keynote constantly struck is the deep religious feeling manifested by the race, and the patriarchal modes of thought still existing. The title-story relates the inward struggle of a Jewish mother who brings up an adopted child as a Christian because it was the faith of his fathers, her conscience forbidding her to listen to the warnings of her people. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Aubrey Beardsley's Fresh Start.

The new Beardsley quarterly seems to be a little worse, if that be possible, than its predecessor was, even in its palmiest days of prurency. *The Yellow Book* was started by John Laoc as a medium in which Aubrey Beardsley, undoubtedly an artist of great, if morbid and perverted, originality, could give free rein to his fancy, theretofore shackled by the common sense of art-editors, and its letter-press was made up of the literary kio of Mr. Beardsley's picturings. But the jaded and emasculate class of persons to whom the Aubrey Beardsley moid appeals is but a small fraction of the British public, and, after the first shock of surprise, the counting-room gave instant warning that the Beardsley element in *The Yellow Book* was not what people wanted. Accordingly, the Beardsley element was dropped.

Thereupon Mr. Beardsley projected, and has now published, a new quarterly called *The Savoy*. He is its chief artist, and also a contributor of verse and fiction. We reproduce a stanza of his poem, "The Three Musicians," not for its merit, but because of its local interest at this time:

"The third's a Polish Pianist
With big engagements everywhere,
And light heart and an iron wrist,
And shocks and shoals of yellow hair
And fingers that can thrill on sixths and fill beginners
With despair."

His prose is as bad as his pictures. Here is a bit from his novelette, "Under the Hill," describing his heroine at her toilet:

"Helen slipped away the dressing-gown, and rose before the mirror a flutter of frilled things. She was adorably tall and slender. Her neck and shoulders were wonderfully drawn, and the little malicious breasts were full of the irritation of loveliness that can never be entirely comprehended, or ever enjoyed to the utmost. Her arms and hands were loosely but delicately articulated, and her legs were divinely long. From the hip to the knee, twenty-two inches; from the knee to the heel, twenty-two inches, as befitted a goddess."

There are other contributors to *The Savoy*, such as Max Beerbohm, G. Bernard Shaw, Havelock Ellis, and Arthur Symonds, and it is unpleasant to find Joseph Penell—who contributes an article on illustration in England from 1860 to 1870—in such bad company. But the polluting trail of Aubrey Beardsley is over it all, and an examination of the new quarterly gives pleasant promise that it will die an early death.

A Compilation on Child-Study.

The object of Alexander F. Chamberlain's "Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought" is to point out the identical nature of child growth and activities in all ages and among all races. To this end the author has gathered together a vast store of extracts from hundreds of authors. They include every subject remotely connected with childhood, and are poetical, scientific, and ethnological in their nature. The book is, in fact, much more of a compilation than an original work, its plan of construction being almost swamped by the floods of introduced matter. It reads a good deal like a scrap-book and recalls the comment on the dictionary—"interesting but disconnected."

As a work of reference, however, it has its value to those interested in the movement toward child-study, for it is indexed with remarkable completeness. More than five hundred books of reference on this and kindred subjects are listed, with full particulars, and, in addition, a separate index is given to the names of authorities cited, one to places, peoples, and languages, and one to the subjects discussed. Besides the sixty pages of indexing, a large amount of space is devoted to proverbs concerning children.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

At the last meeting of the American Authors' Guild in New York there was an enthusiastic discussion of a plan to form a mutual corporation, to be named the Associated Authors' Publishing Company, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of furnishing members of the guild, and authors who are eligible for membership, with a trustworthy medium for the publication of their work after approval.

Anatole France, the latest addition to the ranks of the Forty Immortals, is best known in this country as the author of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" and "Thais." In his latest important contribution to French fiction, "Le Lys Rouge," he proved his versatility by dealing both with Italian art and with the fin-de-siècle Parisian society to which he has lately found his way, and where he has been more or less lionized. "Le Lys Rouge" recalls, though it does not imitate, Bourget's psychological studies.

Dr. Conan Doyle's new book, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," published by D. Appleton & Co., shows him at his best. It narrates the adventures of a Napoleonic soldier in a number of short stories which have already attained popularity in serial publication.

Edgar Wilson Nye, better known as "Bill Nye," the humorist, died at his home in North Carolina last Saturday. He was born in Maine, in 1850, but was brought up in Wisconsin. In his twenty-fifth

year he was admitted to the bar and tried practicing law in Laramie, Wyo., but he soon eotered upon newspaper work and held several political offices. Then he started the *Laramie Boomerang*, and the fame of his humorous articles in this paper spread so quickly that in three years he sold the paper and was given a position as a journalistic free-lance on the New York *World* at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. This income he soon doubled by syndication of his work, and it is stated that latterly, with what the sales of his books, his newspaper work, and his lecturing, he made no less than thirty thousand dollars a year.

The contents of *Harper's Magazine* for March may be summarized as follows:

A new installment of Caspar W. Whitney's "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds"; "Colonel Washington," by Woodrow Wilson, showing him as a surveyor and in Braddock's campaign against the French; "Arcadian Bee-Ranching," a paper on a California industry, by Ninetta Eames; new chapters of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" and William Black's "Briséis"; more of Poultney Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty"; an article on "The Nerves of a War-Ship," by Park Benjamin; and three short stories—"Where Fancy was Bred," a Western sketch by Owen Wister; "Jane Hahbs's Salvation," a Salvation Army story by Mrs. Helen Huntington; and "The 'Boss' of Ling-Foo," by Julian Ralph.

Sir Lewis Morris, who has always been supposed to be unmarried, has recently announced that he has been married for thirty years. He has two daughters and a son. The latter was recently married, and resides near his father's home in Carmarthen.

Arthur Waugh, the *Critic's* London correspondent, says that Alfred Austin's "Jameson's Ride" has been "followed by a croaking chorus of reviewers. Not a paper but has published its parody; and I see that one scribe cheerfully suggests that the poet laureate, no less than 'Doctor Jim,' shall be tried for treason, since he has sung the glories of disobedience to the queen's command!"

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published, in their International Scientific Series, Professor E. J. Marey's "Movement," translated by Eric Prichard.

Amélie Rives Chanler, author of "The Quick or the Dead?" and other books, having been divorced from John Armstrong Chanler last October, was quietly married at her father's Virginia home, last week, to Prince Pierre Troubetskoi, a Russian of great wealth and some fame as a composer of operatic music.

By omitting episodes and detailed descriptions, and replacing them occasionally by brief summaries in smaller type, A. de Rougemont, of Chautauqua University, has compressed Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" into one volume, leaving the story intact. Five hundred pages of large print are sufficient for this achievement, and there are twenty pages of notes.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s most recent list of announcements includes the following:

"A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," by Andrew D. White; "Teaching the Language-Arts," by E. A. Hindsdale; "The Reds of the Midi," by Félix Gras; "Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic," by Professor G. Frederick Wright and Warren Upham; "In the Blue Pike," by Georg Ehlers; "Sleeping Fires," by George Gissing; "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by A. Conan Doyle; "The Wrong Man," by D. Gerard; "In the Day of Adversity," by J. Blount-Burton; "Mistress Dorothy Marvis," by J. C. Smith; "Voice Building and Tone Placing," by H. Holbrook Curtis, M. D.; new editions of "California of the South," by Walter Lindley, M. D., and J. P. Widney, M. D.; "Field-Book for Railway Engineers," by William M. Gillespie.

Julian Hawthorne has arrived in New York city from his Jamaica home. His ten-thousand-dollar prize-story, "A Fool of Nature," as published in book-form, will have restored to it the twenty thousand words cut out for purposes of serial publication in the *Herald*. Mr. Hawthorne wrote the story in nineteen days, which means that he earned five hundred dollars per diem on eighteen successive days, and one thousand dollars on the nineteenth.

TWO ENGLISH POETS.

On another page of this issue we reproduce the first official poem of the new poet laureate. It is interesting to compare with it the latest productions of two of Mr. Austin's most prominent rivals for the post:

ROBERT BURNS.

A fire of fierce and laughing light
That clove the shuddering heart of night
Leapt earthward, and the thunder's might
That pants and yearns
Made fitful music round its flight:
And earth saw Burns.

The joyous lightning found its voice
And made the heart of wrath rejoice
And scorn uplift a song to voice
The imperial hate
That smote the god of hate men's choice
At God's own gate.

Before the shrine of dawn, wherethrough
The dark rang rapture as she flew,
It flashed and fired the darkling dew:
And all that heard
With love or loathing hailed anew
A new day's word.

The servants of the lord of hell,
As though their lord had blessed them, fell
Foaming at mouth for fear, so well
They knew the lie

Wherewith they sought to scan and spell
The unannounced sky.

The god they made them in despite
Of man and woman, love and light,
Strong sundawn and the starry night,
The lie supreme,
Shot through with song, stood forth to sight
A devil's dream.

And he that bent the lyric bow
And laid the lord of darkness low
And made the fire of laughter glow
Across his grave,
And made the tides above it flow,
Wave hurdling wave,

Shall he not win from latter days
More than his own could yield of praise?
Ay, could the sovereign singer's bays
Forsake his brow,
The warrior's, won on stormier ways,
Still clasp it now.

He loved, and sang of love: he laughed,
And made the cup whereout he quaffed
Shine as a planet, fore and aft,
And left and right,
And keen as shoots the sun's first shaft
Against the night.

But love and wine were moon and sun
For many a fame long since undone,
And sorrow and joy have lost and won
By stormy turns
As many a singer's son, if none
More bright than Burns.

And sweeter far in grief or mirth
Have songs as glad and sad of birth
Fond voice in speak of wealth or dearth
In joy of life:
But never song took fire from earth
More strong for strife.

The daisy by his plowshare cleft,
The lips of women loved and left,
The griefs and joys that weave the web
Of human time,
With craftsman's cunning, keen and deft,
He carved in rhyme.

But Chancer's daisy shines a star
Above his plowshare's reach to mar,
And mightier vision gave Dunbar
More strenuous work
To hear around all sins that are
Hell dance and sing.

And when such pride and power of trust
In song's high gift to arise from dust
Death, and transfigure love or lust
Through smiles or tears
In golden speech that takes no rust
From cankering years,

As never spake but once in one
Strong star-crossed child of earth and sun,
Villon, made music such as none
May praise or blame,
A crown of sterner flower was won
Than Burns may claim.

But never, since bright earth was born
In rapture of the enkindling morn,
Might godlike wrath and sunlike scorn
That was and is
And shall be while false weeds are worn
Find world like his.

Above the rude and radiant earth
That heaves and glows from fire to fire
In vale and mountain, bright in dearth
And warm in wealth,
Which gave his fiery glory birth
By chance and stealth,

Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies.

Earth, and the snow-dimmed heights of air,
And water winding soft and fair
Through still, sweet places, bright and bare,
By bent and byre,
Taught him what hearts within them were:
But his was fire.

—A. C. Swinburne in February Nineteenth Century.

LANSTEFHAN.

Slowly upon the glowing evening skies
The orange cloudlets fade in lifeless gray,
While from these broken towers my yearning eyes
O'er western seas pursue the dying day,
Till where the sinking sunbeams late would burn
Fringed with cold fire the deepening waters churn.

No sound there seems beside the sea-hirds' cry;
Where drowned beneath his stars the Day-God lies.
But hark! like some weird echo of a sigh
The dim mysterious ocean-voices rise,
The heat of hidden pulses from afar,
The never-silent moaning of the har.

Here let me lie and trace in Fancy's glass
Again the sea-tales strange of classic eld,
Watch with wreathed horns the floating Tritons pass,
And sea-nymphs born of Pagan eyes hehded;
Fair Nereids sporting on the moonlit sand,
And Sirens calling from the enchanted land.

There breathes no breath across the heaving plain,
No ghostly sail awakes the slumbering sea;
Here will I muse, and watch, a Greek again,
The spume-flecked currents drifting silently,
And people half-hid coves and shadowy capes
With gliding presences and elfin shapes.

Even thus the old sea spake, nor otherwise,
To Homer's dreaming fantasy of yore;
But ah! our duller brains and grosser eyes!
The primal glory fled from sea and shore!
No more may we discern the visions fair
Which lit our youngling planet everywhere.

Nay, nay, the old grade fades not; land and sea
Enchanted are, as erst when Man was young;
Dull knowledge flinths not all their mystery,
Not all fair dreams are dreamt, nor sweet songs sung;
Still, still, while youth and spring-time come to birth,
These fair fantastic visions light the earth.

Here let me dream, and for a while forget,
Beneath the magic moonlight's mute, wan smile,
Life's rude, tumultuous waves, the toil, the fret,
The strife, the jealous hate, the wrang, the gulf,
And wake from Nature's arms, with new-purged sense,
To that immortal Pagan innocence.

—Lewis Morris in February Pall Mall Magazine.

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Last week, tragedy and opera played to rows of empty benches. This week, a farce-comedy opeped to a full house. It is a little difficult to know what to say in the face of aberrations like this. There has got to be a large percentage of fools in the world—Carlyle found the population of England mostly composed of them; but whether there are more in San Francisco than anywhere else, or whether the taste of the whole theatre-going portion of the community is getting lower and lower, is a problem for the students of humanity to solve.

There was some time since a slight indication that the farce-comedy plague was dying. The glad tidings spread from ocean to ocean, and the heart of the critic rejoiced. It is so awful to have to sit through a poor farce-comedy. It is so much worse than any other of the forms of torment to which the dramatic writer has to submit. Poor comic opera runs it close. Red-letter occasions, like the production of "The Bathing Girl" at the Baldwin, and of the more recently "Passing Show," stand out in the memory as chimeras of horror, when all one could do was to suffer and be strong, and think that many years were being worked off one's term in Purgatory.

Farce-comedy's excuse for being is that the fools of the world have to be amused along with the other people. They are like the idle poor; there they are, and hopeless though their case be, they can not be let starve. The millions of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, and their womenkind, who cumber up the highways of the world, and make such good citizens, such admirable business men, such splendid providers, and such unutterably tiresome and commonplace acquaintances, have to be furnished with theatrical amusement as well as the children of light. Unfortunately, also, they generally pay better than the children of light, which, from the managerial point of view, has its advantages. It may be a *bourgeois* characteristic to pay your bills and not be a dead-head at the theatre, but to the purveyors of public entertainment you immediately become an important unit in the social system.

So the worthy citizen, conscious of the dignity of having paid for his seat, has his farce-comedy, and the urogeerate dead-head suffers. If you took him to task for encouraging by his pecuniary patronage a form of theatrical entertainment that ought to be under the nether millstone, he would answer briskly that it was decent and moral, and if not exactly elevating to the human mind, it was at least not degrading. This is the stronghold behind which he intrenches himself, and he finds himself in good company there. There are all the great army of the decently commonplace providers of decently commonplace amusements from E. P. Roe down to De Mille and Belasco.

There is a point, however, in the argument for farce-comedy which its respectable patron overlooks. This is its combination of vulgarity and idiosyncrasy. Perhaps he is not aware of these, because he is so used to seeing them in that form of performance to which he delights. But dull vulgarity and heavy idiosyncrasy are as demoralizing to their way as the subtle suggestiveness of the French drama and the bold coarseness of the English. The farce-comedy degrades the standard of life and manners. It concerns itself with a kind of people who have never furnished any beauty, or refinement, or grace, or elegance to the world; with the low-lying class of the cheap, the tawdry, the pretentiously common. Sometimes a brilliant personality, like May Irwin, flashes life, and fire, and the heaven-given, saving grace of humor into it, and we sigh with enraptured gratitude. Sometimes a man of talent, like Hoyt, lifts it up, shakes it free of dust, and stands it on its flat, misshapen feet. Hoyt has elevated farce-comedy into something worthy of notice. He has introduced touches of truth, vignettes from real life, into it. He has unconsciously also been the means of helping in its degradation, for, of the numerous followers that have trodden in his footsteps, none out of every ten have copied his faults and given his real talents a wide berth.

In a piece like "The Bicycle Girl," we have a fine sample of the genuine article. Of the kind of men and women who would find pleasure in this dreary performance, not one but would be vulgarized by the exhibition of coarseness and dullness that the actors are obliged to make in enacting such an inane production. People say the story of a farce-comedy amounts to nothing. This is not the case. It really amounts to a good deal. The stupidest audience in the world take away from a theatre some impressions of the piece that has been

going forward that evening. They see a representation in which unutterably common men and women express themselves, in unutterably common language, of unutterably common sentiments. There is not a refining instinct observable in the whole length of the play, unless one admits the heroine's generosity with regard to money.

The auditor who is not disgusted is imperceptibly influenced. The charming young women of the cast, who bounce about and shriek at the top of their lungs, and coyly give their admirers blows on the back that nearly knock them down, appear to many of the spectators, especially the very young ones, as creatures of a preternatural gaiety and fascination. Their bounce and swagger seem worthy of imitation. They wear handsome clothes, and whether or no their fatal beauty is equally devastating to the privacy of domestic life, to the play it is more irresistible than that of Cleopatra. They are altogether creatures of light and love, and when they give their best young man a playful blow on the ribs that must hurt for a half-hour, they are merely exercising those piquant ways of theirs which no man has ever yet resisted.

The sentiments and feelings evoked in the course of the comedy are equally elevated. Husbands and wives wrangle horribly. An heiress is the central point of the story and is sought by two suitors, and, it seems at one time, though of this there is no certainty, is tricked into a marriage with one of them. She also is a successful operator on Wall Street, and makes and loses fortunes without the quiver of an eyelash. She is a witty creature, too. When one of her lovers says to her, "I am descended from a very old family," she answers, "Did the descent make you dizzy?" Theo she goes on to comment: "Old families always seem to me like potatoes—the best part of them is underground." These are the two best things in her repertoire, and they are so much better than the others that one wonders out of which comic weekly did they come.

Miss McHenry, who struggles valiantly to make this deadly piece go, is more to be condoled with than condemned. She makes her living out of farce-comedy, played it because it pleased the public and suited her style, has a knack at it now, and gives it to the people because they want it. If taken to task for producing so wretched a play, she would without doubt respond that she was only too anxious to give a better one, but a better one was out to be had. So she shrieks and chatters, and jumps and twists, and whirls and pounces her way through it. The audiences to which she acts, like to see her plant her fist in the small of her lover's back with a resounding thump. They also seem to like to have her talk with her voice pitched up in the nasal region. They certainly must like the way she jumps and twirls and piroettes about, or else she would not do it. For, viewed merely from the standpoint of corsets and tight boots, it must be a trial that requires fortitude to sustain.

The other members of the cast are about what might be expected. There is the man who gets drunk, or pretends to get drunk, and who has a wife who was brought up on a canal boat. When this is discovered, somebody calls at her "low bridge," and she ducks her head, which is regarded as a brilliant ploy. There was a time in the performance when one thought it was going to work itself out to its logical termination without a single Trilby allusion. This bright dream was dissipated, however, when Miss McHenry herself appeared in the army overcoat, the striped petticoat, and the big slippers. She brightened the characterization with a large diamond pin and several rings, and had the humaneness to sigh "Ben Bolt" in German, which is the next best thing to not saying it at all. It is best to tell Miss McHenry openly that audiences—even farce-comedy audiences—can not endure "Sweet Alice" much longer in any language. The quality of mercy in her case has been straitened to the breaking point, and there will come a day when the spectators will break their chains and rebel.

The specialty performance of Mr. Morrison and the negro songs of the lady who played the banjo were the bright spots on the evening's gloom. But as one swallow does not make a summer, so one funny man and two negro melodies can not make a success of a farce-comedy that ought to have gone from the author's table straight to the waste-paper basket. Miss McHenry, if she wants to keep up her reputation as a vivacious and piquant soubrette, had better get another piece before the month is out. Maoy "Bicycle Girls" would reduce the patronage of any theatre to the ushers and the *claque*.

— HAVING OVERCOME ALL MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES, the Lurline Baths can now refill the swimming tank in one hour and a half. In this altered condition of things they propose to empty the tank at two o'clock every night and to forthwith refill it. Wishing to afford bathers and the public every satisfaction, they will throw their doors open and permit all persons to witness the operation free of charge.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Frederick Warde's Last Week.

Frederick Warde has been presenting but a limited repertoire at the Baldwin Theatre this week, but he has enjoyed large audiences, and they seem to like his "Mountebank" and "The Lion's Mouth." To-night he plays "Virginius."

On Monday night of next week, Mr. Warde will make his first essay in the rôle of King Lear. He has been a student of the character for years, and his conception of the part will be well worth seeing. The play will be elaborately mounted, with new scenery and costumes. "King Lear" will be played on Monday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinée; "Damon and Pythias" will be given for the only time on Tuesday night, with Mr. Warde as Damon; and on Wednesday and for the farewell performance on Saturday night, "Julius Caesar" will be given, with Mr. Warde as Brutus, Mr. Herman as Cassius, and Mr. Sutton as Antony.

"Rip Van Winkle" at the Tivoli.

"Der Freischütz" will be retired on the completion of its two weeks' run at the Tivoli, to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday there will be a revival of Planquette's romantic opera, "Rip Van Winkle," which is founded on Washington Irving's legend of the Catskills. Ferris Hartman will impersonate the good-natured Rip, Carrie Roma—who makes her re-appearance on the local stage after an absence of two years—will be the Gretchen, and the rôles of the two children will be in the hands of little Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers. The remaining rôles will be sung and acted by Raffael, Pache, West, Leary, and Kate Marchi and Anna Schnabel.

Balfe's "Rose of Castille," which has not been heard here in many years, will follow "Rip Van Winkle," and later there will be a revival of Richard Stahl's "Said Pasha."

"The Midnight Flood."

Another melodrama of the old school will be revived at Morosco's Grand Opera House on Monday night. It is entitled "The Midnight Flood," and it tells an exciting story of a villain's plotting, with the proper triumph of virtue in the last act. The title is taken from the realistic flood scene in the fourth act, in which the hero is supposed to be drowned while behind prison bars. The cast of characters is as follows:

Walter Wilkins, Darrell Vinton; Alice Sedley, Essie Tittel; Timothy Zachary Jiggs, Charles E. Lothian; Clover Kenworthy, Florence Thropp; Dr. Sheldon, Fred G. Butler; Jane Morton, Julia Blanc; Squire Morse, Frank Hatch; Mrs. Sedley, Adelaide Wise; Reliance, Charles W. Swain; Archibald Lacey, J. Harry Benrimo; Clubs, Gilbert; Spades, Goldie; Mr. Wagner, George Nichols; Dorsey, Ed. Browning.

Gilbert and Goldie have been especially engaged for this play, and will introduce their specialties.

A New Farce-Comedy.

Katie Putnam has been having a gratifying success at the Columbia Theatre in "The Old Lime Kiln," but her two weeks' engagement comes to an end on Sunday night, and a new farce-comedy will hold the stage on Monday night. It is "A Railroad Ticket," and its dialogue, new songs, and amusing situations have won it public approval in Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. The company is said to contain a number of clever people in the usual lines of farce-comedy. The leading actor is Eugene Canfield, who has served a long apprenticeship in the Hoyt companies, notably in "A Tin Soldier."

Notes.

Hoyt's farce-comedy, "A Milk-White Flag," founded on the rivalry of two militia companies, will follow Frederick Warde at the Baldwin.

Peter Dailey, in "The Night Clerk," a new farce-comedy, will follow Milton Royle at the California Theatre. Jennie Yeamans is in the company.

The New York Lyceum Theatre has reduced its price of admission from two dollars to one dollar and a half, and there is likelihood that other theatres will follow suit.

"The Sporting Duchess," an English comedy, ends its six months' run at the Academy of Music, in New York, to-night. It will be seen at the Baldwin early in the summer.

Anna Eva Fay, called "the white mahatma," is to be at the Orpheum eight nights, commencing on Tuesday, March 3d. She will give demonstrations of various occult phenomena.

Richard Mansfield is to play a three weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, and during that time he will give a new play each night. It takes a long repertoire to do it, but Mr. Mansfield has a long list of successes to his credit.

The manager of the Comédie-Française is being overwhelmed with French translations of Shakespeare. Recently he received three separate translations or adaptations of "King Lear," and now he has issued a notice that for the present he has on hand enough Shakespeare.

Nellie McHenry will end her engagement in "The Bicycle Girl" at the California Theatre to-morrow night, and the theatre is to remain closed for the next two weeks. Edwin Milton Royle will

re-open it, on March 16th, with a new play of his own writing, entitled "Mexico."

Ada Rehan shuns publicity, and is seldom seen in public places, but a New York reporter caught sight of her, a few days ago, and reports that her hair is now quite gray and she is almost slovenly in her dress. She looks fifteen years older than Bernhardt, and she is really about fifteen years younger.

Fay Templeton's "I Want You, Ma Honey" and May Irwin's "New Bully" now have a rival in a third negro song which is having a run of popularity in New York. It is sung by Flora Irwin, May's sister, in "Gentleman Joe," and its name is "The Hoodoo Coon; or, The Nigger with the White Spot on his Face."

Miss Ella Russell has just recovered one thousand pounds' damages for libel from a London musical journal. The libel consisted in placing her name on a programme below that of two other singers after she had asked to have it struck out. Sir Joseph Barnby and other concert directors testified that she was entitled to a higher place, and that the appearance of her name where it was put would injure her in her profession.

Chicago is rather cut up because Eleanor Duse has refused to play an engagement in that city. It is understood that her reason for this lies in the shabby treatment she received during her first engagement in the Windy City. It was a flat failure, there being often not more than a handful of persons in the audience. A Chicago writer offers two explanations of this. In the first place, Chicago does not care for theatrical stars who do not speak the American language. Salvini, Coquelin, and Bernhardt were successes as novelties during their first engagements; thereafter the theatre-going public was lukewarm about them. And in the second place, the Chicago writer complains of Duse's manager's lack of "enterprise." The great Italian actress herself refuses to be interviewed, and the Chicago writer says the local manager neglected to arouse curiosity by giving piquant details of the actress's gowns and personal peculiarities to the papers. From all of which it would appear that Chicago is not a very cosmopolitan city.

DEATH OF ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

Arsène Houssaye, the French *littérateur*, died at his home in Paris last Tuesday. He was a very prolific writer, producing novels, plays, verses, and even serious books in great profusion, but his most characteristic works were the plays and stories written for the amusement of the gayest set of the Second Empire. By a fortunate speculation in real estate he became quite wealthy, and at the masked balls he subsequently gave at the Houssaye hôtel, to which he invited both the *beau-monde* and the *demi-monde*, the lively ladies of Eugénie's court used to rub elbows, under the safe *incognito* of their masks, with Cora Pearl and other lights of the frail sisterhood. His plays and stories were intensely witty and also intensely wicked. But that he could write very graceful verse is shown by the following brief specimen, which was printed in the *Argonaut* some fifteen years ago—in the issue of January 22, 1881:

JEANNE.

Jeanne est blanche, brune, et rousse.
Le jour de Pâque elle s'en va
Cueillir l'aubépine qui pousse,
Qui pousse, pousse, et fleurira.

Elle s'endormit sur la mousse,
Et sa bouche encor respira
L'aubépine qui pousse, pousse,
Qui pousse, pousse, et fleurira.

Trois chasseurs courant le hodge
S'arrêtèrent hienôt par là.
Jeanne était un oiseau-en cage;
Qui des trois la délivrera?

Le premier d'une voix bien douce
Lui dit: "Je t'aime!" et l'embrassa
Près de l'aubépine qui pousse,
Qui pousse, pousse, et fleurira.

Le second sur le lit de mousse
Cueillit à son sein qu'il haïssa,
Cueillit l'aubépine qui pousse,
Qui pousse, pousse, et la piqua.

Le troisième, genou-z-en terre,
Tout doucement la révéla.
Que lui dit-il? C'est un mystère,
L'écho du bois ne le dira!

Car, s'il le disait, brune ou rousse,
Vous iriez toutes ça, de là,
Cueillir l'aubépine qui pousse,
Qui pousse, pousse, et piquera.

A few days after we printed the above poem, an English version of it was sent to us by a writer who preserved a strict *incognito*, vouchsafing no information about herself beyond the fact that she was a stranger passing through the city, and had been so struck by this poem in the *Argonaut* that she had rendered it in English verse. We have never heard from her since. The English version is as follows:

JENNIE.

Jennie, with her peach-like face,
On the morn of Easter day,
Went to gather hawthorn white,
Climbing, blossoming by the way.

Soft the couch of velvet moss;
Wearied, slept she, sound and sweet;
While her breath was fragrant, pure
As the hawthorn at her feet.

Merrily, with echoing horn,
Came three hunters from the glen:

Who shall wake the sleeping bird?
Tempt to life and song again?

Whispered one: "I love you, sweet!"
Clasped her hand in close embrace;
She but softly stirred, the while
Hawthorn boughs drooped o'er her face.

Stooping, one a blossom stole
She had placed within her breast;
But a hidden thorn pierced quick
The sweet spot his lips had pressed.

Gently, one beside her knelt,
Broke the magic of the spell;
What charmed word his lips had breathed,
Woodland echoes may not tell.

Else would maidens, blonde or brune,
Crowd the wood on Easter day,
Gathering hawthorn sweet and white,
Climbing, blossoming by the way.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1881. B. F. L.

Arsène Houssaye leaves a son, Henri Houssaye, who is a well-known historian and writer for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is more fortunate than his father in being a member of the French Academy, to which he was elected last year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis O'Sullivan, the well-known artist, will give an exhibition next Saturday afternoon of the work she did last summer in Holland, and of the portraits she has painted since her return to her former quarters, the Art Students' League, 8 Montgomery Avenue. She will return to London in April.



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VANITY FAIR.

A recent occurrence in San Francisco brings up a question of socio-professional etiquette. Mrs. John M. Cunningham recently gave a *matinée musicale*, and desired to secure Paderewski, the famous pianist, to play a number in the programme. She wrote, asking what he would charge to play once during the afternoon. Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, who is the manager of the pianist, answered the question in writing, announcing Paderewski's charge at \$2,500. Mrs. Cunningham did not think that a few minutes of music, even from Paderewski's flying fingers, were worth \$2,500. So she wrote another note, offering \$1,000 for five minutes of Paderewski's music. Mr. Gorlitz then flew to the bosom of the reporters, and got himself interviewed. "That note," said he, "was not even answered. As soon as I read it, I said to the boy, 'There is no answer.' There the correspondence ended, but I have kept the letters that I received." Mr. Gorlitz seemed to think that Paderewski had been insulted by the offer of \$1,000 for five minutes' playing. That is a question of opinion. But concerning Mr. Gorlitz's rushing into print with a private correspondence, there can be no opinion at all. If Mrs. Cunningham offered Mr. Paderewski \$1,000 for five minutes' performance, which offer he did not choose to accept, it did not confer upon Mr. Gorlitz the privilege of publishing the private correspondence. Probably it was done purely for purposes of advertising. But it will make people chary of making similar offers in future. By the way, the high rates which Mr. Gorlitz fixes for Paderewski's playing are not uninteresting. He figures the value of his principal's playing at \$2,500 for five minutes, which is \$8.33 a second, \$500 a minute, and \$30,000 an hour.

The fashions nowadays are largely based upon what people are wearing along the Mediterranean shore. It is so late in the winter elsewhere that indecision exists, although, of course, spring fashions have not yet come in. One of the things that are notable is that at Nice, Cannes, and other points along the Riviera the women are wearing "heef-eater" hats, which, of course, are modifications of the hats worn by the mediaeval heef-eaters of the Tower of London. They are very stunning, and are becoming to most women. It remains to be seen whether the fashion will get as far west as San Francisco.

Two events of the closing social season in New York were the Spinners' Ball and the Chevaliers' Ball. The Chevaliers' Ball—a subscription ball organized by thirty-five young bachelors—was given in the Empire Restaurant of the Waldorf, and Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. John Alsop King, and Mrs. Sheldon received. It was the regular conventional cotillion, beginning rather late. The Spinners' Ball, on the other hand, originated in a joke. The Spinners, as they call themselves, were all young ladies who had made their debut this season. The ball took place in Sherry's larger ball-room. The guests, who arrived shortly after ten o'clock, instead of being received by the usual trio of matrons, were confronted by General Louis Fitzgerald, Mr. Charles A. Garland, and Mr. Henry A. Barclay, each armed with a huge bouquet made of celery-stalks, champagne corks, and straw. Standing to the right of the three gentlemen were the twenty-five spinster hostesses, each wearing powdered hair and patches. The cotillion was led by a Spinster, Miss Adelaide Fitzgerald. The favors were sun-bonnets and aprons of fancy plaided and checked paper for the men, and high black hats of varnished paper and walking-sticks of bamboo for the girls. The scene presented when all had donned their favors excited much hilarity.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's*, a writer discusses the French woman at dinner. He says that in Paris in these days it is not the custom to allude to a woman's dinner-gown as *décolleté*, but that it is more *chic* to say that she is *en peau* (bare skin). This is certainly rather a direct way of speaking of a lady's gown, or, rather, of the lack of it. He goes on to say, however, that when she is at the dinner-table *en peau*, she "expresses in the undulations of her bare shoulders and the movements of her unincumbered arms and hands all of the passing emotions of the moment."

"Ouida" rarely writes anything that is not worth reading, although of late she has become something of a scold. In last month's number of the *Nineteenth Century*, she has an article on "The Ugliness of Modern Life," in which she scores the degeneracy of modern architecture, especially in the streets and homes of the modern city. Turning from this, she speaks of "the restlessness and dissatisfaction which make the wealthy class flit from continent to continent, from capital to capital, from one pleasure-place to another, from the yacht to the *rouge-et-noir* tables, in an endless gyration which yields but little pleasure." Speaking of the travels of tourists and the way they offend, she says: "Zermatt, so late a virgin stronghold of the Higher Alps, is now a mere cockney excursion, and sixty thousand trippers invade its solitude every

summer, plodding like camels in a string, vexing the air with inane noises in which the hray of mules were music, incapable even of being silent and ashamed. The funicular railways are ruining the whole of the Swiss Alps, and there gather on the summits troops of gaping sight-seers, to whom the solemnity of the Gletsch Alps or the virginity of the Jungfrau are of no account." From the foregoing it is evident that "Ouida" is not losing the vigor of her style, which is also testified to by this: "The chief creation of modern life is the cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture. The poorest slave in Hellas, the meanest fellow in Egypt, was a gentleman beside him. The cad is the blossom and fruit of what we are told is an age of culture. The helot of Greece, the gladiator of Rome, the swash-buckler of Mediaeval Europe, nay, the mere pimp and pander of Elizabethan England, were dignity, purity, courage in person beside the cad of these last years of the nineteenth century." Strong language.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic*, a writer of the "Contributor's Club" asks: "Must we give up the old-fashioned hand-shake? Will it some time be as obsolete as the courtesy with which our grandmothers greeted the beaux of their day, or the kiss that the gallant impressed on the fragile hand that he raised so respectfully to his lips? The old-fashioned hand-shake is going. It is still occasionally met with. Your country cousin comes to town. She does not understand the artistic crook of interrogation in which your hand attempts to approach hers. But when she reaches home, at the next church assembly observe the digital hook with which she draws in each disconcerted comer. And so the evil communication spreads, until the whole country has felt its devastating touch." This writer is evidently correct. The old-fashioned hand-shake is disappearing. One of the most striking things to make it disappear is the fact that the hosts of young people who have appeared in society within the last five or six years are used to no other shake, and to them it comes so natural that it will become universal—that is, until driven out by some other fad.

Elwyn A. Barron, London correspondent of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, writes from that city that "fashionable young gentlemen of London are, without exception, the best-dressed men in the world. Seen at dinner, reception, or theatre, they present that faultless elegance of toilet vulgarly described as 'well groomed.' Every article of dress fits symmetrically, and the whole is worn with a manner that only comes of the habitual practice of getting into evening-dress." There is no doubt that Mr. Barron is right. Nowhere in the world can one see so many well-groomed and faultlessly dressed men as in London, whether it be in the evening, at theatre or other gatherings, or in the afternoon on Regent, Piccadilly, or Bond Streets. But what most strikes the thoughtful observer is how the London tailors, who garb their countrymen so well, succeed so ill with the anglo-manical American. There are a number of Americans who have their clothes made in London, some who go over there regularly and others who send to have them made there, and only about one in fifty of them is well dressed. Some of them when they move their heads in their coat collars look like a turtle putting his head out of his shell.

The theatre-hat nuisance has been attacked by no less important a person than Mr. W. D. Howells in no less powerful a paper than *Harper's Weekly*. In the number of that journal for February 1st, Mr. Howells says: "Concerning the theatre hat, I am sure that no woman of real refinement can be hurt by the most unsparring denunciation of this means of oppression. The woman who wears the theatre hat is oftenest a person of rather simple mind, who thinks that to see her empty little head crowned with a confection of felt, ribbons, and feathers of the higness of a half-barrel will be a consolation to those it keeps from seeing the play. It is possibly, even probably, the only hat she has. She can not imagine the trembling of the poor man who has the seat behind the one she is coming to take, his fluctuations of hope and fear before she appears, or the despair he falls into when she actually arrives and hots out the stage with her hat. She may be young and pretty, her hat may be picturesque, but he has not paid two dollars for the privilege of looking for three hours at the back hair of a young and pretty girl in a picturesque hat. He has bought his seat for the purpose of seeing the play, and the person who prevents him from seeing it plunders him and oppresses him. The woman is often only artificially young and pretty, with a color of hair and of cheek that can not be mistaken. When it comes to two large hats, the cup perhaps runs over. No agility in dodging to the right and left will avail when the vast hats, the painted cheeks, and gilded hair are tilted together." Mr. Howells speaks strongly, but not hopelessly. He says he does not expect any early reform of this vice. No reform can come until the theatre-managers of this country do as is the case in Europe, and prohibit women from entering the higher-priced portions of the theatre when wearing hats.

AUSTIN'S FIRST OFFICIAL POEM.

"Who Would Not Die for England?"

Though "Jameson's Ride" has attracted widespread attention, it was not an official production of the new poet laureate. The following poem, however, written to commemorate the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, is the first poem by Alfred Austin to bear the government stamp. It appeared in the *London Times*:

"Who would not die for England?"

This great thought,
Through centuries of Glory handed down
By storied vault in monumental fane,
And homeless grave in lone barbaric lands,
Homeless, but not forgotten, so can thrill
With its imperious call the hearts of men,
That suddenly from dwarf ignoble lives
They rise to heights of nobleness, and spurn
The languid couch of safety, to embrace
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

"Who would not die for England?"

Thus he said,
Who at the holiest of all English hearths,
The holiest and the highest, had been given
A seat, an English Princess for his bride—
Now by that hearth weeping her widowed tears,
Bitter and barren as the Winter rain—
It is not meet that I, whom this famed Isle,
This generous, mighty, and majestic Land,
Ennobled as her son, should not repay
Her splendid gift of kinship. Let me go,
Go where they go, her world-researching race,
That slumber pillowed on the half-drawn sword,
And wake, at whisper of her will, to greet
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.
Who would not die for England?

And for Her
He dies, who, whether in the fateful fight,
Or in the marsh jungle, where She hides,
Far from encircling fondness, far from kiss
Of clinging babes, hushes his human heart,
And, stern to every voice but Hers, obeys
Duty and Death, that evermore were twin.

"So across the far-off foam,
Bring him hither, bring him home,
Over avenues of waving
English ground—to English grave;
Where his soldier dust may rest,
England's Flag above his breast,
And, love-planted, still may bloom
English flowers about his tomb.

"Who would not die for England, that can give
A sepulture like this? mid hamlet crofts,
And comely cottages with old-world flowers,
And rustic seats for labor-palsied limbs,
The pensioners of Peace! I linger here,
Pondering the dark inexplicable Night,
Here by this silent grave-girt sanctuary
Whose vanished walls were reared anew by Him,
Of Princes the most princely, if it be
That Wisdom, Love, and Virtue, more adorn
Sarcophagus of Kings than dripping spears,
Than wailing hearths and hecatombs of slain.
And He, too, died for England, He who lived
Scorning all joy save that great joy of all,
The love of one true woman, She a Queen,
Empress and Queen, yet not the more revered,
Not the more loved, for those resounding names,
Than for the lowlier titles: Gracious, Good,
The Sweetest of Women ever crowned.

"Sweetest Consort, sagest Prince,
Snows on snows have melted since
England lost you—late to learn
Worth that never can return;
Learned to know you as you were,
Known, till then, alone, to Her!
Luminous as sun at noon,
Tender as the midnight moon,
Steadfast as the steered-by star,
Wise as Time and Patience are;
Deaf to each belittling lie,
Deaf to gibing jealousy;
Brooding only on the goal,
And, like every lofty soul,
Scanning with a far-off smile
The revivings of the vile.

"Yes, He, too, died for England! thence withdrawn
Dim to that undiscoverable Land
Where our loved lost ones dwell, with wistful eyes,
And lips that look, but speak not.

But away,
Away from these soft-whispering waves that make
A dulcet dirge around the new-delved grave,
To huff East Anglia, where on wind-swept lawns
The sanguine crocuses peep from underground
To feel the sun, and only finds the snow;
And, whinnying on the norland blast, the surge
Leaps against iron coast with iron hoof,
As though the hosts of Denmark foamed afresh,
Caparisoned for ravin! And I see
A cradle, not a coffin, and therein
Another Child to England; and veiled Fate
Over it heat with deep-divining eyes,
And with oracular lips, like nurse inspired,
Foretelling the fair Future:

"Another Albert shalt Thou be, so known,
So known, so honored, and His name shall stand
The sponsor to your spotlessness until
Dawns the full day, when, conscious of your soul,
Your soul, your self, and that high mission laid
On all of such height, you can seize
The sceptre of your will, and thuswise armed
Against the sirens of disloyal shade,
Like to your pure progenitor abide
In God's stern presence, and surrender never
The last prerogative of all your race,
To live and die for England!"

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LEWIS HERRESHOFF.

(Two months later, in the midst of winter.)

IN BRISTOL, R. I., Jan. 23, 1896, 3:30 P. M.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

D'Orsay was an inveterate duelist, and once called out an atheist who had insulted the Virgin Mary, on the pretense that he would never hear any woman spoken of slightly.

A Western congressman is quoted in *Our Dumb Animals* as saying that when he first entered Congress, he wondered how *he ever got there*, but later on he wondered *how any of them ever got there*.

Professor Jowett once made a remark which very happily indicates one of the strongest characteristics of the late William Rogers: "You always know when Rogers arrives, because as soon as he reaches the gate he begins to talk to your gardener, and when he reaches the door he makes friends with your servant in the hall."

At the sale of a country estate in England not long ago, it was announced that, in accordance with custom, the shooting rights would be reserved. "Not from every one," commented a jolly farmer; "I've got shooting included in my holding—I suppose I may shoot—myself?" "Oh, certainly, the sooner the better," was all the consolation he received from the auctioneer.

A well-known Oxford don, who occasionally mixes the initial consonants in his speech, was on one occasion telling a story about a little kitten that had strayed into his rooms, and had then jumped out of the window. "And it didn't hurt itself?" asked a feminine listener. "Oh, no," said the man, "nothing of the sort. It just popped on its drawers and ran away."

A lady, in a town lying under the shadows of the Rockies, was much distressed (says *Life*) at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator, and asked him what he understood was meant by the term the "smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska, there is a large tract of land known as the 'Rain Belt.' It never rains there."

A Western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed."

When Joseph H. Choate was in Washington recently (says the *New York Sun*), he attended a dinner where he met several public men who enjoy a high reputation for wit. A few of them were chatting together after dinner, when Mr. Choate surprised them with the statement that he had never seen a game of poker played, never attended a horse-race, and never traveled on a pass. A senator in the group regretfully said: "I wish I could say that." "Why not? Choate does," quietly replied Speaker Reed, and all the party saw the joke.

A titled Englishman was a guest at a Washington house, and a dinner-party was given in his honor. The host cautioned the colored butler to address the Englishman always as "My Lord." This he remembered to do until he passed the special dish of the occasion, stewed terrapin. The appearance of this dish is not specially inviting, so, when the butler handed it to him, the Englishman declined it, saying *sotto voce*, "It looks uncommonly nawsty." The butler was so taken aback at the idea of any one refusing such a delicacy, that he forgot himself and said: "But it's terrapin, *My God*."

At a card-party in the North-West, a few evenings ago (says the *Washington Post*), a cross-eyed man was giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed, and made up her mind to bowl him over if she got a chance. A few minutes later she was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying: "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but, in the most innocent way imaginable, said: "Which eye, Mr. Jones?"

John Wilson, known to fame as Christopher North, was a fisherman of ingenious ways and wondrous prowess. One day, after arriving at a fine stream, where he perceived at once that the trout were abundant and rising freely, he captured from the surface of the water a specimen of the insect upon which they seemed to be feasting; but

on searching his fishing-book, he found nothing with which he could make up a cast after that particular pattern—an odd kind of red spider—and for a moment it seemed as if he were fated to disappointment. Suddenly he darted away at speed, and entering a little village near by, went boldly up to the first native he met, and inquired if anybody lived there who had "a carrotty pow." The man was naturally astonished, but after a brief reflection informed him that a certain Mysie, the minister's hired lass, owned "the best crop of red hair in the whole parish." Mysie was immediately sought and found, and, either for love or money, she was induced to part with a tress. Back, then, went the enterprising fisherman to the burn, supplied his hook with a wisp of fiery hair twisted into an excellent imitation of a sprawling spider, and with this unique bait succeeded in filling his basket to the brim.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Defense of England in the Transvaal.

LOUGHTON, ESSEX, ENGLAND, February 1, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The numerous admirers of the *Argonaut* in England will have been much pained by the tone of the article in your issue of January 13th, on "English Highwaymen and Boer Bullets." It is much to be regretted that you should have published this article upon such very imperfect information as it displays; it has now doubtless circulated throughout the United States and added one more to the string of misrepresentations of this country and its acts, which all help to poison the American mind and produce in it utterly groundless disgust and enmity where only brotherly regard should prevail.

In the article in question, this country is represented as being the cruel and heartless hunter of a virtuous and helpless people, always fleeing from their persecutors and denying them a resting-place. What are the facts?

The "persecution" of the Cape Boers began about the beginning of this century on the passing of the Slavery Abolition Act. England then determined to do that which the United States effected by the secession war of 1860-65. In no country was the cruel oppression of the negro more savagely practiced than in South Africa; the treatment of their black chattels by the Boer Legrees has never had its parallel but in your Southern States; and when the British Government declared the freedom of the slaves, these angelic Boers "trekked" out of the colony to a district in which they could carry on their heartless tyranny unrestrained. As the English immigration multiplied and spread over the more distant parts of South Africa, this "trekking" was repeated, for no human being could be permitted to exist in slavery where the English flag floated.

Thus you will see that the facts are very different from those set forth in your article, in which you speak of the "successive acts of spoliation by which the Boers were driven from the Cape Colony . . . only to have their new lands, as well as their liberties, taken away from them by the insatiable British."

We shall all, I think, unreservedly accept the opinion of the great David Livingstone, who knew the Boers so well. "Those of them," he said, "who have fled from English law on various pretexts, and have been joined by English deserters and every other variety of bad character in their distant localities, are of a very different stamp." Their chief grievance against English law was, of course, that it suppressed their domestic institution of slavery. "I have myself," said Livingstone, "been eye-witness of Boers coming into a village, and, according to their usual custom, demanding twenty or thirty women to weed their gardens, and have seen these women proceed to the scene of unrequited toil, carrying their food on their heads, their children on their backs, and instruments of labor on their shoulders." Again he wrote: "Their church is, and always has been, the great bulwark of slavery, cattle-lifting, and Kafir-marauding."

The charge of aggressive land-grabbing made against the English nation is entirely unfounded. Many of our colonies, like Canada, Mauritius, India, several of the West India Islands, and others, were captured from the French in compensation for the wars they constantly forced upon us in their ambitious attempts to obtain control of Europe from Rotterdam to Moscow, from Stockholm to Naples, and have been the fruit of conquest. The South African colonies and Guiana were obtained by us in the same way, and were the penalty paid by the Dutch for siding with our enemies in their nefarious attempts to conquer a country whose free institutions were a standing offense to them, and a source of discontent to their people.

If the American people would, instead of defaming the old land of their ancestors, patiently inquire into the history of events which they carelessly denounce, they would have to be answered for should a fratricidal war occur, turning this fair earth into a pandemonium. They would find then that the wars and the colonial possessions of England have come to be almost entirely unsought, and represent neither a reckless ambition nor an inhuman rapacity. This investigation of facts before denouncing the whole English people as filibusters, is the very least we are entitled to ask from our American cousins.

The overflowing populations of old Europe must somewhere find resting-places. Is it not better that these shall be provided for them, and be controlled by our great English-speaking race, with its free institutions, with its horror of inhumanity and tyranny of every kind, than he left to the unstable, turbulent, and unprogressive sections of the human race?

The noble speech of Senator Walcott, at Washington,

which has so thrilled the people of England, is the best answer to this question.

We deplore intensely these anglophobe outbreaks in the American press; the unselfish desire of our people is to draw closer and closer the bonds of brotherhood which exist naturally between the European and American divisions of our family; we can not understand these exhibitions of ill-feeling, so absolutely unprovoked and unreciprocated by us. As one of our newspapers said so eloquently, during those few bitter days which ushered in the new year: "Your people are our people, and our people are your people." Let us have an end to such unworthy bickerings.

As was recently said by Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court: "England's rule, in the main, is for justice and righteousness, therefore I would safely predict permanence for her great empire."

I am, sir, yours truly, OCTAVIUS D. DEACON.

The Flag over the German Hospital.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 25, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I desire respectfully to call your attention to the correspondence in the *Call* of the twenty-second instant, headed "Old Glory's Place," a copy of which is herewith enclosed.

The *Argonaut* would scarcely be selected by foreign-horn citizens of the United States as their champion in a matter of this kind; yet, respecting the paper as I do for its sincerity, outspokenness, courage, and ability, I would ask whether, in its opinion, the foreign-horn citizens have ever done anything to warrant the distrust exhibited in the first of the two letters. Most respectfully,

THEO. V. BROWN.

[In the correspondence referred to, Superintendent Brown notes: "The German flag, surmounted by the American streamer, is hoisted in honor of every national holiday and on Sundays, and for the last three years the flag of defunct George Sykes Post No. 159, Department of California, G. A. R., which was presented to me by vote of the post, is also displayed from a prominent point over the main entrance, and we shall continue to thus honor and observe every national holiday." We do not see that the most patriotic American could find anything to cavil at in this.—Eas.]

A Voice from Iowa.

DUBUQUE, IA., February 22, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I beg leave to inclose herewith some reasons why the Republicans of Iowa are pressing Senator Allison for the Republican Presidential nomination.

Mr. Allison has served the people of Iowa in Congress for thirty-two years, eight years in the House and twenty-four years in the Senate. He has just been again elected by the unanimous vote of his party to another term in the Senate. The great issues of the present campaign will be those of revenue and currency. Mr. Allison helped to frame the revenue measures which carried us through the war. He represents the average tariff sentiment of the Republican party. He has no superior in Congress in financial knowledge. He is a bi-metalist and favorable to the issue of all the silver that can be kept at a parity with gold. He stood like a rock against more greenback inflation. For forty years he has been identified with the interests and growth of the West.

We think no man can be more worthy of your support than Senator Allison. And if consistent with your sense of public and party duty, we shall be very grateful for your valued cooperation. Very respectfully,

JACOB RICH.

The "Examiner" and the Brown Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 25, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The leading editorial in your paper, issued last Friday night, seems almost inspired in view of the appearance on Saturday morning of the following charges, made by Judge Campbell, in testifying in the Brown case: "It is to the interest of the public press to protect that class" (speaking of black-malers). "I am giving facts under solemn oath." Also, "I say that the press have helped these women, by standing in with them, to show any man who dares to make complaint against them that it won't do." These charges are allowed to stand uncontradicted. They were publicly made on Thursday night, and suppressed by the *Examiner* until Saturday morning, and then printed under the head-lines: "SHE IS GLAD TO BE LET ALONE," "MRS. STOCKTON GIVES HER IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHURCH TRIAL," thus seeking to hide the most important testimony of the whole affair, and mislead the public as to the details which followed, in the finest print. This is the kind of work in which the *Examiner* is engaged—protecting black-malers and extortionists, and attacking and terrifying plaintiffs and witnesses. Yours truly, S. M. B.

The "Saturday Review" Commends Protection.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 24, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: As our free-traders are continually harping on the cost to the consumer of protection, the following extract from an article in the *Saturday Review*, a very influential English weekly, would seem apropos. On page 138, issue of February 8th, in an editorial on John Morley, occurs the following: "The United States can do with an army of forty thousand men, because the United States have no colonies, and hitherto have had no foreign policy, though if the Monroe doctrine goes on expanding, the Americans will have to support bloated armaments like European powers. Mr. Morley should also remember that if the United States are the most lightly taxed country in the world, it is because they make foreign producers pay a large share of their national expenses." Yours truly,

C. T. DEANE.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Doric. Thursday, March 5

Belgic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21

Coptic. Saturday, April 18

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in

Alaska. 9 A. M. Feb. 14, 29, March 15, 29.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29,

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Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Feb. 7, 12, 15, 20, 23, 27, and

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and all ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29,

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Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19,

23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Par,

Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette*

Valley, to A. M., 24th of each month. Ticket-office,

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Australian SS. MONOWAI, for

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SS. AUSTRALIA, Honolulu

only, Tuesday, March 10th,

Tuesday, April 7th, 10 A. M.

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Special parties to Hawaii, re-

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Germanic. April 15

Tonic. April 22

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accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favor-

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MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS

THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE

ON EVERY CAN.

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SOCIETY.

The Hobart-Williams Engagement.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Hannah Neil Williams, of San Rafael, to Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, of this city. Miss Williams is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Neil, and resides with them at their home in San Rafael. Mr. Hobart is the son of the late W. S. Hobart, of this city. The date for the wedding has not yet been set.

The Holladay-Huntington Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Carrie D. Huntington and Mr. Edmund Burke Holladay took place at noon last Tuesday at the residence of the uncle and aunt of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, in New York city. Miss Huntington is the daughter of the late Solon Huntington, and Mr. Holladay is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, of this city. He was recently made a counselor of the Federal Supreme Court, and is secretary of the Bar Association of this city.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frank N. Clendennin, rector of St. Peter's Church, at Westchester. Miss Yager, of Onto, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Edward H. Pardee acted as best man. A breakfast was served after the ceremony. The wedding gifts were very costly.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Laura Rountree and Dr. Charles A. McQueen will take place to-day at the home of the bride-elect in Alameda.

The wedding of Miss Georgia M. Wightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., and Mr. Douglass B. Crane will take place at noon on Monday, March 9th, at St. Stephen's Church, Fulton Street.

Miss Jennie Catherwood, who is about to leave for Southern California to join her aunt, Mrs. Harry Jerome, has invited a few of her friends to a farewell tea to be given this (Saturday) afternoon at her Sutter Street residence.

Mrs. Robert A. McLean will give a matinee tea to-day, from four until six o'clock, at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner-party last Monday evening at their home, on Pacific Avenue, and entertained Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Carrie Taylor, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, and Mr. Brendon.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence on Jackson Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Averill, Miss Jennie Blair, Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Mr. George Almer Newhall.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a dinner-party recently at her parents' residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue, her guests going afterward to the living-pictures given at the home of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker. Among those present were: Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Alice Ann Clark, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Tarn McGrew, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

Mr. and Mrs. Minthorn Tompkins gave a house-party over Washington's Birthday at their residence at San Anselmo. Their guests were Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Ernest Folger, and Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness.

The Misses Juliette and Hannah Williams had a house-party at their home in San Rafael on Wash-

ington's Birthday, and entertained Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Henry W. Poett, Mr. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. William H. Taylor. Mr. Hobart had his four-in-hand coach over there, and the party enjoyed a long drive.

Miss Ella Goodall gave a lunch-party at her residence, 1317 Jackson Street, in Oakland, last Tuesday as a compliment to Miss Fanny Crocker. The others present were Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Alice Owen.

Mrs. A. Chabot gave a lunch-party at Little Lake Chabot, Oakland, on Washington's Birthday, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haight, Mr. A. A. Moon, Jr., and Mr. Robert Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Homer S. King gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home, 1001 Leavenworth Street, to Miss Mattie Whittier. Covers were laid for fifteen.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a pleasant lunch-party on Friday at the University Club, in honor of Miss Jennie Sherwood, of Spokane, who is visiting here for a few months.

Miss Alice Ann Clark gave a concert-party this week at the Auditorium in honor of Miss May Hoffman, which was followed by an elaborate supper.

A dinner-party was given to the Misses Morrison, of San José, recently at the Sainte Claire Club by Mr. Loring G. Nesmith, president of the club, Colonel Moorhead, and Mr. J. W. Findlay. Covers were laid for sixteen at a table banked with Marie Louise violets and canopied with smilax. The others present were Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Miss Ryland, Miss Hanford, of Seattle, Judge W. B. Gilbert, Judge Hawley, Judge Houghton, Mr. H. B. Alvord, and Mr. Schizas.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Late mail advices from Egypt say that Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Rose, Mr. Robert C. Bolton, Miss Lizzie M. Bolton, Miss Carroll, and Miss Fanny Carroll, all of San Francisco, are now on the same *dahabayah*, making the Nile tour. They were somewhat disturbed as to their future movements, owing to the fact that several hundred cases of cholera were reported in Cairo, and quarantine was being declared against that city by all of the Levantine Mediterranean ports. They were even apprehensive that they might be detained by quarantine at the Italian ports.

Mr. Charles Wehh Howard, who has been spending some weeks in Southern California, where he has been pleasantly entertained at Pasadena, Riverside, Santa Barbara, and other points of interest, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, accompanied by Mrs. Spreckels's sister, Miss Minnie Jolliffe, left this week for China and Japan. They go for pleasure, and for the benefit of Mr. Spreckels's health, and it will depend upon the latter whether they extend their trip to one around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Cunningham have been passing the week at Del Monte.

Miss Lizzie Carroll has returned from a visit to friends in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Miss Laura McKinstry returned last Tuesday from a visit to Washington, D. C., New York, and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, of Bakersfield, intend to pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Harry E. Hall has returned from a visit to her parents, General and Mrs. Cosh, in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine have returned to their ranch in Orange County after a prolonged visit here.

Mrs. Samuel Tevis has returned from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mauvais, in San José.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Emma Hunt are making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. W. V. Huntington has been passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. Samuel H. Boardman and Mr. S. C. Pardee have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman have returned from the Eastern States, where they have been since last October.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill have returned from Europe.

Major J. Henry Mangels returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury passed the early part of the week in San José.

Mrs. E. E. Goodrich, who has been passing the winter in Berkeley, will soon return to her country home, El Quito, near San José, for the summer.

Senator and Mrs. Sprague, of Washington, D. C., who have been visiting in San José, left last Thursday for Del Monte. They were accompanied by Miss Sprague.

Mr. R. H. Pease returned from Portland, Or., last week, and expects to leave for New York in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss and family will go to San Rafael early in May to occupy their cottages during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold will pass the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., is passing a few weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook are visiting at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Randolph Neumann, Mr. William L. Gerstle, and Mr. James M. Wilson, who are now in Toronto, Canada, are expected to return here about the middle of March.

Miss Jennie Blair is interesting her charitably disposed friends in a raffle for a beautiful bed-spread, the work of a Mrs. Gruelle, who will be the beneficiary. The bed-spread is of English appliqué work in the palm design, and is a marvelous piece of workmanship. The tickets, at one dollar each, may be procured from Miss Blair at her residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Closet of No Use.

The family with a skeleton
Is now in dire dismay,
For fear that it may be exposed
By use of Roentgen's ray.

—New York Herald.

Cathode Rays.

Now the timid, doubting snitor,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Frederick Warde will deliver a lecture at Golden Gate Hall at three o'clock next Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange.

"So Burton wants to go to the legislature, does he?" "Yes; he says he wants to find out if there is any truth in all these bribery stories."—*Detroit News*.

Pommery Sec.

Of all champagnes, Pommery Sec is most in demand in London and is the favorite at all select gatherings. Among recent prominent affairs it was served at the banquet in Atlanta tendered to President Cleveland, at the dinner in Hamburg given to the German Emperor, and at the banquet in Bordeaux tendered to the President of the French Republic, and was a prominent feature at the dinner tendered to Paderewski at the Palace Hotel, being exclusively served on that occasion. At the various receptions arranged by the Prince of Wales, Pommery Sec is invariably served. By real connoisseurs it is considered the ideal champagne.

—PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS, KODAKS, AND MATERIALS. New '96 models. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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in the world which has a better Winter climate than California," affirms the *Argonaut*. And we declare that the best spot in California for wintering is Byron Hot Springs.

A combination of the mild climate, the Hot Mud Baths, and the Hot Salt Spring is a sure cure for Rheumatism.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

"Stamped writing-paper is wasteful."

Is letter-writing wasteful? Are the sweet nothings that flow from the heart to pen and paper and on again to another heart—are they wasteful?

Stamped paper is wasteful unless it is beautiful.

H S CROCKER Co

227 Post street
215 Bush street

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WE HAVE SAID
BEFORE...

Sterling Bicycles

NEED
NO REPAIRS

—are
"Built Like a Watch"
and run as easy

Ride an Olive Green Sterling in '96


Our New Catalog is a beauty!

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Other Listener—"Ya-as." Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMAIXA sends 'em to him."

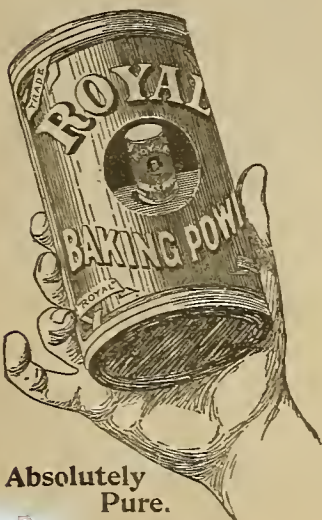
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SOCIETY.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., will commence his duties to-day as executive officer of the *Independence* at Mare Island.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Leavenworth, and report for duty as a member of the board of officers ordered to convene there for the purpose of preparing rules for the small-arms firing for this season.

Rear-Admiral C. C. Carpenter, U. S. N., was placed on the retired list last Thursday.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., to Miss Margaret Schenck, daughter of Captain A. D. Schenck, Second Artillery, U. S. A.

Captain B. F. Day, U. S. N., recently commander of the *Baltimore*, is passing his leave of absence at Newtown, Mass.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Captain William Stephenson, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Fort Canby during the absence of Assistant-Surgeon Benjamin Brooke, U. S. A., at Vancouver Barracks.

Captain William W. Robinson, U. S. A., has been appointed post quartermaster at the Presidio.

Lieutenant H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bureau of Equipment and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Lieutenant H. Kimmell, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Montrey*.

Lieutenants S. S. Jordan, Delamere Skerrett, and E. F. McGlachlin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., have been ordered to report for Fort Monroe, Va., for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant James B. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Paul F. Straub, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Angel Island, relieving Lieutenant Charles E. B. Flagg, U. S. A., who has been ordered to Fort DuChesne.

Assistant-Engineer A. Hartrath, U. S. N., is passing his leave of absence in Chicago.

Ensign A. L. Willard, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Montrey* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Ensign C. F. Hughes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross*, and granted one month's leave of absence.

Mrs. E. K. Moore, wife of Lieutenant E. K. Moore, U. S. N., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Curtis, wife of Commander Frank Curtis, U. S. N., in Berkeley. Both ladies are sisters of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club gave its third concert of the nineteenth season last Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. D. P. Hughes. The club was assisted by Miss Ardella Mills, soprano, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, violinist, and Mr. Henry Bretherick, organist. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

(a) "Vintage Song," Mendelssohn, (b) "The Parting," Isenmann; "Blue Flowers Reflected," Weinzierl; violin solo, "Zigeunerweisen," Sarasate; "The Warning," Gade; "The Nun of Nidaros," op. 83, Buck; "Serenade," Beschnitt; soprano solo, "Cantilene," Cinq Mars; Gounod; "Stars in Heaven," Rheinberger; violin solo, (a) "Berceuse," Sautet, (b) Caprice, Ogarek; "The Signal Resounds," Buck.

The University of California Glee and Mandolin Club will give a concert at the Auditorium on Monday evening, March 2d, under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. The glee club has lately received a large number of the latest glee-club songs from the East, and an entirely new programme will be presented. This will be the first appearance of the mandolin club, which was organized at the university last fall. The club will also be assisted by Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, contralto, and Mr. Charles E. Parcells, violinist. Souvenir programmes have been designed by Mr. Quinn, of the *Josh*. The following ladies will be patronesses of the concert:

Mrs. W. F. McNutt, William Thomas, Clark W. Crocker, James Carolan, T. C. Van Ness, W. P. Shaw, Henry Gibbons, Jr., William M. Graham, W. J. Somers, T. B. Bishop, William M. Gwin, W. R. Smedberg, W. P. Morgan, Ira Pierce, Gordon Blanding, George A. Knight, N. D. Rideout, Charles Holbrook, M. P. Jones, R. A. McLean, A. L. Bancroft, Sidney M. Smith, and Monroe Salisbury.

The first of the concerts by the Sousa Band took place at the Auditorium, on Jones and Eddy Streets, last night, too late for notice in this issue. There will be concerts there again this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, and the last of the series will be given on Sunday evening, when the programme will be made up entirely of Mr. Sousa's compositions. The popularity of Mr. Sousa's famous band during the Midwinter Fair two years ago has not been forgotten, and a number of theatre-parties have been arranged to take advantage of this brief series of concerts. In addition to the fifty musicians who constitute the band, the programme will include numbers by Miss Myrta French, soprano; Miss Currie Duke, violinist; Arthur Pryor, a noted young trombonist; and Signor Simone Mantia.

The Euterpe and Orpheus Quartets will give the second of their series of three concerts at Beethoven Hall on next Friday evening at eight o'clock. Among the special features will be Walter's dream-song and the quintet from Wagner's "Meistersinger," sung by Mr. L. P. Rixford and the Orpheus Quartet; a piano solo by Miss Helen Marshall

Anderson; solos by Miss Edith Scott Waters, Miss Elna C. Olsson, Mr. H. E. Medley, and Miss Mary Pasmore. Mr. Pasmore's waltz-song, "Here's a Health," that made a hit at the last concert, will be repeated by the Euterpeans by special request.

The fiftieth of the Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Concerts will be given at Golden Gate Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. An unusually interesting programme has been prepared, including violin solos by Mr. Beel, and songs by Mr. Charles J. Dyer. In accordance with a suggestion made by Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. David Bixler, and Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans, the patrons of the "Pop" Concerts will hold an informal reception, after the concert, to greet Mrs. Carr and her fellow-artists, and to express appreciation of their promotion of musical interest in the community.

Marsick, the famous violinist of the Paris Conservatory, will appear in a recital at the California Theatre on Friday night, March 6th. The virtuoso will upon this occasion render a programme of rare excellence. Seats are to be 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50, and will be placed on sale at the box-office of the Baldwin Theatre next Monday morning. The violinist has decided to appear also at the Baldwin on Sunday night, March 8th, in a grand orchestral concert.

Paderewski goes East directly after the farewell concert at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night. This will not be a recital but a concert, in which both Paderewski, the greatest of living pianists, and Marsick, one of the foremost violinists of the world, will take part. Marsick is first professor of the violin at the Paris Conservatory, and the instrument he will use at this concert is a splendid one, being insured for seven thousand five hundred dollars.

The Columbia Theatre will be the scene of the benefit of the Rosewald Memorial Fund next Friday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. Professor Bernard Moses will read an illustrated musical lecture which was written by the late J. H. Rosewald, and the musical selections will be rendered by Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, Mr. Frank Coffin, Miss Lillian Morey, and Miss Ada E. Weigel.

A concert will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall next Wednesday evening by the Knickerbocker Male Quartet, assisted by the Chicago Lady Quartet, Miss Nettie M. Jackson, impersonator, and Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, pianist. The programme that has been arranged will prove very interesting.

A curious performance is being given nightly at one of the minor places of amusement. It is a fight between a man and a game-cock. The man is made up to represent a gigantic Bantam, and the game little bird, on being placed on the stage, no sooner sees the tremendous replica of himself than he crows in challenge, trails his wings, and flies straight at the head of his antagonist. Though that head is twice as big as his own body, he fights away with astonishing pluck, and the performance ends with victory perched on his banner.

A French paper, devoted to the building trade, has recently invited architects to discuss the accommodation of bicycles in private houses.

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OCULISTS WILL BE PLEASED TO STATE TO patients that our spectacle and eye-glass work is unsurpassed. Prices moderate. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

MISS LUCILE IS STILL IN NEW YORK, AND will be back about March 1st with an elegant assortment of hats and bonnets. 139 Post Street, Liebes Building.

WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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AN AMERICAN PAINTER.

Charles Walter Stetson.

It is said that very soon, in a certain charming gallery in this city, Mr. Charles Walter Stetson is to show a collection of his remarkable pictures to the people of San Francisco. For some time, Mr. Stetson has been quietly living in Pasadena, and his whereabouts have probably been more familiar to the roving Eastern tourist already conversant with his fame than to us among whom he has come. The announcement brings to mind some of the interesting facts connected with Mr. Stetson's first appearance before the public of Boston and New York.

In 1883, in the Art Club Gallery of Providence, there was a quiet, unnoticed exhibition of the work of a young, almost unknown, painter, the son of a Baptist minister in New England. Among the visitors to that exhibition were a Boston dealer and his wife, who were so strongly impressed with the individuality and beauty of the pictures they saw, that an arrangement was made with Mr. Stetson for the transfer of the exhibition to Boston. Here he was as absolutely unknown as he is to-day in San Francisco.

The pictures were duly sent, and—owing to other matters—the artist actually forgot all about the date of the exhibition, until a week or so afterward he was surprised by a check on account from the Boston dealer for about fifteen hundred dollars, which represented the sales the day before the show opened.

It was a most unexpected success, and ranged the critics on his side almost universally—such men as Charles de Kay, the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and James Jackson Jarves, the latter being held by many in this country and in Europe to have been our foremost critic in the true sense of the word.

Mr. Jarves was then near the end of his life and little likely to give undeserved and unqualified praise, but he said at that time, while he pointed out the weaknesses of the work before him, that he knew of no young American painter who seemed to possess so much of the spirit of the old masters—especially about Mr. Stetson's color and his portraits was he enthusiastic and earnest.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly said, at this early period: "In any capital of the world I believe that such pictures would attract attention. We have a great colorist and idealist among us. There are touches in all this man's pictures, and there are some whole canvases that, while utterly original, suggest the greatest painters, and the suggestion is more in power and boldness than in manner." This remarkable and sudden success has grown until to-day, and among the great picture collections of the East Mr. Stetson's work is well represented.

In Boston especially there are many private owners of his paintings, and the Museum of Fine Arts there has one of his most important works, "The Rajah's Peacocks." Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, of New York, who bought one of his early and characteristic works, "The Burial of a Suicide"; Mr. Charles de Kay, Mr. Ellsworth, of Chicago, Mr. George E. Tewksbury, of Topeka, who owns about forty of his canvases; Mr. Isaac C. Bates, of Providence, whose splendid collection of engravings is well known—are among some of the best-known holders of Mr. Stetson's work.

A description of the kind of pictures which Mr. Stetson paints would take a longer time and column than the magazine of to-day can afford—he paints all sorts of things: Landscapes of a naturalistic sort and of an imaginative sort, figures and figures in imaginary landscapes (what the newspaper reporter calls ideal landscapes, though they are only real ones, put into emotional keys). His figures which express movement are considered especially "characteristic." As to manner of treatment, this is even more hard to tell—his pictures have been likened to Diaz, Delacroix, Monticelli, Henner, Giorgione, Schiavoni, Vedder, Blake, and William Rimmer. And these names are not more antagonistic than will be the opinions of those who see the approaching show. It will be, it is safe to predict, the arena of dissension—rousing either ardent enthusiasm or its opposite. In either case, it will be interesting, for in it one sees the powerful and independent expression of a painter who is also a poet and a thinker.

As to the peculiarity of his style, Mr. Stetson tells a story which is worth reproducing. A short time since, a Chicago artist was visiting him at his Pasadena studio and saw his work for the first time. He made an attempt to tell Mr. Stetson of whom his work reminded him, saying he saw a picture by this artist in Chicago. It transpired from his description that it was Mr. Stetson's own "Pagan Procession," owned by Mr. Ellsworth, in the Art Institute. He suddenly said, as if he had had a revelation: "Bless me! I know of whom you remind me—it's yourself!"

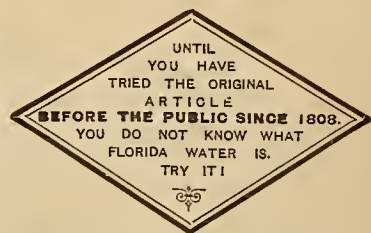
Among the coming pictures are several of which the inspiration is the dreamy Southern California landscape, with its pulsating, glowing day color and tropical night effect. It will be interesting to observe the effect of one of these especially—called "The Easter Offering."

It is one of our Southern California calla-flosses by moonlight—twenty or thirty thousand blossoms at least—under the light of a nearly full moon. Nobody who has not seen such a scene will believe it, and those who have are quite likely to think it false. Mr. Sylvester Baxter, in the Boston *Herald*, wrote some time back in reference to Mr. Stetson's pictures: "While it is well that realism has become the mode of expression to-day, and, therefore, facts are to be truly depicted and by new study revealed in unsuspected lights and relations, nevertheless we still spend much of our life in dreams, and to dream is often pleasant. Mr. Stetson has a gift of embodying his fascinating dreams in shapes that we all may behold, and when we remember how the strange mirror of our own dream life often distorts its reflections, we can overlook the errors in drawing that constitute our artist's chief fault. The Southern California landscape, in character so like the shores of the midland sea where lies the fable-land of his subjects, has furnished an important element in Mr. Stetson's work. He is true to the character of this landscape, with the truth of poetic fidelity—fidelity to spirit, to atmosphere, as in the noble forms of the lofty, superbly rounded mountains, the luxuriance of friendly nature, the joyous glow of the sunny, blossoming land."

A more interesting event than this exhibition is likely to prove has not taken place in the art world of San Francisco for long, and artists and amateurs will look forward to it with pleasant anticipation. We hope that some of the examples which Mr. Stetson sends us will make their permanent home here.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Clara—"Oh, it seems so strange to be engaged."
May—"It certainly does—the first time."—Truth.

Jess—"George asked me last night if the roses on your cheeks were genuine." Jess—"And you said?" Jess—"Nothing—simply winked."—Puck.

"Will you be my wife, Fraulein Paula, and make me happy?" "I am sorry, doctor, but I should like to be happy myself."—Humoristische Blätter.

Sunday-school teacher—"And the prophet reot his clothes." Johony, what does that mean?" Johnny—"I s'pose he didn't have the price to huy 'em."—Ex.

Mrs. von Blumer—"You seem to be confideot that your husbaod will come home from his club all right." Mrs. Dimpleton—"I am. He went there on his wheel."—Vogue.

"Aoy amusement in this town to-night?" asked the straoger. "I reckoo there's goio' to be a lecture," replied the grocery man; "I've beeo sellin' eggs all day."—Atlanta Constitution.

"You ought to take pattero by your frieod, Augusta. She is so cleanly in her bahits that she washes herself three times a day." "Aod oo wonder—her sweetheart is a chimoeey-sweep."—Dagens Nyheter.

She—"What do you mean, sir, by kissing me? What do you meao?" He—"Er—ooting." She "Then doo't you do it again. I don't want any mao kissing me unless he means business."—Indianapolis Journal.

First detective—"Ah-ha! Now I uoderstaod why the safe was oot hlowo open. This burglary was committed by a woman." Second detective—"How do you know?" First detective—"Here's the hair-pio."—Puck.

His great mistake: The wife—"When you proposed to me, John, did you thioik I would accept you?" The husband—"Not the first time." The wife—"The second?" The husband—"I wasn't going to propose but once."—Puck.

"Dr. Jarley is simply wrapped up in his profes-sioo." "I should say he was. Why, they do say that when he proposed to Madge Willoughby he oever squeezed her hand once, but kept his thumb on her pulse all the time."—Bazar.

"Why does the haggageman haandle those new trunks so carefully?" "He doesn't want them to have an old, traveled look, because the people who own them are just married, aod new trunks are a dead give-away."—Detroit Free Press.

"I hardly know how to hegio, sir," said the would-be soo-in-law, as a starter. "Permit me to help you out," said the old man. The words were polite enough, but the young man thought he saw a glare and got out uoassisted.—Indianapolis Jour-nal.

The serpent smiled affably. "Have an apple?" he iosinuated. The mother of the race shrugged her shoulders. "Not this Eve," she rejoined; "s'm'other Eve." "This," mused the tempter, with a dazed look and a slight shiver, "must be the woman's version. Ah, yes."—Detroit Tribune.

Wanderer—"Yes, lady; a few years ago I was just rollin' io wealth." Kind-hearted housekeeper—"Poor mao! bere is a quarter. Rum did it, I suppose?" Wanderer—"No'm. Religion." Kind-hearted housekeeper—"Religioo?" Wanderer—"Yes'm; I was one of the most successful hurglers io the couotry; but I got religioo aod couldn't work at me trade no more. Thaaiks."—Puck.

Ruggles—"Coogratulations, old hoy! How are the wife aod baby gettioo along?" Struggles—"Finely, thanks." Ruggles—"I tell you, babies are blessings!" Struggles—"You het! If this one hadn't come right now, I doo't know what we'd have dooe for our wioter's coal." Ruggles—"What's the birth of a baby got to do with coal?" Struggles—"You see, my wife's rich brother al-ways sends a check for fifty dollars to start the baby's haok-hook."—Puck.

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Fiestas,

Rose Carnivals,

and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival,

the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens April 15. Queen Flora will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles,

now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older proto-types, commences April 22, and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses,

to take place in San Jose, May 6th to 9th, inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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RIPANS TABULES

Mr. Bert M. Moses, the advertisement and business writer of 502 Third street, Brooklyn, relates that he recently had occasion to consult Dr. J. S. Carreau, a well-known physician of 18 West Twenty-first street, New York City, for a stomach trouble which was pronounced a type of dyspepsia. "After consultation," writes Mr. Moses, "the Doctor gave me a prescription, and I was somewhat surprised to note that the formula was nearly identical with that of Ripans Tabules, for which I had, on more than one occasion, prepared advertising matter. I had Dr. Carreau's prescription filled, and it proved satisfactory, giving quick relief. A week later, when I had taken all the medicine, I again called on the Doctor and mentioned the similarity of his prescription and the proprietary remedy spokeo of, showing him both the remedy itself and the formula. The Doctor was at first somewhat inclined to criticise what he called patent medicines, but appeared to be surprised when he noted to what extent his own prescription conformed to the formula I showed him. It was practically the same. After a short time devoted to noting the careful manner in which the proprietary medicine was prepared, he wound up by prescribing it for my case. Of course I had to pay him for telling me to do this, but it was worth the cost to have such high professional assurance that the advertised article was, in fact, the scientific formula that it purported to be. I might have taken the proprietary medicine in the beginning and saved the Doctor's fee, but I think the confidence I have acquired in the efficacy of the remedy, through the Doctor's indorsement of it, is well worth the fee."

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 9, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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On the twenty-fifth of February, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, the Patriarch of the Senate, moved to take up the Revenue Tariff Bill, passed by the House during the holidays. The bill was defeated by a vote of 33 to 22. Of those who voted against taking up the measure, 22 were Democrats, 6 were Populists, and 5 were senators from the silver States who were elected as Republicans.

These five men were Teller, of Colorado, Duhois, of Idaho, Cannon, of Utah, and Carter and Mantle, of Montana.

These five men by their action have tied the hands of the Republican party. They have forced the Republican party to admit to the country that it is unable to legislate upon the leading Republican issue—the tariff. They have with the bludgeon of silver "held up" their political friends and associates like footpads in the night. They are not Repub-

licans. They are traitors to their party. They are political outcasts.

We hope that these five men will receive the treatment which their conduct deserves. Carter, of Montana, is chairman of the Republican National Committee. It is his duty to call to order the Republican National Convention at St. Louis. But Carter is no longer a Republican. The Republican National Committee should meet, force Carter to resign, and fill his place with a Republican.

Teller, of Colorado, and Carter, of Montana, both have made speeches declaring that they "can not be read out" of the Republican party. Very true—they can not. They have read themselves out. Teller, in his harangue, declared that he would stay in the Republican party as long as he pleased, and go out when he got ready. He is mistaken. He will not stay as long as he pleases, and he will go out now. There is no place in the Republican party for traitors. Any man who threatens to go, has gone. Let these five so-called Republicans go. Let them join their associates, Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, to the Populist camp. It is the only place for Republican traitors. Even the Democrats will not have them.

If these five senators think they can dominate the Republican party, they are mistaken. No five men can crack the whip over that party. If these or any other silver senators think they can intimidate the Republican party by saying that there shall be no protection to home industry until there is free coinage of silver, they will find out their mistake. The silver States in all have thirty-six electoral votes, yet all of them do not follow these traitors in their treachery. The five renegade Republicans represent less than one-third of the electoral votes of the silver States.

There is in the American heart a deep-rooted dislike to being hulloized. The Republican party is the most strongly American party in the country. It has never been a party of expediency. It has always been the most independent of parties. It has generally done what it thought was right. It will not now submit to dictation from the free-silver States which involves the defeat of protection. If these silver traitors appear at the national convention, they will be shown the door. When it comes to a question of party loyalty, we think even their silver constituents will not sustain them.

California is by no means an enemy to silver. Although a gold State, producing no silver whatever, she has been a persistent friend to silver and the silver States. But when senators from the silver States turn traitor to the cause of Republicanism, and stah their party in the hack, California Republicans have no words for them but words of contempt. There must be no traitors in the Republican ranks.

The tolerance of the tramp in California, as elsewhere, is primarily due to the knowledge that honest men, willing to work, are often out of employment. Rather than take the chances of making a mistake and being cruel to one of these, the average citizen of warm sympathies will be carelessly kind to any number of pernicious vagabonds. But this fact, instead of being a valid plea with the judicious for tenderness to tramps, is the best of reasons for being stern with them. When the fraud is detected, the perpetrator should be dealt with not only as a pest to society at large, but as the worst enemy of the deserving poor. Confusion of thought on this point is surprisingly prevalent. The Eureka Letter, for example, remarks:

"The Argonaut is urging an energetic war of extermination against the so-called tramp element of this State, and utters some very timely and reasonable arguments in its editorial crusade, but in the main it is one-sided. It urges drastic measures against the idle wanderers of the land, assuming that all such are tramps from choice, and offers no explanation of the political and social causes which lead to present conditions, or anything milder than a chain-gang."

Poverty causes most thieves to steal; shall we, then, wait until poverty has been abolished before holding a thief morally and legally responsible? Similarly, shall nothing be done to abate the tramp until political and social conditions have been so re-arranged as to bring about an equal

distribution of wealth? The philosopher is at liberty to view the tramp as a "social symptom," but the people with whom the tramp comes in contact and on whom he preys, being short on philosophy and long on common sense, are to be pardoned for regarding him as a human nuisance. Whatever the tramp of theory may be, the tramp of reality is a man so lazy that he will not work, and so degraded by laziness that he is indifferent to cleanliness and other habits of the civilized. More than that, he is nearly always a petty criminal *in esse* and a dangerous one *in posse*. Not the political economist or the sociologist is needed for his case in the present, but the policeman.

There is no practical difficulty in the way of differentiating the honest unemployed laborer from the tramp. The offer of work is an infallible test. It is the experience of farmers, ranch-owners, and housewives in the country that the tramp will not work unless the direst necessity compel him. He will endure much privation rather than exert himself. His aversion to labor is an intense abhorrence which rises to the dignity of a disease. Cities know him in the same light. Two years ago a revelation was made in San Francisco that astonished everybody who had no actual acquaintance with this species of human vermin. A great camp of the "unemployed" was established on the new post-office site. There were about three hundred of these "unfortunates" quartered there. They paraded the streets daily, asking for contributions and clamoring for "work or bread." Agitators addressed fiery speeches to them, and made other speeches in their behalf. The camp sent delegations to wait on the mayor at the City Hall to demand employment. Food, clothing, and money were given freely by the benevolent. Wide sympathy was felt for them, and the newspapers wrote of the sufferers movingly, tacitly upholding the thesis that a man who, in the face of such human misery, withheld his hand from his pocket, was brother to the youth who turned sorrowfully away when advised by the Saviour to sell all he had and give it to the poor. There being some doubt as to how the contributions were expended, the charitable of the city decided to place the camp in charge of the Salvation Army. The first thing done by the army, which in such matters has no nonsense about it, was to ask that work he given its new wards. A job for all hands was offered by the street-cleaning contractors. That was the last of the camp, the last of the parades, the speeches, the committees to the City Hall, and the blessed soup-house. For of the three hundred "unemployed" only three were found who would accept work—only one per cent. of that heart-breaking aggregation of lameless, pathetic poverty. It was a revelation that reduced the attractions of San Francisco as a tramp centre permanently. Loafers have found charity a good deal colder here ever since.

And there is every reason to believe that one per cent. is about the proportion of men who will work in all the hosts of begging hummers who infest California from end to end. The bestowal of alms upon these foul and prideless creatures is too mildly described when called mistaken kindness. To encourage sturdy heggars is to foster a perilous social evil and to wrong worthy poverty. Every county of the State should have a chain-gang to receive the tramp the instant he appears and is identified. As a means of identification the wood-pile is unsurpassed. New Jersey's example is enlightening. Every spring the prisons of New York discharge thousands of vagrants who have been housed at public expense during the winter. Once their first move was on New Jersey; now, in their annual hegira to the West, they avoid that State as the wise rat skirts the cage, for New Jersey has set up the chain-gang, and the tramp who is caught finds himself compelled to earn his keep by toiling on the streets.

The Argonaut has hitherto explained the reasons, climatic and social, which make of California a tramp paradise. The annual army of invasion is to be held away only by making it certain that work awaits the incoming vagrant. Work, and work alone, is the cure for the affliction. The vagabond does not fear imprisonment. It is easily within the power of the authorities of the several counties to apply the cure

as New Jersey has done. Concert of action would be best, as that would end the practice of passing the tramp along, but even intelligent independent effort would do much. When California has so many roads that need mending, and is in such sore want of new roads where none are now, it is the depth of community stupidity not to capture the tramp and put him to work. Let that be done, and California will speedily get a had name with the fraternity, and so become a better place for decent and industrious people to live in.

The *Argonaut* has received from Mr. Tregaro, Bishop of Sees, France, an invitation to subscribe to the pious work known as the "Association for the Deliverance of Souls from Purgatory." We learn from the printed pamphlet accompanying it that this association is established in the church at Montligeon with the approbation of His Grace, Bishop Tregaro. That gentleman informs us that "One of the acts of charity which is the most agreeable to the heart of our Lord is to work for the deliverance of souls from Purgatory. Can you ignore the fact that many of these poor souls are left completely forgotten? Is there not among them a great number for whom the blood of the Divine Lamb has not flowed a single time upon the altar? It is to remedy this cruel neglect that Bishop Tregaro has established in his diocese an association whose end is to deliver neglected souls from Purgatory."

Following this come elaborate details, from which we learn that "seven masses are said each week for neglected souls in Purgatory and three additional ones each month for neglected priests." This is new and interesting. Is it possible that there are priests' souls in Purgatory, and forgotten priests' souls at that? But to return from these mournful thoughts. Bishop Tregaro goes on: "In addition to these masses, which are founded in perpetuity, the society celebrated, in 1895, 112,120 masses for neglected souls." "The association," we learn, "is enabled to celebrate these masses by means of subscriptions and offerings made toward this end. The subscription of each member, in order to be entitled to share in all of the masses, is five centimes (one cent) per year and five francs in perpetuity. Any person who sends in twenty subscriptions or makes a gift of one franc is entitled to be called 'Benefactor of the Souls in Purgatory,' and will receive the medal of the association." Bishop Tregaro goes on to point out that "for this paltry sum of five centimes per year you are enabled to help a large number of souls in Purgatory, who will be eternally grateful to you, and you will also be entitled to benefit yourself by the masses which the association has celebrated during the year. You can also have your dead relatives share in the masses of the association." We are also informed that there are 6,000,000 members, not only in France, but elsewhere, and that it has been approved by more than one hundred and fifty cardinals, archbishops, and bishops. It has for patron "The Queen of Heaven," in other words, the Virgin Mary.

The association was due originally to the Ahhé Buguet. His idea was most modest. He intended to celebrate only seven masses each week for all the souls in Purgatory, but the desires of the pious founder were soon exceeded, since now instead of seven masses there are more than two thousand per week. In addition to these, there are a number of extra masses—said specially, we presume, for hard cases in Purgatory, when special sums are sent to the office of the association. In addition to the regular masses, there are also special annual and special perpetual masses. You can have an annual mass said perpetually for one hundred francs. You can have a monthly mass said perpetually for eleven hundred francs. "The capital necessary for carrying out these masses," we learn, "is invested in solid stocks and bonds, either French or foreign. The titles are approved by the notary of Mauves-Corbon." We also learn that more than nine hundred annual masses are now assured in perpetuity. ("900 masses annuelles sont assurées à perpétuité.")

But these are not all the benefits that can be secured from the Association for the Deliverance of Souls from Purgatory. We learn that in addition to the masses said for defunct relatives, subscribers are entitled to indulgences as follows:

Plenary indulgences: 1. The day of the entrance into the association; 2. The first Friday of January, March, May, July, and September; 3. St. Joseph's Day; 4. Easter Day; 5. Thursday of Holy Week; 6. The second of November; 7. Christmas Day; 8. The day of the Immaculate Conception; 9. The day of the nativity of the Holy Virgin; 10. The day of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows; 11. The day of the Assumption. In addition to these "plenary indulgences," there are "partial indulgences" of "seven years and seven Lents," if the subscribers go to a public cemetery and pray for the deceased faithfully, and an indulgence of one hundred days if they recite for the souls in Purgatory a "pater" and an "ave."

We do not quite understand what these indulgences mean; whether an indulgence of one hundred days means the privilege to get drunk and break other moral laws for

that space of time, or merely whether it means one hundred days less in Purgatory. Perhaps some of the faithful will inform us.

In addition to the masses and the indulgences, we observe a price-list in the pamphlet by which we learn that you can have a kerosene lamp kept burning in the sanctuary for a soul in Purgatory for nine days for two francs, for one month for five francs, and for one year for fifty francs; that you can get wax candles to be burned in honor of the souls in Purgatory all the way from twenty-five centimes to one franc apiece, and that you can get mortuary and *ex-voto* souvenirs (in either black or white marble, with letters plain or gilded) all the way from ten to fifteen francs apiece, and that prayers during the mass for souls in Purgatory cost ten centimes (two cents) per prayer. There is also an elaborate price-list of medals, chaplets, rosaries, crosses, statues, and other religious job-lots, which, owing to its extreme length, we will not copy.

Bishop Tregaro has been kind enough to send us a large subscription blank containing lists on each page for twenty subscribers, with blanks for names and numbers of years of subscriptions, with elaborate descriptions for detaching the list from the printed matter, and how to mail it. We acknowledge his courtesy with thanks. But there is nobody in the *Argonaut* office who at present seems to be short on masses. If any of our subscribers desire to pray out a defunct relative whom they have reason to believe is in Purgatory, we will take pleasure in forwarding their subscriptions to Mr. Tregaro, Bishop of Sees, France.

It is truly impressive, the desire to be moral which within the month has welled up in the hearts of the "great dailies." On the same instant many of them have been struck with a revelation of their duty to be good which is as surprisingly sudden as was that vouchsafed Paul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, but this awakening to the beauty of holiness on the part of the up-to-date daily press has followed immediately upon the heels of an event in Chicago of which the *Argonaut* recently made note. Joseph R. Dunlop, proprietor and editor of the *Daily Dispatch* of that city, was sent to the penitentiary for two years, his offense being the circulation of obscene matter through the United States mails. This conviction and sentence astonished the country and gratified it profoundly. The astonishment, if not the gratification, has been shared by the publishers of the "great dailies," and their minds have been turned to the contemplation of the advantages of virtue. The San Francisco *Examiner* has so fumigated its advertising columns that they are almost fit, for the first time in ten years, to be read aloud, and its model, the New York *World*, has taken holy orders editorially and gone to preaching. Even the Chicago *Dispatch* feels the impulse toward a better life, though, of course, it would be unkind to affirm that in this case, any more than in the others, the penitentiary has had influence. The *Dispatch* announces that "recent unfortunate circumstances have led Mr. Dunlop, who has presided over the destinies of this paper from the day of its first issue," to sever active connection with it, and that he has "retired from the editorial and business management"—retired to a cell in Joliet Penitentiary. The *Dispatch* further announces that it will henceforth "adhere to the highest ethical and moral principles."

While Mr. Dunlop in his cell is meditating anew on the commercial value of nastiness in journalism, and his paper is appearing in white, an exemplar of purity to its contemporaries far and near, the *World* delivers a discourse on "The Power of the Press for Good and Evil." The limitations of typography prevent a choir accompaniment, but the sermon, nevertheless, exalts the spirit. Also, it dumfounds the sense by its holy audacity. Listen to this—this from the New York *World*:

"The press is frequently grievously false to its high calling, and is an instrument of evil instead of an instrument of good. It panders to lewdness and palliates crime. It dresses vice in such gaudy costumes that its inward baseness is hidden, and it appears even captivating. It devotes so much space and such a flashing display of rhetoric to accounts of murders, suicides, scandals, and the like that the multitude wallow in the unwholesome mess like swine in a pool, and like the swine are covered all over in mind and heart with moral filth."

And there is much more of this, all equally true, and all so accurately descriptive of the *World* and its work that, but for the Dunlop incident, the reader would be impelled to think that Mr. Pulitzer's paper was amusing itself by endeavoring to heat the record for impudence. That the journal which Mr. Dana well describes as "Mr. Pulitzer's tumefaction" should utter these moral sentiments, and add to them the injunction that "it is the bounden duty of parents to watch closely over the newspapers that enter their homes," is as if Perdita should appear upon her door-step and pronounce an oration on the duty of chastity. "Home," says

the *World*—and in his Joliet leisure Mr. Dunlop will pardon the words—"home should be a sacred spot, and nothing defiled should be permitted to enter its precincts." One of the virtues which the *World* has not laid in for editorial use is common honesty, for it is here guilty of a bold plagiarism of the language employed by Judge Grosscup in sentencing Mr. Pulitzer's Chicago contemporary and imitator.

And at the very moment when the *World* is picturing and condemning itself, it is engaged in a life and death struggle with a new competitor for evil eminence, Mr. Hearst's New York *Journal*. The *World* was never so unfit for admission to the home as now. In order to meet the rivalry of the *Journal*, it has reduced its price to a penny, and the rakes of both meet in the gutter every hour. Even human depravity is not profound enough in its depths for their exploitation. They have turned their attention to the morals of the apes in the cages of the Central Park menagerie, and quarrel over the point whether the chimpanzee is or is not in love with her keeper.

The appearance of such an editorial as that quoted in a paper of the *World's* kind is not new, of course. Thieves long ago learned the trick of shouting "Stop thief!" in moments of danger. But the article proves again what the *Argonaut* has often asserted—that the men who publish newspapers which deal in foulness are perfectly aware of the moral quality of their criminal conduct. They do what they do with their eyes open, and do it for money. Dunlop, who has landed in jail, was not a whit worse than the others who print the "great dailies" which disgrace most of the cities of the United States. Indeed, he had an excuse which a good many of his fellow-offenders are without. He is not a millionaire, and needed the money which he sought to gain by means that placed him on the same moral level with a fallen woman. The *World* and the *Journal* are both owned by immensely wealthy men, whose motive for catering to the unclean tastes of the mob it is impossible to understand.

It has been found possible to put Dunlop in the penitentiary and to cleanse his paper. There are as good people, as upright judges, in New York as in Chicago. There is no reason, therefore, why the law should not be applied in one place as in the other. The press of the metropolis sets the pace for the press of the whole nation. The jailing of Dunlop has done something; if the New York *World* does not heed the lesson, the jailing of Pulitzer would do more.

The Cleveland idea of the Monroe doctrine is meeting with the warmest opposition in Spanish America. UNPOPULAR IN SPANISH AMERICA. —of all places in the world. While it may be maintained by those who approve of Mr. Cleveland's dream of dominance that this country is justified in going to war with European nations which seek, by purchase or otherwise, to extend their territorial holdings on this hemisphere, what is to be done with American powers which may happen to object to the intervention of the United States in their behalf? According to the newspapers coming from Mexico, Central and South America, the republics for which we have conceived so solicitous an affection, are by no means agreed as to the advantage of the proffered help of the United States. Indeed, many of their utterances betray the reverse of gratitude, and evince a dislike for us, and a distrust of our friendship, that must deeply wound the sensibilities of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, and the whole band of knight-errant in statesmanship.

The *Noticioso*, of Mexico, desires to look on both sides of the Monroe doctrine before having anything to do with it. "If," it says, "the doctrine meant not only the defense of American rights against attempts of European aggression, but also the guaranty of no intervention, no annexation, as the main principle of the rights of the nations of America, we could indorse it with all our force and will." But the *Noticioso*, being Mexican, has a memory. "History," it sadly observes, "shows that the Monroe doctrine has had a sinister significance against Latin-Americans, as in the case of the international crime committed against us half a century ago."

The *Heraldo*, of Mexico, rises to remark that "the Monroe doctrine, narrowly interpreted to mean that all the countries of the New World shall be under the tutelage of the United States, which, on its part, shall not be asked to define its attitude as respects annexation, will continue to be viewed with suspicion by the more thoughtful publicists of Latin America." That is to say, while Mexico has a disinclination to be devoured by Europe, it has an equally strong objection to being gobbled by the United States. And the further south we go, the more decided seems to be the distrust in which we are held. The Rio *Novedades* declares that it is impossible to make North Americans understand Latin America. "The people of the United States and ourselves are as widely separated in aspirations and views as are the people of the United States and Russia. There is no similarity

and, if the truth must be told, very little sympathy." And the reasons are thus set forth:

"The North Americans are not liked in Latin America; they are considered to be arrogant and overreaching, always claiming favors and immunities, and quick to take an unfair advantage. They are not our 'natural allies in trade.' We look to Europe for everything we need, and when we go abroad, it is to Europe our faces are turned."

We are also reminded that in 1892 the feeling below the isthmus was so strong against the United States, because of the Chilean quarrel, that a Latin-American union for protection from the "arrogant Saxon republic" was widely discussed and advocated. The *Heraldo* of Buenos Ayres affirms that the Argentines are of "a different race, of different language, customs, and interests, having no sympathy with North American thought or commerce, having neither affection nor any special friendship for North Americans." Our willingness to do battle with Europe for the hemisphere is described as an offer of "slavery without protection."

As for Chile, the strongest power in South America, she will have none of us. *Las Noticias*, a Valparaiso journal, says:

"It is not astonishing that the States of Central and South America draw back. No great amount of sagacity is needed to discover that United States arbitration is a two-edged sword, and the future fate of South America is easily foretold if the views now current in Washington are victoriously proclaimed elsewhere. We do not wish to be strangled by Brother Jonathan, and hope that his present miserable failure to dabble in the higher politics will settle the question for good."

The *Chileno*, also of Valparaiso, sees in the Monroe doctrine and the phrase, "America for the Americans," only another reading of "South America diplomatically and commercially for the United States." And it tells us frankly that, with our "interested views and want of diplomatic morality," we are a bad and dangerous lot. "Latin America is a thousand times more distant from the United States than from any European power." The *Chileno* no doubt expresses the conviction of nine-tenths of the Chilean people when it affirms that "it would be dangerous to all American countries to allow the United States to become absolute arbiter, with the right to examine questions and give decisions which nobody wants."

The truth seems to be that we are no better loved by our Spanish-speaking brethren than England is by the rest of the world, and that they fear that behind our apparent good will a far-reaching design of commercial, and possibly political, conquest is bidden. In view of our dealings with Mexico in the past, and their belief that our present interest in Cuba is with the hope of ultimately gobbling her, it is not fair to say that this suspicion is without excuse, even though the United States has at present no selfish intentions respecting territory. As for commerce, it is no news that our neighbors prefer to trade with Europe, and will continue to do so indefinitely. Were we to spill our best blood for the southern republics, their people, being human, would still go on buying in the cheapest market.

In the light thrown by the Spanish-American press on the condition of sentiment toward ourselves, why should we force upon the republics a protection which is resented by those of them that do not happen at the moment to stand in need of it? And if we should, in our capacity as Occidental Don Quixote, charge to the front in defense of a South American country which we deemed to be in distress, and that country should tell us to keep our hands off and mind our own business while it dickered on its own account, what should we do? Suppose President Crespo, of Venezuela, should drive a bargain of his own with Lord Salisbury, as he is very apt to do. Is it to be our policy not only to save the Latin-American republics when a European power threatens any of them, but to force the imperiled republic to accept our intervention, even at the point of the bayonet? Are we to give them to understand that they shall be whipped by us if they dare to sell or trade away any part of their soil?

The Monroe doctrine, as defined by the Cleveland administration, is leading us into absurdities which will bring down on us the ridicule of the world.

The various articles that have appeared of late in these columns, suggested by the murder of an unfaithful wife at the hands of a maddened husband, have caused much comment, if we may judge by the number of communications, written by women, that have been sent to this office. We have already published several of these, and this week we cull from a fresh batch several more. The reasons that have actuated our selections are diverse—the writers who are the most earnest, however, are generally the most interesting.

Two ladies have written to us from Salt Lake City, and now a letter comes from a third who is domiciled in the former home of polygamy. She writes:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, February 28, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The interest with which I have followed a certain discussion in your valuable columns is my excuse for prolong-

ing it still further. I would like to add a word or two upon the woman's side of the question. First, I wish to concur in all that you say as to the wickedness of a wife's crime—she deserves death, and the husband has a perfect right to kill her. It is not right that she, because a woman, should be spared when justice is meted out.

The only fault I find with your reasoning is that you stop half-way. Why do you not say that if a man is unfaithful, he also should suffer death? Were this law enforced, there would be fewer divorces and less unhappiness in the world. The commencement of most of the infelicity of married life is when a husband tires of his wife.

You say that "the way to redeem the world is to make all the women pure, and the men must perforce be so, too." What kind of an argument is that? So long as the world moves, there will exist both good and evil men and women. A man can be pure as well as a woman can, and the good men must live for the good women. I stand for the equal purity of the sexes.

When you say that a woman sacrifices the family line should she be unfaithful, you state the truth indeed—why do you not go farther, and show that a man runs the same risk of bringing unhappy children into the world when he goes astray? The disgrace may not come to his own family, but if a man has "the right to guard his tent with his own hand," his is the greater sin if he defile another's tent, though there be no man to guard it. The issue of such a union is half his, and these little ones do not have the chance for "the transmission of family wealth and name" in their favor. But is the responsibility any less on that account? Has a good man the right to sow broadcast upon the earth the fruits of unfaithfulness? He may find weak or wicked women willing to take the risk, but has he the right? A man who is guilty of adultery is as great a sinner in the eye of heaven as an adulterous woman. (MRS.) C. E. YORK.

Mrs. York has not read the *Argonaut's* articles carefully—we have at no time said that "a husband has a perfect right to kill" an unfaithful wife. Under the law, no one has a "perfect right to kill" any human being except in defense of human life. The *Argonaut* is not encouraging breaches of the law, or engaged in stirring up matrimonial murder. All we have said is that juries will invariably acquit husbands who have slain unfaithful wives or their paramours.

As to the assertion that "if a man is unfaithful, he also should suffer death," we can only reply that while we do not defend the unfaithful husband, he can do no such wrong to the marriage bond as the unfaithful wife can do. We will discuss this charge below, as it is repeated by other correspondents. One of them writes:

OGDEN, UTAH, February 24, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I always admire your editorials, even when I do not agree with you. You have a way of hitting from the shoulder, as the men say, that I like. But you are not always fair, at least I think you are not. I find in reading your editorial of February 24th on adulterous wives, that you lay a great deal of stress on one point and entirely overlook another. A man who is guilty of adultery commits as much sin as a woman, but the consequences are different, because, as you say, the legitimacy of the children depends upon the wife. That is owing to our physical formation, and is no fault of ours.

No wife can be seduced if she is happily married and loves her husband. If she be seduced (or falls, as you think no married woman is a subject for seduction) under those circumstances, she deserves all the execration you are able to heap upon her devoted head. If the reverse is the case and temptation falls in her way without being sought by her, how is it then? We are all free moral agents, but have not a uniform strength of mind.

If a man is untrue to his wife, or is a worn-out rake who marries only for the sake of having some one to take a wifely interest in him and soothe his declining years, he has no right to shoot her for yielding to temptation. Under those circumstances, she is more sinned against than sinning; and the husband, by his conduct, is responsible for whatever happens as a result of his sins of omission or commission.

Your assertion in *Argonaut* of February 10th, that "when the women have reformed the unchaste of their sex, there will be no unchaste men—necessarily," is all wrong. It is generally conceded that if there were no women of a certain class, it would be unsafe for respectable members of their sex to walk the streets in broad daylight without a guard. CHARITY.

This lady differs from the *Argonaut*, and thinks that a married woman can be "seduced." She remarks that "we are all free moral agents, but have not a uniform strength of mind." Very true; and among men those who have not "strength of mind" enough to refrain from crime are sent to prison; but their excuse—that the men outside the bars had more "strength of mind" than they—would be received with derision.

"Charity" seems to look rather more lightly upon feminine chastity and wifely fidelity than men do. She seems to think that "temptation falling in a woman's way" and "lack of uniform strength of mind" are sufficient excuses for her departure from virtue. Similar excuses would justify men in a departure from honesty and honor; "temptation falling in a man's way" and "lack of uniform strength of mind" would, by parity of reasoning, justify a man in robbing a blind orphan or stealing the estate of his dead friend. But honest men, honorable men, do not think so. They look upon such "weakness" with cold, pitiless, and unforgiving eyes; they call such "yielding to temptation" by much uglier names, and they put the tempted men behind thick walls and iron doors, where they will be safe from further temptation. Can it be possible that women can make such paltry excuses for and look with such leniency upon the loss of a woman's greatest jewel, chastity, when men look so sternly upon the loss of a man's honesty, a man's honor?

As to the further assertion by "Charity," that a wife

whose husband is unfaithful is entirely justified in breaking her marriage vows, we have nothing to say. The argument is at once so hysterical and so horrible that we can scarcely believe it to be made in earnest. It has doubtless often been used as a threat by jealous wives. But that it should be seriously advanced as a defensible action, by a woman writing in cold blood, surprises and shocks us. Two wrongs never made a right, and never will. That a wife whose husband is unfaithful is justified in punishing him for his degradation by self-degradation, and by making her children the progeny of a prostitute, passes our comprehension.

As to the last contention of "Charity," that "it is generally conceded that it would be unsafe for respectable women to walk the streets if there were no women of a certain class," she forgets that the arm of the law is mighty, the arm of the law is long—it will always protect all women, and judging from the gradual raising of the "age of consent" throughout the land, it looks as if the law were more potent in protecting women than they are in protecting themselves.

The last of the letters we shall have space to discuss today is signed "A Mother," but the writer has the courage of her convictions, for below it is appended her name. She writes:

LANANDA PARK, CAL., February 25, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: While enjoying your paper in many respects, I will no longer read a journal that upholds the "double standard" of morality for men and women, and by so doing encourages the evil-doing of men. Whatever the consequences, we are justified in believing that in God's sight the sin is as black in a man as in a woman. As for a code that permits an impure man to marry a pure woman, I, though not a "new woman" nor a "club woman," but simply as the mother of innocent children, protest against it.

There is not a statement in your last article that holds good. You speak of the protection of the family. We all know how men frequently squander all they have outside of the lawful family. Men who degrade themselves and their families in that way deserve no protection. They deserve all shame.

You do not realize that the hour for a higher morality has struck. I am sincere in saying that, dear as my children are to me—perhaps because they are so dear—I would rather see my son dead than have him come to look lightly at sin and pollute the pure body God has given him. I would rather see my daughters dead than married to unclean men. We mothers—plain, simple, and home-loving—of today are teaching our daughters, and the daughters of the friends we love, to demand purity in men, to look with contempt upon anything less right and noble. Look at things as they must seem in God's sight. Look at injustice and wrong fairly, or try to, and in time you may see with clearer vision. Your "morality," as it finds expression in your paper, has a flavor of the Dark Ages. You have not yet read, or read understandingly, that a man should "keep himself unspotted from the world."

A MOTHER.

This lady has also failed to read our article understandingly, as we said above. The *Argonaut* indisputably has never maintained "the code which permits an impure man to marry a pure woman"; but it has just as indisputably maintained that that code is the code of women, and not of men; that when mothers demanded of their daughters' husbands the same chastity that fathers demanded of their sons' wives that code would be abolished. Do mothers generally make any such demand? The fact is notorious that they do not. The fortune, the business position, and the social standing of a possible son-in-law are much more closely scanned by mothers than are his morals.

As to the "double standard" of morality, we uphold no such standard. The husband should be faithful to his marriage vows; so should the wife. But we do maintain that an unfaithful wife can do infinitely greater harm to the family line than can an unfaithful husband. Whatever wandering wickedness he may be guilty of, whatever wrong he may do to other families, he can not injure the legitimacy of his own. But his wife, if unfaithful, can engraft all sorts of monstrous parasitic growths upon the family tree.

We observe that "A Mother" says: "Men who degrade themselves and their families in that way [i. e., by infidelity] 'deserve no protection—they deserve all shame.'" By this it is evident that "A Mother" is hinting at the same sort of revenge more plainly expressed by "Charity" when she justifies a wife in punishing infidelity by infidelity. We hope "A Mother" will not teach such doctrines to her daughters. It is evident that this monstrous and repulsive idea is much more general in the minds of good women than men had supposed. We are sorry to learn that it is so.

Women are better than men—or men try to believe that they are. The morals of women are better than those of men—or men try to believe that they are. Yet men are sometimes shocked at finding that they have placed their ideals too high. These letters have come to us in the light of a revelation. Let us warn all good women that the cry of "equality between the sexes" which now prevails should not extend to questions of morality. If women strive to bring about absolute equality between the sexes in the domain of morals, they will speedily find that men have not been lifted up to the level of women, but that women have been dragged down to the level of men. And when the time comes that the women in this world are no better than the men, why, then, God help the world.

THE FATE OF EVERETTE AUSTIN.

A Protest of Democracy.

"Whose place is this?" I inquired of a man who was digging a ditch near the water-trough.

He stopped his work, and looked up and pushed his *sombrero* on the back of his head, giving a sigh and passing his hand across his brow. "It is the Circle-A Ranch. It belongs to Everett Austin. Can I be of service to you?"

"E-h—well, yes; at least the boss can. I've lamed my horse, and as I'm a small matter of fifty miles from my destination, I can't walk it in this weather."

"It is rather warm," he assented.

"Slightly. Is Mr. Austin in, or anywhere around?"

"He's not in, but he's around. I'm Mr. Austin."

"Oh! indeed. Well, I am Mr. Brant—William R. Brant—Mr. Austin, and I must ask you if you can let me put up my horse until its foot is rested, or until I find some way of getting to Miles City?"

Mr. Austin stepped forward, lifted the ragged *sombrero*, and put out his grimy hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Brant. I am sorry I can't call a man to take your mount, but if you will turn him over to me, I'll stable him and attend to the foot, and you can go up to the house and ask Mrs. Austin to make you comfortable. The men are all off on the range."

"I'll go with you," I answered, and we set off to the barns.

They were beautifully kept, as few but Englishmen keep their stables, and I was glad that my weary steed should be so well installed. I saw in a moment that my host was accustomed to being his own veterinary surgeon. It puzzled me to reconcile the fact of his manual labor and ragged working clothes with his large possessions, his perfectly appointed stable, and his yet more perfect language, so unmistakably British, for I was new to Montana and its people; though not a tenderfoot, by many years of Arizona experience.

The doctoring of my horse finished, Austin led the way to his house—a long, low, unpainted board structure, set up a foot or so from the ground on posts. There was a wretched attempt at a bed of flowers near the door, but the sun and wind gave it small chance of success. A few stunted petunias, a straggling line of mignonette, and several hushes of sapless red and pink geraniums were all that rewarded evident patient care. My host was not communicative, nor did he expect me to be so. I started to give him a reference, but he cut me off by changing the subject. In a moment more we had gone up the steps and stood on the porch, which boasted of neither roof nor railing. Austin handed me a feather-duster, and we brushed the white dust from our hoots. Then we went in.

"Sit down and I will announce you to Mrs. Austin," he said, with no apparent perception of the incongruity of the language and his attire. It was a tidy little drawing-room—as I did my host the honor of calling it all through my visit—with some well-chosen colored prints from English papers on the rough hoard wall, clean white curtains, a few cane chairs, and a box covered with cretonne, which served as a divan. There were no new books or papers, but the old and much-used ones were of the best. There was a pot of "wandering Jew" in the huge fire-place, which made a very pretty effect.

I was just looking at my travel-stained countenance in a small mirror, when a door opened, and Austin, holding it back, stood aside to admit his wife.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Brant," she said, with the most delightful of well-bred English accents. "Mr. Austin told me of your accident. I am sorry for the horse, of course, and for you if you had need to make haste, but for ourselves it can not be looked upon as a misfortune."

"Your husband has treated the poor animal so skillfully that I fancy I may promise not to encroach upon your hospitality very long."

"Please put aside the idea that you are not, or may not be, welcome. We are most happy to have you."

"Now, Brant," said my entertainer, "Mrs. Austin will give you your room. We can not do much for you, but there is plenty of water, both hot and cold, and that will not be amiss, as I know by experience, after a midsummer ride in this country. I will see you at tea."

He went back to his digging, and Mrs. Austin conducted me to my room. The ceiling and the floor were of solid boards, like the rest of the house, but the partitions were of white manta, and every sound in the place was perfectly audible. However, it was clean and darkened and cool, and there were no flies, which I took as the crowning blessing of Providence. I sat upon the chintz-covered potato-box, which served for my chair, and gazed at myself in the mirror again, and wondered, profanely, what the woman must think of me. I sighed for my calling suit, which was safe in Miles City, and considered my surroundings; my hostess, in chief. In absolute regularity of features, she was not a beauty; but she had the fine gray eyes, finer brown, soft hair, strong chin, sensitive mouth, and dignified carriage of the best examples of the women of her nation, and, above all, an air of grave sweetness which is peculiarly and distinctively English. Her figure was indifferent, and her gown had not and never had had any style of cut, which also gave evidence of her English birth; but it was pleasing and harmonious, in some way. Altogether, she was a fascinating woman—a woman that a man must absolutely worship. She knocked at the door and brought me a big wooden bucket of hot water. My sensations at being served by this woman, with her air of the daughter of a hundred earls, were not pleasant.

My toilet made, I went back to the drawing-room and read "Pelbam" until—at five o'clock—tea was served—tea as only the English serve it, with slices of bread and butter, as thin as cloth, and rich cream, and good tea, none of the bitter, nerve-shattering, green concoction which is dignified by that name in the average American house. I

found out afterward that this was the one meal of the day where there was any approach to luxury.

Austin came in, after having washed his hands and brushed his smooth British head. With the exception of a coat slipped on over his flannel working-shirt, he wore the same clothes in which he had been digging. So we sat there—we three—and talked of the doings in the outer world in quite the same strain as we should have talked in London. My host in his boots and work-suit, and my queenly hostess in her calico gown, might have been seated in a lordly mansion.

After a time a bell rang. "The dressing-bell," said Mrs. Austin; "we dine at half-after six, and it is now six o'clock."

I retired to dress, a simple operation, which consisted of running my fingers through my hair and re-tying my necktie. However, I devoted as much time as possible to this, and together with sitting on the potato-box and meditating I succeeded in consuming twenty minutes before I returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Austin was already there, looking even sweeter and more girlish, in an ancient but fresh white muslin and white ribbons. Mr. Austin joined us at the end of five minutes, fully attired in evening-clothes, with a spray of mignonette in his button-hole.

A great, gruff fellow in a dirty apron announced dinner in the surliest of tones. I saw Mrs. Austin wince, and a frown passed across her husband's brow. "Brant," he said, "I regret to say that you will have to eat at the same table as the ranch hands do. We tried, long ago, to have a separate dining-room, but it made too much ill-feeling among the men."

That was the one apology he made during my stay. We sat at an oil-cloth covered board, on long wooden benches, Mrs. Austin at the head, her husband on her left, and I on her right, as I had offered her my arm in entering the dining-room. Our dinner was of the poorest, both as to food and cooking, and there was no profusion. I realized now the full poverty of my entertainers, and remembered having heard that the price of horses was steadily decreasing. I fancied, too, that Mrs. Austin did not dare to have dainties for herself and her husband while the democratic American citizens at her board fared on plain things. There was an unpleasant constraint about the meal. I could see that there was no love wasted on the master, and that his dress-suit and aristocratic bearing were a source of annoyance to his free-horn employees. They were sullen and gruff, as was the man dignified by the name of cook. On the whole, I was glad to leave the table and get back to the drawing-room.

"We breakfast at half after six, Mr. Brant," my hostess informed me, graciously, holding out her hand to say good-night. It was a rather large hand, and work-hardened, but firm and beautifully shaped.

I have said that every sound in the house could be heard, because of the manta partitions. I had just lain down on my cot, when I caught the voice of Austin. "Really, Alexandria, the men are getting almost unmanageable. They border on mutiny."

"I know it, Everett. It makes me very nervous, too. I'm so afraid they will do you some harm."

"Oh! I fancy not."

"Everette!"

"Well?"

"Suppose you stop wearing your evening-suit, and that we give up our tea in the afternoon. They think we are putting on airs, as they call it."

"No, I will not. I am not going to change the habits of thirty years and throw over all memories of home."

"You are only one to twenty, dear. It might be wiser."

But the woman's counsel went unheeded.

There were *boudonnieres* at our places at breakfast, and Austin, fresh from his tub, in an old but natty corduroy suit, tried, with much cheerful loud talking, to cover the evident sullenness of his "hands." After breakfast he donned his working clothes, and went back to the digging of ditches.

My horse was better, so I left at ten o'clock, with considerable reluctance. Mrs. Austin was so charming. No wonder Austin was desperately in love with her.

I sent Mrs. Austin a box of new hooks and some small trinkets, such as a man believes that a woman likes, when I reached town. Two days after they had gone, I met a friend who had come to the city that morning.

"By the bye, Brant, wasn't that a ghastly thing about those Brits at the Circle-A Ranch?"

"Who, the Austins?" I cried, turning cold with foreboding.

"Yes. You've heard about it, then?"

"No. For heaven's sake! what is it?"

"Well, the way I heard it was this: Their men on the ranch didn't like them, accused them of being 'bloody aristocrats,' I believe, and they set fire to the grass near the stables two or three nights ago. You know it's been a dry year, and the grass burned well. Austin and his wife tried to fight the flames, and keep them from the stables, all alone; no men to be found until it was quite over. They kept the barns safe, all right, but Mrs. Austin—pretty woman, they say—was so burned that she died in perfect agony at the end of an hour. The men had turned up by that time. Been down at Central City at a dance, they said. Austin nearly went crazy while his wife was suffering; but after she died, he went outside, drew his gun, and shot the foreman and another of the—rascals."

"Thank heaven!"

"Wait—that's not all. The ones he didn't kill, it seems, said it was cold-blooded murder—I believe they were all half drunk. Anyway, they held him and dressed him up in his evening-suit—they had a special grudge against it—and then they took him out and strung him up to the rafters of the barn. It is supposed that there were about fifteen men, but, of course, they can't be found; you know how it is. Did you say you knew these Austins?"

"Yes. I knew them," I answered.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A marble life-size statue is to be made of Prince Edward of York, who is now a year and a half old.

Lorin F. Deland, who is now head-coach of the Harvard foot-ball team, and Walter Camp, who is head of the Yale team, are collaborating on a book on foot-ball.

Sir Henry Irving was fifty-eight on February 6th. His first appearance on the stage was in 1856, and his connection with the Lyceum Theatre dates back to 1874.

The late Lord Leighton's last act on the night of his death was to dictate a letter for publication, expressing his thanks for the numerous congratulations he had received on his elevation to the peerage.

The Czarowitz continues to gain strength. Extraordinary care is taken to prevent particles of woolen dust from irritating his throat. There is not a blanket, carpet, nor a curtain in his house. The bed-covers are quilted and of eider-down, his coats have no nap, and he wears an overcoat of linen.

Rossini was born on February 29th, and refused to keep any other birthday. At Pesaro, where he was born, the day is also observed in leap-years only; this year Mascagni, who is at the head of a musical institute founded by Rossini, has selected the "Messe Solennelle" as the principal piece to be performed.

The hall which Comte de Montehello, the French Ambassador to Russia, is to give in Moscow, at the coming coronation of the Czar and Czarina, is to cost one hundred thousand dollars. In addition to his stable, the count has hired forty borses for use during the ceremonies, paying for each animal four hundred and fifty dollars.

"Casimir Felix Badeni, the present premier of Austria, is the son of a cook. His father, the *chef* of one of the last Kings of Poland, was created a count. Then his aunt, the famous German actress, Anna Wierer, left him the half of her large fortune. He is said to be worth about two million five hundred thousand dollars." It is doubtful whether a cook's son would be received at the Austrian court.

The death is announced of Lady Wilde, the mother of Oscar and widow of Sir William Wilde, oculist, archaeologist, and student of early Irish history, who died in 1869. She was before her marriage Jane Francesca Speranza Elgee, and under the name of "Speranza" attained note as a writer of patriotic Irish poems and lyrics, the author of several works of fiction, and a translator from the French and German.

The son of the late Paul Verlaine has accounted for his absence from his father's funeral by explaining that he is the victim of periodical spells of hypnotic sleep, which last four or five days, and which are due to the still active influence of a mesmerist with whom he became acquainted when in Algeria. One of these "spells," it appears, fell upon him just as he was about to leave Brussels for Paris to attend his father's obsequies.

John K. Cowen, the new president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is an old personal friend of Robert Garrett, who was a fellow-student with him in Princeton College in war times. He is a farmer's son, and after graduation from college he prepared himself for the bar with borrowed law-books which he read at home. His salary as president is forty thousand dollars a year. For some years Mr. Cowen has been the chief counsel of the road, with a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is over six feet two inches tall. She is a granddaughter of Mlle. Desirée Clary, who was the first sweetheart of Napoleon Bonaparte, and married Bernadotte, who eventually became King of Norway and Sweden. The Crown Princess of Denmark is the richest as well as the tallest European princess, she having inherited a fortune of twenty-five millions of dollars from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, in addition to the fortune left her by her father.

The Duke of York has a double, William Reginald Roberts by name, who traveled all over England in first-class carriages, and the guards never thought of asking him for a ticket. One day, William was traveling down to Windsor in his customary princely style. Joseph Chamberlain happened to be aboard the same train, and, hearing that the Duke of York was in the next compartment, he decided to go in at the next station and pay his respects. Tableau! "His Grace" is now doing a term in Bow Street.

Dr. Churebill Julius, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, has appeared in public on a tricycle. He is very unconventional. Some time ago he insisted on laying the last brick on the restored spire of his cathedral, and was hoisted up in a chair at the end of a rope. He recently addressed a congregation he was visiting as follows: "I never saw so much bad coin in all my life. To offer to the church, to the cause of God, money that the butcher or the baker would not accept, shocks me. The man who would do that wants the grace of God very badly—or three months."

Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, the German emperor's sister and wife of his cousin, went skating, the other day, on a lake near Potsdam, and fell through the ice, owing to her having gone on a part officially marked "dangerous." The emperor, bearing of it, telegraphed to his sister, severely censuring her for breaking the police regulations. At the same time he wrote to her husband reuking him for not exercising a proper control over his wife. The prince and princess thought they were big enough to resent such language, and talked back. The emperor then ordered his brother-in-law to consider himself under arrest, and placed a guard of soldiers at his residence.

THE OCCULT WORLD.

Thomson Jay Hudson's Book on "The Law of Psychic Phenomena"
—Hypnotism and Crime, Cataplexy and Clairvoyance—How
Mr. Hudson Explains It All.

There are few subjects which command more universal interest than psychic phenomena of all descriptions. A hook, therefore, which can demonstrate that all occult mysteries and psychological manifestations are due to the workings of natural laws is sure of a wide circle of readers. Such a hook "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," by Thomson Jay Hudson, claims to be. It is written with the object of "hinging psychology within the domain of the exact sciences," and the list of subjects discussed includes hypnotism and mesmerism, mind cure and faith cure, miracles of the church, the cures at Lourdes, self-healing, the planchette and its modifications, slate-writing, spirit photography, mathematical and musical prodigies, somnambulism, phenomena of dreams, extraordinary feats of memory during illness, telepathy, telepathic messages during sleep, mesmeric seers and their revelations, tamers of wild beasts, Socrates and his Dæmon, dual personality and loss of identity, trance-speaking mediums, hypnotism and crime, ghosts, suspended animation, East Indian fakirs hurried alive, and a score more of kindred topics. All are grappled with fearlessly, taken away from supernatural environments, and made to fit the theories of the writer with much ingenuity. The work is too exhaustive in its scope to permit more than a glimpse of its purposes, but a few extracts will prove interesting.

The subject of using hypnotism for the perpetration of crime is discussed at length, the author pronouncing it an impossibility. He says:

Thousands of experiments are daily being made which demonstrate the impossibility of controlling the hypnotic subject so far as to cause him to do that which he believes or knows to be wrong. A common platform experiment is that of causing subjects to get drunk on water, under the suggestion that it is whisky. It frequently happens that one or more of the subjects are conscientiously opposed to the use of strong drink as a beverage. Such persons invariably decline, in the most emphatic manner, to indulge in the proposed debauch. Like all such experiments on the stage before a mixed audience, they are passed by as simply amusing, and no lesson is learned from them. The intelligent student, however, can not fail to see the far-reaching significance of the refusal of a subject to violate his temperance principles. Again, every platform experimenter knows that while he can cause a crowd of his subjects to go in swimming in imaginary waters, he can never induce them to divest themselves of their clothing beyond the limits of decency. Some can not even be made to take off their coats in presence of the audience. Others will decline to accept any suggestion, the pursuance of which would cause them to appear ridiculous.

Again, it is well known to hypnotists that an attempt to contradict or argue with a subject in the hypnotic state invariably distresses him, and persistency in such a course awakes him, often with a nervous shock. . . . It is, in fact, impossible for a hypnotist to impress a suggestion so strongly upon a subject as to cause him actually to perform an act in violation of the settled principles of his life. If this were not true, suggestion would mean nothing; it would have no place in psychological science, because it would not be a law of universal application. The strongest suggestion must prevail.

It will thus be seen that the question as to whether hypnotism can be successfully employed for criminal purposes must be determined in each individual case by the character of the persons engaged in the experiment. If the subject is a criminal character, he might follow the suggestions of a criminal hypnotist, and actually perpetrate a crime. In such a case, a resort to hypnotism for criminal purposes would be unnecessary, and no possible advantage could be gained by its employment.

It is obvious that the same rule applies to sexual crimes; and it may be set down as a maxim in hypnotic science that no virtuous woman ever was, or ever can be, successfully assaulted while in a hypnotic condition. . . . A virtuous woman is, indeed, less danger of successful assault while in that state than she is in her normal condition, for the simple reason that hypnotic subjects are always endowed with a physical strength far superior to that possessed in the normal condition. Besides, it is the observation of every successful hypnotist that the moral tone of the hypnotic subject, while in that condition, is always elevated.

Another phase of hypnotism is thus discussed:

It is a popular belief, handed down through the ages, that a somnambulist subject will always tell the truth, and that all the secrets of a sleep-walker can be obtained from him for the asking. This belief has been held regarding the hypnotic subject. . . . It is true that, on ordinary questions, the truth is always uppermost in the subjective mind. A hypnotic subject will often say, during the hypnotic sleep, that which he would not say in his waking moments. Nevertheless, he never betrays a vital secret. . . . The instinct of self-preservation, always alert to avert any danger which threatens the individual, steps in to his defense. Instinctive auto-suggestion here plays its subtle rôle, and no suggestion from another can prevail against it. If the defense involves falsehood, a falsehood will be told without the slightest hesitation; and it will be told with preternatural acumen, and with such plausible circumstantiality of detail as to deceive the very elect. . . . This rule holds good not only with regard to secrets which involve the personal safety of the individual, but to all matters pertaining to his material interests, his reputation, or the interests of his friends, whose secrets are confided to his care. That this is true is presumptively proved by the fact that in all the years during which the science of hypnotism has been practiced, no one has ever been known to betray the secrets of any society or order. The attempt has often been made, but it has never succeeded.

Other interesting facts concerning hypnotism are brought out in the following paragraph:

Perfect anaesthesia can be produced at the will of the operator simply by suggestion. Hundreds of cases are recorded where the most severe surgical operations have been performed without pain upon patients in the hypnotic condition. . . . It is well known that the symptoms of almost any disease can be induced in hypnotic subjects by suggestion. Thus, partial or total paralysis can be produced; fever can be brought on, with all the attendant symptoms, such as rapid pulse and high temperature, flushed face, etc.; or chills, accompanied by a temperature abnormally low; or the most severe pains can be produced in any part of the body or limbs. All these facts are well known, and still more wonderful facts are stated in all the recent scientific works on hypnotism. For instance, Bernheim states that he has been able to produce a blister on the back of a patient by applying a postage-stamp and suggestion to the patient that it was a fly-plaster.

Concerning cataplexy, or suspended animation, Mr. Hudson says:

Two erroneous impressions very generally prevail regarding cataplexy, or suspended animation. One is that depriving the subject of air, will cause death in a few hours. Another is that cataplexy is a disease, or is always the result of disease. Both of these hypotheses are clearly disproved by the well-known experiments of the East Indian fakirs.

One of the most clearly attested instances of the kind alluded to is the experiment of the Fakir of Lahore, who, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, suffered himself to be buried alive, in an air-tight vault,

for a period of six weeks. This case was thoroughly authenticated by Sir Claude Wade, the then British Resident at the court of Loodiana. The fakir's nostrils and ears were first filled with wax; he was then placed in a linen bag, then deposited in a wooden box, which was securely locked, and the box was deposited in a brick vault, which was carefully plastered up with mortar and sealed with the rajah's seal. A guard of British soldiers was then detailed to watch the vault day and night. At the end of the prescribed time, the vault was opened in the presence of Sir Claude and Runjeet Singh, and the fakir was restored to consciousness.

Lieutenant Boileau relates another instance where a man suffered himself to be buried for a period of two days in a grave lined with masonry and covered with a large slab of stone, the whole strictly guarded day and night. On being restored to consciousness, the man offered to submit to burial for a year, if the lieutenant so desired. . . .

Cataplexy is not a disease in any proper sense of the word. The most that can be said is that it may be considered a symptom of certain diseases. That is to say, inasmuch as it commonly attacks those who are suffering from certain nervous disorders, it might be said to be a symptom indicating the presence of such disorders.

Cataplexy belongs exclusively to the domain of hypnotism. I employ this term to the broadest significance of its Greek radix; for no matter how the condition is induced, it is purely a sleep of the objective senses, a suspension of the vital functions, a rest of all the vital organs. It can be induced in perfectly healthy persons by hypnotic processes on the one hand, or, on the other, it may supervene after a long period of illness or nervous exhaustion. In both cases the phenomenon is the same; and when the patient is intelligently treated, the effect is always salutary. It is, in the highest sense of the phrase, a manifestation of the *vis conservatrix naturæ*; it is, of a truth, "the nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Telepathy, Mr. Hudson believes, is "the normal means of communication between subjective minds." He says:

There is every reason to believe that the souls, or subjective minds, of men can and do habitually hold communion with one another when not the remotest perception of the fact is communicated to the objective intelligence. It may be that such communion is not general among men; but it is certain that it is held between those who, from any cause, are *en rapport*. . . . Thus, clear relatives are often found to be in communion, as is shown by the comparative frequency of telepathic communications between relatives, giving warning of sickness or of death. Next in frequency are communications between intimate friends.

Many instances are related to show the inherent power of mankind to communicate thoughts to those at a distance, a power, we are told, which may be voluntary or involuntary, and which is at its height in a state of natural sleep. The following account, taken from the records of the London Society for Psychic Research, is one of many cited to illustrate this point:

One evening I resolved to appear to Z, at some miles distance. I did not inform him beforehand of the intended experiment, but retired to rest shortly before midnight with thoughts intently fixed on Z, with whose room and surroundings I was quite unacquainted. I soon fell asleep, and awoke next morning unconscious of anything having taken place. On seeing Z, a few days afterward, I inquired: "Did anything happen at your rooms on Saturday night?" "Yes," replied he, "a great deal happened. I had been sitting over the fire with M, smoking and chatting. About half-past twelve he rose to leave, and I let him out myself. I returned to the fire to finish my pipe, when I saw you sitting in the chair just vacated by him. I looked intently at you, and then took up a newspaper to assure myself I was not dreaming; but on laying it down, I saw you still there. While I gazed, without speaking, you faded away."

Side by side with every topic discussed and every instance cited, the author's theory is found, his "working hypothesis for the systematic study of psychic phenomena." Briefly summarized, it is as follows:

Man has, or appears to have, two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers; each capable, under certain conditions, of independent action. . . . For want of a better nomenclature, I shall distinguish the two by designating the one as *objective*, and the other as *subjective*. . . . In general terms, the difference between man's two minds may be stated as follows:

The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. It is the outgrowth of man's physical necessities. It is his guide in his struggle with his material environment. Its highest function is that of reasoning.

The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the store-house of memory. It performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is that intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when he is in a state of somnambulism.

In this state, many of the most wonderful feats of the subjective mind are performed. It sees without the use of the natural organs of vision; and in this, as in many other grades, or degrees, of the hypnotic state, it can be made, apparently, to leave the body, and travel to distant lands and bring back intelligence, oftentimes of the most exact and truthful character. It also has the power to read the thoughts of others, even to the minutest details; to read the contents of sealed envelopes and of closed books. . . . One of the most important, as well as one of the most striking, points of difference between the two minds, relates to the subject of suggestion. . . . The objective mind, or, let us say, man in his normal condition, is not controllable, against reason, positive knowledge, or the evidence of his senses, by the suggestions of another. . . . The subjective mind, or man in the hypnotic state, is unqualifiedly and constantly amenable to the power of suggestion.

That is to say, the subjective mind accepts, without hesitation or doubt, every statement that is made to it, no matter how absurd, or incongruous, or contrary to the objective experience of the individual. If a subject is told that he is a dog, he will instantly accept the suggestion, and, to the limit of his physical possibility, act the part suggested. If he is told that he is the President of the United States, he will act the part with wonderful fidelity to life. If he is told that he is in the presence of angels, he will be profoundly moved to acts of devotion. If the presence of devils is suggested, his terror will be instant, and painful to behold. He may be thrown into a state of intoxication by being caused to drink a glass of water under the impression that it is brandy; or he may be restored to sobriety by the administration of brandy under the guise of an antidote to drunkenness. If told that he is in a high fever, his pulse will become rapid, his face flushed, and his temperature increased. In short, he may be made to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste anything, in obedience to suggestion. He may be raised to the highest degree of mental or physical exaltation by the same power, or be plunged by it into the lethargic or cataleptic condition, simulating death. . . .

The two minds being possessed of independent powers and functions, it follows as a necessary corollary that the subjective mind of an individual is as amenable to the control of his own objective mind as to the objective mind of another. This we find to be true in a thousand ways. For instance, it is well-known that a person can not be hypnotized against his will. As the hypnotic condition is usually induced by the suggestion of the operator, his failure is due to the contrary auto-suggestion of the subject.

Continuing with his theory, the author says:

One of the most striking and important peculiarities of the subjective mind, as distinguished from the objective, consists in its prodigious memory. It would, perhaps, be hazardous to say that the memory of the subjective mind is perfect, but there is good ground for believing that such a proposition would be substantially true. . . . Psychologists of all shades of belief have recognized the phenomena, and many have declared their conviction that the minutest details of acquired knowledge are recovered upon the tablets of the mind, and that they only require favorable conditions to reveal their treasures.

Here follow numerous cases observed by scientists, who

designate the phenomenon as "latent memory." The most striking instance is the oft-quoted one of the illiterate servant-girl, who, during a fit of illness, recited pages of Hebrew, Latin, and Greek from the works of learned writers, the explanation being that she had once lived in the household of a pastor who was accustomed to read aloud from these books in her hearing. The words, uncomprehended and only superficially listened to, had yet lodged in her mind.

Developing still further his theory of man's dual mental organization, the writer proceeds:

The most perfect exhibition of intellectual power is the result of the synchronous action of the objective and subjective minds. When this is seen in its perfection the world comes to *genius*. In this condition the individual has the benefit of all the reasoning powers of the objective mind, combined with the perfect memory of the subjective mind and its marvelous power of syllogistic arrangement of its resources. . . . When the subjective is allowed to dominate, the resultant acts of the individual are denominated "the eccentricities of genius." When the subjective usurps complete control, the individual goes insane.

Mathematical and musical prodigies are accounted for on the ground that operations of nature governed by fixed laws may, in extraordinary cases, be comprehended intuitively by the subjective mind. Mr. Hudson says:

It was by means of this power of instantaneous perception of the laws of numbers that Zerah Colburn, before his objective education was sufficient to enable him to understand the power of the nine digits, was enabled instantly to state the cube root of any number that was given him. He could even give any explanation of the means by which the result was accomplished. It was beyond his own objective powers of comprehension. He simply perceived the truth.

It was this power that enabled Blod Tom to perceive the laws of harmony of sounds. He was without objective education, and devoid of the capacity to acquire one; but from the moment when he discovered an old piano in an unused room of his master's mansion, he was able to improvise beautiful melodies, and to reproduce with remarkable accuracy a piece of music after once hearing it played.

The methods of the tamers of horses and wild beasts are discussed in the following narrative:

A celebrated horse tamer, who traveled through this country a few years ago, was in the habit of astounding and amusing his audiences by selecting the wildest horse present, walking up to him, gazing into his eyes (apparently) for a few moments, and walking away, when the horse would follow him wherever he went, apparently as perfectly fascinated as any hypnotic or mesmeric subject was ever fascinated by a professional mesmerist. A close observation of the horse-tamer's methods revealed the fact that he simply rolled his eyes upward and downward, precisely as Braid compelled his subjects to do by holding a bright object before their eyes. He did not gaze into the eyes of the horse at all, but simply held himself in that attitude for a few moments, in close proximity to the horse's head, when the object was accomplished, and the horse became obedient to every command that it was capable of comprehending. It is probable that the horse-tamer knew as little of the secret of his power as did the horse. The tamers of wild beasts proceed in the same manner, and probably with as little knowledge of the principles underlying the method. . . . By steadily gazing at any object, a man can hypnotize himself without knowing, or having it suggested to him, that it is possible for him to do so. The man, then, is partly hypnotized by gazing into the animal's eye. The threshold of his consciousness is thus displaced. His subjective powers are brought into play, and in that condition his subjective mind is *en rapport* with that of the animal. The mind of the animal, being almost purely subjective, is thus dominated by the imperious will of his master—man. That telepathy is the normal means of communication between animals can not be doubted by any one who has observed their habits with intelligence.

Passing to the chapter on "Spiritism," we find freely handled all those curious manifestations, fraudulent and otherwise, which have brought to this system of religious belief so many converts. All verified phenomena are laid to telepathic communication and a hypnotic condition on the part of the medium. An experience of the author's own is narrated, where, in an interview with a slate-writing medium, his theories were verified to his satisfaction, both by her failures and her successes. Being told by her that he was writing a hook under the guidance of a "great spirit," he inquired the name of his spirit friend. We will let him continue the story:

"I can not do that to-day," she replied, with the true commercial instinct of the professional medium; "come to-morrow, and I will try to give you the name."

Accordingly, the same party visited her the next day, when she made every effort to obtain the name, but without success. Communication after communication was written, but without signature, and all efforts to obtain the name were futile. Finally, the gentleman said, in an aside apparently not intended for the ears of the medium: "I think I know who it is. It must be either A. B. (naming a living friend in Washington), or my brother, C. D. (giving his own name), for he had no brother, living or dead. Immediately a communication was written out, signed by the supposed spirit brother, announcing the fact that he, and he alone, was the inspiring power in charge of the literary work named, that he was the "guardian spirit" of the gentleman, over whom he was constantly watching, etc.

The emotions created by the affecting terms of the communication can be imagined when it is stated that all present, save the medium, knew that the name was that of the sifter, and that he ever had a brother. But these emotions quickly gave place to wonder and admiration when it was discovered that the signature was an almost exact reproduction of his own, with all its salient peculiarities faithfully reproduced.

Enough has been quoted to show the nature of the theories promulgated. Though they may not carry conviction to every mind, they are ingenious and plausible, and the hook is marked by the absence of the vaporings common to most psychic literature.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Mrs. Blaine has a collection of twenty presentation gavel received by the late James G. Blaine while Speaker of the House. Mrs. Randall has fourteen. Speaker Reed has quite a large collection of gavels received during his former term, and has had half a dozen given to him since the present session began.

There is a bill before Congress to permit cities of one hundred thousand or more inhabitants to obtain postage-stamps of special design commemorative of some important incident or individual in the city's history.

Punch, London's venerable substitute for the more dangerous narcotics, is at times almost facetious. In an issue lately arrived appears the assertion that "Precedent Monroe is the highest ruling power in U. S. America."

RE-OPENING SPANISH GRANTS.

Crittenden Thornton discusses the Federal Government's Suits against Ranch-Owners—How the Grants were Made—Private Speculators Behind It.

About twelve years ago, many persons in this State, whose titles were derived under confirmed Spanish and Mexican grants, were shocked and startled to learn that the Government of the United States, acting by and through the Attorney-General, had filed five hills in equity to vacate and set aside the confirmation of five Mexican grants, covering many thousands of acres of the most valuable land in California. These suits were all defeated. Congress recognizing the injustice of litigation moved by the government against the holders of titles derived from itself, passed an act on March 3, 1891, providing that no suit should be brought to vacate or set aside a patent or decree of confirmation of a Mexican grant after the expiration of five years from the passage of the bill. That period of five years expired on last Monday; but in order to save the statute of limitations, three additional bills were filed on last Monday in the Circuit Court of the United States by the Attorney-General. These suits affect the title to the Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio in Marin County, Rancho de las Pulgas in San Mateo County, and Rancho Guadalupe de Visitacion y Rodeo Viejo, which is on the boundary line between San Francisco and San Mateo Counties. The aggregate area of the land, the title to which is affected by the bringing of these suits, largely exceeds twenty thousand acres.

In the case of Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio, the disputed tract includes the Island of Belvedere, the wharves and piers of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, and the village of Tiburon. The land whose title is clouded by the suit in the Pulgas case is over fourteen thousand acres in extent, and embraces many of the sources of water supply and catchment reservoirs of the Spring Valley Water Company, and a part of the endowment of the Stanford University.

The land embraced in the Guadalupe case is in the immediate vicinity of the new stock-yards at Baden. The value of the land embraced in these three actions can not be less, with the improvements, than six millions of dollars.

In addition, suits have been commenced in the United States Circuit Court at Los Angeles to vacate and set aside the patent for the Rancho Ex-Mission of San Fernando, in Los Angeles County, containing 127,610 acres, and the Rancho San Joaquin, in Orange County, containing 48,802 acres. These ranchos are of the value of at least twelve millions of dollars. The value of all the lands embraced in this litigation is at least twenty millions of dollars.

These actions are groundless, and purely vexatious. They have been moved and initiated by men who probably never saw a Mexican grant, never read a Mexican grant, and would not know its meaning or its legal construction if they read it. Their least oppressive and exasperating feature is that in a suit brought by the United States, the defendant can not recover his costs if he should defeat the action. He is not even entitled to a copy of the bill of complaint in the suit. On the contrary, he is compelled to go to the office of the clerk and pay a sum ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars for a copy of the bill. It may frequently happen that the costs of litigation in a case of this kind may exceed the sum of five thousand dollars. In such a case, a defendant who has successfully resisted the action must pocket his loss. That is one of the disadvantages of litigation when a government lends its name, its influence, and its sovereign privilege of immunity from costs to private persons with selfish ends.

I propose to review these suits as briefly as possible, and to show that they are purely groundless and vexatious.

Take, for example, the case of the United States against the Abbey Land and Improvement Company, involving the validity of the patent of the Rancho Guadalupe Visitacion y Rodeo Viejo. This was a grant by permanent monuments. The land, as granted to Jacob P. Leese by the Mexican Government, was bounded on the north by the Rancho Rincon de Las Salinas y Potrero Viejo; on the west by the Rancho Laguna de la Merced and the Camino Real, or County Road, leading from San Francisco to San José; on the south by the Rancho Buri-Buri; and on the east by the Bay of San Francisco.

The allegations of fraud of the bill in this case are not quite clear. There is an averment in substance that Sanchez, the owner of the Buri-Buri Rancho, and Henry R. Payson, the grantee of Jacob P. Leese, the owner of Guadalupe, conspired to defraud the government by moving the northern boundary of the Buri-Buri further north than it should have been, and the southern boundary of Guadalupe further south than it should have been. In view of the fact that by the express language of the grant the Guadalupe was bounded on the south by the Buri-Buri, and the Buri-Buri bounded on the north by the Guadalupe, it would seem to the unprejudiced mind that this allegation of an attempt to defraud the government was futile and impossible. Inasmuch as one rancho was bounded upon the other, it is absolutely impossible that the government could have had any land between them. Inasmuch as no complaint has ever been made by the confirmers of either, it would seem that they were satisfied by the action of the government in locating the boundary line common to both. But it appears that the person injured was one Charles Clark, who filed a pre-emption claim upon a tract of land, subsequently embraced in the patent of the Guadalupe, on the fifth of June, 1854. Mr. Clark has not pursued his rights with any degree of diligence for the last forty-two years. His clamorings have fallen upon deaf ears until recently; but at present he seems to have enlisted a powerful and vigorous ally. The obvious answer to all claims on the part of Mr. Clark, or of the United States, is that on the face of the bill it appears that the decree confirming the surveys of the Rancho Guadalupe, upon which the patent was subsequently issued, was made by the consent of the District Attorney of the United States, who represented the interests of the government, and that no appeal was ever taken therefrom.

It is painful to notice a fact which is thrown in as a make-weight, to eke out the shabby and puerile uncertainty and inconsistencies of the bill. A most foul and infamous charge is made against the late Mr. William H. Sharp, then United States District Attorney, who has been in his grave for many years. It is alleged that Mr. Sharp consented to a decree against his client, the government, knowing it to be unjust and not in accordance with the facts or the law of the case; but the injustice of the decree is not shown. On the contrary, by reason of the facts to which I have adverted above, it can not be shown; so far from its being unjust, it is shown to be just by a legal consequence as irresistible as anything can be in the law.

Next we have the case of The United States against N. A. Andreen, et al. The defendants in this case are nearly four hundred in number; their possession extends to at least fourteen thousand acres. It again appears upon the face of the bill in this case, as in the preceding, that the government has no interest, and can have none, in the result of the litigation, and its powerful aid and assistance is lent to one set of private persons at the expense of another. The most remarkable thing apparent in this suit is that litigation has been pending in the case from 1835. This litigation has never, in its progress before the Mexican Governors of California, before the United States Land Commission, in the District Court of the United States, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Supreme Court of the State of California, had but one result—a decision favorable to the persons whose title is now attacked by the government. The titles of the contending parties originated thus:

Luis Antonio Arguello was in continuous possession of the Pulgas Rancho from 1793 to 1835. At that time he petitioned José Figueroa, then governor of California, for a tract of land bounded on the north by the San Mateo Creek, on the west by the Cañada de Raymundo, on the south by the San Francisco Creek, and on the east by the waters of the bay, being four leagues in length from north to south, and one league in width from east to west. These estimates of distances were purely conjectural. It is, and always will be, more than four leagues from the San Mateo Creek to the San Francisco Creek, and more than one league in width from the bay to the Cañada de Raymundo. Afterward, in 1839, one Juan Coppinger presented his petition to Juan B. Alvarado, then governor of California, and successor to Figueroa. His petition was granted, and the Cañada de Raymundo was described in the grant as bounded on the west by the Sierra Morena, on the east by the Rancho de las Pulgas, on the

south by that of Maximo Martinez, and on the north by the Lagoon. This tract had been described in his petition by Coppinger as two and one-half leagues in length and about three-fourths of a league in breadth at the utmost. The estimates of distances, however, in the petition of Coppinger are no more accurate than those in the grant of Figueroa, inasmuch as the distance from the Lagoon on the north to the rancho of Maximo Martinez on the south is nearly five leagues instead of two and one-half in length, and the distance from the Rancho de las Pulgas on the east to the Sierra Morena on the west is nearly a league and a half.

Both of these grants were confirmed and patented. The patent to the heirs of Arguello was issued in October, 1857, and that to the heirs of Coppinger in July, 1859. Nearly forty years have passed since the courts of the United States apparently settled the validity and extent of these titles. But it now appears that it was nearly five leagues in length from north to south between the San Mateo and San Francisco Creeks, and nearly three leagues between the shore of the bay on the east and the summit of the sierras on the west. Instead of containing 27,000 acres, the two grants contain 47,700 acres, of which the Pulgas contains 35,240 and the Cañada de Raymundo 12,545. It is certain that the estimates of the quantity of both the petitioners were grossly at fault; but as a question of law this is totally immaterial. The grants were both defined, except along the line of boundary common to both, by natural objects and permanent and unchangeable monuments. In such a case, the law is settled that the grantee is entitled to all the land within his natural boundaries, and that quantity becomes immaterial in determining the extent of the land granted.

The land in controversy certainly belongs to either the owners of the Pulgas or the Cañada de Raymundo, and it is equally certain, in the opinion of the writer, that the grantees of the Pulgas have the better right. The entire implication of the bill filed by the United States in this case is that the estimate of quantity and distance in the Pulgas case is binding and controlling, but that it is not in the case of the grant to Coppinger of the Cañada de Raymundo. This result, as a question of logic or of law, is beyond comprehension. Of course it may be argued that a man who petitions for a tract containing 17,000 acres of land, ought not to be permitted to obtain 35,000 acres, but the argument is fully as strong when applied to the case of his adversary. The estimate of quantity and distance in the petition of Coppinger was equal to one and seven-eighths square leagues, which would amount to about 7,200 acres. Instead of that, Coppinger obtained by the application of the rule which we have stated in regard to natural objects and permanent monuments, 12,545 acres. Inasmuch as all the land embraced in the general boundaries common to both grants belongs to one or the other of the claimants, by what rule of natural justice should any conflict of title be solved as between themselves? If both were wrong in their conjectures of area and distance, which has the better right? The only possible rule of natural justice for the solution of this controversy is that he who is first in time is prior in right. The occupation of the Pulgas grant by the Arguello family had existed for forty-eight years before Coppinger's petition was handed to the governor. The grant to Arguello was made five years prior to that of Coppinger. His patent was issued three years before Coppinger's. The bill in this case is filed more than thirty years after two decisions upon the precise questions, one by the Supreme Court of the United States and the other by the Supreme Court of California. The first is the case of Greer vs. Mezes, 24 Howard, U. S. Supreme Court, 268, and Arguello vs. Greer, et al., 26 Cal., 615, in both of which the claimants under the Arguello title were successful.

The next case is that of the Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio. The claim on the part of the United States is that more than three thousand acres of land were included, which the claimant was not entitled to receive under his grant. In the petition of the original grantee, an estimate of quantity was made, as in the cases previously noticed; but the grant is a grant by permanent monuments. It therefore follows the same rules of construction.

The patent in this case was issued in March, 1885, at the termination of a litigation which lasted over thirty-three years. The principal attack made in the bill is upon the title to the so-called Belvedere Island. This island is called in the bill "Peninsula Island," although how a tract of land can be an island and peninsula at the same time is almost beyond comprehension. As a matter of fact, there probably never was a day, from the beginning of the world to the present hour, on which a person could not have walked dry-shod from the main-land to the extremity of the peninsula.

The persistency of the attack upon this patent is shown by the fact that in 1891 the Attorney-General of the United States filed a bill to investigate and cut down the title to this grant. The bill remained on file in the Circuit Court nearly a year. Process upon the same was never served on the defendants. It never did command the respect or convince the reason of the then United States Attorney, Mr. Charles A. Garter. After impartial investigation, Mr. Garter reported to the Attorney-General that, in his opinion, after mature consideration, the claim of the United States could not be maintained, and advised the dismissal of the bill. To this view the Attorney-General assented, instructing Mr. Garter to use his own judgment and discretion in the matter. Subsequently, Mr. Garter appeared in open court before Judge Sawyer, and after placing on file the letter of instructions of the Attorney-General, moved the court to dismiss the bill. In granting the motion, Judge Sawyer expressed his entire approval and concurrence in the views of Mr. Garter, and made the decree of dismissal. I have no hesitation in stating my opinion that this decree of dismissal is a bar to any subsequent suit, and will be so held by the Circuit Court of the United States. There were no words of limitation in the decree that the same was "without prejudice." The decree of dismissal is therefore absolute, and its effect can not be avoided.

The attack upon the title of the Ex-Mission of San Fernando, in Los Angeles County, is one which has been long discussed, and has risen to the dignity of a local political question in Los Angeles County.

The Ex-Mission of San Fernando was sold, in 1846, by Pio Pico, the then governor of California, to Eulogio de Celis for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, which was then a substantial price for the same. This grant was confirmed by the United States District Court, and a patent was subsequently issued in the year 1874. Ever since the date of the grant, the possession of Celis and his vendees has been open and notorious. Large and costly improvements have been made upon the tract by the present owners. Open and deliberate attempts have been made to seize the possession of this property by organized bands of men in Southern California, and much litigation has arisen therefrom. The title, however, to all this property has been sustained by every court which investigated it.

Last of all is the case of the Rancho San Joaquin, in Orange County, which is now the property of the heirs of the late Mr. James Irvine. The attack in this case is based upon the allegation that the quantity of land embraced in the patent is excessive. Inasmuch as the extent of the grant was defined by lines running from well-known and defined natural monuments to others of the same character, forming a complete inclosure, its area and extent were mere matters of mathematical calculation. Not having had an opportunity to read the bill filed in this case by the United States, the grounds of attack must be left to reasonable conjecture. It is a subject of fitting remark that only one lawyer of high reputation at the bar of California has ever lent his professional aid and assistance to the prosecution of these suits. It is strange that the professional talent which has been enlisted in behalf of the nominal interests of the government in these immense and valuable tracts of land has always been men from the Eastern States, unknown upon the Pacific Coast, and whose lack of knowledge of the subject under discussion has been notorious. A most amusing example of ignorance in this respect on the part of the counsel for the United States was that exhibited in the case of the United States vs. Carpenter, in the Circuit Court, heard before Judges Field, Hoffman, and Sawyer, in which the allegations of the bill of the United States were pronounced false on their face, frivolous, and impossible in fact and in law.

No result is possible in these cases but one—a judgment in favor of the defendants. My present purpose in discussing these questions is to condemn the injustice of the actions of the government and its law officers in lending the name and influence of the United States and its immunity from costs, in aid of speculators in litigation, and to prove that these attempts can not be successful.

CRITTENDEN THORNTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5, 1896.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Whatever may be the varying views of Californians on the debts owed by the Pacific Railways to the United States Government, and the debts claimed to be owing by the individual incorporators, there are few in California who will not rejoice at the decision of the Supreme Court in the Stanford case. That decision terminates the government's action against the Stanford estate. Had the decision gone against the Stanford estate, the university would have been compelled to close its doors on the first of next June.

For a long time Mrs. Stanford has been defraying the expenses of the university out of her private fortune. It has been costing her between five and six hundred dollars a day. President Jordan and the other members of the faculty have for many months voluntarily relinquished a portion of their salaries. Now that this cloud has been removed, the faculty can continue the great work of the university with lightened hearts.

We rejoice that the decision of the Supreme Court has been in favor of the estate. As to the rights and wrongs of the various controversies between the railways and the government, we have not sufficient knowledge to express an opinion. But we are sincerely glad that the highest tribunal in the land has decided that the university shall retain the large endowment bequeathed it by the late Leland Stanford. We congratulate his noble and unselfish wife that her efforts to carry out his wishes have been crowned with success. Long after she, too, has passed away—long after the bitter quarrels of the politicians and the railroads are forgotten—centuries, perhaps, from now, when its very foundation will begin to take on myth and tradition, as is the case with older institutions of learning—let us hope that Stanford University will still be a monument to the higher education, the greatest and most enduring monument that any man can leave behind him.

A number of weeks ago, Mayor Sutro raised a wild clamor over what he stigmatized as the "impurity" of San Francisco's water supply. As we said at the time, his attack was due to a purely personal quarrel with the water company, caused by a real-estate transaction. However, the board of health hearkened to his clamor, and appointed three expert chemists, Professors Wenzell, Hilgard, and Rising, to make independent analyses, and report upon the water. Mayor Sutro, fearing that they might report in its favor, appointed an independent expert of his own, Professor Thomas Price. All of the experts reported at the last meeting of the board of health. All of them agreed in finding the water pure, containing no bacteria harmful to health or life, and some of them said that it was purer than the water of any other large city in America—which the *Argonaut* has always maintained. Even the mayor's own expert, Professor Price, made a similar report, which he could not very well help doing, being an honest man and an expert chemist. Will it be believed that in the face of all this expert testimony, Mayor Sutro refused to believe that the water was good, and voted against adopting the reports? After such an exhibition of ignorant and revengeful rancor as this, we hope no one in future will pay any attention to the ravings of the unspeakable Sutro.

We are glad to see that there is a dead-lock between the Senate and House on the Cuban question. It may be some days—and perhaps some weeks—before the two Houses can agree on the form of their resolution. As it is, the Senate desires to go further than the House, and not only recognize the insurgents as belligerents, but to urge Spain to give them their independence. Perhaps our extraordinary Senate may become more sensible when it sojourns off. Despite the almost unanimous action of both Senate and House, and the tone of the daily press, we do not believe that the people of the United States are in favor of going to war with Spain over granting independence to the Cuban insurgents, who have no fixed territory, who have no regular armies, who have no ships, who hold no sea-ports, and who can only get to the sea-coast stealthily and at night. When Spain recognized the Southern Confederacy as belligerents, the seceding States controlled a sea-board extending from Galveston to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, had ships of war upon the high seas, and great armies fighting pitched battles upon the land. Even if the people of the United States desire to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, it is not yet time.

A suicide in St. Peter's Church in Rome is not a common incident. A month ago, however, such a thing took place, at high noon, beside the balustrade of the high altar itself, when Petro Celis, an ex-coachman of fifty years, out of employment, cut his throat. It was necessary immediately to request all the visitors to withdraw from the church; to close it; to summon certain of the clergy; and to go through the ceremony of re-consecration. Cardinal Rampolla, acting on the instructions of the Pope, to whom the matter was immediately communicated, hastened the ceremony to its shortest limits. No other suicide has occurred in St. Peter's since the year 1866. At that time Pius the Ninth personally came immediately from the Vatican and re-consecrated the church.

Referring to the appointment of Mr. Francis Pakenham to be minister to Stockholm, the *World* tells a humorous story of the new minister. Some twenty years ago, the Foreign Office required from all the members of the diplomatic service a return of their exact age. Mr. Pakenham "had the honor to report that he was looking forward to the speedy celebration of his eleventh birthday"—having been born on February 29, 1832.

THE THEATRE HAT.

A Tale of Revenge.

"What have you got to do this evening?" said Cmythe. "Nothing whatever," I replied. "Well," said he, "I have a couple of seats for the California. Don't you want to come?" "I should be delighted, my dear boy." And in a few minutes we were in a cab, rolling toward the theatre.

Scarcely had we settled ourselves in our seats when I saw, entering the row in front of us, a tall, thin blonde, who seated herself in the chair immediately in front of mine. And then I saw with stupefaction that she wore upon her head a curious sort of hat cocked down in front and cocked up behind, garnished with flowers, with vegetables, with shrubs—in fact, a veritable garden. As she had cocked her cocked hat over her eyes, it resulted that the rear of this vegetable garden towered above the top of her blonde chignon, so that I could see no more of the stage than if I had been in far Cathay.

The hell rang; the curtain rose; I heard voices—presumably of actors—but it was impossible for me to tell. At the risk of acquiring a telescopic neck, I leaned to the right, then to the left. But I had not counted on the halloon-sleeves of the blonde, which were perfect monsters of swollen silk, and which masked completely both wings of the stage as her hat did the middle.

"Holy smoke!" said I to my friend, "that hat is going to be rather a nuisance."

The blonde lady heard me; she turned slightly, put up her lorgnon, and surveyed me with the utmost haughtiness. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she pulled up her sleeves, so that it was impossible for me to see even the proscenium arch. Then she braced up her feet against the chair in front, and hoisted herself up a few inches, so that by this gymnastic feat she succeeded in elevating her vegetable garden even more than before.

In a melancholy tone I said to Cmythe: "It seems to me I would have been better off if I had stayed at the club and toasted my toes in the café in front of the fire. I would not have been incommoded or discommoded, and I would have seen fully as much of this piece as I am seeing now."

Hearing this, the blonde lady turned around once more, and favored me with the most sneering smile that I have ever seen. It provoked me, and I determined to give her a lesson if I could. For I might as well have been in a theatrophone listening at a telephone. I could hear, but I could see nothing. Voices—female voices, male voices—confusedly came to my ear. You know how perplexing it is when you can not see the personages upon the stage, when you can not note their gestures nor the play of their faces. But the first act terminated in the midst of roars of applause. A man I knew, three seats to my right, was shaking with laughter. Everybody in the theatre seemed to be intensely amused at the play except myself. And the blonde lady would still turn from time to time, and favor me again with her sneering smile.

Seated immediately in front of the blonde lady was a very little man who looked like a hunchback, his head was so sunken between his shoulders. I looked at him carefully. He had the appearance of being a dead-head, owing to his rather shabby attire. I tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him if he would go out with me between the acts for a few minutes. When we were outside, I said to him:

"My dear sir, I have a particular interest in occupying your chair, No. 48. If you will pardon the liberty I take, I would like to give you this trifle" (I slipped a five-dollar piece into his hand), "and in exchange, I would like to have your seat and you may have mine, No. 92."

The little man's face lighted up with pleasure. He slipped my five-dollar piece into his waistcoat pocket, and said: "Certainly, my dear sir. You are very good. I will take your seat with pleasure."

Thus was I placed in possession of seat 48. Now I could see the stage, but still I was not revenged. My first idea was to install myself there, wearing my own high hat, but I reflected that this manifestation might not be understood, would seem discourteous to the actors, and that I would be forced to take it off. Suddenly an idea flashed across my mind—an inspiration. I left the theatre and walked a block or two until I came to a milliner's shop. I entered and demanded of the saleswoman to sell me a hat—the most gigantic, the most arboriferous, the most pyramidal hat she had. She opened a drawer and exhibited to me a monument in black felt, with an enormous knob of black velvet upon its top, and on top of the black felt knob a puff of black flowers, extremely high. Without haggling, I paid her the price, and swiftly returned to the theatre.

To the stupefaction of Cmythe, who was still seated in his chair, No. 90, I seated myself in No. 48, immediately before the blonde lady with the big hat, and then, with a perfectly serious countenance, I placed upon my head the black velvet monument. I do not know what sort of a figure I cut with my long mustaches under the velvet hat, but if a bomb had burst in the orchestra it would not have produced a greater effect. Exclamations came from every direction, and people climbed up on their seats to see me, amid roars of laughter.

The men—poor wretches, they do stand together once in a while—understood the motive of my protest, and cried: "Bravo! Bravo! He is right!" while the agitated Cmythe screamed to me across the blonde lady's halloon-sleeves, "Why, old man, you are going crazy." None the less, I remained impassive in the midst of the tempest which I had let loose. But the usual reverse came. Two ushers, after consultation, came to me and politely begged me to take off my hat. "Certainly," said I, "if you will make this lady take off hers." This response provoked the utmost enthu-

siasm from the men. But the ushers would not listen to reason, and they made me leave my seat.

The lady with the vegetable-garden triumphed, but not for long.

Looking up toward the family-circle, I saw a colored damsel wearing a small turban. I mounted to the circle. I went to the colored lady. "Pardon me," said I, "but I have just purchased a hat which cost me fifteen dollars only a quarter of an hour ago." I exhibited the black velvet monument, and the colored lady's eyes bulged out in amazement and admiration.

"And what about it?" said she.

"Nothing but this: it is yours if you will do me the favor to occupy my seat in the orchestra, No. 48, until the play is over."

In a second she swept off the little turban which she wore, placed the black velvet monument upon her head, gave it two or three taps before the mirror in the lobby, shook out her skirts, and then, taking my arm, I conducted her to orchestra chair No. 48.

Oh, if you had only seen the convulsive joy among the men in the orchestra when they saw my monumental hat re-appear upon a feminine head. This time the ushers had nothing to say. The lady with the vegetable garden was vanquished. She could see nothing during the rest of the piece, and served as a focus from opera-glasses from all over the house.

Revenge! Revenge! At last I was revenged. Ha, ha! SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896. H.

OLD FAVORITES.

On Leaving California.

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star
Illumes thy golden coast—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage heauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from the house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The plowman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity;

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier sound shall see,
And earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee.—Bayard Taylor.

Lèse-majesté is a queer thing. A man in Cologne last October was discussing the American Constitution. He had just returned from this country, and was eloquent in praise of our system of government, and then was going on to discuss the Kaiser, and said: "As for the Kaiser"—when he suddenly realized his danger, and stopped short. But he was overheard and denounced to the police, arrested, tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for what he was evidently going to say. At Danzig, a man was called on to appraise a plaster bust of the empress. He said it was not worth a mark. *Majestätsbeleidigung*. He was tried, but acquitted. Last summer, at Bonn, a man in a pleasure-party said: "What a fool that Kaiser is!" He was overheard. *Majestätsbeleidigung*. He was arrested and taken to the police station, but was able to show that he meant a man named "Kaiser." A common mode of concealing *Majestätsbeleidigung* in conversation from servants is to allude to the Kaiser as "Herr Müller." Speech was, in fact, free under Louis the Great in France two hundred years ago than it is in Germany to-day under William the Wise.

Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard University, has tried a number of experiments with the Roentgen rays, and says that photographs taken with them are practically useless when taking photographs through flesh more than an inch thick. He thinks that, as an aid to surgery, they must be confined to operations on the hand and foot.

In consequence of experiments with the Roentgen rays, enabling the reading of the contents of inclosed letters, a Berlin chemist is making experiments with a substance for the manufacture of envelopes which will be impervious to the rays.

Joseph Mayer, the actor in the passion play at Ober-Ammergau, who took the rôle of Christ, has met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of one of his legs.

The dynasty of the Mikados of Japan is the oldest in the world, being sentimentally 2,556, and in historic certainty 1,600 years old.

DR. DEPEW'S DINNER.

The Lotos Club gives a Dinner to Chauncey Depew—The First Ever Given to Him—His Début as Guest of Honor.

It is a curious fact, but Chauncey Depew, doctor of laws and after-dinner speaker, has never had a public dinner given him in New York. He has been one of the most eloquent of Gotham's after-dinner speakers, but always has spoken at other people's dinners. It was, therefore, eminently fitting that the Lotos Club should be the first to give a dinner in his honor. It was also fitting that the day chosen should be Washington's Birthday, because Chauncey Depew, whatever else he is, is always patriotic.

Some two hundred and seventy-five members and guests sat down at the table, and among them were many well-known men. I will mention a few of the names to show who delighted to do our Chauncey honor. Frank R. Lawrence presided in his capacity as president of the Lotos Club; President Seth Low, of Columbia College; George W. Smalley, who is facetiously dubbed "the Tory Squire," as he lived in London so long as *Tribune* correspondent that he took in Tory ideas like Joey Ladle, "at the pores"; ex-Governor Flower, District Attorney Fellows, and Senator Lexow were types of the political element. Among the journalists there were Chester S. Lord, managing editor of the New York *Sun*; Charles Emory Smith, formerly United States Minister to Russia and editor of the Philadelphia *Press*; Gilbert Parker, sometime newspaper man, *littérateur*, Kanuck, and author of several successful books; Joseph Howard; Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of a well-known dramatic paper; and George Bleistein, of the Buffalo *Courier*, who represented the hayseed element among the newspaper men. The artistic side of the Lotos Club was represented by Julian Rix and Frederick G. Remington.

The menu-card was an etching representing Dr. Depew fishing at Peekskill Landing. He was pictured as wearing a large straw hat, Fauntleroy knickerbockers, and luxurious brogans. Hanging to a spike driven into the string-piece of the wharf was a mess of fish, and beside the doctor reposed his bait-can. In the upper right-hand corner was a train of cars marked "N. Y. C. & H. R. R.," with a winged locomotive, and below a representation of the Depew homestead at Peekskill.

The health of the guest of the evening was proposed by President Lawrence in a few words. He replied in his usual happy style. It is evident that Dr. Depew has taken umbrage at the avidity with which the newspapers follow up his speeches, for he said, in the course of his speech: "The story which is told at the most private of dinners to-night is in all the newspapers to-morrow." There is no doubt that many of our Chauncey's stories are reported in the newspapers, but it is also true that many of our Chauncey's stories are taken by him from the newspapers. But, none the less, they are always good. One of the best in his speech last night was this: "They tell the story of a Populist senator being shaved by an aged colored barber at the Arlington, and remarking to the barber: 'Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the Senate—many of the men, now dead, who have occupied the great place which I fill.' 'Yes, sar,' said the barber, 'I've known most all of dem. By de way, senator, you remind me of Daniel Webster.' The gratified statesman raised in his chair, and, placing his fingers upon his forehead, said: 'Is it my brow?' 'No, boss,' said the barber, 'it is your hearth.'"

But Dr. Depew speedily left the humorous, and devoted himself to the serious. He spoke of the recent creation of a new holiday in New York city, by which Lincoln's birthday was made a holiday as well as Washington's, and he drew a striking contrast between the two, the one an aristocrat by birth and breeding, the richest man in America, a large slave-holder, and a representative of the property, and culture, and colleges of the colonial period; the other born in a cabin among that class known as "poor whites"; yet he attained the same position which George Washington reached from his palatial mansion and haronial estate on the Potomac. Dr. Depew closed with a glowing apostrophe to the memory of Lincoln and of Washington.

It is a curious fact about Dr. Depew that he never drinks anything at the many dinners he attends. He is most abstemious in his eating, and, in fact, he has been known to dine simply at his home before going to a public dinner, and then simply to toy with the viands placed before him. He never drinks anything but mineral water, and has almost abandoned the habit of smoking. It is owing to this care that he maintains his health. For any man who goes to as many dinners as he does would surely become a victim to dyspepsia otherwise in a few months.

It is a further fact that Chauncey Depew is as welcome in the lower strata of society as in the upper. The Lotos Club is one of the most diversified, and contains more versatile men than any other in New York. Depew has always been most popular as an after-dinner speaker there, and the fact that so large a gathering assembled showed how the club delights to do him honor. But his political speeches are none the less striking, and the oratorical event of his life was during the last Presidential campaign, when he went down and delivered a speech "on the Bowery," which made an enormous hit. In London, too, when he has been over there on his vacation tours, Dr. Depew has been called upon frequently at public dinners, and the Englishmen, who are so prosy when on their legs, have been electrified by his lamphant wit and graceful eloquence. Any man who can speak to an assemblage of heeey, stall-fed, city Englishmen, or a lot of journalists and artists in the Lotos Club, or a gang of heelers at a ward club, or rouse a Bowery audience to enthusiasm, is certainly a many-sided man. Down on the Bowery they said of him, "Our Chauncey is a peach." It was a free rendering of Horace's *Totus, teres, atque rotundus*.

NEW YORK, February 23, 1896.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

Alexander Macmillan.

Rich and busy as he was, the late Alexander Macmillan used to sit up till three o'clock in the morning reading the manuscripts of new books submitted to him for publication. He was his own "reader" until his business grew to such proportions as to make it impossible for him to attend to the work. In the classics he had to delegate this duty to others, for, though his house publishes more Greek and Latin text-books than any other firm in the world, he knew nothing of these languages.

I. N. F. writes very interestingly, in the *Tribune*, of the late Alexander Macmillan and his author friends:

"Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes were primarily his brother's friends, but they were his also. Matthew Arnold was a frequent guest at his table, and their relations were intimate. Lord Tennyson did not have the reputation of making many close friends, but Alexander Macmillan was one of them. Bramshott Chase was within driving distance of Lord Tennyson's home, and publisher and poet saw much of each other. Lord Tennyson enjoyed reading his poetry to so appreciative a listener, and would recite it with his peculiar intonation, pausing once in a while to exclaim under his breath, 'That is a fine line!' The historians, Freeman and Green, were often at Mr. Macmillan's house, and were among his closest friends. John Bright was always a welcome guest there. It was from him and from Thomas Hughes that Mr. Macmillan took fire during the American Civil War, when the sympathies of the upper and educated classes were enlisted against the North. The publisher was as strong a partisan of the anti-slavery cause as his two impetuous friends. His relations with Americans were always cordial, but never so intimate as with his own countrymen. Lowell he knew, but as an acquaintance rather than as a friend. Henry James, whose books he published, was sometimes seen at his house. One of Mr. Macmillan's most trusted and confidential friends was Professor Huxley, who was often his guest."

The London *Athenaeum*, too, says:

"Macmillan understood how to make personal friends of those whose books he published—Kingsley, Maurice, Green, Canon Ainger, Mr. Morley, and many others; he hung his rooms with their portraits; and both at his house at Tooting and the Garrick Club he gathered round him a literary society which may, without exaggeration, be called brilliant. When he retired from business he took a house in Portland Place, and built himself a delightful retreat at Hind Head; while with quiet generosity, characteristic of the man, he presented his pleasant house and grounds at Tooting to the See of Rochester, rather than behold the site covered with small houses by the jerry builder. He was a keen, sagacious man of business, and he understood how to make a bargain, and yet his views were large and liberal. Starting in life with a slender education, he became a great reader, and his pleasure in the contents of the books he published was as keen as his satisfaction with their sale."

It is now announced that the firm of Macmillan & Co. has been formed into a limited liability company, with a capital of £240,000. There are 1,400 six per cent. preferred shares and 1,000 ordinary shares. The first directors are Frederick Macmillan, G. A. Macmillan, M. C. Macmillan, and G. L. Craik. Frederick Macmillan, the present head of the house, when he represented his firm in this country, took out naturalization papers (says a writer in the *New York World*), thinking that as an American he might have a better chance of holding the copyrights in his own books. Mr. Macmillan's wife is an American, being the granddaughter of Thomas Lord, the founder of the house of Lord & Taylor, of New York.

A Strange French Poet.

One of the latest commentators of Paul Verlaine says of him:

"He was a strange and striking figure, more mediæval than modern, and was often appropriately compared with François Villon. In his mode of life, the comparison was true, but Verlaine was far the greater poet. Living like a beast in the foulest haunts, this man, with the head of a philosopher and the face of a satyr, hideous with disease, defiant of all the laws of life, reveling in obscenities and the grossest imaginations, did, nevertheless, produce some of the purest and most spiritual poems that the world has ever seen, written in lines of such strange haunting harmonies as the French language never before knew. He was a wonderful being, half criminal and half angel, and the world will soon forget the parts of his life and work that were of the earth, and remember only what was worthy of its admiration."

Verlaine was a friend of Arthur Rimbaud, who wrote, when only fifteen years of age, a number of exquisitely beautiful verses. Soon after he fell under the influence of Verlaine, and was led by him into a life of debauchery. One night in Brussels, while both of them were enraged by drink, they quarreled, and Verlaine stabbed his companion. For this he was imprisoned for two years at Mons. Rimbaud recovered and repented of the life he had been leading, and, by way of expiation, immured himself in a monastery on the shores of the Red Sea. He has never written a line of verse since then.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

W. T. Stead believes that it is high time that we return to the old custom of political tracts, driven out of existence by the modern newspaper. His first tracts will deal with the Armenian and Venezuelan questions as Mr. Stead sees them.

A volume of "Vallima Table-Talk," by Mrs. Stroog and Lloyd Osbourne, will be published early in the present month. Mrs. Strong, it may be remembered, was Mr. Stevenson's amanuensis, and Mr. Osbourne, as is well known, collaborated with him in several of his stories. This "Table-Talk" was taken down while it was fresh in the memory of both, and with the consent of Mr.

Stevenson, who submitted to being Boswellized—though he rather made a joke of it. The book is said to be most interesting, and there is every reason to believe it.

The new English magazine, *Cosmopolis*, seems to have been a great success. An edition of twenty-four thousand copies of the first number was entirely exhausted. Of the second number, a first edition of eight thousand has been printed. It has been well received on the Continent.

Max Nordau's manuscript is sometimes almost microscopical. He sends all his manuscript as it is written off to the printers, and has it set back as soon as the work is composed. He then has the complete manuscript bound into a volume. He can tell by the look of his writing what degree of "concentration of spirit" he had reached while writing such or such a passage. "The Paradoxes," which he wrote in 1884, is a printed volume of four hundred and fourteen pages. The manuscript is contained in sixty-five pages!

The United States Book Company, of New York, has, through its receiver, Charles W. Gould, sold the stock in trade, copyrights, etc., of the United States Book Company, Lovell, Coryell & Co., and the International Book Company to a new corporation, which will conduct the business under the title of the American Publishers Corporation.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, in a recent number of *The Woman at Home*, writes most entertainingly of Landor, Thackeray, and Dickens. Landor she knew from her early girlhood, and through him became acquainted with the other two. Dickens bought Gadshill from the estate of Mr. Lynn. Mrs. Linton's father, for the small sum of seventeen hundred pounds. Mr. Lynn had seen the place and coveted it as a young man, and bought it when he grew older; Dickens did the same thing.

William Watson is now the mark for the English parodists. The London *World* offers this as the very latest from his pen:

"Caliph, I wronged thee. I did simply state
That thou wert 'Damned'—an insufficient word
That merged thee with the inoffensive herd
Of things that I've hurled the word of late—
Things beyond count: the egg upon my plate,
The hoot-lace, collar-stud, and hurdy-gurdy,
Coster and sweep, whose waderig plaint is heard
In Bromley, Brompton, Bow, and Billingsgate;
For in a world where naughty words abound
The merely 'damned' are legion—all the holes
And nooks of London with such things are crammed.
Thou in my purple book of rigmoroles
Dost shine through Vigo Street supremely crowned,
Doubly and treble, yea, quadruply Damned."

E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, is now in Egypt. He is writing a romance, the scenes of which are laid in Greece during the time of the war of independence, and filling up his spare time by doing archaeological work in Greece under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology.

Mr. George Moore is finishing a new novel, "Evelyn Innes," the subject of which is "the struggle between the spiritual and the sensual life."

In his younger years Verlaine was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl to whose house he went one night in a state of intoxication. The young lady was horrified by the sight, and the match was at once broke off. She is now the wife of one of the most prominent authors in France. The *Bookman* says that the most Verlaine ever received for a poem in France was five francs.

Colonel T. W. Higginsoo's gift of books to the Boston Public Library comprises one thousand volumes relating to the history of woman in all lands and ages. The collection was begun in 1846 with the purchase of Mrs. Hugo Reid's "Plea for Woman," and has been continued ever since.

Mr. Gladstone has declined to write for an American monthly, even when offered the extraordinary price of one dollar a word.

All who last year were interested in Mr. Henry Norman's "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," will be pleased to learn that another illustrated volume containing the further record of Mr. Norman's travels and impressions will appear during the spring, under the supplementary title, "The Near East: Its Peoples, Problems, and Politics."

Zola's enemies are preparing an anthology of the objectionable words and phrases in his works, to be presented to the French Academy when he next offers himself as a candidate.

The Publishers' Association of Great Britain is at last an accomplished fact. It is expected that the association will have a representative in the United States to watch out for copyright pirates and in other ways protect its rights.

Richard Harding Davis's next pilgrimage will take him to Russia, where he will be present at the coronation of the Czar, and to Athens, where he will witness the revival of the ancient games, under the patronage of the King of Greece, in the spring.

Paul Meurice has undertaken the editing of Victor Hugo's correspondence. Victor Hugo was as punctual as Mr. Gladstone in answering communi-

cations addressed to him. No subject, from Paris draioage to the Romaino movement and French politics, came amiss to him. His letters will prove an invaluable memorial of his time. Among his manuscripts has also been found an unpublished melodrama.

Mme. Stepniak has announced her intention to prepare a record of the life and work of her husband. It has been arranged that Prince Krapotkin shall edit and arrange the Russian section of the memoir, and Professor York Powell, Mr. Edward Garnett, and Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, will contribute chapters, respectively, on "Stepniak as a Critic," "Stepniak as a Political Writer," and "Stepniak in Italy."

Since Alfred Austin was appointed poet laureate several thousand copies of his works have been sold; but the curious fact is noted that many more copies of his prose works than of his books of verse have had purchasers.

A new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "Adam Johnstone's Son," is announced to appear in April.

"Perhaps," says the London *Bookman* "it is not generally known—certainly it can not be known to the writer of an article in the January *Blackwood*—that Mr. Thomas Hardy endeavored to withdraw his novel of 'Jude the Obscure' from *Harper's Magazine*, actually requesting that firm of publishers to cancel the contract. But it was found to be impracticable to do this."

A London paper says the shilling edition of William Watson's Armenian sonnets "has gone like wildfire." Within a week of publication, ten thousand copies were sold.

Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has at last caught the attention of the American public, and during the first week in February the publishers were unable to supply the demand. Its English success is still unabated.

The authorized "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes" is on the press.

The young poets of Paris have elected as successor to Paul Verlaine in poetical sovereignty Stéphane Mallarmé, translator of poems of Poe and author of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," whose portrait by Whistler is a masterpiece.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, contributes to one of the March magazines a biographical sketch of Alexandre Dumas the elder. The article is a succession of anecdotes of the novelist, presenting him in a very picturesque light. An account of the Bohemians and "sponges" who took advantage of his prodigality is included.

Baudelaire imitated a poem by Longfellow in the "Calumet de Paix," and avowed it; Gabriel d'Annunzio translated the "Calumet de Paix" in "Sangue delle Vergio"—translated literally—and avowed nothing.

The Marquis of Lorne has published, in the *Isle of Wight County Press*, a poetic effusion on the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Here is a sample stanza:

"So proud of him, we say farewell,
With all on Maine and Rhine,
In love remembering he fell
Within our army's line."

"It was hard to out-bathos the laureate's poem on the loss sustained by the death of the prince," Mr. Labouchère writes, "but the Marquis of Lorne has succeeded in this most difficult task."

Seven volumes are to be added to the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's works to make it complete. This will bring the edition up to twenty volumes, four more than are in the Tbstle Edition, though not necessarily containing more matter.

Alfred Austin, who, in the introduction to his "England's Darling," states that "the greatest of Englishmen has never been celebrated by an English poet," has had his attention drawn by a cruel critic to a poem called "Alfred," written by a former poet laureate, Pye.

A London firm announces "Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac," by a writer who says, "I was a private soldier in the war to suppress the rebellion. I write of the life of a private soldier. I gloss over nothing."

E. T. Cook, who succeeds Sir John Robinson as editor of the *Daily News*, was Mr. Stead's lieutenant on the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, and became editor on Mr. Stead's withdrawal. When the *Pall Mall* was sold to Mr. Astor, Mr. Cook seceded, and helped Sir George Newnes to found the *Westminster Gazette*, which he has edited from the outset. Alfred Spender is to succeed Mr. Cook as editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Spender has been assistant editor of the *Westminster Gazette* from its start.

There is a bill before Congress amending the postal laws so that "all manuscripts intended for publication, mailed to or by publishers or editors," shall be carried at third-class rates, or one cent for each two ounces. The plan is regarded with a certain degree of terror by editors, whom it would engulf under a Niagara of manuscripts.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Regeoratin," a Rejoinder to Nordau.

The author of "Regeneration" is a man of very different calibre from the writer he assails. A sound thinker, equipped with scholarly attainments and a power of keen analysis, his book at once commands respect for its well-conceived plan of attack and its clear, logical English. But Max Nordau is brilliant where he is sober-minded; iconoclastic where he is reverential. And "Degeoratin," by the very daring of its novel theories, has made a far-reaching impression, which all the storm of replies it has evoked can do little to counteract.

The anonymous critic desires to be very fair. He finds good things in Nordau's thunderbolt which "should secure for it a place in the study of every educated man," and which make it "a telling factor in the development of our race." But having admitted so much, he proceeds to demonstrate Nordau's unfitness for the task of dissecting his contemporaries, and then attacks in detail each of the theories promulgated in the book. Superficiality, lack of humor, flat contradiction of statement, insincerity, discrepancy between plan and execution, unsound methods of reasoning—these are a few of the idiotisms made and sustained with skill by extracts and illustration.

A loftier order of mind and saner views of life on the part of the author make the book much pleasanter reading than "Degeneration." But it does not gain strength from a prejudice it reveals against the German nation, and, in spite of its force, the edifice of theories constructed by Nordau have still too substantial a hold on the popular mind to be materially shaken by it. It has its value, however, and the personality of the author, a strong and dignified one, will at once arouse speculation and interest. A telling introduction by Professor Nicholas Butler, of Columbia College, gives additional interest to the volume.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

Mrs. Oliphant on the Eternal City.

"The Makers of Modern Rome," by Mrs. Oliphant, is much such another book as her "Makers of Florence." It is not a continuous history of the Eternal City, but treats of four decisive periods from the fourth century to the death of Pope Leo the Tenth.

The work is divided into four books: "Honorable Women not a Few," telling of the aristocratic ladies by whose influence Rome was finally changed from a pagan to a Christian city; "The Popes who Made the Papacy," showing how the Papacy perfected its power; "Lo Popolo and the Tribune of the People," treating of the city's attempt to reassert its ancient power; and "The Popes who Made the City," telling how it was rebuilt in the time of the Renaissance.

Mrs. Oliphant does not discuss vexed questions, but she has collected her facts with infatigable labor and presents them gracefully and vividly. The book is copiously illustrated, and its contents are indexed.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

A Fascinating Tale.

"The Were-Wolf," by Clemence Housman, is a book that once begun is not to be laid aside until it is finished. Taking the old folk-story as a foundation, a tale is constructed which is simple enough for a child's reading, but which is brightened into beauty by the power of imagination. It unfolds a series of pictures that linger in the mind. The great farm-hall ablaze with fire-light, where the groups of workers sit at their evening tasks; the entrance of the strange young maiden, fur-clad and beautiful; the wastes of snow without, where Christian advances following the wolf's tracks till they stop at the farm-house door—it is all most vividly told. And the tale of the night race over the trackless snow-ridges between Christian and the fierce-hearted wolf-woman grasps the reader with irresistible force, and hurries him along to a breathless climax, as a stirring poem might. In externals as well, the little volume is a very complete piece of book-making.

Published by Way & Williams, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

A Life of Bayard Taylor.

"Bayard Taylor," by Albert Smyth, is the latest volume issued of the American Men of Letters Series edited by Charles Dudley Warner. The record is that of a full life, brightened by many successes and warmed by much appreciation and friendship. Nevertheless, the impression it leaves is a sad one. Though one of the most widely known of American authors, the goal for which Bayard Taylor worked and strived was never reached. Reputation as a poet was what he most ardently longed for, yet in this direction he never attained a footing of absolute certainty.

The work which called forth his best powers, and for which he will undoubtedly be longest remembered, is the translation of "Faust." But in addition to poetry, translations, and travels, he undertook a great variety of literary work, and was a most prolific writer. His was not a day of large

pecuniary gains, and his life was one of toil and drudgery. So hard, indeed, was he pushed that his ill-health and death were the direct results of overwork.

The volume is written with sympathy and appreciation, and, in spite of its small compass, it has all the qualifications of a good biography.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Baird's History of the Huguenots.

By the publication of the two volumes of "The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," Professor Henry M. Baird has completed the great trilogy of works in which he has told the history of the Huguenot movement in France. The first two parts were "The Rise of the Huguenots of France" and "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre." The present volumes supplement them, setting forth the facts in the chronicles of French Protestantism from the publication of the Edict of Nantes, granting freedom of worship to Protestants by Henry the Fourth, 1599, down to the full recognition of Protestantism by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802.

The two centuries covered by this work constitute a period in French annals of unusual value to the student of intellectual and social progress, and of rare interest to those who enjoy the picturesque and romantic side of history. The scene opens with the accession of Louis the Thirteenth, a boy who had not yet completed his tenth year. Marie de' Medici was the queen-regent, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was but two score years past. In five years Louis thrice confirmed the edict; two years later he ordered the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, and the Huguenot Wars began. The first book of the first volume is taken up with the Huguenot Wars and the reduction of La Rochelle, the second with thirty years of peace under the Edict of Nantes, and the third with the events leading up to its revocation. The second volume opens with the revocation and its sequel (1685-1702); the fifth book is devoted to the Comisards; and in the sixth the Desert and the re-establishment of Protestantism in 1802 are described.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$7.50 for the two volumes.

New Publications.

"To-Day and Yesterday" is the title of a book of verses by Edward Willard Watson which for the most part deal with metaphysical and religious problems. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

"Songs of a Fool and Other Verses" is a little pamphlet containing the pathetic story of a jester's love for a lady of the court set forth in a sequence of poems by Geraldine Meyrick, with a few miscellaneous verses to fill out a score or so of pages. Published by the Semi-Monthly Letter, San José.

"Concrete Geometry," by A. R. Hornbrook, is an excellent text-book for beginners. In accordance with its plan, the mind of the student is guided to the perception of abstract geometric principles by means of simple applications and observations. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

The first "Year Book of The Pegasus" has been issued by the Pegasus Club of Philadelphia. It contains more than a score of poems which have been submitted anonymously to the club, criticised, and accepted; some of them have already appeared in the magazines. Among the contributors are Oweo Wister, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Solomon Solis Cohen. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents.

There are twenty persons in a New York village who prefer playing games to dancing, and have felt that way about it for two years past. They formed a club and have met fortnightly since to indulge in their favorite recreation. When they had played out all the games in the books, they invented new ones or remodeled the old. A record was kept of the devices that amused the club, and from it Mary White has compiled "The Book of a Hundred Games." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Tribune Almanac," prepared under the direction of the leading Republican newspaper of the country, consists of three hundred pages and concerns itself with fifteen hundred topics. It treats of all departments of the Federal and State governments; the doings of Congress and State legislatures; the statistics of the government departments; the election returns and party platforms and committees; finance, both public and commercial, domestic and foreign; diplomatic events of the year at home and abroad; sports; and a variety of other topics. Published by the Tribune, New York; price, 25 cents.

The Cranford edition of "Æsop's Fables" is followed, naturally enough, by "Reynard the Fox," the famous beast satire of the Middle Ages. The text follows closely that of Sir Henry Cole ("Felix Summerley"), which was originally prepared for children, and Joseph Jacobs has written an intro-

duction, in which he discusses the origin of the fables, and also furnished it with valuable notes based on the monographs of Grimm, Voigt, Martio, and Sudre. The book is illustrated by W. Frank Calderoo, and externally it is uniform with the other volumes of the handsome Cranford Series. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"A Parson's Proxy," by Kate W. Hamilton, tells a story of a region that might be the Tennessee mountains from the vernacular used by the natives and the souf and suo-bonnet habit of the women. From these same indications the reader concludes that the evil doings at Dan Croger's cottage, around which the plot thickens, are concerned with a secret whisky-still. He proves to be on the wrong scent here, but otherwise the story is on hackneyed lines, and there are no further surprises in store. The book displays no particular originality, and it is not up to the mark of the mountain stories of which we have already had something too much. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

KENNST DU?

By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Do you know the blue of the Caribbean Sea
Far out where there's nothing but sky to bound
The gaze to windward, the glance to lee—
More deep than the bluest spaces he
Betwixt white clouds in heaven's round?
Have you seen the liquid lazuli spread
From edge to edge, so wondrous blue
That your footfall's trust it might also woo,
Were it smooth and low for one to tread?
So clear and warm, so bright, so dark,
That he who looks on it can but mark
'Tis a different tide from the far-away
Perpetual waters, old and gray.
And can but wonder if Mother Earth
Has given a younger ocean birth.

Do you know how surely the trade-wind blows
To west-son-west, through the whole round year?
How, after the hurricane comes and goes,
For nine fair moons there is naught to fear?
How the brave wind carries the tide before
Its breath, and on to the south-west shore?
How the Caribbean billows roll,
One after the other, and climb forever—
The yearning waves of a shoreless river
That never, never can reach its goal?
They follow, follow, now and for aye,
One after the other, brother and brother.

And their hollow crests half hide the play
Of light where the sun's red sword thrusts home;
But still in a tangled shining chain
They quiver and fall and rise again,
And far before them the wind-borne spray
Is shaken on from their froth and foam—
And for leagues beyond, in gray and rose,
The sundown shimmering distance glows!
—So bright, so swift, so glad, the sea
That girts the isles of Caribbee.

Do you know the green of those island shores
By the morning sea-breeze fanned?
(The tide on the reefs that guard them roars—
Then slips by stealth to the sand.)
Have you found the inlet, cut between
Like a rift across the crescent moon,
And anchored off the dull lagoon
Close by forest fringes green—
Cool and green, save for the lines
Of yellow cocoa-trunks that lean,
Each in its own wind-nurtured way,
And bend their fronds to the wanton vines
Beneath them all astray?

Here is no mangrove warp-and-woof
From which a vapor lifts aloof,
But on the heath smooth and dry
Red-tipped conch-shells lie—
Even at the edge of that green wall
Where the shore-grape's tendriled runners spread
And purple trumpet-creepers fall,
And the frangipani's clusters shed
Their starry sweets withal.

The silly cactuses writhe around,
Yet can not choose but in grace to mingle,
This side the twittering waters sound,
On the other opens a low green dingle,
And between your ship and the shore and sky
The frigate-birds like fates appear,
The flapping pelican feeds about,
The tufted cardinals sing and fly.

So far the shore, one has no fear;
And the sailors, gathered forward, shout
With strange glad voices each to each—
Though well the harbor's depth they know
And the craven shark that lurks below—

"Ho! let us over, and strike out
Until we stand upon the beach,
Until that wonderland we reach!"
—So green, so fair, the island lies,
As if 'twere adrift from Paradise.

—March Century.

"The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1894" has recently been issued by the Department of Agriculture from the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa. It contains a deal of useful information, such as chapters on the early history of Canada, the constitution and government of the country, its physical features, land and land regulations, forest wealth, results of the census, a comparison of the development of the industries of Canada and the United States, and a digest of the Blue-books issued by the Federal and provincial executives.

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It has always been a point in favor of the West that it liked the classic drama. The East has aberrations in its taste. It sinks to unimagined depths when execrable English farce-comedies please it, and it finds "Her Golden Hair Was Hangiog Down Her Back" a graceful lyric. It admires Lillian Russell's overdone beauty and underdone voice, and it goes to see Della Fox as religiously as it goes to church. Now and then the pedulum swings back, and it pours out its dollars and enthusiasm to a foreign star, who takes both and goes on his way reviling us and rejoicing.

The position of the legitimate and classic is very doubtful in the East. Up-to-date people there say frankly that they are tired of it. Ooe comes upon lots of men and women who tell ooe with perfect candor that they do not care for Shakespeare, and would rather see Sardou or Ploero any day of the week. The great mass, who are afraid of their own opinions and go with the crowd, can always be relied upon to speak correctly of the classics; but when "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is playing against "King Henry VIII.," Mrs. Ebbsmith will have their patronage every time.

The West has been looked upon as the citadel in which the classic is still firmly entrenched. Actors and actresses of wide itinerant experience will always tell you that. "Julius Caesar" will draw with an inferior company anywhere west of the Mississippi, but it took a Booth and Barrett to make "Julius Caesar" draw in New York. How it is that dramatic taste comes to be really better in the West than in the East is a question awaiting answer.

What a painful backsliding in the vaunted taste of the West was that of Monday evening, when Warde opened to "King Lear" to a house only one-third full! It may be said—to marshal together all the excuses therefor and make some sort of a showing—that it was a horrible night, and that, as the play progressed, the theatre got colder and colder and the audience began to appreciate the sensations of Edmund as he went about shivering and murmuring his melancholy "Poor Tom's a-cold." In the tempest scene, where the long-drawn whine of whistling gales gave way to the sound of threshing downpours of rain which swept across the moor with a freezingly realistic effect, the material cold of drenched skins and the spiritual cold of anguished hearts seemed to be felt by the audience and to hold them in a shivering trance of sympathy. Through the murk of the storm, lightning sent its tricklings of light zig-zagging this way and that, like broken quicksilver, or else wrapped the mnur in a sheet of white radiance. In these revealing glimpses, one saw the three figures, with shoulders raised against the blast, huddled together on a fallen log—the half-mad king, with white hair tossed in the wind; the woclad Edmund, shivering and chattering his simulated lunacies; and the chilled and sick-hearted Fool, whose trick of a bitter cynicism clings to him like his cap and hauble.

Mr. Warde has not played Lear here before, though he has studied the character for years. The representation that he gives is so much finer than anything else he has ever done, so free from the mannerisms of his other performances, that it is on a different plane from any previous work of his. Singularly enough, in so robust an actor, one finds it lacking in vigor. It was an old Lear, a Lear in whom the fires were burning low, that we saw on Monday evening. The choleric force of the fierce and tyrannical king was already giving way to that feeble excitableness, that tremulous petulance, that marks those who live to the limits of life. The lion-like attitude of command, the fury at the thought of disdained authority, theionate sense of majesty and dominance, which were, at first, so much a part of the imperious old man, were subdued by the encroachment of that gray time when the grasshopper shall become a burden. This was especially visible in the scene with Goneril, when, in his first rush of beady rage at her reproof, he orders his horses saddled. It was done almost quietly, more as if in preoccupation over the wounding words of his daughter than in the blind and choking indignation of a despotic nature, thwarted and insulted.

When, however, he realized the full depths of Goneril's harshness, he broke forth into palsied frenzy. In calling down upon her the terrible and blasting curse of barrenness, he fell on his knees and supplicated heaven with raised hands, his excitement increasing as he approached the finale. To address the gods, instead of turning his words upon Goneril, hurling them at her as if in the

hopes each separate syllable would carry its own withering blight, was a new manner of treating the scene. At the last words, he turned upon Goneril, howling them at her in a transport of strangling rage and despair.

In the gentler scenes, especially those with Regan, where, his first lesson of patience and forbearance learned, the first blow received in his self-confidence and trust, he tries to be tolerant and tender, he was very fine. The indications that the despotic will has begun to break, the high imperiousness is undermined, the old manner of an arrogant dominance has been conquered, were deeply true and tragic. There is something penetratingly pathetic in the deprecating tenderness of his manner to Regan. It had in it a suggestion of the manner of a child who has been unjustly and cruelly treated, and turns timidly, yet yearningly, for comfort and solace to some one of whose affection it is not sure. The recurrence alone of her name; the "Oh, Regan!" which comes like the catch of a sob into his pleading discourse, has in it a note of childish dependency and pain.

The three daughters of the king were played by three tall, fair-looking ladies, in sweeping sleeves and very tight bodices. Indeed, Regan, with a stock collar and a neat, small waist, was a stylish-looking person of a distinctly modern cast. Miss Gillette played Cordelia, in white and silver and a blonde wig held round her head by a narrow circlet of gold. Cordelia is one of those characters which can be played admirably, and can also be scarcely played at all, without making much difference to the drama. She herself is not of importance; she is only important as she relates to the king. She is one of the few Shakespeare women who suggest extreme youth, simplicity, and a sort of pensive, quiet beauty. The king spoke of her as "his last and least." She must have been a shy, confiding, sensitive little creature, probably small and not very talkative. Yet upon occasion she could use her tongue skillfully, as she showed in the sarcasm with which she parted from her sisters—"Ye jewels of our father, with washed eyes Cordelia leaves you."

In the scene in which she plays so prominent a part—where the king recognizes her—she has only to give that touch of exquisite tenderness which breaks from her in the irrepressible little hysterical laugh with which she falls at his feet and buries her head in his shoulder. The reticence, the noble simplicity of the dialogue here, ought to impress the players, influencing them into a corresponding quietude and sincerity. "Methinks I should know you," says the broken king, his eyes resting with a gleam of imperfect recognition on Kent. Then he looks at the woman's face before him, all tremulous with expectation and hope, and, turning his glance to the men near him, says, with deprecating timidity: "Do not laugh at me, for, as I am a man, I think this lady to be my child Cordelia." Warde accented the expression "this lady," bringing out the full depths of pathos that lay in the once imperious Lear's use of so distant a term to his own daughter.

The whole scene was rendered with great appreciation and feeling. It was therefore extremely unfortunate that the orchestra should have persisted in playing slow music through it. Slow music is one of the stage traditions that ought to go to the limbo of the unknown, and stay there. It is irrevocably connected in the mind of the play-goer with the scene in a melodrama where the virtuous wife, for non-payment of rent, is turned from her humble home in the midst of a raging snow-storm. When Little Eva dies in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," they also have it, and in French dramas, where the eloping wife comes back to her ruined home and tells the relieved family that she is in a galloping consumption. But there should be no slow music when Shakespeare is playing. It was particularly irritating in "King Lear," as the recognition scene is so highly keyed the least jar in the sentiment gets on your nerves maddeningly.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Warde did not play "King Lear" earlier in his engagement. It would then have been possible to tell the theatre-going public that there was something at the Baldwin worth seeing, and not to go squandering their money on things like "The Bicycle Girl" or "The Old Lime Kiln." Truthfully speaking, it is a long time since anything so good in the classic line has been given at the Baldwin, or at any other theatre here. Why so slender a house should have greeted it is a mystery, unless, alas! the West is getting Easternized. What an appalling outlook!—a future thick with farce-comedies and English variety shows. If only the people who liked that kind of performances would get up a theatre of their own, and have the farce-comedies and the extravaganzas confined to that one spot, so that one might be able to avoid them!

—A RUSSIAN BATH ESTABLISHMENT, TO BE conducted in connection with the swim, is being constructed at the Lurline Baths. All modern improvements will be included, among which will be the needle shower, and it is intended to make this one of the finest establishments of the kind in the city, if not the finest. The extreme popularity which these baths have enjoyed will undoubtedly be increased by this improvement.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

PERUVIAN POSTAL WAYS.

There is a chaste joy about doing business with the post-office in Peru. It could not be more so if it were pursued around six blocks, and finally overtaken. In the first place, you know what you want—which is not always so, in this world haunted by the penumbra of dubitation. In the second place, you know you won't get it—which is another clear gain. There is, therefore, room for neither wavering nor disappointment. In fact, it would be too tame, were there not always the element of doubt whether your hands will be stained with the blood of the *dependiente* this time, or not till next.

You go in to the Administration and demand of the clerk: "Are there letters mine?"

You have been getting your letters there for six months, and have fed him a small fortune in cigars at sixty centavos each; but now he looks at you with unpromised eye, and asks formally: "In what name, señor?"

"In my name, and see how you like it! Juan Smith."

He falls into a pigeon-hole, and pulls it in behind his senses.

"Here! You are looking in the Z's. Look in Essie! Essie, Emmie, Ee, Tay, Atche—Smith, I tell you."

"Ah! Two thousand pardons, señor! No hay cartas de Smeeth-th."

"You're another—there's ooe in your hand! Don't I know my wife's handwriting?"

"Pero, señor! That is of J. Smeeth-th, Ay, Essie, Coo." [J. Smith, Esq.]

"Well, don't Hota stand for Juan, you mure-kinds-of-a-Peruviao than any other man now extant? Hota, Oo, Ah, Ennie—Juan. Gimme it!"

"Pues, señor; this is irregular! You ask for Juan Smeeth-th, and then you demand also those of J. Smeeth-th, Ay, Essie, Coo. Is he *pariente de Ud?*"

"It's me, I tell you!"

"But, señor! How shall one have two names? Are you a refugee from justice? I must ask the Señor Director about this."

"Ask nothing! If you don't give me that letter Pay, Day, Coo, I'll make you think the Chileans have got back. Steamer-day only ooce a week, and then have to wait another week oo you? Not hy a—say, have a good cigar, and give me that letter."

"Ah, señor! You are very amable! Mil gracias! I will smoke to your honnr. You have always the best *habanos*. As for the letter, I may be flamed, but—take it, *pues*. If you had another cigar, perhaps the Señor Director would not denounce me. *Gracias*, señor! That you may live a thousand years."

"Caracoles! I'd have to, if I expected to depend always on a Peruvian post-office. Why, break your neck! There's another—and another! Can't you read? Juan Smith, as plain as mud!"

"Ah-h-h-y! Are those of you, señor? Excuse! I understood it was only for those of Hota Smeeth-th you asked. Here are six of Juan Smeeth-th, it is true. But how was I to know they were of you?"

At this point it is much better to leave, and come again in the middle of the week for the rest of your mail. It is more prudent. They do not hang in Peru; but, I believe, the penitentiary is even slower than the post-office.—Puck.

L. B. Morgan, of Tullahoma, Teon., was shot, a few days ago, by Henry Holder, and was saved from being killed by a copy of a newspaper which was folded in his left breast-pocket. The ball passed through the paper and grazed the skin. Now is the time to subscribe.

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THE WICKLOW POSTMAN!
John L. Sullivan, Champion for 12 years, and Paddy Ryan, ex-Champion of America, will appear in a 3-round Exhibition of Boxing, introduced by C. E. (Parson) Davies
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ONDRICEK,
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ISIDORE LUCKSTONE, Pianist.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Another Hoyt Farce-Comedy.

"A Milk-White Flag" comes to the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. It is one of the newest of Charles Hoyt's farce-comedies, and is a satire on militia organizations. The plot, such as it is, turns on the efforts of the Ransome Guards to outdo a rival company of amateur soldiers in the way of a military funeral, and the corpse, in the person of one Piggott Luce, proves to be very much alive. Another prominent personage is a coal-dealer, who prides himself on his ability as a general because "Napoleon looked like him." This character will be taken by Charles Stanley, and others in the cast are Frank Lawton, who whistles so cleverly, Lloyd Wilson, George Beane, and Claressie Agnew. A full brass band, a drum and fife corps, and a band of black-stockinged vivandieres are features of the show.

The New Place of Amusement.

The Auditorium is coming to the fore as a place of amusement under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. The Sousa concerts were a tremendous success. On the first night the house was crowded to the top, and a number of theatre-parties gave the concerts the stamp of fashionable approval. The series was so popular that an extra concert was crowded in on Sunday afternoon.

Now Anna Eva Fay is filling the unpretentious but comfortable theatre. She is giving an exhibition of hypnotic and other mysterious powers, and accomplishes several feats that seem utterly inexplicable. Miss Fay's engagement began last Tuesday evening, and will end with her performance of Wednesday night of next week.

Robert J. Burdette, the famous American humorist, will be the next attraction at the Auditorium. He is on a lecturing tour, and this will be his first appearance in this city in ten years. After him comes Bristol's Eques-Curriculum, a school of educated horses, and it will be followed by other interesting entertainments.

"The Silver King" to be Revived.

The great scene in the fourth act of "The Midnight Flood," in which the villain breaks a dam and lets the waters of a reservoir deluge a village in order to drown his enemy, who is in prison there, has been rousing the audience of Morosco's Grand Opera House to a fine pitch of enthusiasm during the past week. The play is a melodrama of the old school, with a full share of villainous plotting and heroics from the hero, but this one scene gives it strong individuality. "The Midnight Flood" will be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and on Sunday night.

"The Silver King," the model of the more modern melodrama, will be presented on Monday night. Darrell Vinton will have the rôle of Wilfred Denver, Fred J. Butler will be Captain Skinner, known as "The Spider," Essie Tittell will be Nellie Denver, Julia Blanc will be "The Spider's" wife, and the remaining characters will be in the hands of E. J. Holden, Frank Hatch, J. Harry Benimo, Charles E. Lothian, Charles W. Swain, Florence Thropp, Minnie Russell, Minnie Cook, and other members of the company.

Comic Opera at the Tivoli.

"Rip Van Winkle" has had a successful week at the Tivoli Opera House, but it will be withdrawn after Sunday night, and on Monday "The Hoolah" will be revived. This is to take advantage of Fanny Liddiard's last opportunity to appear at the Tivoli, for she will leave for New York in the following week to join Rice's forces. She will appear as Koukoul, and Ferris Hartman will have the title-rôle. The others in the cast will be Kate Marchi, Carrie Roma, Jennie Stockmeyer, John J. Raffael, W. H. West, Martin Pache, and Arthur Boyce. The opera will be elaborately mounted, with new costumes and scenery and some new dances.

"The Hoolah" will be followed by a revival of "Maritana" for one week, and then "Said Pasha" will be presented.

Irish Drama, with Sullivan on the Side.

It is difficult to say just what "A Railroad Ticket," now at the Columbia Theatre, is, but there can be no doubt of its ability to keep the audience amused. Eugene Canfield, who used to be in "A Rag Baby" and other Hoyt farces, is the principal fun-maker, and his tricks, though not all new, keep the spectators in a laugh pretty much all the time he is on the stage. Bradbury, too, is an old acquaintance; he used to be with Nellie McHenry some years ago. Sallie Stembler is the leading actress of the company.

"The Wicklow Postman" is the Columbia's attraction for next week. It is an Irish play, said to be cast on novel lines, and Eugene O'Rourke has the central rôle. But no small share of the play's drawing power is due to the appearance of John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion pugilist of the world, and Paddy Ryan, whom he deposed from the pedestal in 1882, in a "friendly exhibi-

tion," the two celebrities being introduced by "Parson" Davies.

Notes.

Yvette Guilbert told a Paris *Figaro* reporter that the profits of her American tour were 170,000 francs.

To-night, March 7th, is the date set for the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in London.

William A. Brady has secured the Pacific Coast rights of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and has engaged Eddie Foy to appear in it. It will soon be seen in this city.

"Sindbad," in a revised and glorified form, is coming to the Columbia Theatre in the near future. There are one hundred persons in the company, and the Chicago press praises the new version highly.

The California Theatre will be closed next week. On Monday, March 16th, Edwin Milton Royle begins a two weeks' engagement in "Mexico" and "Friends," and he will be followed by Peter Dailey in "The Night Clerk" and, later, Primrose and West's Minstrels.

Among the new "stars" for next year are to be Maud Adams, of John Drew's company; Georgia Cayvan, who has recovered from the illness that prevented her starting tour this year; and Henry Miller and Herbert Kelcey, who leave the Empire Theatre and Lyceum companies, respectively.

Calvé is, this year, the best paid of the singers in the Metropolitan Opera Company, getting more than Melba or even Jean de Reszké. For next season she has an offer from an American manager of two thousand four hundred dollars a night for fifty performances of "Carmen" throughout the country.

The Daly Company will present a long repertoire during their engagement at the Baldwin Theatre. It will include "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Hunchback," "The Railroad of Love," "The School for Scandal," and their latest Shakespearean revival, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Pudd'nhead Wilson," Frank Mayo's dramatization of "Mark Twain's" story, which will soon be seen at the Columbia Theatre, is being cleverly advertised. There are a number of very plain lithographs scattered about town, bearing in easily legible type the curious chunks of worldly wisdom which, as "extracts from the diary of Pudd'nhead Wilson," served as epigraphs for the novel.

The Bostonians celebrated the two-thousandth performance of "Robin Hood" last week in New York. Of the original cast which appeared in Chicago at the first performance five years ago, there remain Henry Clay Barnabee, W. H. MacDonald, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, and Jessie Bartlett Davis. The soprano rôle, Maid Marion, which was created by Marie Stone, has been sung by no less than seventeen prima donnas. Among the most distinguished of these have been Camille d'Arville, Caroline Hamilton, Marguerite Reid, and Helen Bertram-Henley, who now sings the part.

Sibyl Sanderson will be the last of the prima donnas to sing in the Roman Catholic churches of Paris—for some time to come, at least. It has long been the custom for Alboni, Mme. Carvalho, and other great singers to give their services to the churches, but the custom has drawn greater and greater crowds of people attracted only by the music, and they have become a disturbing element in the congregation. This culminated, a few Sundays ago, when Sibyl Sanderson sang in Notre Dame de Loretto, in quarreling and even loud swearing during the service, and the result is that the Archbishop of Paris has resolved to enforce the canonical regulation forbidding female vocalists to sing in churches.

When "The Rivals" was given at the Coudock benefit in New York last year, there was a rumor that one hundred thousand dollars had been offered to the company for a tour of four weeks. The cast was, in part, as follows:

Bob Acres, Joseph Jefferson; Sir Anthony Absolute, William H. Crane; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Nat C. Goodwin; David, Francis Wilson; Captain Absolute, Robert Taber; Faulkland, Joseph Holland; Fag, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. John Drew; Lydia Langlish, Julia Marlowe-Taber.

The above persons, with Lotta to play the rôle of Susan, have been engaged by C. B. Jefferson and Joseph Brooks to give thirty-one performances between May 4th and the first of June. They will appear in twenty-eight different cities and live in a special Pullman train. Just what the managers' expenses will be is not known, but it will cost the public five dollars a seat to see the performance.

A New York school-boy met with a curious accident during the recent cold weather there. He slipped on the icy pavement, striking his head on the iron cover of a coal-hole, and was slightly stunned. When he attempted to rise, he found that his tongue had frozen to the iron. He was released by pouring hot Scotches, procured from a neighboring saloon, on the frozen member.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Her Horrible Slang.

She held a daisy in her hand
And plucked its petals one by one;
As fair a picture was she then
As e'er was shone on hy the sun.
The rude young man who, unawares,
Approached her, nearly had a fit,
To hear her rose-leaf lips enunciate:
"He loves me—loves me nit."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Written by a Chicago Girl of 15.

Kiss me, sweetheart, tender and true;
Kiss me, sweetheart, for I love you.
Kiss me, dear, in thy own sweet way;
Kiss me at eve, kiss me by day.
Kiss me when you are sorry and sad,
Kiss me when you are happy and glad;
Kiss me in pleasure or in pain,
Oh, kiss me, dearest, once and again.
Kiss me whatever your mood may be,
For in all true love kisses are free.
Kiss me, darling, just as you please,
I will not blush and stammer to tease.
But kiss me oft, sweetheart, I pray,
Kiss me, love, in thine own sweet way.
Kiss me gently, kiss me good,
Kiss in a way to be understood.
Kiss me at morn, at noon, at night,
Kiss me whenever you think it right.

—Buffalo Express.

The Maiden's Soliloquy.

To love, or not to love? that is the question:
Whether it is better, in the end, to suffer off and on the pangs of jealousy,
Or, by remaining adamant, escape it.
To love, to be unhappy, very oft; and, by being unhappy, to shorten our lives by years.
There is a consummation devoutly to be wished:
For who would stand the fickleness of men,
The old man's jealousy, the young man's tyranny,
When she herself might so much happier be by remaining single?
Who would these fardels bear, to give up all that girls hold dear,
But that the dread of being an old maid,
With unkind epigrams bestowed upon her.
Causes her to pause, and make herself attractive ere it is too late?—*New York Sun.*

This story of a prize "hoodoo" is told by the *New York Sun*: "A Warsaw lady recently engaged a quiet, respectable-looking girl of sixteen to look after her eighteen-month-old baby. As soon as he saw the nurse, the child was frightened into convulsions; the girl was asked to go into another room, where the master of the house was entertaining half a dozen guests. On her entering the room, a standard lamp on the table blazed up to the ceiling, three large oil-paintings fell down from the wall, and a large barometer flew across the room and was smashed. The girl was not alarmed, and admitted that such accidents happened frequently when she was present. She is a pale, slight girl, who suffers from insomnia."

Victor Emanuel's grandson, Count Victor de Millefiori, who died a fortnight ago at Nervi, was a brilliant cavalry officer. That king was proud of the ruddy health and the strong frames of Rosita's children. They contrasted in these respects with the extremely plain family that Queen Adelaide left him. But somehow they did not bear the wear and tear of life so well. All are now dead save the Marchesa Spinola. Rosita was a powerfully built, handsome woman, the daughter of a park-ranger at Stupinigi.

It is a curious fact that extreme old age, when not accompanied by collegiate education, ends up in poor-houses with amazing regularity.

Telegram from Russia:

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Ordered by the Court Physicians.

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H.I.M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

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VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent writes from San Francisco to *Vogue*, the New York fashion paper, saying: "In June next, I am to become a Benedict. The wedding will take place at a country home in one of California's most beautiful valleys. It is to be a lawn-wedding. There will be about five hundred invited; a special car to carry them from San Francisco. Will you suggest to me how I should dress for the occasion, also how the best man should dress? Should we wear hats? If so, what kind?" *Vogue* replies that "there is only one conventional dress for groom, best man, and ushers—frock-coat, single or double-breasted waistcoat, dark gray striped trousers, white Ascot or puff tie, tie-pin, white gloves, patent-leather shoes, high collar and white shirt. All carry high hats if the wedding is in the open air. If in the house, the hats are laid aside. During the ceremony, if outdoors, the best man holds his own and the groom's hats. The ushers hold their own." *Vogue* further advises that "the ceremony be performed on the lawn at an improvised bower covered with greens and flowers. The collation had better be served at small tables on the lawn." *Vogue* further suggests that "on the journey a light luncheon be served by waiters. There should be a smoking-car for the men, cigars in abundance, and when the collation is served on the lawn, there should be small tables, any number of waiters, and no end of champagne"—to which the guests will doubtless say "Amen." Who is this San Francisco man who is about to become a Benedict and have a lawn-wedding?

At the close of the New York season, Mrs. Astor and Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave balls, at which the cotillion favors were very pretty. Mrs. John Jacob Astor's guests received a number of the dainty little silver trifles so much the rage now. There was no great intrinsic value attached to them, but they were very pretty, and valuable enough to be kept as souvenirs. Among the silver favors were hand-mirrors and photo-frames. Other favors were stuffed birds of brilliant plumage perched on sticks tied with broad ribbon bows; others were satin banoers embroidered with the Astor monogram. A May-pole, with the streamers all of roses, with the smartly gowned womeo dancing under the lines of flowers, made a beautiful picture.

The style of neckwear in the United States is said to be set by Harvard. The yellow and green and pink impressionist ties which are in the shop-windows this year were affected by the Harvard men. The high tured-over Eton collar was also started by them. So, too, was the plaid or tartan tie. In short, Harvard has much to answer for. But her eccentricities in neckwear are followed only by the very advanced.

There is given every year in Paris at this season a ball called the "Bal des Gens de Maison." It consists of the upper servants of the aristocracy. The president is M. Picard, who is butler in a noble family. The ball was a very swell affair, the men being all in evening-clothes, while many of the women were adorned with magnificent jewels and laces lnaoed them by their mistresses. A feature of the entertainment which must cause a smile is the fact that these servants take precedence according to the ranks of their employers, dukes preceding marquises, and marquises preceding counts. As for the servants who are in the employ of commoners, they come at the tail end of the processioo. At this ball the servants are in the habit of applying to each other the titles of their masters and mistresses. This is reminiscent of Thackeray's Yellowplush.

There is a church called St. Sebastian, at Woodside, on Loog Island, not far from New York, which is "all torn up" by reason of a high-kicking act by Miss Marion Edith Wadsworth Loogfellow, who is related to the poet. An entertainment was to be given toward the building fund of St. Sebastian, and Marinn Loogfellow was put down for a Spanish dance. When the strains of Carmecita's daoce struck up, a lithe figure clad in black and yellow tripped out oo the stage. The yellow skirt came slightly below the knees, and in her hand she carried a tambourine fastened with black and yellow ribbons. Oo her feet were tiny black slippers tied with big black bows. As the dance progressed, Miss Marion elevated her tambourine and began kicking it. St. Sebastiao was shocked. Father Gannon, the pastor of the congregatioo, has been ever since endeavoring to settle the rupture in his flock, but unsuccessfully.

That long-standing ousance, the theatre-hat, has defied all attempts at regulatinn in the United States. But light is breaking at last. The Tabor Grand Opera House in Deover, Colorado, is now controlled and managed by receivers under the direction of the District Court. These receivers have no obligations toward the public, and, like receivers who run railroads, they share in the opinion of Vanderbilt—"the public be d—d." They have issued an order requirig all women attending the opera-house to remove bonnets, hats, and all other

head paraphernalia. As it is now, a woman who wears anything of the kind in the Tabor Grand Opera House is guilty of contempt of court. Theatrical managers have always maintained that if they made such a regulatinn the womeo would stay away, but they are not staying away from the Tabor Grand Opera House.

Mr. Hall Caioe, who was recently in the United States, says of Americao women: "They are superior intellectually to the men. This has come about as a consequence of the American mao's putting the American woman oo a pedestal and worshipping her. He has stayed below the pedestal and worked for her, not having time to cultivate his mind and manners while he so worked. But she has had plenty of time, and she has made the best use of it. I consider that the reverse is the case in England. The average Englishman is superior to the average Englishwoman in intelligence and education. In America, the women have known their own value, and set it rather high for a couple of georations at least." This is the result of the pedestal worship of the American men. Do the American women appreciate the attitude of the American men toward them? It is doubtful.

America heiresses who are interested in securing foreign titles will be glad to know that there are a number of aristocrats in France working at lowly occupations for a living. A Marquis de Beaumanoir is carrying grist to a mill near Nantes. A Vicomte de St. Megrin is driving a cab in Paris. A Comte de St. Pal is a clerk in the Paris Gas Company at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. A Comte d'Anteroche is serving as a *gendarme*. A Marquis de Poligoy is an omnibus-conductor in Paris. A Duke of Alcaotara is selling soap in a bazaar at Marseilles. A Paris correspondent of *Londoo Truth* writes that he has a mao-servant named Emile who is a genuine marquis and head of ooe of the oldest families in Brittaoy. Unfortunately, Emile would be of no use to America heiresses, because he fell in love with a distressed widow with a ready-made family, and married her.

Prnbably one of the most curious sights in the dancing line was that witnessed in one of the public schools in New York a week or two ago, when a copy of the Stuart portrait of Washington was presented to the school. Miss Wahlen, the principal, had six hundred girls dressed in imitation of the garb of Martha Washington, and an equal number of boys in knee-breeches and ruffled coats, with powdered hair, who went through a graceful minuet. The spectacle of these twelve hundred boys and girls going through the dances of a hundred years ago, in the garb of a hundred years ago, was said to have been most unique. The sight was witnessed by the board of education and other invited guests.

In the House of Commons, the members wear their high hats nearly all the time. The way that you can tell a man who is a ooo-member is the lobbies, where there are georally several hundred men standing around, is by the oon-member going uocovered; if he forgets himself and puts oo his hat, an atteodaot comes up to him and says: "Beg pardoo, but only members are allowed to keep oo their hats." So he must at ooce show his inferiority by doffing his tile.

It looks as if men were going to wear more polychromatic shirts than ever. The advanced dressers are eveo wearing bright yellows and intense greens. Nearly all of the colored shirts are made with white collars. This spring and summer white collars in flannel and silk shirts will be worn. The look of a flannel or silk collar has never pleased the "dressy" meo. Colored shirts may now be worn at all times except with evening-dress. The particularly advanced dressers are oow having club, ascot, and four-in-hand ties made of the same material as their shirts, and matching them in color. This is considered very "smart." The waistcoats for evening wear are cut very low. White waistcoats are much worn, and smoked-pearl buttons are used with these, the favorite shape being double-breasted. The brown derby hat will come in with the spring. The gray, black, and brown "Homburg" or "Alpioe" or "Fédra" hat, as it is variously called, seems to be going out, and the stiff hat coming in. The russet or tan shoes seem also to be going out, and men are wearing thick, black leather boots with rounded toes. Pointed toes are going out. Patent-leather shoes of the same shape are worn for dress. The russet or tan shoes will, however, retain their popularity for country wear. They oever have been particularly acceptable in the city.

The Paris correspondent of *Harper's Bazar* remarks that there has been a very successful ball in the American colony there. Successful balls, she says, are rare for two reasons. In the first place, the Americao colony has always no foot in Paris and the other in Egypt, or Italy, or the Riviera, or Algiers. Then at a ball there must be plenty of dancing-meo, and the dancing-man is rare in Paris in the American colony. Most of the young men there are doing something, or

studying something, and they won't go out. It is a fact that in Paris in the Americao colony men are more sought for among the Americans than they are eveo in American cities.

There are many novelties shown this year in the line of shoes and leggings for bicycling ladies. The most popular apparently is that in which the boot and legging are combined in one. The fixings and trimmings are of patent leather, the toe is narrow and pointed, a narrow strip of leather runs up the back, the top is of Bedford cord cloth, and it is laced to the knee. The back is curved to fit the calf. It is often made with a narrow hair-clnth top, with foxings and trimmings of marnon leather. High boots will be much worn this season by womeo bicycling.

On the night of February 2nth, a Mardi-Gras masked ball was given in Londoo by Mr. Edwin Crackenthorpe at his beautiful house in Rutledge Gate. A masked ball is a very unusual eotertaiment in Londoo, hence this attracted much attention. As it was a leap-year affair, the gentlemen were invited to dance by the ladies. There was a slight literary tinge to the gathering, as may be gathered from the names of the guests, among whom were Lady Jeune, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mrs. Hodgsoo Burnett, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Clifford, Mr. Lahouchère, Miss Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Adriaio Pollock, Miss Gully, Miss du Maurier, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and others.

A story is told of a young Americao couple who took in Moote Carlo in their wedding-tour. The pair had not been there three hours when Edwin discovered, to his horror, that his Angelina had become a confirmed gambler. Nothing could tear her from the tables. When he refused to supply further funds, the lady promptly parted with some of the costliest jewels in her trousseau. Moreover, she became intimately acquainted with some of the *bonarobas* who frequent the tables, and whose acquaintance is anything but desirable for a bride. She cultivated them for the purpose of learning their "systems," by which she hoped to win a vast fortune. But Edwin noticed that they generally borrowed a hundred francs from his bride after having expounded their "systems," and that they always forgot to repay these loans. Such was the rancor engendered by the quarrels between this young couple that it finally came to an opeo fight, and the young lady decorated her husband's face with a number of long scratches. This may seem preposterous to those who have not been in Moote Carlo, but those who have, and who have noticed the gambler's greed which shines in the faces of otherwise attractive and refined women, will not be surprised at anything.

The law respecting folding-beds, as recently handed down by a Maine court, is *caveat dormitor*—let the sleeper be oo his guard. In the case in question, the folding-bed folded and caught a man. The seller of the bed was sued for twenty-five thousand dollars damages, but the decision was in every particular favorable to the defendant. If the folding-bed has come to stay, there is demand for an anti-falder that can be applied to any folding-bed in the interest of longevity.

A toe-post is an English bantmaker's ingenious device for correctiog distortioos in the feet of men and womeo. It is a thin, vertical steel plate, covered with leather, which rises from the inside of the sole, and separates the great toe from the tne next to it, thus correcting the tendency of the great toe to become twisted round. Of course hosiery having a separate compartment for the great toe is also necessary.

A proposal to exclude from the army, the legislature, and municipal office all persons whose fathers and grandfathers were not citizens, is before the French Chamber of Deputies. The rule would have kept out Napleonn Bonaparte and Gambetta. A law admitting only the children of French citizens to the civil service is also under consideration.

A law but little removed from barbarism has been permitted to remain a statute of the District of Columbia. It gives a father power to dispose of his children by will, removing them entirely from the custody and control of their mother. The attention of Congress has been called to this matter, and the law will be wiped out.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On one occasion an actress grew tempestuous with Perrin, the Parisian manager, and gave him a stormy quarter of an hour. "And what did you do, my dear Perrin?" asked Febvre. "I said nothing—and watched her grow old."

A stranger approached ex-Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, recently with extended hand, and said: "Your face is familiar; where in hell did I meet you?" "I don't know," replied the ex-governor; "what part of hell are you from?"

Professor Jowett's comments on the young men in Balliol often took the form of crushing sarcasms. "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you," he once said; "perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself." After a lengthy survey of one's person, as if one was some rare animal, he has been known to ask of the instructor: "Mr. A. is an intelligent young man, is he not, Mr. Y.?"

A new piece was to be put on at one of the Paris theatres, and the company were all assembled, when Marshal Canrobert entered and greeted them. A bright actress explained that they were about to try a new piece, adding that they were all "so frightened." "How?" asked the marshal, pursing his brows with a puzzled air. "Sure enough!" murmured the actress, as if aside, to herself; then to the servant: "Gabriel, bring a dictionary for the marshal."

Many years ago Barney Barnato rented a little house in one of the frontier towns of South Africa. Barney spent considerable in improving the house, but he quarreled with his landlord and decided to move. By inserting the following advertisement in the local paper, the prospective millionaire in some measure got even with his landlord: "Wanted, by a gentleman who agreed to leave dwelling occupied by him in condition in which he found it, 100,000 lively black beetles." Then followed Barney's name and address.

Cardinal Bonaparte, who died recently, was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte. He was a very charitable man. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him and said that a poor person at the door begged for alms. "Give him what money you will find in my purse," said the cardinal. "There is no money, eminence." "Well, then, give him a silver spoon." "The silver spoons are all given away. We have nothing left but pewter spoons." "Well, bring him in and give him a good meal."

The Rev. Samuel E. Pearson, of Portland, Me., was a witness in a divorce case the other day. "Mr. Pearson," asked the judge, "were you on this bench in my place and acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?" "Most certainly, your honor," replied the minister. "But how do you reconcile this statement with the injunction, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder'?" "Your honor, I am satisfied that the Lord never joined this couple," replied the clergyman.

When Agassiz was at Heidelberg, an insult to the Swiss clan of which he was the president was considered so serious among the students that a challenge was sent by Agassiz to the German club. The German students chose one of their best swordsmen to meet him. Agassiz, however, would not accept such conditions, but said, proudly: "It is not with one of you that I want to fight, but with all, one after another." They marched to the chosen ground, and in a few minutes four German students had received sword cuts on their faces; then the others offered honorable peace and made an apology.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales wanted to give Frédéric Febvre, the noted French actor, some testimonial of appreciation, and consulted his companion in the box. "I can't buy him something; that would be banal. Do you think he would like to have my cane?" It was decided that the cane would do; so, stepping to the greenroom, the prince paid the actor a few compliments on the English part he was playing, and begged him to accept the cane, saying it had seldom left him for ten years past. He added that he hoped to see the cane with Febvre on the stage. The incident was reported, and Febvre spent the following day dismissing a queue of Englishmen who invaded his lodgings trying to buy the cane. Afterward, when giving private entertainments in London, he repeatedly heard himself identified by the remark made in the audience, "He's the one that got the cane."

An American clergyman whose dream it had been to visit England, crossed the ocean at last for his ten weeks' vacation. For a fortnight he enjoyed going about alone from place to place, seeing the sights, but he soon became lonely and then homesick. One Saturday morning, he started out

for a long walk, having no plan for the morning's recreation. He penetrated far into the wide reaches of the East End. There were crowds of men, women, and children wherever he went, but not a face that he had ever seen before or would ever see again. Turning from the busier streets, he found a narrow lane, and sat down on the stone step of a dreary tenement-house. While he was sitting there, he heard a child's sobbing voice from the open hallway behind him. Looking around, he saw a little urchin crying as though his heart would break. "What is the matter, my little fellow?" asked the clergyman, in his gentlest tone. "Homesick, sir," said the child; "since mother died I have had no home. I don't seem to belong to anybody. I want some one to talk to." "Well, lad, there are two of us. I am very lonely, too." "But haven't you a home anywhere?" "Yes, but it is a long way off, across the sea." "Why don't you go back to it? If I only had a home I would never leave it." The lonely minister, who had found his vacation in the awful solitude of London unutterably depressing, did not have an answer ready. But his heart went out to the homeless little waif. He took the child out of the empty house, obtained decent clothes for him at a charitable institution, paid board for him at a lodging-house, and finally carried him to America at the end of the vacation.

LENTEN LYRICS.

A Lenten Ballad.

(With apologies to Mr. Dobson.)

The ladies of St. James's
Are charitably bent,
And practice self-denial
For forty days in Lent.
But Falla, my Falla!
Who has no creed, I fear,
Nor sitting at St. James's,
Is kind throughout the year.

The ladies of St. James's
To sewing-circles go,
And pick the rector's daughters
To pieces as they sew.
But Falla, my Falla!
Finds more important cares—
She stays at home to set a patch
And mind her own affairs.

The ladies of St. James's
In softly cushioned pews
Devotely kneel to bless them,
Their minds on sleeves and shoes;
But Falla, my Falla!
Of rites who little knows,
Forgets herself and blesses all,
Nor thinks of furbelows.

The ladies of St. James's
Are trained of throat and tongue,
Yet, somehow, their responses
Are very badly sung.
But Falla, my Falla!
In notes and staves entangled,
Can trill the quaintest catches
With real music fraught.

The ladies of St. James's
Make very rude remarks
About their gowns, when passing
The ladies of St. Mark's.
But Falla, my Falla!
As a true woman should,
Looks underneath the surface
To find the pure and good.

The ladies of St. James's
They put their sackcloth on
For each brief Lenten season,
And sin again, anon.
But Falla, my Falla!
Has nothing to repent,
She makes each day a Shrove-tide
And never comes to Lent.

My Falla! My Falla!
They may be fair of face,
But all that make St. James's
Have fallen far from grace.
They take their lip-devotion
Where all the world may see,
But Falla—my Falla!
Does right for only me!

—Edward W. Barnard in Puck.

Lent.

Each morning now the Lenten bells
Make music in the steeple;
The avenues are swelled with swells
The dear do-nothing people:
Society—the rich and great—
Relaxing from their labors,
Now gathers at the church's gate
And meets its modest neighbors.

The women who, a month ago
Dressed somewhat over-tightly—
Whose pretty faces used to glow
At halls and suppers nightly—
Now clad in very sombre stuff
Go forth to prayers demurely,
Upon their bodies clothes enough
To keep them warm securely.

The men who nothing did but dance
At all the gay cotillions,
For forty days now have a chance
To balance up their millions;
And while the sweethearts and the wives
Attend the service formal,
The men are heedless of their lives
So long as stocks are normal.

And thus it is that Lent goes past:

The doughter goes on doughting;
The fast one has a chance to fast;
And get a moral outing;
The good ones go the goodly way;
The sinner keeps on sinning;
The preacher preaches twice a day
And has his decent ining.

—Felix Carmen in Life.

Inventors. Take Notice.

Wanted: A plan, by maid or man—
Pray send it in as soon as you can—
By which Miss Prue, good and devout,
Can keep her mind from wandering out
Towards romp and rout,
When it should stay,
This Lenten day,
Within the pew
With Prue!—Bazar.

At the Coming In of Lent.

Dark and distant seems the hall-room
To my lady's gloomy view,
As she sits within her small room
Draped with dim, despondent blue.
Now in "sackcloth and in ashes"
Must the dreary days be spent;
Downcast are my lady's lashes
At the coming in of Lent.

Gay was she at heart aforetime
As the blithest bird that sings;
Now for her, alas! no more time
Flies with morning-tinted wings;
For when'er the church bell tinkles
Must the prayerful knee be bent;
How my lady's forehead wrinkles
At the coming in of Lent!

Over charities she hovers,
And (O grievous words to pen!)
She denies herself her lovers—
(Only think of it, ye men!)
All save one—and he confesses
That he's very well content,
And his fate and fortune blesses
At the coming in of Lent.

—Clinton Scollard in Truth.

A detailed report on the High Sierra of California lying between the Yosemite Valley and the King's River Cañon, with maps and photographs, the result of the donor's observations in 1892, 1894, and 1895, was presented to the Sierra Club, a fortnight ago, by Mr. T. S. Solomons, and at the same time Professor J. N. Le Conte gave the club a revised map of the High Sierra, which will be published in time for use by the members next summer. The Sierra Club is taking on a new and commendable activity, and an extension of membership is desired. There is no initiation fee and the dues are only three dollars a year. The secretary's assistant will hereafter be in attendance at the club's rooms in the Academy of Sciences Building every Saturday from 11.30 A. M. to 12.30 P. M.

Many tales are told of the delightful simplicity of President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic. After an interview with him, an English missionary asked Dr. Leyds, the secretary of state, if the president really knew no English. "If you are praising him or speaking well of the Transvaal, he knows no English," said the doctor; "but if you are speaking ill of him, or saying anything against the Transvaal, he knows every word you say." The president's piety is deep and simple. He once consented to open a Hebrew synagogue in Johannesburg and closed an address with these words: "And so I consecrate this building to the worship of the Triune God." This almost created a split in the congregation, many thinking the temple had been desecrated.

"Dentists in Vienna," writes Barry Pain, "are forming a society which has for its object a course of mutual instruction in light anecdotes and pleasing conversation for professional hours. Trained to be cheerful! Taught to amuse! It's a terrible thought. I object to the cheerful dentist. It has always seemed to me a very poor kind of sympathy to joke with those who weep. When I go to a dentist, I do not desire to be amused. But you can't help it. It's a tradition of the profession. Even the gas is laughing-gas."

John Stemme, the New York millionaire whose purchase of a granite obelisk for a mortuary monument was noticed some time ago, has had his name translated into Egyptian hieroglyphics. It takes fourteen ancient characters to represent Mr. Stemme's name. The obelisk when set up will be sixty-five feet high, and is to be capped with a gilded pyramid.

Stop, Thief!

Stop a small malady, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of waning vitality is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews vigor, flesh, and nerve quietude because it restores activity to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and biliousness.

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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SOCIETY.

The Bahcock-Favre Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. K. B. Favre and Mr. Harry Bahcock, both of this city. Mrs. Favre is a sister of Mrs. I. Lawrence Pnol, of this city. Mr. Bahcock is a son of the late William Babcock and brother of Mrs. Charles B. Brigham and Mrs. George M. Stoney, and of Mr. William Babcock, who was married last summer to Mrs. Beck, at New Loodno, Cooo. The date of the wedding has not been set.

McQuesten-Rountree.

The wedding of Miss Laura S. Rountree and Dr. Charles A. McQuesten took place last Saturday noon at the home of the bride, 1623 Central Avenue, Alameda. The bride is the twin-daughter of Mr. James O. Rountree, and the groom is a physician who formerly practiced here, but recently removed to Alameda. Only relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Frank Brush, of the Presbyterian Church. After a wedding-breakfast, the newly wedded couple departed for a Southern trip. They will reside in Alameda.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Hannah Neil Williams and Mr. Walter Scott Hohart will, in all probability, be one of the first of the Easter marriages.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jessie Farnum to Mr. Edward Spaulding. Miss Farnum is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Farnum, and Mr. Spaulding is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Spaulding, of Oakland.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Robert A. McLean, the marriage she was to have given was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Walter S. Hohart gave a dinner-party at his residence on the evening that he announced his engagement to Miss Hannah Williams. The others present were Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Belle McKenna, Miss Jessie Hohart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice Hoffman, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Vassault, Miss Aosa Head, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. H. L. Stetson, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, and Mr. Frederick McNear.

Miss Alice Ann Clark gave a concert-party last Saturday evening at the Auditorium. After enjoying the music of Snusa's Band, an elaborate supper was served at Miss Clark's residence on Broadway. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Laura McKinsty, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Nellie Chahot, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Belle Clark, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. George F. Davidsoo, and Mr. Tarn McGrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier gave a breakfast last Saturday at their residence, 2524 Broadway, in honor of Ignace Jan Paderewski. The others present were Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Hager, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Mr. M. D. Marsick, the violinist, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. Gorlitz.

There was a steeple-chase race at the Burliogame Club grounds last Saturday for a gold and silver trophy, presented by Prince Luigi di Savoy. The prize was won by Mr. Henry R. Simpkins.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, formerly Miss Elizabeth Curtis, the artist, will give an exhibition this afternoon and also next Monday at the rooms of the Art Students' League, 8 Montgomery Avenue, of her recent portraits painted here and of sketches she made in Holland last summer.

Eleanor Calhoun has the second female rôle in Mrs. Langtry's London production of the American play, "Gossip," by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Knickerbocker Male Quartet.

The Knickerbocker Male Quartet, consisting of Mr. D. M. Lawrence, Mr. R. P. Evans, Mr. D. B. Crane, and Mr. L. A. Larsen, gave its third concert last Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, assisted by the Chicago Lady Quartet, comprising Miss Pearl Hodsoo, Miss Elizabeth Ludwig, Miss Gracie L. Dickie, and Mrs. Alice Merrill Raymond, and Miss Nettie M. Jackson, impersonator, and Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, pianist. A large audience was present, and enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

"Rosebud Fair," Macy, Knickerbocker Quartet; reading, "But Then," Ben King, Miss Nettie M. Jackson; solo, "Israel," Oliver King, Mr. R. P. Evans; "Ben Bolt," Kneass, Chicago Lady Quartet; "Tannhauser March," Wagner-Liszt, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy; "The Equinox," Kreutzer, Knickerbocker Quartet; solo, "Lieft Signor," Meyerheer, Miss Elizabeth Ludwig; Scotch songs, arranged by Mrs. Raymond, Chicago Lady Quartet; solo, "My Dreams," Tosti, Mr. D. M. Lawrence; reading, "Opinions of a Small Boy," Miss Nettie M. Jackson; solo, "Songs of Arah," Mrs. Alice Merrill Raymond; "Good-Night," Pinsuti, Chicago Lady Quartet.

Euterpe and Orpheus Quartets.

The second concert given by the Euterpe and Orpheus Quartets, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, took place at Beethoven Hall on Friday evening. The following programme was presented:

(a) "Peasant's Wedding March," Soedermann, (b) "Serenade," Max Vogrich, the Euterpe Quartet; "Where the Lindens Bloom," Buck, Mr. H. E. Medley; (a) "Retrospect" (first time), H. B. Pasmore, (b) "Serenade Badine," M. Gabriel, Miss Mary Pasmore; (a) "All Souls' Day," Lassen, (b) "Open Thou, My Love, Thy Blue Eyes," Massenet, Miss Elina C. Olsson; "An Old Romance," (a) "Oh, Fly With Me," (b) "There Came a Frost," (c) "Over Their Graves," Mendelssohn, the Orpheus Quartet; concert, etude in D flat, Liszt, Miss Helen Marshall Anderson; "Here's a Health," Pasmore (by special request), the Euterpe Quartet; "Walther's Dream Song," from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner, Mr. L. P. Rixford; quintet, from "Die Meistersinger," the Orpheus Quartet and Mr. L. P. Rixford; recit, "Armida," dispetata, aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga," Handel, Miss Edith Scott Waters; "In Spring Time," Aht, the Orpheus Quartet.

The University Glee Club.

The members of the University of California Glee Club gave a concert at the Auditorium last Monday evening, and were greeted by a large and fashionable audience. The programme presented comprised the following numbers:

"Estudiantina," Lacombe, Glee and Mandolin Clubs; "The Quaker," Harvard songs, Mr. Knight and the Glee Club; "Little Tommy," Macy, the Glee Club; contralto solo (Norwegian song), Loge, Mrs. Olive Reed; drinking songs, Yale songs, the Glee Club; "Vienna Forever," Schrammel, the Mandolin Club; "Off in the Stilly Night," arranged by J. H. Brewer, the Glee Club; "Ovum Fractum," J. K. Fryer, '96, the Glee Club; violin solo (caprice to Espagnole), Leonard, Charles E. Parcells; "If I but Knew," Wilson Smith, the Glee Club; "Requies de Espana Waltz," arranged by J. Lomharder, the Mandolin Club; "Show Me the Man, Sir," adapted, Mr. Wedemeyer and the Glee Club; "Lullaby," Hanscom, Mrs. Olive Reed and the Glee Club, violin obligato, Mr. Parcells; medley, Berkeley song, Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Rosewald Memorial Benefit.

For the benefit of the Rosewald Memorial Fund an entertainment was given at the Columbia Theatre on Friday afternoon, which attracted many friends of the dead violinist. The programme consisted of an illustrated musical lecture which had been written by Mr. Rosewald. The text was read by Professor Berard Moses, and the musical illustrations were read by Mr. Sigmund Beel, violin; Mr. Bernat Jaulus, viola; Mr. Frank Coffio, tenor; Miss Lillia Morey, mezzo-soprano; and Miss Ada E. Weigel, piano. The musical numbers were as follows:

Waltz, No. 1, Chopin de Ahua; "Funeral March," Papini; Reverie, Jensen; Scene and Romanza, Meyerheer; sextet from "Lucia," for violin solo, Leon de St. Luhn; Legende, Wieniawski; "The Lorelei," Liszt; "Erl King," Schubert; andante and rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns.

The Hughes Concert.

A concert was given by Mr. J. C. Hughes last Monday evening, at which the following programme was presented:

Aria, from "L'Ehreo," Apolloni, Mr. J. C. Hughes; song, "Delight," Luckstone, Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine; quartet, (a) "Morning Song," F. Hiller, (b) "Moonlight Bells," C. A. White, Clara Schumann Ladies' Quartet; cello solo, "Au Adelheid," Dotzauer, Signor A. Panella; song "Ritournelle," Chaminade, Miss Jeanette Wilcox; song, "The Distant Shore," Sullivan, Mr. David Manly; quartet, "I canta-Storie," Prusiti, Mrs. Priest-Fine, Miss Wilcox, Messrs. Manly and Hughes; cello solo, "Cavatina," Raff, Signor A. Panella; song, "Again My Gentle Lute," Gounod, Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine; quartet, "Annie Laurie," Buch, Clara Schumann Ladies' Quartet; song, "Across the Dee," Whitney-Combs, Miss Jeanette Wilcox; aria, "Honor and Arms," Handel, Mr. J. C. Hughes; duo, "Excelsior," Balfe, Messrs. Manly and Hughes; Mr. Emil Cruells, accompanist.

The Marsick Concert.

At the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night, Marsick, the violinist, will appear in a grand orchestral concert, assisted by an orchestra of forty, under the direction of Mr. August Hinrichs, and Mme. Palmer, who will render some vocal solos. The programme is the following:

Overture, "Im Hochland," Gade, orchestra; grand concerto, Op. 20, allegro moderato, Vieuxtemps, Marsick

and orchestra; cantabile from "Samson et Dalila," Saint-Saëns, Mrs. Ernest H. Palmer and orchestra; concerto, allegro molto appassionata, andante, allegro molto vivace, Mendelssohn, Marsick and orchestra; melody, Op. 8, No. 3, from "Chants du Voyageur," Paderewski, orchestra; song, "A Summer Night," A. Goring Thomas, Mrs. Ernest H. Palmer and orchestra; rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns, Marsick and orchestra; aragonaise from "Le Cid," Massenet, orchestra.

The unexpected death of Mrs. H. J. Stewart, which took place at her home on Hyde Street last Wednesday, is a blow that will be heavily felt in San Francisco. Mrs. Stewart held the diploma of the Paris Conservatory, and on her arrival in this city, nearly ten years ago and shortly after her marriage to Mr. H. J. Stewart, she and her husband at once took a prominent place in local musical and social circles. She was the organist of St. Francis's Church some time ago and later held a similar position in the temple of the Sheriff Israel, and few charitable entertainments in which music was a part have been given in this city in the past ten years to which she has not contributed her generous and efficient aid.

A course of modern art lectures is being given under the auspices of the Chanoig Auxiliary, by Mr. Wilbur A. Reaser, on Thursday afternoons at half-past three o'clock at the Auxiliary rooms. The first took place last Thursday, and was entitled "One Summer in the Footsteps of Daubigny." The others of the series are as follows: March 12th, "The Two Salons"; March 19th, "Dutch Art of Ten-Day"; March 26th, "What I saw in the Loodno Studios"; and April 2d, "The Coming Schools."

Frederick Keppel, of New York, whose name is known to all lovers of etchings throughout the country, delivered two illustrated lectures in the auditorium of the California Academy of Sciences this week. The first, on "Personal Sketches of Some Famous Etchers," was given on Thursday evening, and the second, on "Sir Seymour Haden, Painter-Etcher," took place last night. Both lectures were given under the auspices of the University of California.

The many friends in this city of Mrs. Caroline Green Noble will be pleased to learn that she was the honored guest last week at the reception of the Boston Press Club. Her readings were a feature of the evening, her original Southern sketches winning hearty applause. Later, Mrs. Noble appeared before the large audience of the Boston Art Club, one of the most cultured clubs of Boston.

Bicycle-snatching is a new form of crime developed in Paris. The wife of Forain, the caricaturist, was riding some distance ahead of her husband near the Porte Maillot recently, when two men stopped her, pulled her off her bicycle, and were making off with the machine when the husband caught up with them and had them arrested.

Hiram Maxim has fitted to a tricycle a machine with two Maxim guns, each weighing twenty-five pounds, and capable of firing six hundred shots per minute. Each machine carries a thousand rounds of ammunition. Mr. Maxim says that he is supplying these armed tricycles to some of the European armies.

"A Patriotic Hatter."

Mr. Marcus S. Harloe, who recently purchased the establishment of Sam Dixon, 237 Kearny Street, was the only hatter in town who observed Washington's Birthday. Mr. Harloe's loyalty to the stars and stripes has been frequently recorded during his exploits in Europe and Africa, and we ought to congratulate ourselves that we have such a citizen among us.

SOME TIME AGO WE MENTIONED THAT MR. ADOLPH HIRSCHMAN contemplated retirement from the retail jewelry business, and now the gentleman requests us to state that he is anxious to dispose of his extensive stock of diamonds and other precious stones, as well as watches, jewelry, and silverware in the shortest time. To accomplish this he is willing to sell regardless of cost. Mr. Hirschman carries in stock the finest of everything pertaining to a first-class jewelry establishment.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Ella Hohart and Miss Vassault will leave for New York city next week to meet Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester upon their return from Europe.

Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Baron and Baroness Hangelmilles, of Washington, D. C., went to Santa Cruz in a special car last Tuesday, and afterward went to Del Monte.

Mrs. Harry E. Hall returned to the city last Monday after a visit to her parents, General and Mrs. Cosh, in Sacramento.

Mrs. A. Chesebrough is visiting Mrs. George Bowers at Redlands for a few weeks.

Mr. Louis Hirsch has returned from a six months visit to Central America. Mrs. Hirsch is visiting relatives in Germany.

Mrs. George W. Gihhs is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have gone East, and while en route to New York will visit Salt Lake City, Denver, and the Yellowstone National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Morely Jackson have returned to Tacoma after a visit here to Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs returned from an Eastern trip last Wednesday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Frank Morrell Cox, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been promoted to be deputy paymaster-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Captain James R. Richards, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been retired from active service, on account of disability incident to the service.

Captain W. E. Hofman, U. S. A. retired, is now residing at Murietta, Riverside County, Cal.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon M. J. Rosenau, U. S. N., has assumed command of the Marine Hospital service in San Francisco.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon C. T. Peckham, U. S. N., has been ordered to Port Townsend, Wash., and assume command of the Marine Hospital service.

Lieutenant John T. Martin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Fort Canby, Wash.

Lieutenant H. A. Field, U. S. N., has been detached from the Philadelphia, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. F. J. Haake, U. S. R. C. S., have left St. Louis for the East to visit his parents prior to his departure for Behring Sea. Mrs. Haake and her daughter will pass the summer in St. Louis.

Private letters from Johannesburg state that many curious incidents have arisen in consequence of the Transvaal disaster. One of the candidates for the local club on the day the mail left was found to be in Pretoria jail, as were his proposer and second. Of the Caledonian Society, the chief and all the chieftains save two were in the same unpleasant predicament. The whole of the directors of many of the mining companies had also been furnished with equally uncomfortable lodgings. One of the writers remarks that the Boers had become "very cocky" since Dr. Jameson's defeat. A policeman ventured to remark to an Englishman, "Yah, you are like the Kaffirs now, you need passes," but the words were no sooner out of his mouth than he was sprawling on his back. Something like the same fate befell a party of five Boers who jostled British subjects in the market-house. The Boer, he adds, does not understand the use of the fists.

A thrilling free show has been given regularly every afternoon in Pittsburgh recently. At five o'clock every evening, fifteen or twenty workmen employed in a tall building now being erected there have been in the habit of slipping their dimeo-buckets over their arms, swinging by a guide-rope to the ropes, used for hauling up material, that hang from a great iron boom about ten feet from the edge of the building, and so slipping down some fifteen stories to the ground. Sometimes the man ahead will go too slowly, and then the next man comes down on his head with a thump, but they only laugh and continue their perilous descent. They do this to save the trouble of walking down. Nearly two thousand persons gathered to watch them on a recent afternoon.

A quartet has been formed in Paris, under the name of Société des Instruments Acoustiques, consisting of M. Dièmer, who plays the clavécin; M. Van Waefelghem, viola d'amore; M. Delsart, viola di gamba; and M. Grillet, la vielle. They have created an enormous sensation in Paris and throughout France and Switzerland. They play the original quartets and solos written for these instruments. To show the difference between the tone of the clavécin and the present instruments, M. Dièmer, toward the close of the concert, plays upon one of the latest concert graces with the patent resonator.

Writing of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist, Mr. Hare tells how, when she was summoned to the sick bed of a Norfolk squire, who was nearly related to her, he received her with this greeting: "I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee; but thee must just wait till these have done." On the other side of the bed were two cocks fighting. That occurred in England sixty-four years ago, and the man was one of the loaded gentry. The world moves.

MASKED BALLS IN PARIS.

The Queer Things the People There Say and Do.

Before eleven P. M. an immense crowd has already formed around the Opéra (writes Sterling Heilig from Paris), and the police are in attendance to keep order. At the eastern corner of the great front entrance of the Opéra, a very curious crowd of masks is being given entrance. They are of the free list, and they come as early as they can. Factory girls from Belleville, little laodresses from Suresnes, market-girls and little sales-girls from the mean shops of old Paris, *concierges'* daughters, all accompanied by their best young men, accustomed as well—young men who, as they say in lawyers' offices, come "without prejudice." "Totu-Toto!" one of these damsels will whisper triumphantly later on to one of her friends' friends, "my Jules will not go home with us." "How? What is it?" "He has been asked by a courtesan to take supper." A good thing, all round. And if, later, Toto's best girl comes and whispers to him: "I can't go back with you," he will accept the information with placidity.

The free list, forming the dregs of the Opéra halls, is absolutely essential to their gaiety. Any person, male or female, so that one be good-looking and young, may make application for free entrance a week beforehand, at the proper bureau. The inspector inspects. "Yes, you will do. Your name, your address, and in what costume do you propose to come?" The recipient of the free ticket is told that the costume must be fresh-looking and handsome. Often these young people will pawn their Sunday clothes to hire a fetching disguise. They are boud in dance, and they do three-quarters of all the dancing that is done. The girls are red-armed, rough-skinned, geographically curved, bursting with youth and health, or delicate and pale and tender, with the perverse anemia of the Paris work-shop. Each must do her work and dance and answer saucily and take champagne when it is offered to her.

After midnight comes tramping in the more aristocratic public, in three sets: (1) The tourists, the provincials, the sight-seers, scattered individuals, and couples seeking, with a natural hesitancy and timidity, to get a glimpse of that in which they have no part and take a thrill therefrom. (2) The Paris great world, in its various ranks and rounds. The ladies are in ball costume and masked. All have their boxes, where they sit to look and listen, if they be of a peculiar correctness of mood. Others find in their boxes, and the corridors, and even on the floor itself, unique occasions for discreet flirtation. (3) The *demi-monde*, a word which is misunderstood in English. Here it includes the actress, the comic-opera singer, the almost legitimate mistress, the professional beauty, and the ballet-dancer, not to speak of the small fry of the *belles petites*, not to speak of the very little fishes of the Moulin and the Casino. This beautiful army is fortified by splendid contingents from what is called roughly the Quartier Breda, from the small, high-class shops and the *grands magasins* like the Louvre and the Printemps—not the Bon Marché—from the rosebud garden of Parisian chambermaidhood, from the world of models of the Latin Quarter and Mootmartre, all coming on bought tickets, bought by themselves or otherwise, and generally otherwise.

Accompanying all, or coming by themselves, are men in evening-dress. All men must be costumed or else in evening-dress. The dress-coats do not mask.

The ball is at its height at one A. M. The Grand Cortège of the Beauties of All Ages, or whatever the particular event may be, according to announcement, has been welcomed and applauded. All is animation. Society ladies are beginning to grow discreetly skittish, the young clubmen in the lower boxes are beginning to be noisy, the free-entrance people are being taken to the buffet for champagne, the tourists have forgotten their staidness, and the *demi-monde* is glowing with the kind effulgence of a well-managed planet. The foyers and the lobbies, the corridors and the grand staircase, are as crowded as the dance-floor of the auditorium, surrounded by its boxes, and the full length of the stage behind. Of three Hungarian orchestras, one is placed in the large promenade foyer, another on the second landing behind the grand *escalier d'honneur*, and the third is in the loag hall of the buffet, where the fues grow furious, for it is the "wise-room." For the daocers of the auditorium there is a monster orchestra, which is the chief.

To the chaos of noise and color it is little more than a bedlam of lawless and *fin-de-siècle* recourses. "Have you seen the wolf, Little Red Riding-Hood?" "Perhaps; I have met so many heasts to-night."

Two pretty girls in masks approach a jolly but faded old gentleman, with white hair. "Tiens, are you not M. Arthur?" "Alas! I was once!"

"Who are you?" (to an extremely tall, thin, hooy girl). "I am Venus arising out of Lodon."

A lady fods herself on the floor, surrounded by a dozen wicked clubmen. "But, gentlemen, leave me alone. I am an honest woman." "And we are members of the League of Virtue and desire to ask you why you are on the dance floor here."

"The honest women. I can always tell them at a masked ball." "How?" "They get angry only when you don't pinch them." "Are you rich?" "Yes—in love." "Zut!" "Let go of me, sir!" "Beg pardon. I thought you were a lady." "Insolent!" "I love you already. But why do you wear that false stomach?" "It is not false." "Oh!!!" "Jules, attention! There's the haron! Put on your idiot look." "Respectable old gentleman, will you be a father to me?" "Doo! touch me, you old monkey!" "On every haod there is pushing, guying, handling."

To give apparent occupation to the people, several devices of recent invention have been had recourse to. One is the "serpentine," which dates only from March, 1893. The serpentine is rolls of narrow paper ribbon of all colors, very much like that which comes out of the stock-reporting "tickers." Wheo thrown, with the haod still grasping the outside end of the ribbon, the disk unrolls, describing graceful curves. The effect produced is charming, as if a thousand harmless rockets were being set off at each moment. They are thrown from floor to balconies and from the balconies to the floor, where they hang, innumerable bright-colored festoons in the gay electric light. A girl stands in a private box. "Let me see if I can harpoon a supper out of that nice old gentleman beside the pillar." Whirr! The disk flies short. Whirr! Another flies, unrolling out its pink lengths over people's heads to strike the *vieux monsieur* upon his tall silk hat. And as he follows the pink ribbon with his eyes, on, on, aod on, he discovers the naughty fisher of men still tugging at it amiably, as if to haul him in.

Midnight—ooo o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock. The Opéra is still ablaze, and all the restaurants around are in full brilliance. The ladies of the high world are already in them, supping, or have rolled home in their carriages. For two blocks the boulevard is almost as bright as at one A. M. on ordinary nights. All the *brasseries* and *cafés* are in full gala-dress, like the aristocratic restaurants. They do not close their doors all night. The *cabinets particuliers* revive, if for a night, their ancient glories of the Second Empire. In the large supper-rooms the fun is of a kind to turn your hair gray.

This epitaph, an English paper declares, was recently carved on a tombstone in that country, at the expense, it need not be said, of a bicycle manufacturer:

Here lies
S. G. JOGGIUS,
Who would never ride the — bicycle,
And who consequently broke his neck
While riding on the — machine.
Stranger, do not do likewise.

This is from Burlington, Vt.:

My wife lies here.
All my tears can not bring her back.
Therefore I weep.

In this one the matrimonial *post-mortem* joke is on the other party:

She lived with her husband fifty years,
And died in the confident hope of a better life.

When an officer in the Russian army is insulted, a military court of honor sits to decide upon the action to be taken, and he has to abide by the decision of the court. Not long ago, two young officers of the Russian army quarreled while drinking together, and one slapped the other across the cheek with his open hand. They were intimate friends, and when in his sober senses the aggressor humbly apologized for the affront to his brother officer, who cordially accepted it. A regimental court of honor had to be held, however, and it was decreed that the officers should fight, though both were much averse to doing so. A duel was therefore arranged at twenty paces, and the young officer who had received the affront, and forgiven his friend, was hit in the hip and crippled for life.

A Bijou of Beauty.

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In the theatre: "Where is the author of this new piece?" "Right over there—that man who isn't hissing."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The first one in: *Mr. Newman*—"I'll be home early to-night." *Mrs. Newman*—"You'd better take the latch-key, then."—*Truth*.

As mamma saw it: *Mrs. Younglove*—"See this beautiful ring John brought me." *Mrs. Oldbird*—"What's he been up to now?"—*Puck*.

Elsie—"My husband is very hard to please." *Louise*—"He must have changed considerably since he married you."—*New York Herald*.

"Is she a neat housekeeper?" "She must be. Her husband was telling Mr. Binks the other day that he never could enjoy himself at home."—*Somerville Journal*.

Hunker—"Stagers has a pretty easy time of it." *Spatts*—"In what way?" *Hunker*—"His wife drives him to drink, and a cabman drives him home."—*Town Topics*.

He—"I may as well be candid and tell you, dear, that you are not the first girl that I have kissed." *She*—"That may be true, but you still have much to learn."—*Puck*.

Flora—"Chollie told me last night that he believed I could break a man's heart with my smile." *Laura*—"Chollie was just talking. A man's heart is not like a mirror."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"You have an immense amount of hay," observed the visitor at the Clover Meadow Farm. "Ya-as," said Farmer Redneck, "but there ain't a dang thing 't feed it to but bicycles."—*Judge*.

First tramp—"This is an anniversary wid me, pardner." *Second tramp*—"Anniversary of what?" *First tramp*—"Dis day t'ree year ago wuz de last occasion on which I smoked a hull cigar."—*Puck*.

"Are you doing anything with your camera now, Madge?" "Yes, indeed; a burglar got into our room the other night, and Nan held him while I took his photograph by flash-light."—*Chicago Record*.

First doctor—"I ordered him an ice-cold bath every morning." *Second doctor*—"What! when he had influenza?" *First doctor*—"Yes. It will give him pneumonia, and I made my whole reputation curing that."—*Punch*.

Visitor (hearing the piano in the next room)—"Is that your daughter? She appears to be playing with only one hand." *Gentleman of the house*—"Yes; her fellow is probably playing with the other."—*Boston Transcript*.

A warning to the hungry lion: *Distinguished naturalist* (in Africa)—"By Jove, my boy, I guess I'm your breakfast. But just wait till you commence to feel in your own inside the pangs of the dyspepsia I've had for the last twenty years, and you'll wish you had let me alone."—*Ex*.

Yabsley—"Say. When a fellow calls on a girl, should he leave his hat and cane in the hall, or take them into the parlor?" *Mudge*—"Well, if the girl is living in a boarding-house, and the hat and cane are worth anything, I think he had better bang on to them."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"That last load of coal you sent," said Mr. Slopoy, with a most impressive manner, "was more than half slate." "Perhaps you may remember," retorted the coal man, with much spirit, "that you said, after you had ordered it, 'just slate this, will you?'"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Popular women: *Miss Longpurse*—"Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?" *Mr. Shortcash* (forgetting himself)—"Oh, I don't know. Maybe she was rich."—*New York Weekly*.

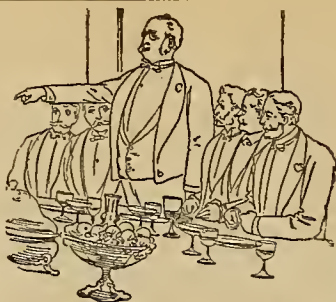
"Seen Bill Brown when I was up to town," said the man with the gum boots, settling himself on the salt-barrel; "conducin' a street-car." "I thought Bill was goin' into business for hisself," said the grocer. "Wal, I allow he is to some extent, but the company ain't got onto it yet."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The young man who had traveled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet—" "Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who has never been away; and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car. —*Indianapolis Journal*.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 16, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—foreign prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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What is the matter with the United States Senate? What is the matter with the American press? Can it be possible that the people of the United States share in the thirst for war expressed by senators in the American Congress? Can it be possible that the people of the United States are voiced by the

daily press? Take for example this heading which we cut from the Chicago Tribune, a daily paper of large circulation:

"United States Ready For War—No Menace From A Foreign Power Can Stop Its Doing Its Duty Toward Cuba—Time Arrives To Assert The Nation's Dignity—Can Not Be Bullied Longer Into A Meek Acceptance Of Threats And Open Attack—Aroused By The Insult To The Stars And Stripes—Washington In A Blaze Of Patriotic Resentment Against The Outrage Perpetrated By The Spaniards—Apology Must Be Speedy And Ample Or Cuba Is Free."

As we write, the debate is still going on in Congress. We are glad to observe that two senators, Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Hale, of Maine, have lifted up their voices in favor of deliberation. These gentlemen are in a minority, but their arguments are so reasonable that they can not but appeal to all fair-minded men. Senator Hale spoke energetically against the resolutions by which the Senate voted to recognize the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents, and voted to urge Spain to grant independence to Cuba. Senator Hale said that in 1870 the same conditions existed, and a similar attempt was made to intervene. But General Grant was then President, and he sent a message to Congress, in which he said that there were absolutely no conditions requisite to the recognition of a belligerent. The Cuban insurgents were nomadic bands, occupying straggling camps, and possessed no territory. The conditions are exactly similar to-day. The Cuban insurgents hold no fixed territory; they have no seaport; they have no ships of war; they have no regular armies; they have no courts; they have no legislative bodies; they have no postal service; they have no customs service; they have no government, with the exception of a gentleman who calls himself president, and who prudently remains in the United States, far from the scene of conflict. Further than that, as Senator Hale justly said, when the Spanish Government recognized the Southern Confederacy as belligerents, the seceding States were completely organized, had full legislative and executive branches, courts of justice, postal, revenue, and customs services, seaports extending from Galveston to Chesapeake Bay, a formidable army upon the land, and a powerful navy upon the sea. As to the question of the friendliness of Spain, Senator Hale said that she had recognized the Confederacy only when other European powers had done so; that she had never allowed a British privateer to stay in a Spanish port for more than an hour; and that when such privateers carried American prisoners, Spain secured their release. He further said that the accusations brought by Senator Sherman against Weyler, the military commander of Cuba, were unfounded.

It may be well to say that all the accusations concerning the conduct of the Spanish troops and their commander are based on newspaper narratives. The United States consuls in Cuba have submitted reports to the Department of State, but these have not yet been laid before Congress. Until they have been so laid, it is both unjust and undignified for our national legislative body to form conclusions on insufficient premises. As to the accusations against General Weyler, they are incredible. The charges that he ordered young girls to be stripped stark naked and flogged before the Spanish soldiery can not be believed. General Weyler is a Spanish officer, a gentleman by birth, and a soldier by breeding. It is not to be believed that he could be guilty of such outrages. That Senator Sherman could make such accusations on the authority of an obscure pamphleteer seems to us extraordinary, and beneath the dignity of the American Senate.

We have never heard of a legislative body taking such grave steps as the recognition of belligerents and the recognition of the independence of an insurgent cause without any official information. But up to date absolutely no official information has been furnished to the Congress of the United States by the Department of State, the only channel through which such information could come. When

grave and dignified senators of the United States pass resolutions affecting the peace and welfare of great nations—resolutions based upon irresponsible newspaper narratives—they indulge in an action utterly unworthy of themselves and of the deliberative body to which they belong.

But are the people of this country willing to go to war with Spain in order to free Cuba? We are inclined to doubt whether Congress and the newspapers express the feelings of the people in this regard. We do not think that one person in a thousand in the United States believes in going to war with Spain over the question of giving Cuba her independence. The Americans are a brave and indomitable people, but they are not nearly so hellicose as the aged gentlemen who shake their gray heads in the United States Senate and threaten the universe with war. When the valiant Senator Morgan, of Alabama, made his blood-thirsty speech, unsheathed his sword, laid it upon the desk, and defied Spain to take it up, the galleries cheered loudly, but it was noticeable that the applause was led by a prominent member of the Cuban lobby in Washington.

Viewed in the light of common sense, the debate was not without its ludicrous features. For example, when Senator Hoar asked Senator Morgan what good it would do the insurgent Cubans to recognize them as belligerents, he asked a very pointed question. He remarked that he did not mean that the moral support of the United States was worthless, but that the mere expression of good-will could not materially help the Cubans. He put the question to learn from the Alabama senator how it would help the insurgents. Mr. Morgan was unable to reply. It was at this time that he made his remarkable declaration when he said: "It is our duty to draw the sword, lay it on the table, and say to Spain, 'If you want to take it up, take it now.'" (Frenzied applause from the gallery.)

This is reminiscent of the famous scene in the House of Commons, when Edmund Burke, wishing to make a point at the end of an inflammatory and blood-thirsty harangue like Senator Morgan's, dramatically drew a dagger, which he flung upon the floor. But his point was ruined by Sheridan, who quickly said: "The gentleman has brought his knife, but where is the fork?"

Senator Morgan was almost equaled by Senator Vest, of Missouri, who made an apostrophe to liberty which, we are informed by the Associated Press, "emptied the cloak-rooms." Senator Vest, among other things, referred to the time when France gave moral support to the United States during the Revolutionary War. But another senator pointed out that France also sent troops and munitions of war, not so much because she loved the revolting colonies, but because she hated Great Britain, with whom she was at that time at war. Senator Vest was asked whether the United States should also send troops and munitions of war to the insurgents, to back up our fair words. Senator Vest, like Senator Morgan, was unable to reply.

Even that hard-headed old financier, Senator Sherman, of Ohio, was carried off his feet. He also entered into the wild, free-for-all, huncome match which seemed to prevail in the Senate. Senator Sherman made a heated harangue in favor of recognizing the Cuban insurgents, and sent to the secretary's desk and had read a number of extracts from a pamphlet painting in the most repulsive colors certain acts alleged to have been committed by Captain-General Weyler, among others the incredible outrages upon young girls to which we have already referred. The Spanish Minister, Señor Dupuy de Lome, said in a newspaper interview that these charges were utterly false, and gave their origin, and their gradual growth into the present monstrous tale. Senator Hale had this refutation read at the desk, which led to a heated debate on the propriety of receiving communications from a foreign minister except through the Department of State. We are inclined to think that the Senate made a mistake in receiving information from a foreign minister in this irregular way; but as the minister did not send it to the Senate, we can scarcely

be blamed if a senator has read a newspaper interview with him.

It is difficult to understand the enthusiasm shown by Congress and the newspapers for the independence of Cuba, when the history of other Spanish-American colonies is considered. Bad as the government of Spain may be, it could never be so bad as would be the government of a Cuban "republic" made up of mestizoes, mulattoes, negroes, and a minority of whites. The whites would necessarily be in a minority, for even now one-half of the population is colored, and the first thing the insurgents would do would be to confiscate the property of all who had been loyal to Spain. Further than that, the decent whites would hasten to flee from a country where life, property, and the honor of their wives and daughters would be unsafe—as would most certainly be the condition of things in the half-negro Cuban "republic." If there be those who are disposed to doubt our words, let us present a brief résumé of the history of Hayti, another West Indian island, in the last four score years. This island bears a strong resemblance to Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," in climate, soil, productions, and the mixed races and colors of its inhabitants—although there is more black blood in Hayti than in Cuba. Here is a brief table of Hayti's history since the beginning of this century:

- 1791—Mulattoes given the rights of citizens.
- 1791—Insurrection of slaves breaks out.
- 1792—Race war raging.
- 1793—Abolition of slavery proclaimed.
- 1801—Toussaint l'Ouverture, leader of the blacks, makes himself master of the whole country.
- 1802—Declares himself president for life.
- 1803—General Leclerc captures Toussaint and sends him to France, where he dies.
- 1804—Blacks wage a barbarous war against the whites.
- 1804—Negro leader, Dessalines, proclaims himself emperor. His tyranny leads to his assassination.
- 1806—Several presidents at once declare themselves, one of whom, Christophe, is master in the north, Petion takes possession of the south, and the Spanish re-establish themselves in the eastern part of the island.
- 1806-1810—Civil war rages for four years.
- 1810—Christophe declares himself King of Hayti under the title of Henry the First. A revolution breaks out, and he commits suicide.
- 1818—General Boyer makes himself master of the French part of the island.
- 1821—The eastern end of the island invaded by Boyer, and in 1822 the whole island falls into his hands.
- 1822-1842—Boyer dictator of the "republic" for twenty years.
- 1843—He is driven from the island by a revolution.
- 1844—People of the eastern end revolt and establish Dominican Republic.
- 1846—Soulouque, negro, ex-slave, elected president and invades eastern part of island.
- 1849—Gual assumes the title of Faustine the First, Emperor of Hayti.
- 1853—The empire is overturned by Geffard.
- 1857—Geffard obliged by a revolution to flee.
- 1858—Succeeded by Sylvester Salnave, against whom a revolution breaks out.
- 1858—General Dominique proclaimed president in the south and General Nissage Saget in the north, there being three nominal presidents at the same time.
- 1859—Salnave captured and shot, and a provisional government organized, with Nissage Saget as president and Dominique as vice-president.
- 1859-1876—Nissage Saget and Dominique retain power for seven years, alternating as "presidents."
- 1876—General Boisrond-Canal drives out the two "presidents," and makes himself dictator.
- 1879—General Salomon drives him out and seizes the presidency.
- 1882—Insurrections raging, resulting in fall of Salomon.
- 1886—General Légitime succeeds Salomon, but is recognized only in the north.
- 1888—Insurrection led by General Telemaque; he is killed; civil war between North and South Hayti.
- 1889—General Hyppolite assumes the presidency.
- 1891—Revolution at Port au Prince; Rigaud, French citizen, shot; eighty thousand francs paid to his widow.
- 1894—General Marrigat heads a revolt.
- 1894—General Heuraux attacks Port au Prince.
- 1895—Revolt; General Hyppolite's daughter fired on by the mob.

What a record of bloodshed, rapine, and murder lies behind those cold and concise letters and figures! And that is the condition to which Cuba would be reduced if the American Senate could have its way.

What strange madness possesses our conscript fathers? Is it the word "republic" that blinds them? Cuba will never be a republic. There is not a republic in the Western Hemisphere, there is not a republic upon the many islands girt by occidental seas, except the United States of America. The Spanish-American countries which call themselves "republics" are military dictatorships, thinly veiled. Every United States Senator must know that this is so—except Senator Morgan, and we do not think he knows anything. Why this great republic should be continually involved in diplomatic entanglements, sometimes threatening war, over the "protection of republican principles" as involved in these semi-civilized, semi-squalid, and totally degraded despotisms, presided over by bewhiskered, half-breed ruffians, surrounded by bare-footed body-guards and coffee-colored harems, it is impossible to understand. There is not a country in the whole unpleasant lot which has elected successive officials and possessed an orderly government for even so short a time as twenty years.

Venezuela, the country whose frontier Mr. Cleveland wants to defend with American blood and treasure, has had an uninterrupted succession of revolutions. President Monagas was driven out by Castro, Castro by Gual, Gual by Paez, Paez by Cordero, Cordero by Falcon, Falcon by Pulgar, Pulgar by Guzman Blanco, who remained in power for years as dictator, stole enormous sums, and fled the country. The record of revolutions extends over fifty years. Crespo, the present "president," was attempting to suppress a revo-

lution three months ago, and never travels without a body-guard of four hundred men. That is one Spanish-American "republic."

Peru is another. There is a continual record of "revolutions" from 1828 down to the present time, diversified with assassinations, and lightened by Dictator Gutierrez ordering President Balta to be shot in 1872, but finding himself instead hanged to a lamp-post by the populace. Peru has always been at war, either internal or external.

Chile, although one of the most enlightened of the Spanish-American republics, has been almost continually at war for fifty years. San Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras—the Central American republics—have been continually at war, either with one another, with themselves, or with outsiders. Nicaragua is at war now—with herself. Since Brazil became a "republic," some few years ago, she has had three revolutions, during one of which she threatened a United States ship of war. By a Rio de Janeiro dispatch of March 2, 1896, we learn that General Castilho is "leading a revolution against the federal government in the State of Rio Grande do Sul." And a dispatch from Guayaquil, Ecuador, under date of March 3d, tells us that "General Plutarco Bouen has raised the standard of revolt against President Alfaro."

Mexico is the largest, the wealthiest, the most prosperous, and the most populous of all the Spanish-American countries. Yet according to conservative historians, there have been in Mexico, since she became a "republic," *two hundred and sixty revolutions*. The last important revolution was when Porfirio Diaz revolted against President Lerdo de Tejada in 1876, and drove him from Mexico. Since that time Diaz has retained the reins of power, successfully suppressing the revolts of Iglesias in 1877 and Negrete in 1879. He once went through the form of electing his creature, Manuel Gonzales, for a short space, but has ever since retained the office, and as we write, is making preparations to "elect" himself again. That will make twenty-four years' service by one president who "succeeded himself." Diaz is a strong and masterful man, and has done much to advance Mexico during the last twenty years. But he is a military dictator, pure and simple. His successful reign shows the utter unfitness of the Spanish-Americans for republican government. Mexico as a Diaz dictatorship is a magnificent success; as a "republic," it is a farce. Outside of our own, there is not a true republic from the Caribbean Sea to Tierra del Fuego, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

It is not the business of the United States to intervene in behalf of the belligerency or the independence of Cuba. It is not the business of the United States to fight the battles of the Spanish-American "republics." When this same question came up, twenty-five years ago, General Grant refused to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Yet they had been fighting then for years where now they have been fighting for months. This mania of our Senate for interfering in foreign affairs seems to be a form of senile senatorial dementia. It is utterly unwarranted by our own laws, by the law of nations, or by the usage and precedent of previous administrations. General Grant, a pure patriot and a great soldier, saw and guarded against such folly. Another patriot and soldier, who long preceded Grant, uttered words in his Farewell Address which should be heeded now. Harken to the words of Washington:

"Foreign controversies . . . are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves . . . in the . . . ordinary combinations and collisions of friendships or enmities. . . . Our attitude and distant situation invite and enable us to pursue a different course. . . . We may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may resolve upon to be scrupulously respected. Belligerent nations will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? . . . Why entangle our peace and prosperity? . . . It is our true policy to steer clear of alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

These words are as true now as they were a hundred years ago. They sound as if they were inspired by the attempts of the present administration, sometimes egged on and sometimes backed up by Congress, to entangle this country in the Turkish-Armenian troubles, the British-Venezuelan controversy, and the Spanish-Cuban insurrection. There are cheap newspapers which hurl the charge of "lack of patriotism" at those Americans who believe that this country had better attend to her own affairs. We are willing at this time to follow the precepts of such patriots as Washington and Grant rather than the ravings of such very curious persons as Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, or even Senator Morgan, of Alabama.

Father Teofilo da Corte had the good fortune to be made a saint in Rome some weeks ago. This honor must be the more gratifying to the gentleman because of the fact that his candidacy for beatification has lasted for upwards of two hundred years. The long campaign being successfully concluded, it is

to be hoped that St. Teofilo will be cordially received by the ancient nobility of the heavenly Faubourg St. Germain. But even if, as a brand-new saint, he gets the cold shoulder for a time, there need be no doubt that he will ultimately win his way. It is to be regretted, however, that the dispatches from Rome do not inform us of the character of the miracles worked by Father da Corte. Everybody in this enlightened age is aware, of course, that no candidate for the Calendar can make himself acceptable without the performance of at least two undoubted miracles. A deceased person whose bones are not equal to that display of power must be content to remain in the ranks. We know, also, that no sham miracles will be accepted by Holy Church. Every precaution is taken against that, and every other form of deception which may be attempted by candidates or their friends. An *advocatus diaboli* is thoughtfully retained against each aspirant. In the interest of the Devil this attorney subjects every claim made by the candidate to the most searching hostile criticism. It is impossible, therefore, that any bogus saints should scrape through. Consequently, the world has not the shadow of an excuse for doubting that every one of the thousands of saints in the Calendar stands for miracles, to question the genuineness of which justly entails damnation.

It was a great day for Father da Corte, in St. Peter's at Rome, when justice, long delayed, was finally done him. All the available princes of the church were there in their regalia, and the Pope himself, in his very best clothes, attended in a sedan-chair. There were thousands of candles, and a choir of surpassing power, and ambassadors, nobles, fair ladies, incense, genuflections, intonings of Latin, and a suffocating crowd. It was a send-off of which Father da Corte and his friends in both worlds had every reason to be proud. But it is painful to learn that such was the rush for admission to the Sala Regia that tickets were selling at the hotels from four to five dollars apiece, which is a great deal of money in Italy, and such a tariff must have kept out many pious souls. Still, as the church derived the revenue, souls elsewhere will be advantaged. This solace, however, is denied us in the case of sundry persons who impiously passed forged tickets on the door-keepers. It is painful to see the wicked succeed in getting away with this sacerdotal gate-money.

The faithful in California, in common with the faithful elsewhere, are gratified at the canonization of Father da Corte, but it is not possible to shut out the question: Why, when Italian monks are being admitted to sainthood, should our own grave-yards be neglected? Surely the most malignantly energetic *advocatus diaboli* could find nothing serious to allege against Padre Junipero Serra. And there were any number of other Mission fathers quite as holy as any produced by monopolizing Italy. The *Argonaut* is confident that, if put to the test, their bones would be as competent to perform miracles as the osseous remains preserved in any country on earth. We have often reproached the Roman Catholic hierarchy with the shameful lack of supernatural activity in this diocese, though the supply of relics is up to the average. Foreign shrines, no better equipped, are prolific in curative miracles, while our own remain idle, and draw away American money in deplorably large sums. The simplest business sense suggests that this should not be. It is true that in February last a beginning was made with St. Blaise (good for sore throats) in a San Francisco church; but there was noticeable a certain timidity about the experiment which has had a discouraging effect. Were Archbishop Riordan a rational modern American instead of a pious Roman prelate, he could not display less enthusiasm for miracles than he does. It is inevitable that his example should injuriously affect the laity, and spread an indifference as to holy things that is not easily distinguishable from flat unbelief. But were Father Junipero Serra's merits adequately presented to His Holiness the Pope, and the deserving *padre* awarded beatification, there would, we think, be an awakening—a boom in faith and a rousing of local pride which could not but afford satisfaction to the entire community. Give us a California saint.

The kinship of the "great modern daily" of the American city to the old-fashioned village gossip who cackles the news over her back fence to her next-door neighbor, has more than once been pointed out by the *Argonaut* to the student of evolution. This essential identity has received new and striking confirmation in San Francisco within the past few months. The idlest, frowziest, and most loquacious of gossips could not have given her heart, and mind, and tongue more joyfully to the "Brown scandal" than the local daily press has done. Notwithstanding the multifariousness of the high crimes and misdemeanors with which the Rev. Dr. Brown is more or less definitely charged, the *Argonaut* has not kept its readers informed of them, for the reason, among

OUR
BACK-YARD
DAILIES.

GIVE US A
CALIFORNIA
SAINT.

others, that we do not believe either in trial by newspaper or in lightly giving currency to injurious accusations. But the daily press of the town admits no limitations upon its right to lean across the fence and pour out all it knows or suspects, or that anybody else knows or suspects. For months every paper in this city has been printing from five to twenty columns daily about the unhappy Brown. The press has followed the ramifications of this story with an inquisitive eagerness that could not be overmatched by a parcel of tea-drinking old women excited by a scandal in the village church. It is evidently taken for granted by the publishers that the entire population feels, with themselves, an absorbing, famished interest in every detail that can be unearthed respecting Brown and his queer female friends. Is it possible that the editors are even approximately correct in this assumption? For ourselves, we state with entire frankness that we have been utterly unable to read more than the headings of the countless articles, and frequently even these, tall and glaring as they are, have failed to knock successfully at the door of the languid mind. To us it appears as if it were but a petty affair, concerning principally Pastor Brown and his church, yet to judge by the space given it in the dailies it exceeds in importance all other matters now offering themselves for the consideration of mankind. A page is surrendered to it for every column that is devoted to the Veoezuela arbitration, the Spanish imbroglio with the United States, or the slaughter of the Italian army in Abyssinia. Charles Lamb once said that a fair test of humanity was how much one was interested in the health of a moribund mandarin in China. Of course it is possible that there may be hordes of people in San Francisco and California to whom the guilt or innocence of Dr. Brown is much more interesting and exhilarating than the question whether their country shall or shall not become involved in war. We do not say that it is not so, but confess to curiosity on the point. If such people do exist in large numbers, the psychologist and moralist are in no danger of wanting material for study. But, really, it is easier to think that the editors of the newspapers are mistaken than it is to accept the belief that there are in this vicinity multitudes of human beings who, every day, actually read and enjoy the great broadsides of what, to our apprehension, seems to be mere scandalous tittle-tattle of the pettiest sort.

But even if we have a class of people, numerically formidable, who take delight in such printed matter, is the giving up of so much space to it justified by any respectable code of newspaper ethics? We do not think so. On mercantile principles, a newspaper is warranted in printing whatever will sell, but that noble privilege is limited by the criminal laws, and it ought to be further limited by a decent regard for public morals, and the taste of the civilized portion of a community. Matter that is more than half nasty and wholly inane may be popular, but its publication enfeebles the mind of its readers and hurts character. There is no question about that. That the newspapers are conscious of the strictly business motive which induces the Brown output is revealed by the efforts that are made on the editorial side to give a complexion of worthy purpose to the "news." We are told that the newspaper proprietors of San Francisco deluge the public daily with this ill-smelling small beer because, good men, they are profoundly concerned for the interests of religion. The *Examiner*, for example, in the intervals when its mind is not dwelling on the surpassing fascination to humanity of fishes that climb trees, prize-fighters who will not fight, ladies without clothes, and monkeys with whistles at the end of their tails, is hounded with the conviction that the churches will go down in ruin and disgrace should one guilty shepherd escape punishment. Rather than that Christianity should hide her face in shame, and flee shrieking from California never to return, that disinterested defender of the faith will cover the State with detectives, lift the roof from every lodging-house in the city, and publish the portraits of as many of Dr. Brown's female friends as it can get. Were that hapless preacher a lovely actress on the point of getting a divorce, the daily press, ever alert to serve the higher interests of its constituency, could not show a deeper, a more elevating concern in everything relating to him. The church is expected to feel a sense of immense obligation to the proprietors of the newspapers. It is true that in these pious endeavors to make away with Brown, they have multiplied him indefinitely, as a kinetoscope does a slugging match, but that is merely an unavoidable incident of such good works. Other pastors, it must be remembered, will take warning. For it is not to be questioned that a dread of publicity is a mighty aid to virtue. Many clergymen, doubtless, have been deterred from even the appearance of evil by the fear that they might become the subject of hack-yard, trans-fence conferences between their more public-spirited lady parishioners. We should be thankful, therefore, that though the supply of gossiping old women may run out, the "great

daily" will remain with us, for our moral uplifting, so long as nickels shall be minted.

Amid the streams of dispatches concerning wars and rumors of wars that pour from the newspapers in these militant times, we notice one which is calculated to appeal with peculiar force to the practical American mind. On the Madrid Bourse a scheme has been suggested to "float a company for privateering purposes, with a capital of one hundred millions of pesetas." This idea is a fruitful one, though not, it is flattering to national pride to remember, quite original with the enterprising speculators of Madrid. It is but a variation on Mr. Frank R. Stockton's old proposal to let out our wars hereafter to responsible contractors. The Stockton thought is, of course, too large for full acceptance in his own age. It will take centuries for Christian nations to grow up to it. But while it remains, in its noble entirety, only a dream of the future, there is no reason why the existing generation of Americans should not apply the principle in seconding the antiquated efforts of their government to do its own fighting.

If Congress shall bring us the war for which it seems to be aching, there will be opened a splendid field for the employment of capital. Spain may talk of privateering companies capitalized at one hundred millions of pesetas, but we could organize many such corporations, each with a capital of one hundred millions of dollars, or even five hundred millions.

With this prospect in mind, there emerges to the view some possible utility, some possible profit in the world-shaking row and wrangle in which our senators and representatives are forever engaged. The volumes of congressional wind which are sent swirling uselessly up into the dome of the Capitol can be made to earn money for deserving citizens. Now nothing is produced but whisky fumes in the dome, and exasperation everywhere else. Every-day Americans do not at present feel that either the dignity or material interest of their country is advantaged by the daily invitation extended by Congress to all other nations to come on and fight; they are unable to see that we properly have anything to do with remote Venezuela's frontier or the independence of Cuba's black, saddle-colored, and chocolate-hued insurgents. But business is business, and it may be that Congress, in shaking its fist at the habitable globe, is the capitalist's as well as the workingman's best friend.

Let us begin the hall with England. The superiority of her navy and the defenseless condition of our sea-coasts render it certain that the United States Government would have its hands full at home. Two companies of large capital, then, could be given a fine opening, one to go privateering after British commerce, and the other to invade and capture Canada. Bonds would be required, of course, to secure the government against the financial consequences of corporate failure, but is there an Irish millionaire in the whole land who would not pledge his last dollar in such a cause? To answer negatively would be to assume that Irish patriotism is the dissipation only of the poor. Indeed, the chances are that so great would be the dividends of these two companies that a demand for more war would soon arise. Congress needs no cause to set it gnashing its teeth. It could be depended on to provoke, insult, and outrage any power that had ships and colonies worth capturing. Fighting would speedily become the principal employment of American capital and the American people. The land dotted over with factories turning out arms and ammunition, the seas covered with privateers, our ports filled with prizes, the armies of our corporations marching wherever under heaven spoils offered, and drawing their supplies from home, competing companies ready at a moment's notice to take the job of freeing or enslaving any country for a percentage of the booty—conquering Rome at her greatest would pale in comparison.

War breeds war, and the United States once engaged, there would be every reason for investors to hope that ere long the whole world would be arrayed in arms against us. The imagination rises and, mounting summit after summit, reaches the glorious peak where there is disclosed to it the grand conception of the American republic dominating history and going down to posterity as the Universal Pirate (incorporated).

Congress insists on war—war with somebody, war with anybody, war about something, war about anything—but it has not yet occurred to Congress how the fighting shall be done. The government, manifestly, is in no condition at present to do it. Should some nation, deficient in humor, take Congress seriously, and accept one of the helligrent challenges which are flung out by the mouthful from Washington at every session, it is just possible that Congress might have a fit of reflection and be afflicted with a had quarter of an hour. But the scheme herein outlined should insure our national statesmen against serious anxiety. Every

true American would abandon his last objection to Congress breathing fire and slaughter three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. War, as well as time, being money, it is self-evident that we could not have too much of it.

We do not suppose that the *Examiner* is "made up" in such a manner as purposely to annoy its readers, but it certainly—perhaps unconsciously—makes quite a success in that direction. The *Examiner* pushes to the limit the practice of dove-tailing pictures, often incongruous and nearly always superfluous, into its matter. The first page is thus made a mosaic which it requires some effort to unravel. In the number for Wednesday morning, March 11th, for example, the principal matter of interest on the first page, the Spanish imbroglio, is wound in and around and about some pictures of more or less interest, and it then goes over on to page two. It is not uncommon to have three articles begin on page one, intertangled in a lot of foolish pictures, and then find all three "continued" to other pages. Life is too short to follow such labyrinthine rambles. In the same number, by the way, there is an article on the proposed deal between the gas company and the Edison Electric Company. This article is over half a column in length, and speaks several times of the "fluctuations in gas stock," but it guardedly refrains from saying what those fluctuations are, and it carefully omits the chief item of interest in the article, to-wit, the price reached by gas stock on that day. The baffled reader undertakes a chase through the pages of the *Examiner* to find the commercial columns and thus to ascertain what the price of gas stock is. He finds on page seven the commercial department; he runs up, and down, and around its columns; he finds all the local and commercial intelligence of San Francisco—except the price of local stocks and bonds. He even finds the prices of New York stocks and bonds, but he does not find those of San Francisco. In despair he is forced to turn to another newspaper to find what he is looking for. The *Examiner* should not make it necessary to use another daily paper as an index. Later on, while hunting for something else, he stumbles accidentally on "San Francisco stocks and bonds," which are printed in the middle of page fourteen, remote from every other item of commercial intelligence, and in the centre of a page of miscellaneous local matter. If the motive of the *Examiner's* picture mosaics is ornamental, what possible motive is there for concealing its commercial matter in miscellaneous local? That journal is not alone in its curious fashion of hiding the news in corners, to make room for pictures. All the dailies do it. But it is a conspicuous offender. Why not print the news so that sensible people can read them, and print the pictures on pages by themselves—say, among the advertisements?

In a paragraph commenting on a recent interview with one of the park commissioners, the *Examiner* said: "To erect a \$225,000 peristyle in Golden Gate Park would serve no really valuable purpose, would be an extravagant expenditure of public money, and would necessarily deprive the park of other things which are much more needed. The park needs more places like the aviary, buffalo paddock, and deer glen, and what it does not need is architecture." Never were truer words written. The more architectural structures there are put into a park, the more its beauty suffers. The purpose of those in charge of a park should be to make it as much as possible like Nature in her most beautiful moods. The fewer "lodges," "peristyles," "merry-go-rounds," and "casinos" there are, the better; and all necessary bridges and tunnels should be so masked with shrubbery as to make them melt into the surrounding landscape. As for statues, the park commissioners should halt where they are. If many more statues are erected of dead and gone worthies, and if the threatened invasion of Irish, Scotch, Dutch, French, and German poets and patron saints be not averted, parts of the park will look like a graveyard, and other parts like the Midway Plaisance.

There has been much interest excited of late by a peculiar kind of steamboat which is used in Norway. This boat is rigged with wheels upon the hull, and goes across the necks of land which separate many of the lakes of that country one from the other. Tracks connect the lakes, and the boat, when she reaches the shore, is run up on ways upon the tracks, and then goes under her own steam across the land until she reaches her native element once more. In view of the many accidents lately happening to the American Line of Atlantic steamships, and the fact that two of them, the *Paris* and *New York*, have run aground within a fortnight, we would suggest that they adopt the Norwegian scheme, and put wheels upon the hulls of their Atlantic liners.

A WOMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Miss Alice Blanche Balfour's "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon"—Scenes in Johannesburg and the Diamond Mines—Life among Boers and Natives.

There is an especial timeliness to Alice Blanche Balfour's "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon," now that the eyes of the world are turned on South Africa. The book recounts the incidents of a journey made by a party of English people from Cape Town to Suez, the greater portion of the distance being traveled by wagon. The volume is compiled from the journal and letters written by Miss Balfour during the trip, and it makes little pretense to literary style. But it gives a graphic idea of the nature of the countries through which they passed, and it is written in a lively strain which makes it entertaining reading. At the time the journey was made, the present South African troubles were already brewing; but all allusions to political problems are avoided, the writer contenting herself with a recital of what she saw.

Their arrival at Cape Town is thus narrated:

We expected to have to go to a hotel on landing, and were therefore agreeably surprised when we were met at the quay with the information that Mr. Cecil Rhodes had placed his house at Pondebosch at our disposal—Mr. Rhodes himself being in Pondoland. The quay presented a wonderful mixture of nationalities: Malays in turban or fez; negroes and Kaffirs of all shades from yellow to black, and equally variable hairiness of face; whites, pure and mixed; and some people looking like Indians, notably Mr. Rhodes's coachman, an orange-colored individual with glossy black hair and luxuriant whiskers, correctly dressed in plain livery, and driving a typical pair of Cape grays in a Cape cart. This is a most fascinating kind of vehicle on two wheels, holding four persons, all facing the horses, the whole being covered with one large hood. In this Mrs. Grey and I were driven to Mr. Rhodes's house, Groot Schuur, which is a few miles from the harbor, along a flat road, at first running through the outskirts of the town, with low, irregular houses scattered on either side, mostly roofed with corrugated iron, and surrounded with the usual dreary wastes of rubbish-heaps and excavations of new houses, which seem to be the almost invariable accompaniments of a town which is what is called "thriving." Presently you come to rows of barrels set up at intervals, and without any tops to them. They are at first puzzling to the new-comer; but careful inspection shows that a tiny eucalyptus is concealed in each of them for protection against the cutting winds. Another thing that strikes one as odd at first is the habitual use of old biscuit-tins for flower-pots, which does not add to the beauty of a garden. Further from the town are rows of larger eucalyptus, stone pines, and oaks, and hedges of huge aloes. But all these are spoiled by the thick rust-red dust from the road. Everything for ten or twenty yards on either side becomes rust-colored—the grass, the aloes, the stems and twigs of the trees, and even every needle of the pines; and one's towel is equally tinged when one washes one's face after going along the road.

From the description of the country around Cape Town, we extract the following account of the Dutch village of Stellenbosch:

The village is very picturesque, with its attractive old Dutch buildings. Every street has avenues of oak and eucalyptus along it and streams of running water on either side. Many of the oaks are nearly two hundred years old, the trees having been introduced by the early Dutch settlers. The old houses have quaint roccoco gables, and roofs thatched with rushes which have a strong aromatic smell. Alas! new thatched roofs are no longer permitted in the villages for fear of fire, and iron roofing is being everywhere substituted. When a Dutchman puts on a new iron roof (which he does with conscious pride), he usually also takes away the pretty, ornamented gables, so that all the houses are gradually being reduced to the commonplace nineteenth-century type.

I never saw anything like the size and number of the acorns the oak-trees produce in this country. They cover the ground so thickly that to walk over them is like walking on coarse gravel. The acorns are collected and kept to feed stock on.

After proceeding to Johannesburg by rail, the party explored the surrounding country in a carriage which was placed at their disposal by President Rietz of the Orange Free State. The vehicle is thus described:

We call it the "Presidential Coach," as it is used by President Rietz when he travels about the country; and in token thereof it has a huge metal plate on the door, on which are painted the arms of the Orange Free State. It is drawn by six horses, managed by two black "boys." The "driver," who is the principal of the two, rarely touches the reins, but, on the other hand, he uses the whip freely, and we left the town at a gallop, the little man with the reins being quite hoisted off his seat in his efforts to hold the six excited animals. Luckily, on this flat *veldt* you may go pretty safely anywhere, unless you come to a *spruit* (stream) or a mud-hole. When we did come to one of these, the "boy" who usually wielded the whip took the reins of the leaders, and the other "boy" held the wheelers (the two middle horses had no reins), and in this peculiar style we successfully crossed some very nasty places.

The natives they encountered aroused their interest. Miss Balfour says:

The day after we arrived I went out sketching, greatly to the delight and amusement of the laughing and chattering natives, who crowded round me, of all ages and sizes, and in all degrees of costume, from the small children with nothing on at all, except, perhaps, a string of beads round the waist, to the grown-up men and women attired in a red blanket fastened under one arm and over the opposite shoulder, like a Roman toga. These blankets are the universal costume for grown-up people. They are bought at stores, and cost from fifteen shillings to thirty shillings. The fashionable color here is crimson, on which is usually a loud pattern, such as hearts and diamonds a foot long.

Some idea of the topography of the country may be gained from the following account:

The hills rise abruptly from the plain with very steep sides, and the tops, which are often several square miles in extent, are quite flat, and consist of plateaus of hard rock about fifty to one hundred feet thick, with perpendicular edges forming walls impossible to scale, except where they have got broken away irregularly at rare intervals. Great blocks of rock continually fall down to the bottom, but the typical shape of the hills remains until the whole of the rocky plateau has broken away. The rain pours over the edges of the plateaus in waterfalls, and washes out gullies in the soft earthy sides of the hills. Immediately on reaching the plains, the streams thus formed begin to make *dongas*, or water-courses, through the soil, which is here often of prodigious thickness. These *dongas* rapidly increase in size and depth as they go along, their sides being almost perpendicular, only furrowed with rain, which sometimes leaves most fantastic pinnacles and spires of somewhat harder soil sticking up here and there. No doubt the formation of *dongas*, which intersect the plains in every direction, and which are so rapidly increasing in size and number, is greatly aided by the absolute absence of trees. In the hollows of the hill-sides, where the cattle can not get at it, grows a good deal of small bush; elsewhere the country is absolutely bare of any natural wood whatsoever. Where any white men have settled, there immediately a few trees—chiefly *Eucalyptus globulus*—are planted, and the English Government tries to encourage the natives to plant trees, so that at almost every kraal you will find one or two. These are usually planted singly in the centre of deserted mud huts, by which they are protected from the cattle, who would otherwise speedily destroy them.

Of Johannesburg, Miss Balfour writes:

At Johannesburg there are two absorbing topics of interest—gold mining and politics. We spent our days in going over some of the great works for treating the gold ore, when the difficulties which had one by one been overcome, and the keenness with which the scientific part of the work was pursued by the principal engineers and managers, almost aroused me to enthusiasm. The three or four greatest experts are all Americans, as is also the manager of the De Beers diamond mines at Kimberley. More interesting even than gold mining is the present state of politics in the Transvaal; the ever-smoldering irritation of the English at the inequality of the treatment they suffer under the Boers being ready to burst into a blaze at the prospect of the commandeering for the war with the natives near Zoutpansburg. The inability of the Boers to see that they will have to accommodate themselves in the end to the much larger and intellectually superior population of Johannesburg, comes partly, I suppose, from the contempt in which they have held the English (and perhaps not without some apparent reason) ever since the war. But they do not realize in how many ways the situation has changed. . . . Before we left Johannesburg we were taken to see a Kafir dance in the Robinson Mine Compound. There were about two hundred natives, who divided themselves into groups according to tribes. They were dressed in every possible variety of costume, the minimum cotton stuff ("limbo," as it is called here) wound round thighs and body, and the maximum being the whole contents of a rag-shop. The dancing consisted chiefly of advances in lines or groups, each man lifting up one leg as high as possible at each step and then bringing it down with a bang, all in unison, accompanied by monotonous singing, both tunes (of only a few notes) and words perpetually repeated. At other times they would advance or retreat in mimic fight, or a man who had really killed some one (whether man, woman, or child mattered not) would advance by himself and go through the pantomime of creeping on his enemy, dodging his blows, or plunging his *asegai* into his heart. Such a pantomime, vividly executed, would draw a loud hum of approval from all his group. . . . The dancing was accompanied by drums and three wooden Kafir pianos. These last consist of two logs of wood wrapped in rags, laid parallel to each other on the ground in front of the player. Side by side across these are placed a number of slats of wood about fifteen inches long, which are actively hammered upon with a couple of drum-sticks. The slats are slightly hollowed out underneath, and I presume that the variations in the hollows produce the variations in the sounds—I can not call them notes.

At Kimberley, the famous diamond mine is visited:

Here we have spent our time in going down the Kimberley diamond mine, wonderfully arrayed in canvas jackets and sou'wester hats, and being shown all the different processes for securing the diamonds. Such disappointing things they are when you see them in the rough! The Kaffirs who work in the mines are kept in compounds during the whole time for which they engage to work in the mines, never being allowed to go outside, for fear of diamond stealing; and all sorts of precautions are taken to cut them off from any chance of communication with the outside world. Inside the compound fence they are made very comfortable, with house and food arrangements which they would never have half so good in their own kraals. There are stores where they can buy all they want, and a hospital in case of illness. The De Beers Company have also capital houses, reading-rooms, etc., for their white employees, at some distance off.

After leaving Kimberley, the travelers followed the railway to its termination—a distance of about one hundred miles—and then began the long journey by wagon. Their vehicles are enumerated as follows:

There are three of them. One is a second-hand buck-wagon for the stores and heavy luggage; the other two are occupied, one by the three gentlemen, and one by the two ladies. Ours is supposed to be a model of all that is luxurious. It is about fourteen feet long and about six feet wide above the wheels. It is covered with a canvas tent over its whole length, but the roof is not quite high enough to allow me to stand upright inside. It is divided by a curtain about halfway along. At the front end are our beds, which lie parallel to the length of the wagon, and, when down, meet in the middle. They can be fastened up by day to the sides of the wagon, if required. Under them are lockers, and our boxes fill up the floor in the middle.

The wagon is lined with dark-green cloth. The back end has small lockers along its sides with cushions on them to sit on. One gets out at the end by a high step, or, when the oxen are outspanned (unharnessed), by a ladder, as the floor of the wagon is over four feet from the ground. The gentlemen's wagon is of the same size as ours, but it has no central partition, and the beds lie across instead of along it. Both wagons are closed at the ends by curtains, which can be fastened firmly all round. The buck-wagon is drawn by a span (team) of eighteen oxen, and the other two by fourteen and twelve, respectively. The harness is of the most elementary kind, and . . . there are no reins except a little bit of *reim* (strip of rawhide) fastened to the front pair of oxen, by which the "leader," or "boy," who walks in front in difficult places, pulls them in the required direction. All other guiding is done by shouts and a liberal use of the whip in the hands of the "driver."

The following description of "trekking" life gives an idea of the manner in which the days passed:

We trek (*i. e.*, travel over the country) at about three in the morning till about seven. As the road is usually pretty jolty, and therefore not conducive to slumber, Mrs. Grey and I sleep on for another hour after we stop—*i. e.*, from seven to eight. During this time the tent is put up, and some water got, if possible, for our haths. Meanwhile the men have gone out shooting. We have breakfast together on the *veldt* about half-past nine or ten. After that, till about half-past one, is free. I sometimes sketch, but I usually want to walk as well; or I ought to be writing journal, or washing clothes, or dusting out the wagon, or skinning birds, or darning my stockings (especially the last); and the time available is all too short. At one we have a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and then pack up for another two-hours' trek, from two to four. One has to pack everything in most carefully, as otherwise it would be either jolted to pieces or tossed out. Washstands, camp-stools, ladder, hooks, etc., are all located in our wagon, and have to be taken out and in at each trek. When the afternoon trek begins, Mrs. Grey and I usually go in the spider or ride. At four or half-past we outspan again; then I sometimes sketch, or write (as I am doing to you at this moment), with the sun going down a great red ball in the west. It is too dark to go on sketching for long after five, and then we have dinner. This is hurried over to get things packed in again, and away we go, trekking from half-past six or seven till ten or thereabouts. Now that there is a moon, Mrs. Grey and I either ride or go in the spider at first, and walk after. Sometimes I go on walking till the wagons outspan. Then we huddle into bed as quickly as possible, eating a biscuit and drinking a cup of cocoa or Bovril before going off to sleep. This time, from ten to three, is the only quiet time for sleeping; so one tries to make the most of it. The "boys" usually sleep under the wagons. Almost the only drawback of the life is the dirt and the dust. For the first week the roads were muddy and our buck-wagon got "stuck" several times—once for about eight hours. They had to use twenty pair of oxen to pull it out, taking the spans from the other wagons, and even then only succeeded after "off-loading" and much digging in front of the wheels.

An unpleasant experience on the trip is thus related:

Three days ago we had to cross forty miles of "thirst land," for which preparations had to be made. Mrs. Grey's and my part in this consisted in preparing some drinking water. Accordingly the cook's boy, Soul, was sent to fetch some. After about an hour he returned with a huckelof of the muddy mixture, which had been collected by means of a tin pannikin from a deep hole dug in the dry sand of a river-bed. . . . We precipitated the mud in this by means of alum, then boiled and filtered it. But though we spent hours over this, we still had not enough, and tea and coffee had to be made with the muddy water. . . . The difficulty in getting over the forty miles of "thirst land" was the absence of water for the oxen and horses, and we had to arrange our plans accordingly. We trekked at night for ten miles (average pace, two and a half miles an hour). When we

outspanned early next morning, the oxen were slowly driven back for five miles, feeding as they went, to where there was a little water which they could drink, though too filthy for us; after which they were driven slowly back to camp. We then made three treks of four hours, with intervals of only two hours between, arriving at Mopani Pan at about nine next day. Though we have light loads, and traveled all night, our poor beasts were pretty well done up by that time. . . . The heavy sand of the roads is pleasant for those in the wagon—when the wind blows the dust away—and I sleep during such treks like a top; but I have not yet learned to sleep when the road, as it was this morning, is like the dry bed of a river full of boulders, and everything jumps up and down in the wagon, including its human occupants. I lie on my back with my knees up, and support myself on my elbows and feet to lessen the jar. . . . In telling you of the difficulties in getting water, I forgot to mention that once all we had for washing during twenty-four hours was exactly one cupful—and that black with mud. This not only did duty in the morning, but had to be reserved for subsequent use. Our hands get filthy again but a few minutes after washing, so that one must try and wash them at least once during the day; and the state of dirt in which one is obliged to go to bed is disgusting. If such are the pleasures of ox-wagon traveling, it is better to stay at home, you may say. Yet when Mr. Grey lately appealed to each of us all around to say whether, if we could at that moment suddenly project ourselves back to England, we should do so, there was a unanimous chorus of "No."

On reaching Bulawayo, the former stronghold of the defeated Matabili, an incident occurred in which we find a mention of the now famous Dr. Jameson. Miss Balfour says:

We passed through the new town of Bulawayo on the morning of the fourth, having been exactly five weeks trekking. This is supposed to be an extraordinarily quick journey, and has quite upset all the prophecies of the corakers. Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby [he was Jameson's lieutenant in the late raid.—*Eds.*] who have a house between the old and new towns, about two miles from the latter, are living in tents, and have given up their rooms. It makes one quite ashamed to accept such kindness. I have Sir John Willoughby's room. This is a true and faithful description of it: It has mud walls, mud floor, thatched roof with no ceiling, doors made of two packing-case lids, and an unglazed window, with shutter of rough boards. Furniture: a bedstead, one box upside down, some wooden shelves, a small strip of matting, an empty whisky-bottle doing duty as a candlestick, and (oh! luxury) a table! Dr. Jameson's room, occupied by Mrs. Grey, is much the same, only it has a six-inch square looking-glass as well; and for the first time for five weeks she has been able to look at her back hair. The dining-room and kitchen are close by, and I suppose it is owing to the heat of the latter that there were a few flies about. Mr. A. Grey asked Dr. Jameson's factotum, Garlick, whether the flies had been very troublesome in the summer, to which he replied, "Yes, indeed, sir; you couldn't see through them." The house is very comfortable really, although my description of it may make you think it is an inappropriate abode for the administrator of a territory as large as France.

The conduct of the natives before the "war," which reduced them to submission, is thus narrated:

The Matabili seem absolutely quiet, and have no sense of the ignominy of defeat. But their insolence before the war is almost beyond belief. They would enter an Englishman's wagon unbidden, pull the book he was reading out of his hand and throw it on the floor again and again, spit into his water-bottle, snatch off his hat, and if he tried to recover it, chuck a knob-kerry (club or knobbed stick) under his chin so as almost to shatter his teeth. These insults had to be borne in silence, as resistance would only have ended in murder by overwhelming numbers. But the forbearance and self-restraint of the white men when their turn came seems to me to have been marvelous after such provocation.

On nearing the coast of the Indian Ocean, the travelers abandoned the wagons and continued their journey by rail and steamer, stopping to visit Zanzibar, and proceeding from there to Suez.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tuhal Cain.

Old Tuhal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his hrawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my bandiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tuhal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for gleec,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tuhal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tuhal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tuhal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forthore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And hared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tuhal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"—*Charles Mackay.*

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

Bernhardt against Duse—Mrs. Potter as Juliet—Bellew as Romeo—
Otis Skinner as Hamlet—Loie Fuller Back Again—
The "Bouncers" at Olympia.

It is many weeks since I have written on theatrical topics, but the waning of the Daly season and the waxing of the Duse boom may justify a mention of them. Daly's season closed last Saturday night after just fourteen weeks, the shortest season ever played by the Daly Company in their home theatre. Mr. Daly says in explanation that he has "discovered this year a public apathy toward high-class entertainments." Another reason is he thinks "that there are too many theatres in New York, too much amusement of all kinds, that they are still building theatres, and somebody must go to the wall." When Mr. Daly's attention was called to the high prices of theatre seats—for most of the leading theatres now charge two dollars for the best seats—he replied: "No wonder people object to pay two dollars for one-dollar performances, but the productions of Bernhardt, Irving, and at Daly's Theatre are well worth two dollars. It is little enough to pay, and the New Yorkers pay less for seats than the people in London, Paris, or Berlin." Mr. Daly further said that he is about to make a tour of the South with his company, bringing them back to Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston about the end of April. He then leaves for the Pacific Coast, playing in San Francisco and other California cities, coming back to play at Chicago and St. Louis, and, after the summer vacation, sailing for England in August. His company will open in London with "The Countess Gucki," which has been the success of the season, with Ada Rehan in the title-role.

Ada Rehan is getting old and gray, and she is certainly dowdy on the street, but New Yorkers still are loyal to her. Her Peg Woffington; Doña Hypolita, the rollicking blade in doublet and hose, with her sword by her side; Peggy Thrift, in "The Country Girl"; her romping Lady Teazle; her Katharine the Shrew; her sweet Rosalind; her Helena, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; her Julia, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"; her Julia, in "The Hunchback"; her Silena Van Dusen, in "Needles and Pins"; her Flossie, in "7-28"; her Kate Verity, in "The Squire"—who that have seen her can forget these brilliant rôles? As I said, she is getting old and gray, but she can never grow so old or so gray as to lose her place in the hearts of New Yorkers.

Eleonora Duse has come to New York again—has come, has been, and has conquered. It is really extraordinary what a success this actress has won, considering that she plays in a language which not one person in five hundred understands. But the admiration which she excites is genuine, for there is no *réclame*, no advertising "snaps," about her as there always is about Bernhardt. Duse, on the other hand, scorns advertising, does as she pleases, plays what she pleases, and refuses to go to Chicago because she does not like Chicago. Well, well, many people will agree with her in that. It is a pretty good "ad." in itself. There is quite a faction fight going on between those who admire Bernhardt and those who admire Duse. Yet Duse seems to be the idol of the hour. Personally I think Bernhardt is the finer artist, but Bernhardt, not to put too fine a point upon it, is becoming something of a chestnut, and people are growing rather weary of her many studied efforts at attracting notoriety.

The repertoire of Mme. Duse is largely made up of familiar plays, such as "Camille." She presents, however, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Locandiera," two Italian pieces. She is very striking in these Italian plays, and, oddly enough, her Santuzza in "Cavalleria" does not have a touch of poetry. The woman is a peasant, and experiences all the emotions of a peasant—love, jealousy, and hatred—but it is not dignified by refinement. It is a naturalistic study.

Next to Duse, the theatrical event of the week, oddly enough, was Mrs. Potter's appearance as Juliet. She has made a faint hit. You need not smile, for people might as well cease to look upon Mrs. Potter as a "society actress." She has been on the stage now ever since 1887. It is nearly ten years, and it is about time for her to become an actress if she ever expects to be one. She certainly is improving. Augustin Daly, who is not prone to gush, says: "The public will be charmed with Mrs. Potter's Juliet. Experience on the stage has burnished those talents that drew her to the theatre originally. I consider Mr. Bellew an ideal Romeo." There is no doubt that the general verdict has been favorable to Mrs. Potter. She is a very pretty woman, and in the scenes preceding the fifth act she played the love-sick Italian maiden in an agreeable way. Mr. Bellew made a good Romeo, and caused something of a sensation by the savage intensity with which he flung himself into the duel with Tybalt.

Another Shakespearean production is that of "Hamlet," by Otis Skinner. He will be remembered as having supported Lawrence Barrett for several years. Much of Barrett's business is evident in his playing, and he also shows the influence of Edwin Booth. Otis Skinner is a handsome man, a romantic actor, and excellently equipped for tragic work. The fact that two of Shakespeare's plays are running at the same time causes some hope for New York. By New York, I mean "greater New York," for Mr. Skinner has not been playing in New York city, but in Brooklyn. He is about to put on a play called "Villon the Vagabond," which is a drama of the romantic Dumas school and is founded on the life of François Villon, the French poet. The epoch is a striking one. Inasmuch as Villon was one of the worst characters in an evil time, and was a professional thief in addition to being a poet, there are many opportunities for the playwright. One scene is a hostelry which is a thieves' resort. Into this boozing den come thieves and drunken monks and young women with bedraggled feathers, and, last of all, a king's son. What material for romance, look you!

Loie Fuller has come back to New York and is whirling

her diaphanous skirts at Koster and Bial's. Loie has made a great hit abroad in London, Paris, Nice, and Monte Carlo. It is rather amusing to reflect that she made her first hit at the Casino here, and made such a hit that she got the big head and demanded a raise in salary, but the Casino managers refused to give it, whereupon Loie left in high dudgeon. They put on the next night four serpentine dancers in place of Loie on the same stage, but her secession was the foundation of Loie's fortune, for she went over to Paris and became a great favorite. Whatever she appears in there, she draws a crowded house. But she does not amount to much. She is not particularly pretty and not particularly graceful, but she has got the skirt and serpentine dances, and particularly the management of the light effects, down to a fine point. She has a regular staff of lime-light men, and rehearses with them and drills them with the utmost care.

Hammersteins' new theatre, Olympia, has been in trouble lately owing to the fact that the Hammersteins have been arrested for crowding people into the aisles. This has brought about a certain friction between the Hammersteins and the police. The police have been keeping a watchful eye upon the goings-on in the concert-hall, and, as a result, the Hammersteins, in order to defend their own, have employed houncers to regulate the morals of the establishment. The houncers are somewhat too zealous in their functions in the opinion of the audience. In the concert-hall, the other night, a young woman, in a pink silk waist, was seated at a table when the orchestra began to play the music of the "Couchée-Couchée" dance. The young woman in the pink silk waist rose and made exactly two motions illustrative of the dance. She did not have time to make a third. Before she knew where she was she was skimming down the aisle, and her feet barely touched the floor. One of the men with her followed, and a lively scrap ensued, but the bouncer threw the chivalrous escort out after the young woman. The bouncer then came in with his chest thrown out, and said: "People is beginning to think that Olympia is a good place to find a fight. We only want to show 'em that they're wrong. See?"

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1896.

A PRINCESS IN TIGHTS.

How Letizia Bonaparte Shocked her Royal Relatives—Her Startling Bicycle Costume—Other Pranks of the Youthful Dowager-Duchess.

[The following letter, from one of our Paris correspondents, who has been paying a winter visit to the Riviera and Italy, is particularly interesting just now in view of the recent presence in San Francisco of Prince Luigi, son of Amadeo of Savoy and step-son of the lady who is the subject of this letter.—ENS.]

At a function in Italy where the royal family is present, just as rare as are the cries of "Viva il Re!" just so enthusiastic and unanimous is the clamor of "Viva la Regina!" when the queen appears. Umberto is the son of the much-beloved "Re' Galant' Uomo," and has never done anything to lessen in his subjects' eyes the sympathy which this title alone gives him. But their love for Queen Margherita is the stronger because she has been, and is, radiantly beautiful, possessing exquisite charm, is, in a word, *simpatica*, which expression in the soft Italian tongue implies every fascination and attraction. Every Italian is an artist in his soul: his heart goes out straight to beauty.

For this reason the Princesse Letizia Bonaparte was warmly welcomed in Turin, when she went thither to marry the king's brother, about ten years ago. She was, and still is, very handsome—being fifteen years younger than her royal sister-in-law, and of Italian type, although a Frenchwoman. The Bonapartes, as every one knows, are Corsicans, descendants of Sardinian and Genoese colonists, and though Prince Napoleon, her father, nephew of the great emperor and grandson of "Madame Mère" Letizia, after whom his daughter was named, had German blood in his veins—by Catherine of Wurtemberg, wife of King Jerome—he was all a Bonaparte in his strange Roman and Caesarian type. Having married the Princesse Clothilde, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, this new addition of Italian blood Italianized his children.

When the young Princesse Letizia married Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of Aosta, she became the wife of her mother's brother. Such marriages are permitted by the Church of Rome in royal families. To be sure, the ex-King of Spain was nearly twenty years older than his young wife, widower of an Austrian-Trentin princess, and the father of three sons, the eldest of whom was nearly as old as his step-mother. But the Duke of Aosta was very handsome. Amadeo of Savoy was a dashing horseman, an accomplished gentleman, with a charming character and cultivated mind, very rich besides, and was, therefore, in every way a desirable match. His handsome young wife added a new gem to the Italian crown, and, as the king inhabited Rome, the new capital, it was at Turin, the ancient capital and cradle of the House of Savoy, that his younger brother held his court.

This arrangement was best for other reasons, for it was a secret to no one that the two sisters-in-law were not on very good terms. It is rarely that two handsome women are fond of one another, and Queen Margherita, they say, felt a little bitterness against this new triumphant beauty, who held in her hand the trump-card of youth. Moreover, the queen's irreproachable virtue was somewhat startled by certain too Parisian manners of the young duchess. A great many stories have been circulated about Letizia, the greater part much exaggerated and some, no doubt, entirely false. They went so far as to pretend that she was in love with her step-son, the present Duke of Aosta—a wicked defamation, but to which she gave some semblance of truth by not assuming a sufficiently maternal attitude toward the young man. Then her manners are free, her language a little strong. It is not her mother—the austere recluse of the Palace of Moncolieri, where she lives like a lay sister of charity—whom the Duchess of Aosta resembles,

but her father, the volatile, skeptical, corrupt "Mon-Plon," as he was called in France during the Empire. Like him, she does everything that comes into her mind, and cares nothing for public opinion.

As long as the Duke of Aosta lived, besides the fact that he kept his wife within certain bounds, he was also responsible for her. But he died soon after his marriage, leaving the Princesse Letizia a "dowager" at twenty-six, with a son horn of their marriage, the little Count of Talmi, a tie which attaches her indissolubly to the House of Savoy, while at the same time her widowhood leaves her independent of all control. After her time of mourning was over, which she passed in a very correct manner, she took up again her free, gay life—too gay and too free, in appearance at least, to please the queen.

A sovereign is the absolute head of a royal family, and enjoys certain rights which the law refuses to individuals, such as being able to veto any marriages of princes or princesses of royal blood that do not please him. The Duchess of Aosta is the niece as well as the sister-in-law of the royal couple. For this reason, they remonstrated with her regarding her mode of life. She took it with had grace, and this increased the misunderstanding between them. However, obliged to live in Italy on account of her dowry and her son, she was forced to submit to them in a measure. She is free to travel and to remain abroad to a limited degree, but gossips say that a love-affair keeps her on the Italian side of the Alps. At one time, it was even whispered that she was going to marry a Roman prince. But nothing came of it. Some say that the king opposed it, others that she herself had no desire to resign her liberty and to lose her rank of "Altezza Reale."

Before bicycling had become general, Letizia appeared in the broad, straight streets of Turin on a bicycle, the first woman of society in Italy, perhaps, who had ventured on one. Her very short kilt displayed to a startling degree her handsome limbs, incased in black silk tights and black satin trunks fitting closely, with a short black jacket and a red silk shirt, her noble Caesarian profile overshadowed by a hat copied after those worn by the Bersaglieri. It created a great scandal. Sent for to go to the summer palace of Monza, she was severely taken to task by her uncle and brother-in-law, who was especially angry because the guard at the palace was obliged to render her military honors when she was in this costume. There was a stormy scene, but the duchess has not given up bicycling—she only consented not to display herself again in this guise before the astonished Piedmontese.

Since then, the marriage of her step-son, the Duke of Aosta, has made a change in the dowager's life. In the royal family she was before this the only princess, excepting the Duchess of Genoa, mother of the queen—married a second timemorganatically to the Marquis Rapallo—who, being over sixty years of age, rarely appeared at court, and the young Duchess of Genoa, a Bavarian princess, who leads a very quiet existence. The sovereign's only son, Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, has no inclination to marry. He is small, sickly, and neither handsome nor very brilliant, and finally, it is said, "senza amore," which in Italy is almost an insulting term when implied to a young man. The future Victor Emmanuel the Third pales by the side of his cousin, Philibert Emmanuel of Savoy, who is a handsome fellow, a prince from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and, last but not least, celebrated for his love-affairs. This "Prince Charmant" married a few months ago, and his wife, Princesse Hélène of Orleans, is no less handsome than her new aunt, Margherita, with the added charm of her twenty-five summers, and no less lovely than her husband's step-mother, Princesse Letizia, and although the difference of age is less in the latter case, the Duchess of Aosta takes precedence of the dowager-duchess in beauty as well as rank. A thorough Bourbon, with her brilliantly fresh complexion, deep blue eyes, and very blonde hair, she greatly resembles the portraits of the natural daughters of Louis the Fourteenth and Mme. de Montespan, which one sees in the Palace of Versailles, and she is, in fact, a direct descendant of one of them who was legitimized and married to that Duc d'Orleans who was regent and was the grandfather four times removed of the Comte de Paris, father of the Princesse Hélène. This young Duchess of Aosta is tall, admirably made, a perfect horsewoman, an intrepid huntress, very royal in her affable manners, with strict principles and such perfection of conduct as befits a young girl brought up at the home of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. She therefore possesses all the charms of the dowager-duchess and others besides. She is, moreover, a *persona grata* with the king and queen, a little on account of her lightful and excellent qualities and a good deal through opposition to the other duchess.

To be frank, the Princesse Letizia's star has paled. Her friends declare she does not mind it in the least, and that with her rank, her fortune, and her liberty to do as she likes, she laughs at the rest.

ROME, February 19, 1896.

DORSEY.

A Minnesota farmer named Hines, who owned nothing but a quarter-section of mortgaged land and a spavined team of horses, suddenly concluded that the country was being robbed by railroads, and that the farmers must build a road of their own. He started out. The farmers did not have any money with which to subscribe for stock, but they pledged so many days' work on the road. Others made a gift of the right of way. Still others went into the woods and cut out the ties. Farmer Hines was much ridiculed when he started his agricultural road, but he has stuck manfully to his task, and now the chances are the road will be actually built. He has one hundred and fifty miles of right of way, pledges for the earth-work, ties enough to cover the line, and is now in New York negotiating bonds for the rails and rolling-stock. The road will run from Duluth west through the Red River Valley into North Dakota, opening up a new section of country.

THE LADY WHO RODE FOR FUN.

A Mountain Driver's Story.

"My name is Jim Vue; a mule-skinner am I:
The first time I went courting I felt rather shy;
I stood under the rain-spout till I got wet clean through—
(Then Sal stuck her head out o' the window an' says—
'Jim! Come in out o' the rain.')
Says I—'My old girl, I don't care if I—'"

"Jim," said I, breaking in upon his ditty, "what was the yarn you were going to tell about the time you engineered that English hunting-party through the Bear Paw Mountains?"

We were riding along the trail, which stretches its serpentine length at the feet of the eternally grand old Rockies between Forts McLeod and Calgary, on a bright, warm afternoon in January. When they have a "chinook" out there, sporting in its rude, hoisterous, yet withal genial fashion, through the deep defiles of the mountains from over the Pacific, with a rumble like Niagara at a distance and a force which makes you hutton your coat up tightly to keep it from blowing off, the snow soon vanishes, even in mid-winter; and the thermometer jumps from "forty below" to "temperate" so suddenly that you wonder if the sun has not wheeled himself several degrees out of his normal course at such a season, or the breath of an approaching prairie-fire is not fanning your cheek.

The singer gave the wad of tobacco in his jaw a twist with his tongue and aimed an amber jet at a "hull-dog" on his horse's ear before turning upon me a pair of glistening eyes, with black points set in saucers of milk, a short, impudent nose, and a rather weak mouth, round the corners of which lurked a musing smile. Then, after a pause, he said:

"Oh, yes. Well, Littlefield was the chief of the outfit, an' he hed his wife along—fine, spankin' woman, good to look at. There was another Englishman—a great shot—called Wells, an' a nigger cook—a big, slashin' huck, but with no mo' sand in him than a pusillanimous jack-rabbit. Lord!—how we did scare that poor critter! His teeth used to chitter like a squirrel's; it's a wonder he didn't shake 'em out of his big woolly head. 'Fraid of his own shadow after night, an' he'd make one any time, even if it was pitch dark, he was so infinal black. You might as soon git this here huzzard-head I'm a-ridin' to stand on one leg as coax that nigger to mosey outside the flare o' the camp-fire after sundown fer a pail o' water, or fer any other puppos, fer the matter o' that. You see, he was a 'pilgrim'—never heen on a lay-out o' this sort afore, an' he was that hlamed tender a goat would nihhle him.

"But, I h'leve, to talk Christian, I was partly re-sponsible fer his heing so extray-ordnary skittish. He sta'ted, oncet or twicet, fer water after night to a critke quite handy, sho'tly after we went into camp. I jest stepped off fifteen paces into the pines an' let a 'Yee-ow' or two out o' me, an' Jumbo, he throwed back his ears an' yelled—tee-riffic, I tell yeh—an' come prancin' up to the camp-fire—jest techin' high spots, you understand—with his two sighters stickin' out like the knobs on the horns of a ornery freight-ox, shakin' like a sick cow in a north wind, an' dern a pail in sight.

"After that a Quaker meetin' ner a cyclone wouldn't hudge him; an' if you asked him to put a tree between him an' the hlaze after dark he'd weep like a wolf. An' that woman! . . . No—she didn't laugh none—o-oh, no-o!" And Jim lay back in his saddle, and sent a peal echoing up among the foot-hills which shook the few lingering traces of soft snow from the branches of the spruces.

That Jim was a "mule-skinner" does not imply that he was expert at removing hides—in toto. Simply that he belonged to that select lurch of frontiersmen whose superlative boast is that they can drive or ride "anything that wears hair"—that he was past-master in the craft of teamsterism.

He adjusted the pistols in his belt, gave a forward tilt to his broad-rimmed huckskin hat and a hitch to his fringed leather "chaps," and kicked his big, jingling Mexican spurs against his cayuse's flanks before resuming:

"But I was a-goin' to tell yeh 'bout Mis' Li'l'field. She was a mighty fine woman, as I said before, an' well put up—fond o' out-o'-door sport, an' of ridin' in partic'lar. Well, one hright, warm mornin' Li'l'field an' Wells went off huntin', an' I got orders (I was teamster an' guide to the outfit, yeh know) to move camp across the 'Divide'—about twenty mile—in the meantime. So, after breakfast an' the dishes hed been wiped, we packed up the outfit an' struck camp; but it was well on in the day before we pulled out.

"Now, Mis' Li'l'field hed a spankin' hay hoss specially fer her own use. I hedn't no objections to her ridin', of co'se—not commonly. But yeh know it ain't jest nice to he rollin' down a blamed, co'kscrew mount'in trail after dark, an' gettin' into camp late, an' hev'in' to plant yer tents an' square things out, cut yer kindlin' an' git yer water by cat-light, an' wait till nine o'clock, mehhe, fer yer supper. This was what hed happened different times through Mis' Li'l'field. She allers wanted to 'ride' when we shifted camp, an' follered the wagon on her hay hoss. It was unde'stood that when I was goin' too fast or hed got too fur in the lead, she would wave her handkercher, an' I was to slack up or stop till she ketch'd the wagon. So I jest natterly 'lowed I'd give her a song-an'-dance, hev'in' a pretty smart day ahead o' me an' wantin' to git into camp early. Conse'quently, I told the nigger—who rode with me—not to look back.

"When we sta'ted, of co'se, the fust ten mile or so was up-hill mostly, an' I couldn't travel extra fast; so it was 'bout two when we hit the summit, an' everything hed went lovely. Then we hed a little 'hand-out,' an' the descent begun.

"I didn't lose no time. The mules stepped out gay—me a-poppin' the huckskin among 'em oncet an' awhile jest to keep 'em chee'ful an' in good humor; an' the hill—well, chain-lightnin' could go down—with hritchin'. I hedn't went a great ways when I heerd a fur-off call—like a coyote

got astray. Jumbo shifted kind of uneasy-like on the seat, an' squinted sideways at me; hut I was a-whistlin' 'The Gal with the Travail Train,' and didn't see nor hear nothin', of co'se. Pretty soon the nigger he couldn't set peaceful an' unconcerned no longer, an' stole a look hehin'. Then he leaned forrard, 'th his han's 'tween his knees, an' chuckled to hisself. I paid no manner o' notice. Now he screws round again in his seat, chuckles an' twists a little harder, squints at me sideways again, an' says:

"'She's a-wavin', Jim.'

"'Set still, you hlamed, black-breasted sand-piper,' says I; 'let 'er wave.'

"'He was to'ahul quiet fer a sh'ot space—while you might cut a pipe o' terhack, mehhe. The calls sounded pretty faint now. Far hack up the rocky trail, I could ketch the clear, sharp ring of her hoss's hoofs—'p'ite-pat! p'ite-pat! p'ite-pat!'—remindin' me somethin' o' one o' them gals from the East down in Benton chassayin' up an' down the room in a new-fangled war-dance they call the 'Rushin' Polkay.'

"Jumbo's head swung around again on its pivot. He squirmed an' twisted an' chuckled some more; the fun was too fast fer his ornery, woolly scalp, an' he hust out:

"'Dah! she waves, Jim. Now—now! she waves. Dah—dah! she's a-wavin'. Now—now! she's a wavin', Jim. Now! she waves. Jim—Jim—Jim!—she waves. Jim—she waves!—she waves!—she waves!'

"Here he throwed out his wings—undulatin'-like an' very takin', and winds up in a loud 'Yah! yah! yah!—doughlin' hisself up an' contortin' an' rollin' round on the seat till I thought he'd drop out o' the wagon. He was the most extropulous coon I ever see—that's right! I tried to kick him under the seat—but fact is, I was a-laughin' at him till I was nigh non campus Memphis myself.

"'P'ite-pat! P'ite-pat! P'ite-pat!' come from far hack in the distance.

"Now I commenced to pull in my mules. We were gittin' pretty well down the slope, an' a few mile more would fetch us to the camp-ground. (I hed changed 'The Gal with the Travail Train' fer 'The Gal I Left Behin' Me.') It was still middlin' early in the afternoon, an' mighty hot. After awhile I got my team down to a walk, an' afore long I heerd the hoss's hoofs comin' closter.

"I turned around an' watched her as she come up. Say!—I've eat canned lobsters, an' heerd talk of spanked habies—but you'd oughter seen that woman's face! . . . Whoosh!—to sta't a fire fer the puppos o' toastin' a hannack while she wer' round an' that color lasted, as the poet says, 'wer' onnecessary.' But that wa'n't all, neither. She was mad clean through—as a sage-hen with a brood o' young 'uns: it stuck out in pints all over her. An' yeh could see where the tears hed left marks on her cheeks—through the dust; an' her hair was like a shower-hath on her shoulders.

"'How could you be so mean, Jim,' she says.

"'Well—you see, mum—er—this here—ah—hlamed hill is so confounded ornery pu'pendic'lar—uh—I couldn't hold 'em up—'pon honor I couldn't!'

"Of co'se I guess she didn't h'leve me ha'dly, but what could she say? We traveled pretty slow the rest o' the road to camp. I did feel tarnation mean, as well as sorry fer her, an' that's right! I wanted to kick myself, to make myself feel—er—ah—oncomfortable. I hed half a mind to make Jumbo do it. But, then, he was a nigger, an' didn't know nothin'.

"Well, Li'l'field got his leg hroke sho'tly after, an' that hu'st up the expedition—got into a wrestle with a grizzly, an' took second money. He left his hoss, an' went close to git a good pull, but the hear was only wounded an' charged. He waltzed with him. I reckon it 'ud 'a' heen all day with Li'l'field if Wells hedn't heen nigh; he was a dead shot, yeh know. As it was, he got out of it with a broken thigh an' a gash in his hip from the hear's claw yeh might cache a flask in. So as soon as he could he moved, we went into Helena, an' they left there fer England. . . .

"Eh? Oh, the woman! Why—well, she rode with me on the wagon after that when we moved camp—jest ornery didn't care to much as look at a saddle fer more'n a week. When she shook han's an' says good-by (an' I was real sorry to see the last of her), she looks at me an' smiles, an' says:

"'An' Jim, next time we come to Montana to hunt, try an' pick us out a span o' mules that ain't so hard to 'hold up,' will you?"

"An' I hanged my head, like a derned idjut, an' said I would."

WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

Probably the most important change now going on in electrical railway work (says the Pittsburg Dispatch) is the substitution of mechanical or automatic power-brakes for the crude hand-brakes that depend upon the mere muscle of the motorman. All the progressive street-car lines are evincing a preference for air-brakes, the air for which is compressed by the car itself. Another modification of street-car practice is expected in the adoption of more musical gongs. The prevalent types not only deafen the passers-by, but use up the energy of the motormen and jar their nervous systems.

Lieutenant-General Schofield, in a recent interview, stated that the general impression that the powerful modern engines of war would cause enormous slaughter is a mistaken idea. "War to-day," he says, "so far as loss of life is concerned, would be more humane than it ever was, hut, on the other hand, would be terribly destructive to property. Cities would be destroyed, as well as ships and fortifications, but the men would fight more under cover and at longer range."

James Keir Hardie, the socialist labor leader, has made discoveries in Glasgow similar to those unearthed by W. T. Stead in London in 1885. Mr. Hardie's revelations are published in language that is even franker than was that employed by Mr. Stead in his statements respecting offenses against young women and children.

MR. ASTOR'S BARREL-ORGAN.

The Upheaval in the "Pall Mall Gazette" Office—Mr. Cust, the Editor, "Fired"—The Millionaire Scarified by His Late Staff.

There has been a terrific tempest in the journalistic tea-pot of London. Mr. Henry Cust has "got the sack."

Mr. Cust has heen the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* ever since that journal was purchased by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire. Mr. Cust received a request for his resignation on the third of February. He did not go gracefully, but requested delay. When Mr. Astor granted this, Mr. Cust immediately proceeded to give to the London papers the private correspondence between Mr. Astor and himself, by which it was proved indubitably that he had heen "sacked." Of this Mr. Cust is apparently proud. He has flung himself into the bosom of the Carleton Club for sympathy. The opening of Parliament crowded that club with members, and Mr. Cust, with his raw and bleeding wounds, was the hero of the hour.

In the correspondence which he published he gave a letter of Mr. Astor's in praise of the *Pall Mall Budget*, as showing that the millionaire gentleman approved his work. But Mr. Cust should he fair. The *Pall Mall Budget* was something truly rare and precious in a newspaper sense. It was too bright and good for human nature's daily—or even weekly—food. It perished. It was run on too high pressure. Even a millionaire could not stand the enormous expense of the *Pall Mall Budget*. But Mr. Cust was not the *Budget's* editor. It was Mr. Lewis Hind. Mr. Cust has taken away with him many of his staff. The staff have remained loyal to their editor in his retirement, and one of them, Mr. E. Iwan Muller, his late associate editor, has taken up the cudgels against Mr. Astor even more vigorously than his chief. In a letter to the millionaire, Mr. Muller says: "Since the last board meeting, I have received no communication, verbal or written, direct or indirect, from you till, on the morning of the second instant, I received the insolent verbal demand of your man of business requesting me to hand in my resignation. My reward has heen a curt dismissal, with scantier courtesy than an English gentleman would show his lackey." Altogether, Messrs. Curt and Muller seem to have made out quite a strong case in favor of the truth of the assertion that Mr. Astor kicked them out. But why dwell upon this painful process?

Mr. Astor certainly gave Mr. Cust *carte blanche* in running the *Gazette*. The editor was not pressed for want of money. He engaged the brightest journalists in London, and paid them fancy salaries. He had correspondents in all the great capitals in the world, the only afternoon journal in London that did. He accomplished continually what American newspaper men call "scoops." It was the *Pall Mall Gazette* that first announced the resignation of Gladstone. All of its rivals stated that this was false, hut the *Gazette* told the truth and triumphed. It has made numbers of other exclusive announcements.

The tone of the *Gazette* was smart—in fact, flippant. It is generally believed that this tone was the particular thing that did not commend itself to Mr. Astor. The paper has also adopted a tone toward foreign politics which did not please him. To treat the Armenian massacres as a joke offended the British public deeply. Further than that, the tone of the *Gazette* toward American affairs was more jingo than Mr. Astor could stand. He is an expatriated American, hut it does not follow that he should use his money to abuse his native land. Therefore he cut the comb of Mr. Cust.

But the indignation of the retiring editor is difficult to understand. After all, he was simply hired to carry out Mr. Astor's ideas. London *Truth* puts the matter rather neatly this week in some doggerel entitled "The Millionaire and His Organ-Grinder." A few of the lines run as follows:

"Having wealth at his disposal, in the aggregate immense,
Once a rich man bought an organ, quite regardless of expense.
'Now some music on my organ will my life of sorrow rid;
So I'll hire a man to grind it'—and in point of fact he did.
Said the rich man to the grinder: 'I am quite prepared to pay
Any sum you like to mention, if you'll only grind away.
Don't attempt my taste to question! I employ you, that is all,
And as owner of this organ I've a right the tunes to call.'
So the grinder took the organ, and the ardent millionaire
Sat behind his window-curtain in a padded rocking-chair;
And he listened and he listened to his grinder as he ground,
But the longer that he listened the more angrily he frowned."

The narrator goes on to narrate, in moving terms, how the organ-grinder does not grind tunes that are suited to the owner's fancy, whereupon this takes place:

"But the millionaire, now raging, cut the grinder short and cried:
'I'm your master and I pay you, and I will not be defied!
You shall grind for me no longer'—and thereon, with signs of heat,

He deprived him of the organ and just left him in the street!"

There can he no question about it. Mr. Cust was Mr. Astor's organ-grinder, and should have ground to suit his master. When he did not do so, it was only natural that he should lose his job.

The flippant tone of the *Pall Mall* did not please everybody, as I have said. The *Saturday Review* remarked the other day: "Money can always buy brains—of a sort—and plenty of talent was gathered together by the chink of the gold in this particular long purse. But it is another matter to impose discipline and character upon recruits thus mustered. These bright young men hore themselves with the arrogance and license of the proverbial rich man's pets. They swaggered through journalism, mocking here, hullyng there, like under-graduates on a spree. They screamed with laughter at their own puns, they uttered deliberate gibberish for the sake of seeing their elders stare. It was all amusing sport—while it lasted. But it grew to be a bore."

That seems to be the general impression, and evidently at last it hored Mr. Astor himself. Hence the change. The new editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is Sir Douglas Straight, who has for a year or two heen the editor of Mr. Astor's *Pall Mall Magazine*. He has heen in journalism for a

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Ohio's "Favorite Son"—The Apostle of Protection—He is Descended from Generations of Iron-Workers—A Veritable Son of Tubal Cain.

[As the days pass, and the Republican National Convention draws nearer, the McKinley boom grows. The other Republican candidates seem to be losing strength. A careful canvass—made sometimes by political opponents—throughout the Western States, shows increasing strength for McKinley. It begins to look as if he were the candidate of the Republican party. Although he is well known throughout the Mississippi Valley, McKinley's life is not so familiar here. Therefore, we think that the following concise account of his career will be read with interest on the Pacific Slope.—Eos.]

Ohio is the mother of four Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison. She may be the mother of five.

William McKinley's ancestors came to this country from the northern part of Ireland in the year 1750 and settled in Pennsylvania. His great-grandfather, David McKinley, married Sarah Gray, and had twelve children, one of whom, James, came to Ohio in 1810, bringing a son, William, who went to work in an iron foundry. This William McKinley removed to Niles, a small town in eastern Ohio, where he bought an interest in an iron foundry. Here, in a frame building, two-storied and gable-roofed, part store and part dwelling, the future statesman first saw the light of day on January 29, 1843.

William McKinley, Sr., was a man of character and strict honesty. His large family was often a burden, but he conscientiously performed what he thought was his duty, and made every possible sacrifice for the sake of his children. It was his ambition to give each one a good education and make useful men and women of them. In all this he was more than seconded by his wife, who was a Campbell. She was one of those rare women whom Nature designed to shine in any sphere, one whose soul was wrapped up in her home and the welfare of her children, and who was ever ready to sacrifice her own personal comfort that they might the better equip themselves for the battle of life. This plain, sweet, simple, pioneer mother, who had experienced many of the hardships and struggles of early Western life, died recently at her home in Canton, O., in her eighty-eighth year, one year after the death of her husband.

On the banks of the Ohio River—the "beautiful river" in Indian nomenclature—William McKinley spent his boyhood, went to school, and joined the Methodist church at the age of sixteen. During vacations he regularly assisted the postmaster, whose name is Case and who, appointed by President Buchanan, still adheres to his office and his Democratic principles. Two of Mr. McKinley's sisters taught school, one of them gaining considerable reputation in her calling, and McKinley himself taught one term of winter school. There were ten children in the family—five sons and five daughters—and they were obliged to study hard, and frequently the boys did odd jobs to help earn money for books and tuition. It was a family full of sunshine and hope, of self-sacrifice on the part of the parents and of filial devotion on the part of the children—an ideal American home, where the principles of religion and patriotism were inculcated from childhood.

When the Civil War began, all over the North came the mutterings and murmurings of assembling hosts. Poland was intensely patriotic. It was the banner township. Her quota was always full, and it is her boast to this day that no draft was ever necessary within her precincts. McKinley enlisted in the Twenty-Third Ohio as a private, and for nearly four years was with it in all its gallant career, principally in West Virginia, at South Mountain and Antietam, and in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Private, cook, teamster, sub-quartermaster, and oftentimes, because of his industry and pleasing address, detached to serve upon brigade staffs, he at length became the favorite staff-officer of Crook, afterward the famous Indian fighter, with the rank of major. McKinley rarely refers to his military life, and then only in the most modest manner; but the records show him to have been a brave soldier and always in the thickest of the fight.

After the war, McKinley returned to Ohio, and entered civil life at the age of twenty-two. General Carroll desired him to remain in the army, but his tastes were for literary and economic study, and he declined. It is said that whenever the army went into winter quarters, debating societies were organized, and that McKinley was an enthusiastic debater. McKinley decided to study law, and entered the office of Judge Charles E. Gliddon, of Mahoning County, O., and eventually took a course in the Albany, N. Y., Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was often sorely pressed for money during this period, and if it had not been for the self-sacrifice on the part of a sister, he would have been compelled to discontinue his studies and take up some immediate means of earning a living. He commenced the practice of law in Canton, O., in the spring of 1869. Canton is the county-seat of Stark County, and at that time it must have had about six thousand inhabitants. It is now a city of forty thousand people, compactly built, a flourishing manufacturing centre, and like most Ohio towns, it has an open square in the centre, from which the streets are laid out in checker-board fashion. The mainspring of the city's growth and prosperity is its iron furnaces, and the people are veritable children of Vulcan. McKinley comes from a generation of iron-workers. His father worked in the rolling-mills until old age forced him to retire, and he kept track of the business until within a short time of his death. There is iron all through the stock.

McKinley took a practical view of manufacturing, and, instead of being a mere patron of the mills, he became a son of the mills. He realized that they were in a great measure the pillars of our country's welfare, and the need of protecting them against foreign competition impressed itself upon him, and in his brain was born the germ of the measure which was destined to make him famous.

Stark County at that period was overwhelmingly Demo-

cratic, and the Republican nomination for any office was thought only an empty honor. Some two years after his advent in Canton, during which time he had become quite popular with the people, the Republicans tendered McKinley the nomination for prosecuting attorney. He accepted, and at once took the stump and inaugurated a vigorous campaign, and, to the great surprise of every one, he was elected. In this contest he first displayed his wonderful ability as a campaigner. He served successfully for two years, and was re-nominated. The Democrats were on the alert this time, and accomplished his defeat, but only by a bare majority of forty-six votes. This episode attracted the attention of the people to him, and, as Canton grew larger and increased in importance, McKinley's law practice improved. His defeat was compensated for by his marriage to Miss Ida Saxton, whose father was a banker and one of the wealthiest men in Stark County. This marriage advanced McKinley in Canton, where they began housekeeping and still own a house; but the loss of their only child, shortly after the death of Mrs. McKinley's mother, prostrated his wife and impaired her naturally delicate constitution to such an extent that she has been an invalid ever since. McKinley's constant devotion to his invalid wife has made him the women's candidate. She is a beautiful woman, of slender and delicate figure, possessed of mannerisms that captivate all who meet her. They have lately celebrated their silver wedding.

The county prosecutorship was the commencement of McKinley's political career. In 1876, at the age of thirty-three, McKinley stood for Congress, and showed his splendid campaigning skill by defeating a host of competitors. He represented the district until 1890, when, by a gerrymander and the use of very extraordinary means, he was defeated for a reelection. This canvass and his tariff bill attracted the attention of the whole country and insured him the nomination for governor, and in the fall of 1891 he was elected by a large majority. Two years later he was renominated and ran against Larry Neal, the author of the free-trade plank in the Democratic platform, and was elected by a plurality of about eighty-five thousand. At the close of his two terms, his Republican successor, Asa Bushnell, the wealthy manufacturer of reapers and binders, received no less majority. This has made McKinley a Presidential candidate.

McKinley took Garfield's seat in Congress, and succeeded to his place on the Ways and Means Committee. Tariff became his hobby, and he made it a study. He formulated a tariff bill in which he protected things never before protected, and it eventually became a law. McKinley compelled Harrison and Reed to follow in his footsteps, and at least twice he wrote the platforms which committed the Republican party to the doctrine of protection.

In 1888, McKinley received votes for President, but did not stampede the convention. Sherman stood in the way. He was the chairman of the convention held in Chicago in 1892, and received one hundred and eighty votes. This was the work of Foraker, an influential Ohio politician, who was seeking to ruin McKinley for the part he had played in Foraker's unsuccessful fight for Sherman's seat in the Senate. Time and other influences have obliterated these quarrels—Foraker is now United States senator-elect and an earnest supporter of McKinley. The politicians now act in unison, and Ohio has but one "favorite son"—William McKinley.

Mr. McKinley is a man of medium size, compact, active, and looks like Webster as much as Napoleon, and like both. The secret of his physical strength and wonderful vitality is a sound constitution, good digestion, and ability to sleep under the most trying conditions. It is said that Napoleon could compel sleep by mere force of will-power, and that is what McKinley can do. McKinley comes of a hardy race, and his family are a healthy and long-lived one. He is an inveterate smoker of cigars, but outside of this he does not know what excess means.

In making political appointments he is exceedingly careful, and then trusts his appointees implicitly. He is a man of strong convictions, earnest and sincere, and he has always led a clean life. His face indicates a firm character. He is of a quiet disposition, thoughtful, and a good listener, and his manner is courtly and even gracious, but not effusive.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

MARCH, 1896.

The difference between English and American ways of looking at the same subject is strikingly shown in two articles in the *Youth's Companion* on "The Bar as a Profession." The Lord Chief-Justice, Lord Russell, of Killowen, describes the qualities, love of the profession, industrious patience, common sense, and high aims which are essential, not for the winning of great wealth, of which "the bar does not hold out promise," but of honorable success. To this he regards "university culture as almost indispensable," closing with a noble appeal to the young lawyer to remember "that he is engaged in a profession which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and of mind," and that there are higher interests than those of his client to be fought for—"the interests of truth and of honor." The main point of the article by Judge O. W. Holmes, of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, is to show that for a "fighting success" a university education is not essential—there is almost a hint that it may be an impediment; but that if a young man can afford "two or even three" years in a law school he "will not regret a month of it when he comes to practice." There can be no doubt of the truth of this assertion, in view of the following significant figures: Of the 287 lawyers in Congress, not one-half have been through college—129 only are college graduates; 50 have spent some time at a college or a professional school; 108 have received only a common-school education.

Lord Palmerston said of the Schleswig-Holstein War, now over thirty years ago, that nobody understood the cause of it but himself, and he was not sure.

number of years, and already has changed the tone of the *Gazette*. He has made it much more conservative in its utterances; but evidently he is not stinted for money, as the day after he took charge he printed a poem by Sir Lewis Morris and an article on Ian Maclaren which were the talk of London for the day, which fact was said to have caused Mr. Cust much secret sorrow.

It is rumored that Mr. Cust contemplates founding another journal with the brilliant staff which he has taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, if he can find a benevolent millionaire. He may succeed in doing so. But I doubt it. The *Pall Mall* has been, by the way, famous for its secessions. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, many years ago, differed with the proprietor. He took out his entire staff, and started the *St. James's Gazette*. Subsequently, when another editor of the *St. James's Gazette* became dissatisfied with his paper, he went with his staff, bag and baggage to the *Westminster Gazette*, which was started by Mr. George Newnes. It remains to be seen whether the disgruntled Mr. Cust will start a new evening journal. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 15, 1896.

It is interesting to note to-day (writes James Payn from Eogland to the *Independent*) the state of our preparedness for war a hundred years ago. We find that in place of a mere flying squadron, eight-and-twenty men-of-war were put into commission at once. Sailors, however, as now, were much too few and had to be "pressed." Two hundred years ago this practice had been declared illegal, yet it was always resorted to when necessity arose. The lords of the admiralty issued press warrants, and a net, as it were, was at once cast over the neighborhoods indicated, sometimes securing as many as two thousand seamen in a single night. The system in the navy was brutal in the extreme, but, on the other hand, there was great license. In *Dido's* "Wapping Old Stairs," the heroine plaintively reminds her lover:

"When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?"

and when the *Royal George* went down, there were two hundred of this class of lady on board. Now and then, too, there were vast hauls of prize-money. The capture of the *Hermione* produced no less than £800 per man, but this was never afterward approached. In the case of the *St. Jago*, valued at £935,000, the admiral got nearly £100,000, each captain's share was £13,000, lieutenants £910, warrant officers £612, petty officers £140, and each seaman £26. These rare godsend were, however, very poor mitigations of the hardships of "pressing"; men totally unfit to be seamen were carried off without a word of warning to their families and friends, often never to return.

According to Cleveland Moffett, the manufacture of the modern bicycle presents one of the most complex and delicate problems known in engineering—a problem more difficult of solution than the construction of a bridge, a locomotive, or a twenty-story building. The reason is that what scientists call the "factor of safety" is lower in a bicycle than in almost any other mechanical product, and is growing still lower every year as the machines are made lighter. In high-pressure guns, the "factor of safety" is often as great as 20, which means that the guns are made twenty times as strong as is theoretically necessary for the strain they must bear. In ordinary guns, the "factor of safety" is 12, in boilers it is about 6, in bridges it is usually 5, and in almost every construction or machine it is at least 4. It is believed that in modern bicycles 1.25 is now the reduced "factor of safety." The effect of this is that if any joint, or screw, or bolt, or bit of wire fails in strength by only so much as twenty-five per cent. of what is expected of it, the bicycle may be crippled.

At Sedan General Sheridan, as military commissioner from the United States, was present on the summit of the little hill where King William, Bismarck, Moltke, and a group of notable officers were watching for the end. Moltke was standing by a large telescope mounted on a tripod. Spread upon the ground at his feet lay maps of the region round about, which at moments he studied attentively. It was Sheridan—quick of eye and judgment—who first perceived with whom the victory rested. When that final charge (of the French) failed, the German ring closed as with a snap; and Sheridan, as he shut his binoculars, broke the strained silence with the exclamation: "It is all over with the French now!" At the words, Moltke left his telescope, stalked aside to where Sheridan sat, and silently shook hands with the American soldier who had felt the pulse of many battles.

Professor William Lisperard Rohh, of Trinity College, had a real and an imitation diamond. These were photographed by the X-rays. The genuine diamond offered no resistance to the X-rays and cast no shadow on the photographic plate, the settings standing out clear and distinct in shadow. The imitation diamond, on the contrary, cast a solid blot of black, more intense even than the setting. This discovery will thus prove a test of diamonds.

Lord Kelvin has been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after fifteen minutes' firing the survivors of the crews of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental, if not physical, incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.

It is the habit of a well-known English statesman, when traveling abroad alone, to fasten above his head each night a slip of paper on which is written instructions as to what should be done in the event of his dying suddenly.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Book by Harding Davis.

Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America" appears at an opportune time. Venezuela is still prominently before the public eye, and the lesser Spanish-American republics have their share of interest as possible claimants on the future protection of the United States. A graphic view of these little visited neighbors of ours is given in the book, and much information is delivered in a pleasant and unobtrusive fashion.

Beginning at Belize, in British Honduras, the journey included a trip over the mountains to the Pacific on muleback, and a coast voyage to Panama, ending at Caracas, in Venezuela, where the party turned their faces homeward. An interesting portion of the book is that which relates a visit to Puerto Cortez, the head-quarters of the old Louisiana Lottery Company, a point which was, indeed, the original object of the voyage. But the party penetrated much further, and entered the very heart of Central America.

The discomforts of travel, the primitive methods of living they encountered, as well as their few adventures, are all related in a holiday spirit of enjoyment. Mr. Davis's fun is always rather stilted, but he is a traveler who knows how to reproduce vividly the impressions of new surroundings, and the book is like all his work, entertaining and well written. The latter portion, which describes Caracas, the "Paris of South America," giving an insight into the views of the Venezuelans on the boundary question and their interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, is interesting from its timeliness.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Romantic Highwayman.

"Galloping Dick," by H. B. Marriott Watson, recounts some half-dozen chapters in the life of a highwayman in the time of the Merry Monarch. The book is one of rollicking adventure, and the incidents are told with plenty of dash. A meeting with King Charles himself is a merry episode in Dick's career. In another he mounts on his own nag a fat bishop, whose carriage has broken down on the road, and compels him to play the part of assistant cut-purse until the churchman contrives to turn the tables on him.

The humor of the book is of a coarse kind. Galloping Dick's talk reflects the freedom of the times, and he calls a spade a spade with the lack of squeamishness to be expected of a gentleman of the road at any date.

Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The Evolution of a Good Young Man.

"The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley," by E. Livingston Prescott, relates the metamorphosis of a very half-hearted villain into an excellent and worthy young man. The turning point comes when he rescues a pretty girl from drowning and falls in love with her. His advance toward respectability is checked with difficulties, however, for through the machinations of a pursuing Pharisee, his hilliard and card-playing past is being perpetually revealed. All other careers being shut off, he finally opens a costermonger's shop, and then the tide of fortune turns. His wealthy landlord proves to be his long-lost uncle in search of an heir, he marries the girl he loves, and the malevolent Pharisee is successfully checkmated.

The story is more romantic than probable, and Mr. Tyrawley is so lily-handed and weak-chested, and has so marked a tendency to fainting fits and lemonade, that he seems more like an interesting heroine than a hero.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Anti-Matrimonial Epigrams.

"The Spinster's Scrip," compiled by Cecil Raynor, is a diverting little volume of anti-matrimonial literature. It contains quotations for each day in the year, culled from a variety of sources and all running on love and marriage. Every diversity of mind is represented from the deadly earnest of Sarah Grand to the flippancy of a newspaper joke; and the popular writers of to-day have their say as well as the favorites of other centuries. George Eliot's trenchant utterances crop up pretty constantly, but the writer oftenest quoted is George Meredith, a whole month, indeed, being given over to him.

Though there is a sprinkling of sentiment and sentimentality throughout, the bulk of the volume is taken up with gay quips and caustic sayings which point to the conclusion that love is a delusion and marriage a folly. Determined spinsters and hachelms may revel in these with particular gusto, but they make chince reading for all who enjoy keen humor and huffling wit.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A Good Ghost-Story.

"The Lost Stradivarius," by J. Meade Falkner, is that rare achievement, a good ghost-story. The musical atmosphere which permeates the book is a fitting surrounding for ghosts, and a certain musty flavor and an old-fashioned formality of diction

seem to mark the tale as the product of another century.

The opening chapters are decidedly the best. They describe the playing of some seventeenth-century music which has been unearthed, the coming of an invisible ghost at its sound, the creaking of the wicker chair as he seats himself and as he rises to move away, and the strange, evil influence of the music. The story moves on rapidly to the spell the music casts on the player, the finding of a wonderful Stradivarius in a forgotten cupboard, and the curse it brings to the new owner. But here the action begins to drag, and creeps and thrills vanish.

The short story is the most fitting form for tales of ghosts. Bulwer Lytton proved that in his "Haunted and the Haunters," perhaps the best ghost-story ever written. It is immeasurably superior to the mystic novels he produced, yet upon these he expended a vast deal more care and pains. "The Lost Stradivarius" is far too long, but by dint of generous cutting it could be transformed into a ghost-story that would live.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Diary of a Barrister.

"In Search of Quiet," by Walter Frith, threatens to be overlaid with details at the start, but it soon develops into a story of genuine interest. It purports to be the diary of a London barrister, who retires to a country village to write a book on law. He experiences, however, a healthy curiosity concerning his neighbors' affairs, and the projected volume suffers while he devotes himself to the observation of a huddling romance which almost ends in a tragedy.

The diary form does not burden the reader, the author taking the attitude of a lonker-on who is recording his impressions of other people; and this, together with a warm human interest pervading the book, helps to give it a semblance of reality. There is much that might be left out of the story without being missed; but a sense of pastoral surroundings is pleasantly conveyed, and the writer has a faculty of presenting a very living group of people, each with his own distinct individuality.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

New School-Books.

"An Introduction to the Study of American Literature," by Brander Matthews, who, in addition to being a pleasant spinner of yarns, light essayist, and historian of the stage, is professor of literature at Columbia College (\$1.00); Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and the first and second books of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with explanatory notes (20 cents each); "An English Grammar for the Use of High School, Academy, and College Classes," by Professor W. M. Baskerville and J. W. Sewell (50 cents); "Elementary English," by Robert C. Metcalf and Orville T. Bright (40 cents); "Selections from Viri Romæ," edited by Dr. Robert Arrowsmith and Dr. Charles Knapp (75 cents); "Laboratory Work in Inorganic Chemistry," by Professor Edward H. Keiser (50 cents); and "Observation Blanks in Physics," by William C. Hamel (30 cents), have been published by the American Book Company, New York.

Another Scotch Story.

"James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder," by P. Hay Hunter, is another of the Scotch dialect stories of which we have already had something of a superfluity. "With a glossary" is the alarming announcement on the title-page, and the glossary proves to be a necessary feature of the book, if one would comprehend all the finer shades of meaning. But reading a novel by such aid is a very sober form of pleasure, and most readers will be content with what they can get out of the book with the help of their unassisted wit. And since this is the case, the inquiry naturally arises why it would not be simpler to improve matters by putting the English in the body of the work instead of in the glossary.

Stripping away the Scotch vernacular would, however, dwindle away the average Scotch story to a surprising extent, and in this case there would certainly be little enough left behind. Nevertheless, the book is good of its kind, and those who love the racy Scotch speech will take pleasure in the society of the little group of cronies who discuss kirk sessions and political problems.

The disestablishment of the kirk is the peg on which the story hangs, and the climax of interest is reached when "Jims" relates his perturbation over the casting of his vote.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

One of Hardy's Sylvan Novels.

"The Woodlanders" is the latest volume reissued of Thomas Hardy's works. It is, perhaps, the most uneven of all his novels. The animalism which pervades the story, revealed more especially in the characters of Felice Charmond and Fitzpiers, goes far to spoil it. But, on the other hand, there never was a book more deeply saturated with the spirit of the woods, more full of penetrating sylvan beauty. That rare faculty which Thomas Hardy possesses of taking his readers into a vivid new atmosphere is here at its height. The dwellers in

this remote woodland are living, breathing people. And if we could dispense with Felice Charmond and her story, it would not be easy to part with Marty South and Giles Winterbourne. There is strong and beautiful work in the portrayal of these two, and to the power of imagination which has created them it is possible to forgive the unlovely features of the book. The closing scene, where Marty stands at the grave of Giles, is a masterly piece of word-painting which leaves a living impression on the mind.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

Marion Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish" has been issued in the Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Blessing of Cheerfulness," a brochure containing a sermon, by J. R. Miller, D. D., has been published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents.

"The Snow Garden and Other Tales," by Elizabeth Wordsworth, a book of pretty fairy-tales such as children like, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Old Maids and Young," a three-volume English novel by Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling, has been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"What is Money? or, Popular Remedies for Popular Ills," by Thomas May Thorpe, who therein delivers himself of more italics than sense, has been published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Reliquin of Hnpe," containing seventeen sermons selected by Rev. Philip Stafford Moxon from his work in the ministry between 1880 and 1893, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Chained to Earth: First Link Broken," by Jane Woodworth Bruner, an allegorical story directed against the Roman Catholic Church, has been published by the Worn Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

Jane Austen's famous novel, "Pride and Prejudice," has been issued in a new edition, furnished with an introduction by Austin Dobson and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A score or so of verses by Cheiro, the expert in palmistry, ranging from the mystical and philosophic to narratives of the George R. Sims type, have been issued in a pamphlet entitled "If We Only Knew and Other Poems." Published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.

"The Child-Voice in Singing," by F. E. Howard, choir-master of St. John's Church, Bridgeport, treating the subject from a physiological and practical standpoint and especially adapted to schools and boy choirs, has been published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Whirl Asunder," by Gertrude Atherton, a novelette in which a California girl and a young Englishman have a rather tempestuous flirtation in the redwoods during the summer high-jinks of a noted San Francisco club, has been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Suicide Club," by Robert Louis Stevenson, containing the "Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts," the "Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk," and "The Adventure of the Hansom Cab," has been issued in the convenient-sized and dainty Ivory Series by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

The universal condemnation of "Jude the Obscure" has led to the re-issuing of several of Hardy's earlier novels in cheap form. One of the best of these is "The Return of the Native," which is well printed and illustrated as published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents. "The Woodlanders" is another, published more cheaply by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Crime of the Century," by Rodrigues Ottolengui, a detective story which concerns itself with the murder of an aged millionaire and the advancement of a foundling in the station of heiress to a great fortune, and which introduces to us a man of intelligence and education who commands an organized band of criminals, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Doctor Cavallo," by Eugene F. Baldwin and Maurice Eisenberg, is a modern American novel with a Jewish physician for its hero. He is a progressive Jew, with noble character and a broad love for humanity, and the story sets forth his war against ignorance, vice, and race-prejudice. It is not written with the grace and artistic sense of proportion that make a story popular, but it evidences on the part of the authors much earnestness for social and political reform and an intimate knowledge of Hebrew literature. Published by the authors at Penra, Ill.; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Anthony Hope's" New Volume.

In "Comedies of Courtship," a volume of short stories, "Anthony Hope" has gone back to the sparkling effervescence of style which made the "Dolly Dialogues" such delightful reading. He is a versatile writer who is not limited to one manner, but it is in the play of light dialogue that we seem to find the real expression of his individuality, and in this field he is easily first among writers.

The first story, "The Wheel of Love," is the gayest of trifles. Its subtleties of dialogue are as difficult to catch and imprison as bits of thistle-down, and it is full of audacious absurdities of situation. It would be impertinent to ask the reader to lend easy credence to the constant coincidences and dove-tailings of exits and entrances. But that is just what is not expected of him. The story simulates reality only just far enough to give amusement, and essays to waken no deeper emotion. There is delicate art in the impressions impalpably conveyed, and nothing in the story is more deftly worked in than the representation of John and Mary as the heavy-weights, Dora and Charlie as the butterflies of society.

"The Lady of the Pool" is characterized by the same lightness of touch, but it is to be taken a shade more seriously. Only a shade, however, else it would be easy to pick flaws in its construction. It is a capital story, with some excellent bits of character sketches most airily outlined, and it has a heroine only a degree less charming than Dolly Mickleham herself.

These two stories are the longest, taking up three-quarters of the volume, and are better and more telling in every way than the remaining four.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Truth of History.

Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known newspaper writer who seems to have stepped into George Alfred Townsend's shoes, in an interview with Mrs. Grant, gives her credit for pronouncing as ridiculous a statement to the effect that General Grant was a teamster in Galena. What follows indicates that Mrs. Grant resents, indignantly, the inference that her late husband was a teamster. Replying to this, J. A. Watrous, another veteran journalist, declares that there is an unlimited amount of unquestioned proof that he did drive through south-western Wisconsin, to a great extent, in the interest of Grant & Son, of Galena, a year or two before the war. "It is a fact, backed by an abundance of the best of proof," he says, "that when a party of capitalists rode from Galena to Janesville, General Grant was of the party, and drove the team." Continuing, Mr. Watrous writes:

"Other pretty good men have been teamsters. One of the grandest governors Wisconsin ever had, Jerry Rusk, was a stage-driver for years. Who thinks any the less of the great war President because Mr. Lincoln, to keep the pot boiling, split rails; or of George Washington because he once carried a chain for a surveyor? Who thinks less of Garfield because he rode a mule that hauled a canal-boat? Garfield was a professional teamster, in a way, but it did not hurt his reputation when he was great enough for President. Who thinks less of ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, because he was a wood-chopper? Who thinks less of John M. Thurston, Nebraska's senator, because he was a drayman in Chicago at one time? Or of ex-Governor and General Alger, of Michigan, who drove a team in the pinneries? Who thinks less of Minnesota's senator, Cushman K. Davis, because he drove his father's team and bled his father's plow? Who thought less of Henry Ward Beecher because, when he first began his ministerial career, he was obliged to milk the cow and do the stable house-work? Does any one ever hold it up against Daniel Webster because he earned needed shillings as a chore-boy? Who thinks less of Benjamin Harrison because, when he first began housekeeping, he was his own chore-boy and his wife the kitchen-girl? Look back into the life of almost any successful merchant, manufacturer, railroad official, lawyer, doctor, educator, publisher, and you will find that some time he was glad to do work for a living that was not better than being a teamster."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Now that Stephen Crane is successful, his early story, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," is to be brought out. He could find no one who would touch it three years ago, and finally published a few hundred copies of it at his own expense. His new novel, "The Third Violet," will also be published soon.

Max Nordau thinks that Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, is the most perfect living embodiment of Anglo-Saxonism in literature.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, is accused of having stolen wholesale not only from Longfellow but from the Sar Peladan's romances, as well as from Baudelaire, Flaubert, Shelley, Paul Verlaine, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

On February 10th, the past and present editors of the *Harvard Lampoon* celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of that comic journal. The event seems worthy of record, not only because the *Lampoon* was the earliest and has steadily been the best of illustrated student publications, but also because it is older than any other surviving periodical of the kind in America. It preceded *Puck*; and *Life* was, in a way, its offshoot. Of the originators and early editors of the *Lampoon*, J. T. Wheelwright, Robert Grant, F. J. Stimson, and

E. S. Martin have long been well known among the younger school of American wits; and a survey of the entire list of editors would show the names of other men who have already won distinction in letters or in art.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is to go on the stage in London. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to do the title part, has gone to Dorchester, England, to learn the local dialect.

Apropos of translations, a recent writer says:

"The man who could discover an equivalent in any tongue for Milton's 'liquid lapse of murmuring streams,' would certainly be a poet; but even then his poetry would not be Milton's. The study of a good foreign version of one of Shakespeare's plays will be found a useful argument; it is interesting, it is accurate, it is a conscientious, and in some places an impressive reproduction of the scenes and sentiments that go to make up the play; but how far is it from Shakespeare! Turn but to Othello's words: 'But yet the pity of it, Iago!' One can not say that 'Aber doch ist es Schade, Iago!' is not a fair rendering, but the intolerable anguish of the speaker's soul no longer pierces the sentence through and through. We have lost, perhaps only by a hair's-breadth, that cry of immortal pain."

The original of Rider Haggard's "Jess" is said to be a lady of Pretoria, whose husband at the time of her marriage was quite wealthy. She was, however, forced to leave him, and he is now a journalistic hack in Johannesburg. He went through his fortune in a short time, and then fell back upon his wife's earnings, she having taken a position in a South African opera company which afterwards failed.

A new book by Julius Chambers, author of "On a Margin," will be entitled "Missing; A Romance of the Sargasso Sea"—that vast, unexplored region of the mid-Atlantic.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes of the literary hack in the *Illustrated London News*:

"The hack who would keep his self-respect must ever have on hand some spontaneous work. It may be, and probably will be, unremunerative: the world does not want a man's best thoughts, still less does it want his learning. Very likely his best thoughts are not, in fact, nearly so good or taking as his second or third best. But he does not easily resign himself to believe this, and it is well for him to put what he thinks the cream of himself into epics and treatises, which nobody buys, while his skim-milk finds a ready market. It keeps up a man's heart and self-respect, and makes him, if a hack, still not all a hack, but a soul which has its hours of freedom. And then, there is always the mirage of posterity!"

Mr. Lang's advice is sound and sensible, and he has illustrated its wisdom himself.

Mark Twain, who is now in India, says that he works from eleven in the morning till it is time to dress for dinner, and then he does not stop of his own accord, but because his family drags him away from his desk. All the time he works he smokes, and he says that he could not work without smoking. He did stop once for over a year, but in that time he did not work.

The younger Dickens vouches for the story that Carlyle, in response to a request from the author of "A Tale of Two Cities" for the loan of a few authorities on the French Revolution, sent him two cart-loads.

The first volume of W. E. Henley's edition of Byron will be issued next month and one volume each month thereafter. The poems will be arranged strictly in chronological order. Besides the letters which Moore gave there will be others. A few notes will be added to the letters.

Kirk Munroe has written a new story for a juvenile magazine. It is called "Rick Dale," and contains the adventures of a young Californian, the son of a millionaire.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard—John Strange Winter to the world at large—has just been "indulging in another baby," says an English journal. She is also the mother of twins, now a healthy boy and girl of eight years, named after Eliot Cordella in

"Cavalry Life" and Violet Mignon in "Bootes' Baby." The eldest of her four children is a daughter. Her husband is a civil engineer, and was for some time associated with General Gordon.

Sir Walter Besant says that the so-called "penny dreadful" is rather moral, on the whole.

A firm of publishers in London and two or three eminent legal experts have recently been struggling with the problem whether a sheet of blank paper, with a man's name at the top of it, is libelous. The point arose in this way:

Stuart Camberland, the thought-reader, is just bringing out a book, entitled "What I Think of South Africa." The author discusses pretty much everything of interest in that very obtrusive section of the globe, until there comes a chapter entitled "What I Think About Cecil Rhodes." It consists simply of a blank leaf. The publishers had retained the right to reject anything in the manuscript which they might consider libelous, and some doubt arising in their minds, they submitted the question to two firms of solicitors who make a specialty of libel law. One held that the blank sheet was perfectly innocent, the other declared that it was undoubtedly libelous.

Mr. Howells is said to be dramatizing, with the help of Paul Kester, one of his best and best-known novels, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which William Crane will probably produce.

John Oliver Hobbes has written the following concise statement as a general answer to numerous inquiries as to who she really is:

"My husband is Reginald Walpole Craigie, the grandson of Colonel Craigie, of the British army. His grandmother was Miss Churchill and sister to the Countess Cadogan. Mr. Craigie was destined for the army (his uncle commanded the Eleventh Hussars), but on account of his eyesight he was unable to enter a military career. His cousin, Sir Arthur Birch, one of the directors of the Bank of England, got him nominated for a berth in that institution. He is now in the securities department. My father, John Morgan Richards, is a son of the late Rev. James Richards and grandson of the late James Richards, D. D. (Yale), both Presbyterians of the old school. My father is a first cousin of Judge Field, of the Supreme Court of Washington, and the Rev. Henry Y. Field. My mother was a Miss Arnold, and is connected with the Quaker family of Richardson."

The *Boston Transcript* tells the story of a woman who walked into a Boston bookstore in search of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Burglars in Paradise." But what she asked for, however, was "Smugglers in Heaven."

Mr. Dickens, Q. C., son of the famous novelist, has several times appeared for a Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Samuel Weller he also met in a professional way. And a recent client was a member of the firm of Dombey & Son, a large tailoring firm in the Strand.

The circulation of a London weekly newspaper now exceeds a million copies. This paper is *Lloyd's News*, of which 1,004,406 copies were circulated recently. This is probably a world's record.

The following account is given of the origin of the loving cup: King Henry of Navarre, while hunting, became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving-maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and his majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his majesty had a two-handled cup made at the royal potteries, and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup) presented it to him, holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy thought struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely, out of three handles I shall be able to get one!"

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Since the new year the Baldwin has furnished its patrons with a variety to suit all tastes. Grand opera was followed by the classic and legitimate, and now farce-comedy has the field.

It has been said that Charles Hoyt makes a larger annual income from his plays than any other American dramatist. This is easy to believe. He has had an astonishing vogue, and it has lasted a long time for a vogue based on such ephemeral productions. He has been popular not only in wild and woolly parts of the country, but in the strongholds of elegance and culture. But such a popularity is preordained to short life. Hoyt plays, in their present stage of development, are as fleeting and evanescent as magic-lantern pictures. They are the expression of a passing phase. They are the very foam of the moment, the bubble in the glass. And even before the moment passes the foam is blown away. Their greatest popularity has lain in their perfect modernness, their position at the very top of the procession.

Are they then losing this, or has the taste of the public grown beyond them? To be the public's jester is to be always fresh and new, and to catch the public's humor even before the public itself knows quite what it is. The moment the joke ceases to be the very latest, the humor the most absolutely contemporaneous, then the public looks for another jester. Mr. Hoyt's muse is probably quite as fresh, as blooming and up-to-date as she was in the "Brass Monkey" and "Rag Baby" days; but so many lesser scribblers have borrowed her glory that she is beginning to look a little haggard and *passé*. There have been so many inferior, imitation Hoyts that they have taken off from the prestige of the real Hoyt. Had he continued to be monarch of all he surveyed, to arbitrate the destinies of farce-comedy in dictatorial loneliness, we probably would have found him ever fresh and ever fair. But greatness must have its imitators, and, in this case, we have suffered so much at the hands of the imitators that we have come to regard the whole army of farce-comedy writers as the natural enemies of the peace and contentment of the human race.

There was a time when Mr. Hoyt showed a tendency to shake himself free from farce and take to the writing of plays. This period in his evolution was bounded by "The Texas Steer" at one end and "The Contented Woman" at the other. He deserted his "early manner," and unwonted threads of comprehensive plot were observed to wander through his plays. It is therefore with deep regret that one sees "A Milk White Flag" revert to its remote ancestry. The old days of "A Bunch of Keys" rise up from the dim past. It is the same fond, familiar variety show. The jokes are of the same kind, the situations are similar, the humor is identical, even the girls look just like the old ones, save for the evidences of the influence of a progressive epoch to be observed in their brilliantly daring costumes.

"A Milk White Flag" belongs to "A Trip to Chinatown" order of performance. In these two pieces Mr. Hoyt has less real humor, more of the variety element, and more vulgarity than in any of his other farces. "A Trip to Chinatown" enjoyed a phenomenal run, owing to the introduction of some admirable specialty performers and to the fact that vulgarity pays. Moreover, to give the devil his due, the character of Welland Strong was delightfully humorous and was excellently performed by somebody, whose name has vanished from a memory that now and then gets up and rebels.

There is nobody so funny as Welland Strong in "A Milk White Flag." The fun in the piece is not so much in individuals as in situations, and all the world knows what the Hoyt situation is like. The only real humor in the piece is in the picture of the militia-men in the first act. This is a really Hoyt scene. There is the old sarcasm against complacent absurdity; the old touch of a fantastic exaggeration; the old humor, with its combination of demureness and spontaneity. The picture of the tin soldiers, with their gorgeous uniforms, their manly breasts hung thick with medals, and their devouring envy of the rival company, run as a pet extravagance by a millionaire named Daly, is exceedingly clever. When a pretty girl passes the window, they rush to it in a body and apply their eyes to convenient field-glasses that are chained about the window-frames. Round the bar, which is one of the prominent features of "The Armory," stand the band, in a solid phalanx, drinking. General Budge, the real soldier, viewing this phe-

nomenon with apprehension, wants to know if they don't sometimes get drunk and play badly. To which one of the militia-men answers complacently: "Yes, constantly; but, as for that, I never could see that it made much difference in the playing of a band whether the men were drunk or sober."

In this part of the first act, the real ability of the author and the real merit of the piece are concentrated. The women, who occupy a great part of the other acts, are simply atrocious. Mr. Hoyt seems incapable of creating a female character which will be endurable. He tried to do so in "A Contented Woman," and succeeded in producing a disagreeable doll who did not even have the advantage of a good temper. But the women in "A Milk White Flag" out-Hoyt Hoyt. They are more vulgar than anything of the kind one ever remembers to have seen before. The girls in "A Trip to Chinatown," who go to the French restaurant in tight, are really flowers of refinement and delicacy compared to Mrs. Aurora Luce and her daughter.

Mrs. Luce, in the scenes where she weeps over her dear departed husband, scolds her precocious child, and proceeds "to mash"—the word is excusable where Mrs. Luce is concerned—the two colonels, is so triumphantly coarse and vulgar that one wonders how she even got into a Hoyt farce-comedy company. The character is sufficiently disagreeable, but Miss Sara Maddern adds the finishing touch by her manner of enacting it. One does not remember to have seen anything more coarse in its particular style than her interview with her daughter, where she orders that knowing young woman to dress herself like a girl of nine and pretend to be that tender age. This may be said to be merely exaggeration and fun; but whatever it pretends to be, it succeeds in being low and repelling.

When the daughter comes in attired as a charming child of nine, in frilled white skirts and little blue socks, the vulgarity augmented instead of lessening. Miss Clarice Agnew learned the gentle arts of dancing and singing at the Imperial Music Hall and Koster & Bial's in New York. She is said to be the star soubrette of the Hoyt companies and draws a correspondingly dignified salary. She is not so good a dancer as the *vivandière* who danced on the right and who footed it feely to the music with the brisk precision of a mechanical toy. Miss Agnew's song, in imitation of a child's singing, with hoarse lower notes and little high falsetto breaks, was the best thing she did. But her dance was not graceful or pretty. When she ended it by standing on her hands and performing some extraordinary evolutions in mid-air, in which her two ingenuous-looking pale-blue socks beat the elements and a remarkable display of white lace flouncing was awarded to the spectators, one would have felt rather aghast if a new idea had not been suggested by the yards of Valenciennes edging—why could not the women who snuggle lace through the customs sew it on their clothes that way and say they were skirt-dancers and it was part of their legitimate wardrobe?

The sole and only private soldier of the Ransome Guards was also the sole specialty performer whose work passed the standard of mediocrity. There was a whistling waiter in "A Trip to Chinatown" who was supposed to have had more to do with keeping that piece on the boards than all the other "variety artists" put together. Gideon Foote gives much the same sort of performance. His whistling is clear and vibrantly loud, but all the first part he was off the key, and the result was painful, the quality of the sound produced was so peculiarly penetrating. His imitation of a railway train with the bones, and his own shrill vocalization to furnish whistles and the panting and gasping on the up-grade, was very clever. His contributions to the specialty side of the play were an immense relief after Pigott Luce's acrobatics and the delicate jokes of Mark Tombs as to the keeping of the corpse.

The freshness and youth of the Hoyt farce is over. If this most successful of playwrights clings to the old form his sun will soon set. The public are tired of it. They will not stand many more successors to "A Milk White Flag." Yet his talent is as distinct, as original, as whimsically humorous and capriciously sardonic as it ever was. Let him turn to the production of legitimate comedy in that class of society which he appears to understand so well. "A Midnight Bell," where he tried to write a real play, was unsuccessful and flat, but it did not deal with the people that Mr. Hoyt excels in satirizing. Let him write a real comedy of the Brooklyn Bridges. He knows them and their surroundings, and as legitimate stage material they are absolutely new.

There is a village in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, named Montavon, where all the inhabitants have the same family name, which is also the name of the village.

—THE NEW RUSSIAN BATH, WITH NEEDLE shower, that has been under construction at the Lurline Baths, corner of Larkin and Bush Streets, is now in working order and is proving a great attraction, as is evidenced by the numbers who attend daily. The price of admission to the baths, together with the privileges of the swimming-baths, has been placed at 50 cents.

PARIAHS.

The Song of a Tramp.
The midnight stars are blazing
From out the welkin wide,
And o'er the restless river
They dance on its shimmering tide.

While homeless and friendless,
I wander wild and free;
I care for no one, good or bad,
And no one cares for me.

The north wind, fierce and hard with frost,
Comes whistling o'er the moor;
'Tis hither as the faces
I meet at every door.

The brown leaves on the oak-trees
Are singing in the blast;
They seem to think of summer time
And dream of pleasures past.

But never a thought of pleasure
Or happy dream have I,
The spring hath no more hope for me
Than winter's midnight sky.

For then in wood or field I sleep,
Or damp and loathsome cave,
And now to warmer harn I slink,
A coward and a knave.

And homeless and friendless,
I wander wild and free;
I care for no one, good or bad,
And no one cares for me.

—D. J. Donahoe.

A Loafer.

I hang about the streets all day,
At night I hang about;
I sleep a little when I may,
But rise betimes the morning's scout;
For through the year I always hear
Aloud, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops,
My skin shows here and there;
About my face, like seaweed, droops
My tangled beard, my tangled hair.
From cavernous and shaggy brows
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from Eastern wretchedness
Through Fleet Street and the Strand;
And as the pleasant people press,
I touch them softly with my hand,
Perhaps to know that still I go
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven;
I hear the ghostly cry,
As if a still voice fell from heaven
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folk lie
In sepulchres no tempest stirs
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass;
Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow!
Oh, strength and comeliness! Alas
The lustrous breath is south, I know,
From shrinking eyes that recognize
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate;
For I have chosen the better part,
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate,
With placid breath on pain and death,
My certain alms, alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,
The pale unechoing note,
The faint "Aha" sent from the wall
Of heaven, hut from no ruddy throat
Of human heed or seraph's seed,
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

—John Davidson.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Edwin Milton Royle's New Play.

The California Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday night for the first hearing in San Francisco of a new play. Under its original name, "Mexico," it has been seen in a few of the minor cities, but it will make its first metropolitan appearance with the more taking title "Captain Impudence." The author is Edwin Milton Royle, a Harvard graduate who became enamored of the stage, married an actress, and has met with a fair measure of success both as an actor and as a dramatic author. "Friends" will be remembered as a comedy-drama after the pattern of "Our Boys," but in "Captain Impudence" Mr. Royle has worked a new field. The scene is laid in Mexico, during the war between that country and the United States, but it is a romantic comedy rather than a war-play.

Mr. Royle will play the leading part, that of an American army officer; Selina Fetter Royle will be a breezy army widow; Louis Henderson, the actor-pianist of "Friends," will be a Mexican major; and the remainder of the cast will be made up of the company that presented "Friends," with a few new faces.

"A Texas Steer."

Whether the attraction was "The Wicklow Postman" or the pugilistic trio—John L. Sullivan, "Paddy" Ryan, and "Parson" Davies—the Columbia Theatre had a full house on Monday night, and its popularity has not abated through the week. Next Monday comes Tim Murphy, at the head of a company of twenty-one persons, who will present Hoyt's "Texas Steer." The piece has been in existence seven years, but it still thrives, and the return of Murphy to the company, resuming his original part of Brander Maverick, the Arizona cattle-king, has given the piece an additional fillip toward popularity. The company includes several clever people in various lines, and the play will be elaborately mounted. The engagement is for one week only.

Anna Eva Fay to Return.

Miss Anna Eva Fay's exhibition of mind-reading and other feats that are as yet unexplained by science have created much discussion among the curious. Some of her feats are not unusual, but many are new and not explainable by our present knowledge of mental phenomena. During the past week many have gone to the Auditorium in a spirit of idle curiosity, but Miss Fay's feats have left them in a state of wonder.

She had intended resting during the coming week, for her exhibitions are a heavy mental strain, but her success has been so great that the management has prevailed on her to give seven more performances at the Auditorium, commencing on Monday evening. The suggestion has been made, by the way, that "those who have missing friends or have had articles of value stolen would do well to consult 'the Fair Mahatma,' as Miss Fay is called."

"Hoop of Gold."

"The Silver King," by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, has been a great attraction at the Grand Opera House during the past week. It is the best melodrama of its type, and it is cast with the full strength of the stock company, including Darrell Vinton as Wilfred Denver, Fred J. Butler as "The Spider," Essie Tittell as Nellie Denver, and Julia Blanc as "The Spider's" wife. The last performances will be given this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and Sunday night.

Next week, "Hoop of Gold," a realistic spectacular melodrama by Mortimer Murdock, will be revived. It is a strong play, full of exciting situations. The characters will be cast as follows:

Richard Wrench, Darrell Vinton; Welcher Humm, Fred J. Butler; Sammy Wetherwick, Frank Hatch; Marion Scott, Charles W. Swain; Dr. Hartland, Charles E. Lothian; Henry Bullion, J. Harry Benrimo; Jack Littleben, George Nicholls; Bobby Peeler, William Gilbert; Sergeant Maguire, Walter Gilder; Ruth Bullion, Essie Tittell; Lizzie Lovegrove, Julia Blanc; Tilly, Florence Thropp; Diamond, Adelaide Wise.

"Maritana" at the Tivoli.

"Maritana" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week. This pretty opera, which was written and produced by William Vincent Wallace in London, in November, 1845, has retained its hold upon the public for more than half a century. The story, which is taken from the romantic drama, "Don Cesar de Bazan," is unusually dramatic for an opera, and the music is pretty and tuneful throughout, including some of the most popular ballads in English music.

The production will be a well-appointed one in point of scenery and costumes, and the cast will include Carrie Roma in the title-role, John J. Raffael as Don José, Martin Pache as Don Cesar, W. H. West as the King, Ferris Hartman as the Marquis de Montefiori, Kate Marchi as Lazarillo, and Irene Mull as the Marchioness de Montefiori.

A San Francisco Singer.

Frank H. Belcher, a young San Franciscan with an excellent basso cantante voice, who left here some two years ago to sing in one of the farce-

comedies, returned to this city, not long ago, and is now going to Milan to study for grand opera. Prior to his departure he will give a concert and vaudeville entertainment at Native Sons' Hall, on Mason Street, on Thursday evening next. He will be assisted by Miss Carrie Roma, Mrs. Olive Reed, James Swinnerton, the *Examiner* artist, Robert C. Mitchell, Dr. W. H. Sieberst, Dr. A. T. Regensberger, and the Press Club Quartet. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after Tuesday morning.

Notes.

Years ago, Sadie Martinot used to act with Dion Boucicault in his plays. Now she is taking the same parts with his son, Aubrey Boucicault.

The Augustin Daly company will include the new piece, "The Countess Gucki," in their repertoire when they come to the Baldwin Theatre next month.

Fanny Liddiard is making her last appearances at the Tivoli in "The Hoolah" this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings. She is going East to join Rice's forces.

Nat Goodwin and Francis Wilson are often called on for curtain speeches, and respond with exaggerated imitations of Richard Mansfield's erratic oratory.

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. have arranged for a big company from the East to produce "The Black Crook" soon, upon an elaborate scale, at the Columbia Theatre.

The Stanford University Glee and Mandolin Club have arranged to give a concert at the Columbia Theatre under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Professor D. M. Bristol's thirty educated horses, when they appear at the Auditorium, will include the great equine mathematician, Sultan, and the rope-walking horse, Denver.

Frederick de Belleville and John T. Sullivan are to enact the Spanish spy and Cuban patriot in a new melodrama which is to be the first of the crop called forth by the Cuban war.

Nat Goodwin will be here in May, appearing at the Baldwin Theatre. He will be seen in "Ambition," "A Gilded Fool," "In Missouri," "David Garrick," and "Lend Me Five Shillings."

Maurice Barrymore has written a play which he calls "Roaring Dick & Co." He is to play the star part himself. The play is said to be somewhat like "Captain Swift," in which Barrymore made a hit.

It will be ten years since "Bob" Burdette has been heard or seen in San Francisco. He will give one of his humorous entertainments at the Auditorium on the night of the twenty-fourth of this month.

Richard Stahl's "Said Pasha" is to be revived at the Tivoli, after the week of "Maritana." Balfe's "Rose of Castile" will follow, and after it will come a revised version of "Blue-Beard," as an Easter burlesque.

"The Courier of Lyons," the new play in which James O'Neil is soon to be seen here, is an adaptation, made especially for him, of the same French play which Henry Irving has made familiar under the name of "The Lyons Mail."

Robert Mantell is to appear at the California Theatre shortly. During his engagement he will present the new play written for him by Espy Williams. It is a romantic piece, full of adventure and intrigue, and gives opportunity for some handsome costuming.

Henderson's American Extravaganza Company comes to the Columbia Theatre on March 23d. The troupe includes one hundred and twenty persons, and they will present a revised version of "Sinbad," with new scenery, costumes, and ballets. It has been very successful in Denver, in spite of the recent severe snow-storms.

It was not the original intention that there should be Sunday-night performances of "A Milk White Flag" at the Baldwin, but the demand for seats has been so lively that the management has decided to give special performances on each of the three Sunday nights of the engagement. The first will take place to-morrow night.

Corbett's decline in pugilism may remove him from the stage, and Fitzsimmons, the new champion, is too uncouth and ugly for "the drama," but John L. Sullivan still holds his popularity. Powell Street, in front of the Columbia Theatre, was blocked on Monday night about theatre-time by the crowds who had come to catch a glimpse of the ex-champion as he entered the theatre.

Emma Calvé, according to a floating paragraph, is a Spaniard. Her real name, we are told, is Emma de Roquer, and she was born in Madrid of a Spanish father and a mother from Avignon; her father, a civil engineer, died leaving her the eldest of a large family of children. All this is credible enough, but the tale becomes rather gauzy when it goes on to ascribe to the present Carmen a vocation for a religious life and a great disappointment

at having to turn to the stage to support her brothers and sisters. As a matter of fact, the story is made out of whole cloth.

Georgia Cayvan is astonishing the theatrical quidnuncs. She has offered Herbert Kelcey, with whom she was supposed not to be on speaking terms, the position of leading man in the company which she is to take out on her starring tour, and she has made a similar offer to Effie Shannon to be her leading woman. Both Kelcey and Miss Shannon intended to be stars themselves, next season, but Miss Cayvan's offer is said to be so handsome that they will probably accept it.

Apropos of the recent production in Paris of "Mlle. Fifi," adapted from Guy de Maupassant's story, an amusing story is told. The French censor, it seems, went to the theatre, and found that Prussian soldiers were to be shown, and that there were many expressions put into the mouths of the soldiers attacking France and the courage of its soldiers. "This must not be!" he said, and ran his pencil through expressions that he thought likely to lead to a row. "Right!" said the manager; "you have done your duty, and you can wash your hands of the whole affair." That night the play was produced, and the censor's objections ignored. Nothing happened, nothing was said. The government had done its duty, and the manager took all responsibilities.

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VANITY FAIR.

In a recent number of the Sunday *Examiner*, there is an entire page given up to pictures of young women who have sent in their photographs requesting hints as to dressing their hair. This is in response to an invitation from the *Examiner*. We notice that the photographs sent voluntarily have only the initials of the young women appended. When it is considered that the *Examiner* a week before printed a number of photographs of well-known young ladies in San Francisco without their permission, and printed their full names, the fact that the pictures printed at the *Examiner's* invitation have only the initials appended is remarkable. It speaks volumes for the *Examiner's* peculiar code of courtesy—or rather discourtesy.

However, that is neither here nor there. What we intended to speak of was the matter appended to the pictures by the *Examiner's* "Hair-Dresser." This specialist proceeds to give advice to young women as to the management of their hair. There is a good deal of halderdash printed in the newspapers under headings such as "For Women Only," "Hygienic Toilet Hints," etc., but this stuff in last Sunday's *Examiner* is easily first in folly. Here is a specimen extract: "Beef and more beef must be the motto of the woman whose hair is scant and pale. This will supply the iron which gives color and strength to skin and hair." It is difficult to understand where the iron is going to come from in "beef and more beef," unless it adheres to it from the gridiron. Beef cattle are gaminivorous and not ferruginous animals. As to whether the administration of iron does or does not "give color and strength to skin and hair" is a moot point. Many physicians believe that the tons of iron which are annually given to patients in the shape of "elixir ferri," iron sulphides and sulphates, pyro-phosphate of iron, "ferri. carb. and ferri. sulph." are not assimilated by the digestive organs, or even appreciably affect the blood. It is true that old-fashioned physicians still freely prescribe iron for pale and anæmic patients. But modern physicians entertain grave doubts as to the assimilability of iron.

As to a diet of "beef and more beef," if the *Examiner's* specialist inculcates this idea into its woman readers, the principal result will be at first digestive trouble, followed by grave organic disorders. The first symptom of this will doubtless be skin eruptions. To explain this in a way which we hope the *Examiner's* specialist will understand, it is necessary only to say that the glycolic and taurocholic acids, which are the principal constituents of the bile, are made up almost entirely of the albuminoid or nitrogenous elements of the human dietary; that if "beef and more beef" be eaten by women without violent exercise to produce the requisite metabolism, it will unduly increase the albuminoid element in their dietary; that this will result in a clogging of the bile-ducts, through the forced over-production of the bile acids of which we speak; that this will certainly result in functional hepatic disorder, and possibly in chronic hepatic disorder; that this will invariably result in skin eruptions and pimples. The *Examiner's* accomplished specialist goes on to say: "Let us see that we have one-third vegetables, fruits, and cereals, and two-thirds well-cooked meats." Another blunder. The convicts at San Quentin, robust, hard-fisted men, who are now breaking rocks on the Greenhæ road, are not receiving as big a percentage of albuminoid food as is here indicated. Yet this *Examiner* writer would give to presumably weak women, already probably not in good health, more animal food than a robust man, working hard with his hands by day in the open air, could assimilate.

Some of the other blunders in the article are amusing; but they are too numerous to take up in detail. The assertions that "olive oil is a hair food" and that "yellow vaseline is good . . . to aid the scalp in the work of absorption" are equally absurd. Vaseline is a mineral oil. The human scalp can not absorb a mineral oil. The only purpose that a mineral oil could serve upon the scalp or hair is that of a purely mechanical lubrication. The only thing which could reasonably be called a "hair food" is another animal oil, and probably lanoline, the one most closely analogous to the human fat, would be a "hair food," if any such thing existed. But to talk about a mineral oil being absorbed by the scalp shows the pitch of technical knowledge to which the *Examiner's* specialist has attained. We should advise women to pay no attention to any of the recommendations made in an article which shows such dense and all-pervading ignorance.

Among the many bachelor apartments which now are so numerous in New York city, and whose absence is so much deplored by well-to-do bachelors in San Francisco, there is one that is very aptly named. It is on Madison Avenue, and is called "The Cloister." In the midst of the meaningless English names which so many New York apartment-houses bear, this name is striking by reason

of its euphony and its aptness. It is a pity that there are not in San Francisco apartments such as there are in New York—that is, in the opinion of bachelors. Doubtless the ladies think that there are already enough drawbacks to matrimony here in the shape of clubs.

An article in a recent periodical speaks of the opinion entertained of Americans abroad by the Europeans with whom they are brought in contact. At a German watering-place, last season, a group of foreigners were remarking on the conduct of some Americans. A German officer said to an American, apropos of that fact: "Why do your countrymen and countrywomen do so much dress-parade business at a country hotel in a strange country? We Germans would never think of putting on evening clothes for the smoking-room of a hotel." The American was unable to reply. This has struck many others beside this German. All over the Continent you will find in hotels American tourists carefully putting on evening clothes to sit down at the *table d'hôte*, while they are about the only people there thus carefully attired. The Germans, Italians, English, and French traveling on the Continent do not seem to think that it is necessary for them to garb themselves so carefully for the dining-room of an ordinary hotel, as this German officer said. In fact, the sneer of many foreigners, who speak English, about many of these Americans is "over-dressed and under-bred."

A new *fin-de-siècle* costume has just appeared in Paris. It is called the *jupe pantalon*. Its mysteries are thus described: "By letting down two cords that run in small rings and buttoning some brandenbours between hem and waist, you have a long skirt. Draw up the cords and undo the brandenbours, and you have a pair of cycling trousers. The trimmings of the jacket are military, but the air of the costume is quite feminine."

An animated discussion is going on in England over the question of granting university degrees to women. The Senate of Cambridge University debated it last week, and the masters of the various colleges differ. The master of Magdalen was neutral. The master of Peterhouse thought that women should receive nothing more than B. A. The master of Trinity thought that men had suffered very little from the intrusion of women, and advocated that they should have all the privileges of the university. He could not see why women should not be lecturers, professors, or even vice-chancellors. The most glorious personages of English history lived under Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria. But Oxford, on March 3d, voted against giving degrees to women by a vote of 215 to 140.

A question of the etiquette of audiences arose last week in New York, when the Symphony Society's concert was given. Mr. Joseffy played the second Brahms concerto, which threw the audience into a state of intense enthusiasm. He was called out a dozen times, and yet the audience persisted in its applause. Finally Mr. Damrosch, the conductor, made as if to proceed with the programme, but the audience kept up their applause. Mr. Damrosch waved his baton, and began the next number. The sounds of the orchestra were drowned, however, by the noise of the audience. Mr. Damrosch then rapped sharply upon his desk, and the musicians and the audience both became silent. He turned to the audience, and gave them a sharp rebuke for the manner in which they had conducted themselves, saying to them that to ask a pianist, no matter how much he might have pleased them, to add to his exhausting labors after playing such a concerto was neither an appreciation of his art nor an evidence of good manners. The audience very sensibly accepted the rebuke and the performance went on.

A correspondent in a recent periodical gives an interesting account of an official ball in a North German duchy. The hour for beginning the ball was eight. Everybody was punctual. The official residence of the state minister was blockaded with carriages at ten minutes to eight, and armies of footmen ushered the guests to the staircase and dressing-rooms. Dance programmes were used, and it was a mark of honor for a lady to grant a square dance. According to this correspondent, the waltzes were played about twice as fast as in America, and as none of the Germans reverse it, it was not uncommon to see couples so dizzy that they reeled. The buffet was popular all the evening, and was heaped with cheese sandwiches, sausage sandwiches, egg sandwiches, sugared cakes, and oceans of punch, but no beer. At eleven o'clock, the supper-room was thrown open, and an elaborate meal was served, including soup, oysters (after the soup), and great dishes of meat with smoking tureens of gravy. A couple of Americans dancing in the American style, reversing, and the lady dancing backward, filled the Germans with amazement, and all the couples stopped to see it. The ball was a very brilliant affair, owing to the presence of so many officers in uniform. Many of them were gorgeous. One

of the Hussar regiments had particularly handsome uniforms and patent-leather boots coming above the knee. It is extraordinary how these officers can keep up with the expenses entailed by their social duties, for many of them have salaries which amount to scarcely more than an American school-boy's pocket-money.

In the last number of *Vogue* there was a picture entitled "A Bud Dinner," and it is interesting to speculate as to whether the artist intended it with a subtle satire or whether he drew it "straight." There are in sight two very young men and three very young women, while at the end of the table is seated a handsome man with a pointed beard; he is a little gray on the temples and a little gray on the chin—probably the hapless host. All of the people at this dinner have their faces turned slightly sideways in order to show the intense vacuity upon the countenances of all, except the unfortunate man at the end of the table. As if to add to the general vacuity, the huttler, who stands to the left of his master, has upon his countenance an expression of the most profound, the most utter, the most comprehensive vacuity that ever even a huttler wore. The mere sight of the picture gives one a mental weariness. It is, perhaps, a fortunate thing in nature that the huds so speedily grow old.

In a recent Paris letter in *Harper's Bazar*, the writer says that a Frenchman without society can not exist. You remember a remark in one of Guy de Maupassant's books when Bel-Ami tells George Forester, when he is invited to dinner, that he has not a dress-suit. Forester is stupefied. "You haven't a dress-suit?" he says; "hetter he without a bed in Paris than without a dress-suit." This is true to a large extent. There are many Frenchmen whose family and position force them to keep up their standing in society. And there are many of them who have absolutely no means, and who can not accept clerkships and similar positions owing to the fact that it would interfere with their social standing. As one of them said: "One can only work at certain kinds of things here. Once I have lost my equality with my friends, I can never get it back, and those particular positions are almost impossible to get." Probably that is the reason that so many young Frenchmen in Paris recently have been convicted of black-mail, which they apparently consider a more gentlemanly occupation than keeping books.

Vogue in its last number answers a question in regard to going up and down stairs. That journal replies that the woman should always precede the man where there is no possibility of any misadventure occurring. In going into a theatre, or entering a church or restaurant or public conveyance where there may be a crush or a crowd or question about seats, the man precedes the woman, but everywhere else the woman precedes the man. As to going upstairs, this journal remarks that "there is an absurd idea, which is practically obsolete to-day, that in going upstairs the man should precede the woman, because there might be some vestige of chance that the man would see the woman's ankles in case she is ahead of him." It is true that this absurd idea still exists in some parts of the country. However, it may be laid down as an axiom that the woman who modestly draws back and allows the gentleman to precede her on going upstairs is afraid to show her ankles, but probably for the reason that her calves have slipped down.

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That courteous ever, kills without a blow,
And with a yes, contrives to act a No,
And can compress a volume into "Oh!"

That wins by losing; and by serving reigns,
By silence argues; and by giving gains;
That throws its stones, yet saves its window-panes;

That looks like porcelain, when 'tis made of delft;
And, pilfering, by its very storm of self,
Tricks all the world; yes, even tricks—Itself.

—Anon.

Mrs. Bowers—"I do wish you would go to church with me occasionally. How are people to know that I am married, if they never see you with me?" Mr. Bowers—"Easy! Take the children with you."—Puck.

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RIPANS TABULES

Miss Lucy W. Lewis, of Randolph, Mass., a well-known and highly respected lady, writes under date of Jan. 22, 1895: "I can speak only in praise of 'Ripans Tabules.' I am troubled by what my physician has called Nervous Dyspepsia. My work, that of a school-teacher, often brings on a state of intense nervousness, which prevents digestion and results in severe headaches. I have found that by watching my feelings, and taking a Tabule with meals—as I feel myself becoming tired and nervous—I get relief at the time and prevent further trouble. I have derived much benefit during the time I have used them, and do not intend to be without them."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Mr. Whistler," said the gushing lady visitor to the cynical artist, "why do you never paint a storm at sea?" "My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colors, the waves subside, and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond."

Lord Tenterden one day, at his own table, asked a county magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

When the picture of the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, whom he later married, was shown to the late King Charles of Wurtemberg, he looked at the portrait carefully and then said, dryly: "The portrait is highly flattering; the hair is too full, the eyes are too brilliant, and the skin too fresh." "But, your majesty, you do not know the princess," answered the adjutant, who had been sent from St. Petersburg. "No, that is true," said the king, "but I know court painters."

"Eddie" Farrell, a San Franciscan politician whose death was announced this week, was at one time employed in the Mint, "a suicide job," he called it, "at eight dollars a day." He would enter a saloon, and, after a simulated spell of coughing, would put his hand to his mouth and show to the astonished by-standers a small gold nugget. He always carried it with him. Then, with a sigh, he would remark: "My lungs are all coated with gold, from working in that Mint. It's a regular suicide job."

A young woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set last week (says the Washington Post). She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterward she went about trying to call everybody by his right name. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished-looking man, she paused in despair. "I know everybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours, I am completely at sea." "Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished-looking man; "my name is Atwater."

George Wilson, who owned the famous Paris Mine, in Park County, Mont., was visited by some Englishmen one day, among whom was an expert of the English pattern. They wanted to see some of Wilson's gold, and he panned out some very fine colors for their edification. "But that isn't gold," pronounced the youthful expert, after a critical examination; "me deah fellah, I am a graduate of the English School of Mines, and I know gold when I see it, you know. That is iron." Wilson leaned over and took the alleged expert confidently by the shoulder. "Mebbe it isn't," he said; "but don't go and give it away to those fellows down at the Denver mint, for I have been selling this stuff to them for gold all along."

There was once a dispute among a group of Boers over the color of the English flag. There was much difference of opinion on the subject until an old patriarch, clad in a blue shirt and soiled yellow moleskin trousers, arose. He knew nothing about the English, but he was solid on the color of the flag. When he stood up there was a murmur of "Oom Peet," and a respectful pause. "The English flag," he said, with an air of placid certainty, "is white." There was a general cry of expostulation, which had no sort of effect on the old warrior. "Don't I know?" he asked, gently; "I have seen it—seen it three times; once at Majuba, once at Bronkspuit, and once at Doornkop. Each time it was hoisted and each time it was white." And that settled it.

Years ago the courts in Western New York found it a matter of great difficulty to collect juries for the trial of cases. One case was adjourned from day to day, on account of the mysterious disappearance every morning of some of the twelve men who had been drawn and sworn on the jury; there were never more than eight of these unwilling victims to be found at one and the same time. One morning, however, when the judge's patience had entirely departed, the sheriff came hurrying into the court-room, his face flushed with the excitement of victory. "It's all right now, your honor!" he cried, joyfully; "you can try the case to-day, for we'll have the jury by twelve o'clock sure. It ain't but ten o'clock now, and I've got eleven of 'em locked up in my barn, and we're running the twelfth man with dogs, your honor!"

Senator Vest was making a speech in the Senate, the other day, when Mr. Peffer arose and began to speak, and then Mr. Sherman, all three addressing the chair at the same time. Mr. Vest looked

amazed, and, after a minute's hesitation, called out: "Mr. President, Mr. President!" The president paid no attention to Mr. Vest, however, when the Missouri member suddenly changed his tactics by declaring his desire to make a parliamentary inquiry. This appeal was not lost on the president. "The gentleman from Missouri will state it," he said, ignoring Mr. Peffer and Mr. Sherman. "I believe I was addressing the Senate and had the floor," said Mr. Vest, "but it seems that I have no longer got it. If I can't get it any other way, I rise to a parliamentary inquiry to find out how I lost it." There was a ripple of laughter. Mr. Sherman apologized for his interruption, and Mr. Vest continued to hold the fort.

A youth who had, in a performance of "Richard III.," to recite the words, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," came on shaking with stage-fright, and brought down the house by shouting out: "My lord, the Buck of Dukingham is taken!" An English clergyman, who was given occasionally to such transpositions, used one day in a sermon as an illustration the scene at Lucknow, when Jessie Brown calls out, "Dinna ye hear the pibroch and the slogan?" But he pronounced it: "Dinna ye hear the slobroch and the pigan?" He did not know that he had made the blunder until a friend told him of it after the service; and then he was so much humiliated that, at the close of the evening service, he took occasion to say to the congregation: "I am told that this morning I said 'the slobroch and the pigan'; I meant to have said the 'slibroch and the pogan!' Receive the blessing." Another minister could never say, "Sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet," and as the service called for the utterance of these words on occasion, his congregation had to steel themselves to hear without a burst of laughter the phrase, "Swifter for beet, and beet for switter." Macready has told of an actor who, in rendering the words "the poisoned cup," constantly said "the coisoned pup," to the great delight of his audiences. At last, he managed, by much practice, to control his utterance so that in a public performance he pronounced the phrase correctly. Instantly there was an uproar; the audience missed its customary fun, and would not let the man proceed until he had given the "coisoned pup" instead. Then he was consoled with shouts of applause.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

Ballade of the Tea Cigarette.
Away with sugar, spoon, and cream,
With humished samovar away,
And earthen pot, emitting steam,
And fragile china, blue and gray,
With spring-like flowers in a spray,
And dragon claws upon its set;
We drink no tea, but smoke to-day
The dainty oolong cigarette.

We see sweet Angelina beam
With smiles that round her dimples play,
The pale gold of the gas-jet's gleam
Kissing her young, pink as May.
She is not "pouring," as they say;
But we know naught of fame and fret
When she rolls (all our cares to slay)
The dainty oolong cigarette.

With hutterflies the parlors teem—
Smoke butterflies, all pearly gray,
That, drifting toward the ceiling, seem
O'er Chinese tulip beds to stray,
Till some light wind creeps in to fray
Them into dome and minaret—
Oh, here supplants the Henry Clay,
The dainty oolong cigarette.

ENVOI.

Against the weed we'll all inveigh,
Oh, rare and dimple-cheeked Bahette,
When you serve on the lacquered tray
The dainty oolong cigarette.
—R. K. Munckittrick.

The Cedar Chest.

Her dainty summer wardrobe lay
On sofa, table, chair, and bed,
All ready to be put away
With orris-root and sweet sachet.
"This tennis-gown goes first," she said;
"I'll do it another season yet.
(I had it on the day we met.)"

"This hat, all smothered up in veils,
Is quite passé; I'm sure of that."
She paused; above the autumn gales
She seemed to hear the flap of sails.
"He always liked me in this hat
This jacket, too, he thought divine—
I'll keep it, tho' 'tis stained with brine."

"This parasol, all lined with red,
I can not use again next year,
How many foolish things he said
While holding it above my head,
And meant not one of them, 'tis clear.
I'll tear the cover from the stalk—
(It's lucky parasols can't talk.)"

"This dancing-dress, although quite new,
Is soiled about the hem, I see,
He made me walk out in the dew
(I went quite willingly, 'tis true)
To that garbled seat beneath the tree.
This little rip, too, in the lace
Was made there in that very place."

"This morning-suit of white piqué—
I wore it when he said good-bye.
I never liked that suit some way—
I'll give it to the maid to-day."
She closed the chest down with a sigh.
Beneath the silent cedar lid
A girl's dead dream of love lay hid.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Leslie's Weekly.

The Praise of Ugliness.

Chloe I love with frenzied flame,
In Chloe's charms I madly revel;
Her chief distinction shall I name?
She is as ugly as the d—v—I.

What boots the fair, the fading grace,
Serves but to stir love's foolish fever;
The rarest beauty flies apace,
But ugliness remains forever.

From ugly lips, when lovers hear
A first avowal soft and sweet,
No fancied music strikes the ear,
No fervid flames the judgment heat.

If one should venture now and then
From that wide mouth to steal a kiss,
No need to think of where or when,
Impartial is the chastened bliss.

To jealous transports wild and vain
Let other gallants be inclined,
The powerless poison I disdain,
For naught disturbs my trustful mind.

Chloe is faithful as the day,
I swear; I know she loves me best;
And if I'm jealous far away,
At sight of her I'm quite at rest.

Dear eyes so small and month so wide,
Sweet snnhy nose, and drooping ear,
O'er this my soul, in bondage tied,
For ever reign without a peer.

Oh, yes, thy true love's constant mind
Will still be thine and thine alone;
The harder is the task assigned,
The greater is the honor won.

Lovers in the profane manner
Compare—methinks they're much to blame—
With Flora, Venus, or Diana,
The charming object of their flame.

But, oh—my fancy straight is checked
Ere such vain praises I indite;
For Truth I've far too much respect,
To fable I'd be more polite.

All you who wonder at my lay,
Blame not my taste, I'll tell you why:
Each single verse, the truth to say,
From one to 'other ends a lie.

The name, the beauties of my love
To you I should not dare reveal;
The fool who boasts his wealth to prove
Bids every rascal come and steal.
—Fall Mail Gazette.

The innovations which the young Czarina is making in the etiquette of the Russian court are meeting with a good deal of opposition from some of the Muscovite ladies. Among the changes, her imperial majesty has ordained that presentations shall be made in the English fashion, the sovereign offering her hand to be kissed, and not shaken, as was the custom of the dowager-empress. The Russian ladies are disposed to resent this as an unnecessary display of haughtiness.

Don't Be Too Late for the Steamer, And don't omit when you are packing up your effects preparatory for the voyage, to include among them a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy for seasickness. Travelers for pleasure or business seeking foreign climes, or who locomote by steamboat or train, besides yachtsmen and mariners, testify to the remedial and preventive efficacy of the Bitters, which is incomparable for nausea, headache, dyspepsia, hilloiness, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble.

Steelman's Soothing Powders successfully used for children, during the teething period, for over fifty years.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.
Belgic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, March 21
Coptic... (Via Honolulu)... Wednesday, April 3
Gaelic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, April 25
Doric... (Via Honolulu)... Tuesday, May 12
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 15, 30, April 14, 29.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, and Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. March 10, 14, 19, 24, 29, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. March 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M. and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, and Gnamays (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Australian SS. ALAMEDA, for Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 20, 2 P. M.
SS. AUSTRALIA, Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 7th, and April 28th, 10 A. M.
Only line Coolidge Gold Fields, Australia, Connection for Cape Town, S. Africa, Lowrates.
Special parties to Hawaii, reduced rates, April 7th, and April 28th, 1896.
Ticket office, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:
Teutonic... March 25 Teutonic... April 22
Britannic... April 1 Britannic... April 29
Majestic... April 8 Majestic... May 6
Germanic... April 15 Germanic... May 13
Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
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29 Broadway, New York.

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COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE
ON EVERY CAN.

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SOCIETY.

The Bosqui-Reynolds Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Reynolds and Dr. Francis Lawrence Bosqui took place at four o'clock last Wednesday afternoon at the First Unitarian Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Reynolds, of this city. The groom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, of this city, has been for the past two years practicing his profession in Bodie, besides being interested in mining property there. The ceremony was witnessed only by relatives of the contracting parties, and Rev. Horatio Stebbins officiated. Mr. William Carrigan acted as best man, and the bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. After the wedding all repaired to the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Stuart Samuels, 914 Pine Street, where an informal reception was held. Dr. and Mrs. Bosqui departed in the evening for Bodie, where they will remain for a year.

The Hayes Matinée Tea.

Miss C. E. Hayes gave a *matinée* tea last Saturday, at the residence of her father in Oakland, as a compliment to Miss Blanche Castle, the *fiancee* of Mr. Charles Farquharson. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Harry Hinkley, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Miss May Grimes, Miss Alice Grimes, and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle. About one hundred ladies were hospitably entertained during the afternoon.

Notes and Gossip.

At the forthcoming wedding of Miss Hannah Neil Williams and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, the attendants will be Miss Juliette Williams, maid of honor, Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Edith McBean, bridesmaids, and Mr. Henry N. Stetson, best man.

Miss Georgia M. Wightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., was married last Monday noon to Mr. Douglass B. Crane, of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. The wedding took place at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. Lion officiated. Afterward there was a reception in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel, followed by a breakfast. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Crane left to visit Coronado Beach and Santa Catalina Island.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her residence, 2510 Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained eleven ladies.

Miss Ella Morgan gave a six-handed euchre-party recently at her residence, 2211 Clay Street. After an interesting contest, prizes were won by Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. Harry L. Wilson, and Mr. Samuel Knight. A supper ended the affair. Miss Morgan's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Major A. E. Bates, U. S. A., Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, and Mr. Harry L. Wilson.

Mr. George Almer Newhall gave a box-party at the Baldwin Theatre last Monday evening, followed by a supper. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. R. G. Hooker.

Miss Daisy Van Ness gave an informal *matinée* tea last Saturday at her residence.

Mrs. S. B. Johnson gave a lunch-party recently in honor of her daughter and a number of other ladies. The table was decorated with almond-

blossoms and Cecil Bruner roses in little wicker cradles. Mrs. Johnson's guests were Mrs. Dr. Lane, Mrs. Walter P. Treat, Mrs. Arthur House, Mrs. Doan, Mrs. Frederick Howarth, Mrs. J. G. Barker, Mrs. C. D. Salfeld, Mrs. Charles McKenzie, Mrs. T. D. Riordan, Mrs. A. L. Coombs, and Miss Mary D. Bates.

Miss Maddux, a member of the society, entertained the Colonial Dames recently at her residence. Two new members were announced—Mrs. William T. Coleman, from the Massachusetts Society, and Miss Elizabeth M. Jones, from the Pennsylvania Society.

An Interesting Group of Scientists.

Last week there passed through San Francisco a small party of scientists bent on an interesting expedition. They included among their number Alexander Agassiz, son of the famous Louis Agassiz, and formerly a professor in Harvard University; William Woodworth, Ph. D., assistant professor of natural history at Harvard; M. Mayer, Ph. D., an instructor at Harvard; and Max Agassiz, son of Alexander. Professor Woodworth is well known in this city, being a son of Commodore Selim Woodworth, who was for many years a member of the old Union Club of San Francisco. Professor Woodworth has three brothers in San Francisco—Ensign Selim Woodworth, U. S. N., Frederick Woodworth, and Benjamin Woodworth. The party were in San Francisco only two days, but were entertained as hospitably as their limited stay would allow. Professor Woodworth dined at the house of his brother Selim, the four brothers dining together for the first time in twenty-two years.

The party dined at the Pacific Union Club one evening informally, and a very pleasant gathering resulted. Professor Agassiz, or "Mr. Agassiz," as he prefers to be called, is a most interesting man. He is a scientist of international reputation, and is a member of many learned societies. He is one of the most modest of men, and looks rather more like a "man of the world" than the traditional scientist. There is a merry twinkle in his eye, and he is an admirable story-teller.

Mr. Agassiz is taking this party of scientists on an expedition for the purpose of exploring what is known as the "Great Barrier Reef" of Australia. This reef skirts the continent on the north-east coast of Australia. The reef runs with occasional breaches in its continuity for a distance of over one thousand miles, its average distance from the shore being from twenty to thirty miles, the depth of the inner channel being from ten to sixty fathoms, and the sea outside the reef being sometimes over two thousand feet in depth. Mr. Agassiz has chartered a large ocean steamship, which is now being fitted out at Sydney. The party sailed on the steamer *Monowai*, and on their arrival will find their steamer ready. Some idea of the expense of the expedition may be formed when it is stated that the dredging apparatus alone cost twenty-five thousand dollars. When interrogated as to whether the expedition was sent out by Harvard University or by the government, Mr. Agassiz modestly replied that he "was paying for it himself, as it left him greater freedom." The gentlemen composing the party are all keen naturalists, and are intrusted with all sorts of commissions from friends in Cambridge as to the procuring of odd forms of animal and vegetable life. It is an enviable position which Mr. Agassiz occupies, that of a scientist of international repute and that of a man with so many millions that he can conduct scientific expeditions and make scientists his guests in this way at a cost which is prohibited except to a millionaire. The source of his wealth is in the famous Calumet and Hecla copper mines on Lake Superior. It was through his geologic knowledge that these mines were discovered many years ago, and as a result he has accumulated an immense fortune—a number of his friends in Boston as well. In fact, most of the stock is owned in Boston.

As an example of the peculiar nature of the man and of his extremely practical temperament, he told an anecdote the other night which illustrates his character. He was traveling on a Santa Fé train, west bound, on a Pullman car. A group of four Santa Fé officials were the only other occupants beside himself. During the day he heard them speculating as to whether they could not take the car back, as they wanted to return at a station further up the road. "But," said one of them, "there is a passenger aboard." "Oh," replied another, "that does not make any difference. We can make him get into a day-coach." So said, so done. When they reached the station spoken of, the conductor informed Agassiz that he would have to leave the car. He declined unless formal force was exercised. This was done. He then entered a day-coach, after formally protesting and taking the name of the conductor; he also secured the names of the four railway officials from the conductor. As he remarked when telling the anecdote: "When I got to San Francisco, I went to the Santa Fé office here and kicked, but it did me no good. But when I got back to Boston, I went to the main office of the Santa Fé and had every one of those railway officials discharged, and I am glad of it." And so will most of the traveling public be.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Materna-Ondricek Concerts.

The first of the brief series of concerts given in this city by Mme. Amalia Materna, the famous Wagnerian singer, and Herr Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, took place at the Auditorium on Thursday night. Though we have had a great deal of music in San Francisco recently, we have been by no means satiated, and there was present a large audience of music-lovers and fashionables. The house was not packed; but what it lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm, for both the singer and the violinist were recalled four and five times after each number. Herr Ondricek was very generous in the matter of encores. Mr. Isidore Luckstone was the accompanist. The programme presented was as follows:

Rhapsodie No. 6, Liszt, Mr. Isidore Luckstone; "Concerto Pathétique," Ernst, Franz Ondricek; aria from "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Mme. Amalia Materna; (a) "Albumblatt," Wagner, (b) "Polonaise," Laub, Franz Ondricek; lieder from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner, Mme. Amalia Materna; "Witches' Dances," Paganini, Franz Ondricek; "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod, Mme. Amalia Materna, Franz Ondricek, and Isidore Luckstone.

There was to have been but one more concert, given this (Saturday) afternoon, but the popular interest in the two artists has induced the management to announce a third for Sunday evening. The programme for this afternoon's concert is as follows:

Polonaise, A-flat, Chopin, Mr. Isidore Luckstone; concerto, G minor, Bruch, Franz Ondricek; aria, "Rienzi," Wagner, Mme. Amalia Materna; (a) air, Bach, (b) romance, G major, Beethoven, (c) tarantelle, Ondricek, Franz Ondricek; romance and moto perpetuo, Ries, aria, "La Juive," Halevy, Mme. Amalia Materna; Hungarian airs, Ernst, Franz Ondricek.

The Ensemble Club.

The members of the Ensemble Club gave a musicale in Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening. A large and fashionable audience was entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

Trio, Op. 1, No. 2 (piano, violin, 'cello), adagio, allegro vivace, largo con espressione, Beethoven, Mrs. Edward H. Benjamin, Miss Susie Blair, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; 'cello soli, (a) andante, Gólferrmann, (b) serenade, Kluge, (c) mazurka, Popper, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; piano solo, polonaise E flat, Op. 22, Chopin, Mrs. Isidor Jacobs; vocal solo, "Love Song," Hollman, Miss Lilian Lewison; violin solo, scherzo-tarantelle, Wieniawski, Miss Susie Blair; trio, Op. 52, allegro, adagio, presto, allegro appassionato, Rubinstein, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Susie Blair, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr. Mrs. George H. Perry, accompanist.

H. C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, is now in San Francisco, after a leisurely tour of Southern California. Mr. Bunner has been working hard for several years at his editorial desk and in the production of short stories and verses, and his health gave way under the strain. His travels, however, in which he is accompanied by Mrs. Bunner, have given him new strength. How long he will remain here and whether he will go, Mr. Bunner does not precisely know, for he is traveling without definite plans and follows where his fancy leads. In Mr. Bunner's absence, his place on *Puck* is taken by H. L. Wilson, a San Francisco newspaper man who sent so many good short stories and paragraphs to *Puck* that, five years ago, the proprietors called him to New York, and have since made him assistant editor.

The "San Francisco Calling List for 1896," prepared by Edward M. Greenway, is of convenient size and shape, and is a useful little book. It contains an alphabetical list of persons who are describable as "in society"—and a few who are not—in San Francisco and the neighborhood, giving their address, telephone number, and calling day. This is preceded by a brief book of card etiquette, proper forms for correspondence, and other information indispensable for those on the fringe of the crust of society. It is published from the press of the H. S. Crocker Company, and is for sale at the bookstores.

Champagne Sec.

Of all champagnes, Pommery Sec is most in demand in London. It is the favorite at all select gatherings, being preferred by the refined and fastidious classes of Europe rather than by the sporting fraternity. Among recent prominent affairs, Pommery Sec was served at the banquet in Atlanta tendered to President Cleveland, at the dinner in Hamburg given to the German emperor, and at the banquet in Bordeaux tendered to the President of the French Republic, and was a prominent feature at the dinner tendered to Paderewski at the Palace Hotel, being served exclusively on that occasion. By real connoisseurs Pommery Sec is considered the ideal champagne.

—NOTWITHSTANDING THE GENERAL CRY OF hard times, Mr. Hirschman reports a rushing business since he has commenced his closing out sale. His reputation for handling the finest only of everything in his line is so thoroughly established that the public fully appreciate the chance of getting first quality diamonds, etc., at first cost.

—EYE-GLASSES WHICH FIT THE FACE PERFECTLY are almost invisible. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—ARMS EMBLAZONED, NOTE-PAPERS STAMPED in relief. Cooper & Co., Heraldic Engravers and Art Stationers, No. 746 Market Street.

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A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

The LENTEN LULL

is here, and Society has a chance to recuperate. The nearness of Byron—60 miles—and the cost of getting there—\$3 the round trip—makes it the deservedly popular health resort that it is. To aid the wonderful springs, the climate at this season is perfection.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

At Mr. Vickery's Gallery, 224 POST ST.

The Paintings of CHARLES WALTER STETSON,

March 9th to 23d.

Strainers

patent pots and processes are not needed, and there are no secrets about making a cup of Ghirardelli's Cocoa. Just pour boiling milk on it, boil slowly a couple of minutes, and add sugar to suit. No waiting or fussing. Make it instantly, any time, as desired; neither too much nor too little. The most nourishing, invigorating and refreshing form of liquid food is

Ghirardelli's COCOA

Sold by all Grocers
32 Cups for 25c.



Made from the most highly refined and approved ingredients; leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., N. Y.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Arthur Scrivener, who has been for more than twenty years manager of the London and San Francisco Bank, has resigned his position, and will leave San Francisco in a few weeks, not again to return. Mr. Scrivener intends to retire entirely from business, and will devote himself to rest and recreation, spending his time in England and on the Continent.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth will soon leave for Europe, where they will travel for about two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Misses May and Alice Hoffman, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., and Mr. Ogden Hoffman have leased the residence of Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, 1626 Sacramento Street.

Miss Helen Boss will leave soon for Europe, and will be away about two years.

Miss Juliet Tompkins has been entertaining Miss Mary Bell Gwin and Mr. Alfred Clement during the past week at her home in San Anselmo.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis and Mr. Henry R. Simpkins will soon leave on a trip to Japan.

Mr. W. F. Whittier and Miss Whittier have leased the Dibble cottage in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair left last Friday for Paso Robles on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Thomas will pass the summer in one of the Barber cottages in Ross Valley.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will reside in San Rafael during the summer months.

Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle, who have been traveling in Europe during the past eighteen months, will soon return home, and will occupy their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, are expected to return from the East next week.

Misses Mary and Louise Harrington, of Colusa, are visiting friends in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane, who have been passing the winter at the Hotel Richelieu, have gone to San Rafael to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, of Oakland, has gone East en route to Europe.

Mrs. S. B. McKee, of Oakland, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Norman Lang, in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle will soon leave to make a tour of Europe.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Mr. Reginald Dickinson will move over to Craig Hazel, their cottage in Sausalito, in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., have leased the Boyd cottage in San Rafael, and will occupy it April 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have arrived in New York from Paris, and are expected here soon. Their children remain in Paris under the care of Mrs. Margaret Deane.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ehrman and Miss Amy Ehrman will leave next month for Europe to meet Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rosenbaum, *né* Ehrman, who have been abroad during the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman and family will pass the summer traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Miss Helen Hecht, Miss Elsie Hecht, and Mr. Summit Hecht will leave about the middle of April to pass several months in Europe.

Miss Jennie Catherwood has gone to Coronado to visit her aunt, Mrs. Harry Jerome.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, *né* Hohart, are expected to arrive in New York from Europe tomorrow. Miss Ella Hohart and Miss Vassault left here Tuesday evening on the Sunset Limited to meet them.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick are passing a fortnight at Del Monte. They will leave for Europe early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hart will leave about March 31st for a prolonged visit to their daughter in Paris.

Mr. Otis Burgess Spalding sailed last Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Australia* for Honolulu.

Miss Feldberg, of Helena, Mont., is the guest of the Misses Agnes and Sadie Hyman at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. William H. Avery, of this city, who has been passing a couple of months in the Blue Mountains of Australia for the benefit of her health, left Sydney last Wednesday for Auckland, New Zealand. She will pass several weeks there, and then sail on the *Monowai* for Honolulu, where she will remain a month. She is expected here on June 7th.

Mrs. L. R. Mead and Miss Birdie Collins are passing the spring at the Mead cottage at Byron Springs.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen, accompanied by her nephew, Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., will leave New York the end of this week, and will stop several days in Washington, D. C.

Mr. W. Alston Hayne arrived in town from Santa Barbara on Thursday for a brief visit.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commodore Thomas Selfridge, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N. (retired), is visiting Washington, D. C.

Assistant-Engineer William C. Meyers, U. S. R. C. S., formerly of the *Bear*, arrived in Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, en route to Boston, where he will serve on the *Dallas*.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster E. D. Ryan, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Albatross* on March 31st, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Assistant-Paymaster E. P. Du Bois, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Wabash* next Friday and assume duty on the *Albatross* on March 31st.

Assistant-Engineer R. E. Carney, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Olympia* and ordered to the *Monowai*.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Munn, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Treat, U. S. A., and Lieutenant O. M. Lisak, U. S. A., returned from Honolulu last Thursday.

At the request of Governor Morrill, of Kansas, the Secretary of War has detailed Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, of the First Infantry, U. S. A., now stationed at Benicia barracks in California, for duty on the governor's military staff. Lieutenant Smith was appointed a cadet in West Point by Mr. Morrill when the latter was in Congress, and five years ago was graduated from the institution.

The Secretary of War has ordered First-Lieutenant Hugh J. McGrath, Fourth Cavalry U. S. A., and Edward H. Browne, quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., to report in person to Colonel S. M. B. Young, U. S. A., for examination as to their fitness for promotion.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of York's collection of postage-stamps, which he recently sold to one of the Rothschilds, was insured for six hundred thousand dollars.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's full name is Arthur Seymour Sullivan. To avoid the unfortunate combination of initials the second name has been discreetly dropped.

Sir John Millais's first picture was purchased by Charles Reade, the English novelist. Ruskin said that it was not a failure, but a fiasco, and kicked a hole in the picture.

Maitre Pouillet, one of the most eminent lawyers in Paris, gives sittings at the Palais de Justice, at which he offers legal advice, free of charge, to persons who can not afford to employ lawyers.

Arthur Balfour came to grief with his bicycle in Whitechapel the other day. He got jammed in the crowd of vehicles and had to take the pieces of his bicycle to Downing Street in a hansom cab.

H. Walter Webb, one of the Vanderbilt sons-in-law, has let a contract for a new home at Tarrytown, on the Hudson. It is to be built of marble, and will cost when completed one million five hundred thousand dollars.

More people knew the late ex-Governor Robinson as Lizzie Borden's counsel than as chief executive of the old Bay State. The trial established his fame as a criminal lawyer, but he refused all offers to defend murderers.

Gladstone is an early riser, but only by the exertion of his will power, for he is fond of loitering in bed. He is fond, also, of afternoon tea and of a game of backgammon, and he can sleep whenever and wherever he pleases.

When the Prince of Wales alludes to his mother, he always uses the words, "My mother, the queen." The Duke of York he invariably refers to as "My son, the Duke of York." On the Continent such simplicity is tabooed.

Countess Fritz Hohenau, cousin of the German emperor, has this winter introduced the custom in Brussels for ladies to ride to hounds astride. She has organized a club of aristocratic women who are to lend their countenances to this style.

Right in the middle of George Vanderbilt's princely domain in North Carolina an old negro owns six acres of land, which Vanderbilt fenced in. The owner said: "Yes, sah, I been waitin', 'steen yeahs fo' good neighborhobs, an' now I got one I don't move. No, sah."

General W. T. Sherman was once a lawyer. He tried only one case and lost it, and he was so chagrined that he thereupon gave up the practice of the law. The man who won the case, William F. Piper, was found dead, the other day, in Leavenworth, Kan.; he had ruined a brilliant career by drink.

Nansen is described as a type of the ideal Norseman—a fine, stalwart fellow, with ruddy face, fair hair, and the limbs of a giant. After his departure in search of the North Pole, his wife quietly settled down in Christiania to her duties as a teacher of vocal and instrumental music. The Nansens are very popular in Christiania.

Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria is emulating Sandow. She practices with large dumbbells and can lift a man with one hand. She is said on one occasion, when a heavy iron column fell on a man, to have lifted it high enough to enable him to be drawn from under. She is a delicate-looking woman of thirty-four, wife of the Archduke Karl Stephan, and mother of five children.

Queen Margherita of Italy was riding on her bicycle lately in the park of Monza from which the public is excluded, when she was stopped by a carbineer, scolded for trespassing, and then asked to give her name. The same day she sent the man her photograph and one of the ten-franc pieces bearing her effigy by the side of King Humbert's, that he might recognize her in future.

While Mgr. Massaia, before his elevation to the cardinalate, was in Abyssinia, he was a prime favorite with King Menelek. One day he sent for a sewing-machine at the dusky monarch's request, but when it arrived no one at court could put it together. At last the king, despairing of outside help, took the machine to his rooms, worked at it all night, and the next morning sent for the monarch and the queen to show them his handiwork. He had succeeded in putting the parts together perfectly.

Mascagni recently made a journey to Berlin under great difficulties. He does not understand a word of German, and his torrents of excited Italian left the Teuton officials totally unmoved. In Munich, both Mascagni and his luggage would have been left behind save for the assistance of a stranger who acted as interpreter. Full of gratitude, the composer was about to press a liberal tip on his benefactor, who turned out to be Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern. His next adventure was to encounter a Frenchman, who was so pleased to meet the *maestro* that he changed the plans of the journey just to see the composer at work on

his new opera. As neither could understand the other, conversation was out of the question. In relating his adventures to Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mascagni said: "Those Frenchman was easily satisfied."

By the cable it is announced that "Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, wife of a California millionaire, was presented at the queen's drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on March 11th." W. J. Ritchie is a young man who came here from Minneapolis some five years ago. He became "circulation agent" of the *Examiner*. He left here, and went to London, where he has accumulated a large fortune working circulation schemes, like the "coupon-picture snap." Mrs. Ritchie is a very beautiful woman.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan (formerly Miss Elizabeth Curtis) held an exhibition last Saturday afternoon, at the Art Students' League, of her sketches made in Holland and Italy and the portrait work done since her return here. Many of her friends called to view the exhibit, which was highly creditable. The major portion of her work has been sold. The exhibition was also open on Monday afternoon. Mrs. O'Sullivan will return to London in April.

Her Majesty, the Queen, has issued invitations for the annual celebration of La Fiesta de Los Angeles, which will be held in that city from April 21st to the 25th, inclusive. The affair will be given under the auspices of the most prominent business men of Los Angeles, and will undoubtedly attract many visitors.

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An exhibition of paintings by Charles Walter Stetson is now being held at Mr. Vickery's gallery, on Post Street.



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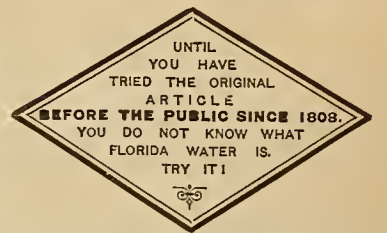
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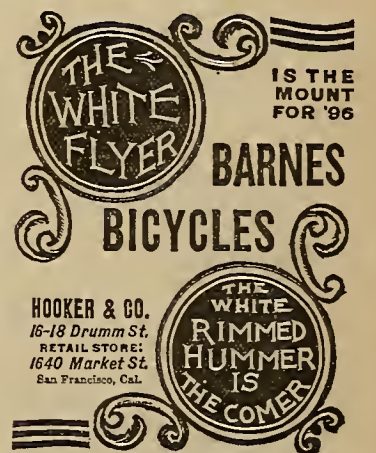
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, aren't moths awful hungry, only eating holes?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"That," said the engineer, "is a fifty horse-power engine." "Don't you figure it by bike-power yet?" asked the wheelman.—*Puck*.

First Italian count—"She has rejected you?"
Second Italian count—"Yes. There is nothing now between me and the fruit business!"—*Puck*.

Fuddy—"They say that monkeys can talk."
Duddy—"Yes; but let us give them full credit by acknowledging that they don't do it."—*Boston Transcript*.

"How does Jibson stand prosperity since he came into his fortune?" "Oh, he stands it all right, but it is pretty tough on his friends."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"I wonder why the widows always get the best of the race for husbands?" asked the fool young man. "They are faster, I guess," replied Miss Ann Shent.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Raising funds: "I'll give ten dollars," announced the man in the third pew from the front. The converted counterfeiter rose with emotion. "And I," he exclaimed, "will make it one hundred dollars."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Watts—"How did you ever get the notion that Briggs was thinking of joining the Prohibitionists?"
Potts—"Got it from his talk. He has taken to calling his sideboard his 'medicine chest.'"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"My first child," said the professor of mathematics, "was a boy. Then there were twins, and then triplets. That relieved my mind." "It did?" "Yes. I was afraid it might be a case of geometrical progression."—*Puck*.

Perry Patetic (in the road)—"W'y don't you go in? De dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"
Waymon Watson (at the gate)—"Yes, and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

With the immortals: *Shakespeare*—"If I had it all to do again, I'd try my hand at a comic opera."
Ben Jonson—"Don't get a big head, William. You had a great run of luck, as it was, but you never were cut out to write topical songs."—*Puck*.

The power of the human eye: *Blasley*—"I was coming down-town in a car this morning, and the conductor came along and looked at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."
Bizley—"What did you do?"
Blasley—"I looked at him as if I had."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Brownkins—"I shouldn't think Vansock would pay that type-writer of his much. She doesn't appear to know anything."
Smithson—"Not know anything! Why, Vansock is paying her big wages just to keep her from telling what she knows."—*New York World*.

Saidso—"Women always make a strange choice when they have many lovers."
Pertly—"Yes."
Saidso—"They usually accept the suitor whom everybody thinks most unlikely."
Pertly—"Yes. Usually the one the woman herself thinks most unlikely."—*Truth*.

An Atchison man recently caught three different men kissing his wife, whereupon he went to a lawyer. "You have very good grounds for divorce," the lawyer said. "I don't want a divorce," the citizen replied; "I want to get out an injunction to make them quit it."—*Kansas City Star*.

"My man," said the philanthropist, "I am going to give you a chance to work." "Mister," replied Meandering Mike, "me old father lost half his fortune playin' roulette an' the other half on hoss-races, an' almost the last advice he ginme was never to take no chances."—*Washington Star*.

"Glass-eating," observed a freak who was as yet unclassified, "is a bad business. A glass-eater is thrown much in the way of temptation. I have known several to become addicted to the bottle." The Zulu chief, to whom all civilization was new, laughed boisterously, but otherwise all was intensely and oppressively still.—*Detroit Tribune*.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 23, 1896.

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Last week the *Argonaut* printed a biographical sketch of William McKinley, prefaced with a few lines in which we said: "The McKinley boom grows. The other Republican candidates seem to be losing strength. It begins to look as if McKinley were the candidate of the Republican party."

That was only a week ago. Events march rapidly. With the expiration of seven days, McKinley's strength has increased immeasurably. In fact, such has been the growth of the McKinley boom that it has seriously alarmed his opponents. There are many acute politicians who would not be surprised if he were nominated on the first ballot. Canvasses have been made all over the country. The Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Times-Herald* have been canvassing the States of the Mississippi Valley. The *Times-Herald*

is independent politically, the *Tribune* Republican, but anti-McKinley. Both papers have reached exactly the same conclusion in canvassing the States of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan. All of them are overwhelmingly for McKinley. The New York *World* has made a canvass of all the States, through the medium of the chairmen of the State central committees, and the replies show that McKinley is first choice. Even in the State of New York, the stronghold of Morton, who has been looked upon as a powerful candidate, the New York *Tribune* made a canvass last week, and the result surprised New Yorkers. It was believed that Morton would lead in New York city almost to the exclusion of McKinley. But such was not the case. In all of the exchanges McKinley was more than a good second to Morton, and in one case he led him.

What is the reason for this strength of McKinley, a Western man, in New York State, the home of Morton, the governor of that State, once elected to the Vice-Presidency, and now a Presidential candidate? The answer is plainly to be seen in the expressions of opinion made by the business men composing the various exchanges. All were interviewed by the *Tribune*, and their replies fill many columns. Without the names, we give some few replies: "As a high-tariff man, I favor the nomination of Ex-Governor McKinley." "There is no better man for President than McKinley; he is a high-tariff man, a good Republican, and an able statesman." "I am for McKinley because he is a strong protectionist." "As a strong protectionist, I favor McKinley." "I am for McKinley because he is a representative of high protection." "McKinley made a good fight for protection, and he ought to be President." "I am a high-tariff man, and I favor McKinley." "McKinley is a high protectionist; so am I; he is my candidate for President." "McKinley is for protection, and that is what we produce-exchange men want." "I believe in protection, and I am firmly for McKinley." "I am a protectionist, and I favor William McKinley." "McKinley should be nominated; he is the champion of protection, and the hard times of the last four years show that we need protection." "I am for McKinley; he represents protection, on which the next campaign must be fought; people do not mind a tax on a dinner-pail so long as they have a good dinner on the pail."

These remarks made by hard-headed business men will show what is behind the McKinley boom. There are no horses behind it. The McKinley boom is backed up by the American people. The cry of "McKinleyism" will not hurt McKinley. The business men, the manufacturers, the farmers, and the workmen have had "Wilsonism" and "Clevelandism" enough and to spare. As for the threat that merchants "fear a revival of tariff agitation," all the merchants in the country know that business could not be any worse than it has been under the Democratic administration for the last three years. Threats of a "business paralysis" in case of a change in the tariff are idle. There could be no worse business paralysis than we are suffering under now. Every time the tariff has been reduced in the United States, the same condition has occurred. When the tariff was reduced in 1812, it brought this country to a condition which made even Thomas Hart Benton, Democrat though he was, say in a speech that "there is no price for property; there are no sales except those of the sheriff; there is no employment for industry; there is no demand for labor; there is no sale for the products of the farm; there is no sound of the hammer except that of the auctioneer knocking down property." These words of Senator Benton sound almost as if they had been based upon the condition of affairs that have existed in this country since Grover Cleveland, the Democratic party, and the Wilson tariff nearly ruined it.

But leaving the question of the popular boom for McKinley, let us look at his practical chances. There is no doubt that, while he has the people behind him, he has the horses against him. It is only within the last week that they have become convinced that his candidacy is dangerous, and they are growing desperate. Such is their des-

peration that they have split the party in some Southern States, and in Texas there will be McKinley and anti-McKinley conventions. The horses have been for the last few months meeting in New York and Washington, and discussing whom they should put up. They decided that they wanted some man whom they "could handle." They concluded that they would "take no chances." They did succeed in making an arrangement with Tom Reed by which they made him think that they were for him, and hence the silence of that once outspoken individual since the present Congress has been in session. The three original bosses, Platt, Quay, and Clarkson, began "fixing things" with others. Manley and Sam Fessenden were taken in as representative of Tom Reed and New England. Hohart, of New Jersey, joined them. They made advances to Foraker, but he and Bushnell were committed to McKioley by a bargain in Ohio. The horses did succeed in getting Kellogg, of Louisiana, Cuneo, of Texas, and some other lesser Southern horses. They failed to make terms with Alger, of Michigan, Henry Payoe, Spooner, Sawyer, Steve Elkins, and Carter, of Montana. But they thought they had a strong enough combination to down McKinley, and they began encouraging the "favorite-son" business. This they hoped would keep McKinley down to about three hundred votes. Quay is trying to hold Pennsylvania, Platt New York, Reed the New England States, Clarkson is holding Iowa for Allison, Elkins West Virginia, and Manderson Nebraska.

But they have failed. There does not seem to be the ghost of a chance for any "favorite son." Even Tom Reed, who a year ago was the foremost candidate in Republican eyes, seems to have faded away, and his hulky person is as misty as an X-ray photo. His friends have practically given up the fight. In New York, the Morton men still talk in a melancholy manner, and Iowa is strong for Allison. But when the convention meets, these "favorite sons" will be swept from their feet by the popularity of McKinley. It is so marked, that Tom Reed recently remarked sardonically: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The hard times are making McKinley President of the United States."

To come down from generalities to specific facts, let us look at McKinley's strength. On the present basis of representation, 456 votes will be necessary to nominate in the Republican National Convention; 136 delegates have been chosen already, of whom 63 are instructed for McKinley. If this ratio continues, McKinley will have 434 votes on the first ballot, or within 26 of a majority. Delegates have been elected in part from Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, District of Columbia, Iowa, and Kansas. Conventions to be held this month are: Mississippi, March 24th; Massachusetts, March 27th; New York, March 24th; South Dakota, March 25th; Texas (anti-McKinley), March 28th. Next month's conventions are: Alabama, April 28th; Georgia, April 29th; North Dakota, April 15th; Texas (McKinley), April 3d; Oregon, April 9th; Maine, April 16th; Kentucky, April 15th; Nebraska, April 15th; Illinois, April 19th; New Jersey, April 16th; Pennsylvania, April 23d.

California's convention will shortly be held, and while there is strong influence at work for Allison, we still believe that a majority of the delegates will be for McKinley. General James Clarkson arrived in this city a few days ago for the purpose of looking out for the Allison fences. He is accompanied by W. H. Andrews, who is working for Quay. It is an open secret that Allison and Clarkson are financially interested in the *Call* newspaper of this city, which journal is devoted to the Allison boom. But the interview with General Clarkson in his chieftain's organ the other day sounded like the whistling of a boy to keep his spirits up going through a grave-yard. It was followed the next day by a five-column interview with Senator Andrews, who expatiated on the many merits of Senator Quay as a Presidential candidate. General Clarkson came here intending if possible to send a delegation to St. Louis pledged to Allison. But he met such a cold McKioley

wave that he began working to send a delegation unpended. Better that, he thinks, than to have it pledged to McKinley. We agree with him, although for different reasons, in thinking that the California delegation had better go unpended to the Republican National Convention. A deliberative body, all of whose members are pledged to do certain things, is not a deliberative body at all. But we would advise General Clarkson and Senator Andrews to pack up their baby booms and go home. There is no more chance for working up a boom for Allison or Quay in California than there is for working up a boom for Julius Caesar.

President David Starr Jordan, of the Stanford University, in the course of one of a series of lectures which he is benefiting San Francisco by giving, took for his theme last week "Unearned Happiness as a Social Factor." The whole discourse was interesting, for Professor Jordan is never commonplace, but one of his remarks is particularly timely and impressive. He asserted that nineteen criminals in twenty are what they are not because of heredity, but by reason of their own free will, and by contact with the degrading influences and environment to which they subject themselves.

It is well to have the responsibility of the individual thus asserted by a man of Professor Jordan's scientific ability and repute. The doctrine of heredity has become a fad of late years, and the lengths to which it is carried, if accepted in practice, would break down all the bulwarks of law and demolish society. In the view of the faddist—who occasionally speaks with the authority of high position—every criminal is to be considered a victim of heredity, a moral pervert, who owes his misfortune to his ancestors. Murderers, prostitutes, thieves, and drunkards, all are looked upon as being "abnormal," and, therefore, not to be punished, but to be treated like people who, suffering from nervous prostration, are put into pleasant sanitariums. If this pernicious theory were to be acknowledged by the courts, and in business and social life, penalties would be abrogated, and crime, vice, laziness, and every form of selfishness hurtful to others be laid on the convenient scapegoat of heredity. Instead of working, any of us might steal, and when decent people protested, we could confidently shift the blame to our ancestors, who, being dead, would not have their posterity's objection to efforts at human punishment. Heredity is an explanation which is of obvious worth as a solace to the sensitive wife who betrays her husband, the erring daughter, or the woman who consults her flesh and love of ease by quitting the path of virtue and honest industry; but common sense is, and will ever continue to be, hostile to this easy form of vicarious atonement for sin.

Undoubtedly we are all the sum of our forefathers—but with a conscious new *ego* infused. There is no question, either, that now and again there is born a hapless creature whose inherited evil predispositions are sufficiently powerful to make him irresponsible. In the latter case the neurosthea amounts to moral insanity, and the place for him is the asylum. But as to the rest of us, Heredity is no such master that when he issues an inclination he must be obeyed. A good moral education consists largely in the revelation to each one of us of his weaknesses, which revelation results, when a man is sane, in his bringing strength of will to bear on the defective point of character. Indeed, a very good argument can be made in support of the proposition that one who has an hereditary turn for bad conduct should be held more strictly to account for his lapses than a person whose nature has not been so tainted. The man of sober forebears may blamelessly trust himself to enjoy in moderation the good things of life which weaker persons are prone to abuse; but what shall we say of the man who, knowing that he comes of a line of drunkards, deliberately takes the hazard involved in touching strong drink? He deserves whatever may happen to him, for he is responsible for the consequences of an inexcusable playing with fire.

The fallacy at the bottom of the heredity fad is a refusal to understand the nature of will. That the will can be strengthened or weakened at the option of any individual not fit for confinement is a fact within the observation and the personal experience of every man who does not blind himself with theories or seek to escape the accusations of conscience. Men are drunkards because they prefer inebriety with its illusions to sobriety with its realities and burdens, ethical and industrial. Men steal because they prefer that mode of getting money to working for it. Men are vicious because it is easier to yield to desire than it is to practice self-control.

The gravity with which heredity is discussed as an explanation of crime and vice is something worse than foolish. It is a direct incitement to crime and vice, since it furnishes to the beginner in lawlessness or indulgence a plea for going to the bad which is more pleasing to self-esteem than

the plain truth. It further encourages wrong-doing by muddling the heads of a multitude of well-meaning, sentimental people, and giving them a preposterous charity for criminals and blackguards. Heredity, as it is expounded by the pseudo-moralists, among whom doctors of limited intellect are numerous, lessens the deterrent effect of public opinion, which should be as hard as iron toward crime and vice. Heredity has become the modern outlet for that reservoir of flabby sympathy with suffering, no matter how well earned by those who undergo it, that has been on tap since Christian civilization began. It was the "man of sentiment" in the last century—Sterne pretending to weep over the sorrows of a jackass.

Crime is crime and vice is vice, heredity or no heredity, and we are rejoiced to see this false science spoken of with the contempt it deserves by so eminent a man of science as Professor Jordan. He says what needs to be said when he imputes poverty to drink, wastefulness, and indolence, most unhappiness to a desire for material ease without the will to give honest effort in return for it—to the prevalent hankering to get rich by a short cut, which usually means at somebody else's expense. Not more kindness but greater severity toward the criminal and the viciously self-indulgent is required. Social penalties for the latter are not what they should be, and life in jail for the former is made so pleasant, especially in California, that our prisons come very near to being the comfortable retreats which the patrons of "heredity" would, at the cost of honest people, provide for murderers, burglars, forgers, and other claimants upon their hearts, and equally tender heads. It is good science and good sense to hold the individual responsible for what the individual is and does.

The breach in the unity of the Salvation Army betrayed the New York *Sun* into an appalling predicament. A newspaper must have courage in that city, with its formidable Irish population, to print a word that can be construed as offensive to Roman Catholic sensibilities. The daily press there is even more subservient to the church than is the daily press in San Francisco, incredible as that may seem. The *Sun*, forgetting all about the Pope, applauded Ballington Booth for his course in seceding from British control and entering upon the work of Americanizing the army in America. It pointed out the absurdity and political danger of having in this country a great religious organization under the dictatorship of one man, and that man a foreigner. Mr. Dana's article was at once sensible and strong. It pleased the Rev. Mr. Millington, a prominent Baptist minister, who wrote to the *Sun*, inviting it to widen the application of its logic so as to include the Roman Catholic Church and the Pope. Substituting the name of that church for the Salvation Army, and His Holiness for General Booth, Mr. Millington sent to the *Sun* its own excellent editorial for republication. In part, the article, thus annoyingly amended, reads:

"Pope Leo the Thirteenth of Rome [*General Booth*] is the absolute and irresponsible master of the whole church [*army*]. The Pope [*General Booth*] hesses it, and the prelates [*officers*] of his appointment run it under his direction. He is the source of all authority, and unquestioning obedience must be paid to his will by the whole Roman Catholic Church [*the Salvation Army*]. He is responsible to no earthly superior. Because it is such a foreign concern, and more especially because it is under the absolute domination of a single foreigner, it ought to be regarded with universal public suspicion and disfavor as an organization liable to dangerous misuse. If the Roman Catholic Church [*Salvation Army*] in this country expects American support hereafter, it must cease to be foreign and become American. Pope Leo's [*General Booth's*] arrogation of absolute, unquestionable, and irresponsible authority should receive no countenance, but should rather provoke condemnation. He is not divine. Present and recent controversies in the Roman Catholic Church [*Salvation Army*] have shown that he and the prelates whom he appoints are very human in their frailties."

Had the *Sun* used such impious language as this to describe the Pope and his church instead of the Protestant Salvation Army and its head in England, its circulation would have been in danger. So, in his consternation, Mr. Dana proceeded to show that his denunciation of foreign one-man power in the case of General Booth could not, except by malign Baptist ingenuity, be twisted so as to cover the nevertheless exactly parallel case of Pope Leo. His efforts evoke admiration for his learning and ability as a theologian, since a mediæval school-man could not more shamelessly evade the disagreeable point of an opponent's argument, or more industriously befog the whole matter in issue. "Of course," says Dr. Dana, with a reassuring smile at the anxious Irish subscriber, "such an enterprise as the Salvation Army bears no sort of resemblance to the Roman Catholic Church," which is free from the *Sun's* American disapproval because of:

"Its definite faith, its systematic theology, its claims to authority as divinely founded and commissioned, and the universality its name expresses. . . . The Pope is the head of a religious system of faith and government established and formulated for many centuries, and

which is not merely Italian, but is believed by Roman Catholics to be divine in its origin."

Which is to say that the Roman Catholic Church is less foreign than the Salvation Army because it is more foreign; that the Pope is less supreme because he is more supreme; that he is less dangerous than General Booth because he has been longer in the business, is infallible, and requires an obedience from his followers which the general, having no pretensions to infallibility, does not ask. In short, the Roman Catholic Church in America is not to be feared because it is vastly better organized, more firmly established, and immeasurably stronger and more arrogant in its claims than that other foreign institution, the Salvation Army. We congratulate Dr. Dana.

The separation of Ballington Booth and his followers from the British system, and their determination to have an American Salvation Army in America, call forth commendation everywhere. There is almost universally a perception of the incongruity of a great body of Americans being ruled by a monarch throned across the Atlantic. And this incongruity is in most minds no more striking as to the Salvation Army than as to the Roman Catholic Church. In their government both are wholly foreign; the funds of each are subject to the order of its foreign ruler, and in each case a subserviency is required that is utterly incompatible with true Americanism. It is incontestable that the existence of such religious bodies, under foreign headship, has in it always a threat against the peace and welfare of the country. Let the stress of trial come, and history leaves little room for doubt as to what the outcome of the struggle between the opposing sentiments of faith and patriotism will be.

Ballington Booth is entitled on every ground to American encouragement. He is, to be sure, merely an incident, a fortuitous instrumentality for the accomplishment of a good end. The schism which he leads was bound to come, for, though the members of the Salvation Army are not drawn from the most intelligent classes of the population, they have not, like Roman Catholics, been bred to obey a foreign ruler with that reverence which other men accord to God only. Salvationists can be Salvationists without abject submission to General Booth, whereas the less fortunate Roman Catholic can rebel against the Pope's authority only at the cost of excommunication, which means damnation. And the creation of a truly American Salvation Army will stop the flow of a great stream of money to England. This drain has amounted to millions of dollars, and the approaching necessity for giving an account of its disbursement or whereabouts is apparently one of General Booth's most serious causes of disturbance at the rebellion led by his son. He has hitherto been as absolute master of the funds of the American Salvation Army as the Pope is of the funds of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. There can be no doubt that His Holiness of Rome would not like to be required to make a detailed statement of the disposition of this treasure.

With the Salvation Army emancipated from thralldom to its late master in London, the Roman Catholic Church will be the only religious body in the United States owning a foreign master. Perhaps in time it will come to be a discredit to an American citizen to belong to an organization which acknowledges fealty to a foreign potentate.

A new kind of journalism has broken out in New York that is sure to spread, since it is the metropolis of the Hearst Journalistic Menagerie, which sets the fashion for the "great dailies" of the whole country. Hitherto the characteristic by which a "great daily" could be distinguished from a good newspaper has been its devotion to indecency and crime. Henceforward it will add to these peculiarities a resolution to attack the intellect of the reader, as well as his morals, and endeavor to reduce him to imbecility. Were it not that the influence of newspapers is usually in inverse proportion to their "enterprise" and circulation, the masses would long ago have become depraved, and we should be under fear that the new departure might induce pervasive paresis and give us a swarming population of vicious idiots. Happily the human stock is resistant, and there is reason to hope that the net result of the latest development of American journalism will be merely to make necessary an increase of jails and mad-houses.

It is hardly needful to say that the pioneers in the field of sustained, costly, energetic, and ingenious inanity are Messrs. Pulitzer and Hearst. The latter has offered battle with his *Journal* to the *World*, both papers are sold for a cent, each proprietor has millions at command, and neither seems to be concerned for expense so long as he can achieve the reward of having it said that his newspaper is sillier and nastier than his rival's. Of course the *World* and *Journal* never miss a chance to put on view the female form or to make a hero of a criminal, but that sort of thing is only the basis of the daily penny feast. Where competition rages with the

most fury is in the domain of zoölogy—not scientific zoölogy, but newspaper zoölogy, and newspaper zoölogy, as expounded by Professors Pulitzer and Hearst, is a weird and amazing thing, calculated to re-people the world with the ancient monsters done to death by modern knowledge. Mr. Pulitzer led off with a page portrait of Johanna, the female chimpanzee of the Central Park menagerie, and an account of her qualities and pranks. At once Mr. Hearst came back with two pages of portraits and a further study of the ape's manners. That was three months ago, and nearly every day since then the people of the metropolis of the United States have had this chimpanzee as a guest at their breakfast-tables—and not always a nice guest, for Messrs. Pulitzer and Hearst have thought it well to enter upon the tender secrets of Johanna, and acrimoniously debate the point whether or not she has outgrown her grief for the death of her mate and bestowed her widowed heart upon her keeper, an Irish gentleman with a vote. Artists have earned thousands of dollars by drawing Johanna, and scores of space-writers maintained themselves by supplying newspaper zoölogical science to the *World* and *Journal*. When for the moment fancy exhausted itself as to Johanna, other simians have been hunted up, and the two papers have had such a run on apes that their resemblance to monkey-cages has been pleasingly striking. Just at the juncture when new chimpanzees, gibbons, gorillas, and the several smaller varieties of African, Asiatic, European, and American monkeys had given out, a baby hyena was born at the park. This kept the *World* and *Journal* aglow for a week, and delirium supervened when the hippopotamus was also delivered of a son. Mr. Pulitzer was so fortunate as to get the first chance at this prize, and apprehension for the out-generated Mr. Hearst's sanity was naturally felt; but his advisers, medical and other, were equal to the emergency. The *Journal* next day had the young hippopotamus's picture (much larger than the *World's*) and the offer of one hundred dollars for "a name that a committee appointed by the *Journal* and the park commissioners will approve." The best that Mr. Pulitzer could do was to give a new portrait of "Johanna in a melting mood," and to scatter prodigally all over the *World* rats, mice, dogs, cats, snakes, spiders, giraffes, and two educated bears.

The latest copy of the *World* at hand forestalls all attempts of the comic papers to ridicule the new journalism, for it defeats satire by giving half a page to the reproduction in little of its star pictorial features of the previous day. Over this exultant reminiscent summary it runs the line, in letters an inch tall: "What you missed if you didn't read the *Sunday World*." Then comes a picture of a man, in his night-shirt, stalling a skeleton. This is "an X-ray murderer. An exceedingly weird tragedy." There follows a hairy female with "the smallest human bead in existence." A woman in sealskin pajamas, a pig with its head caught between the slats of a manger, "Mr. Cleveland's new duck-hunting suit," a monkey on a tricycle, a party of female convicts eating their dinner, and the "man with the alphabetical eyes"—these wonders constitute the treat that was missed. "Don't," urges the *World*, under the pictures, "make this mistake again." And to add to the poignancy of the regret which must rack the soul of the person who missed the *Sunday World*, the information is furnished that "life is one grand comic song for the man who reads the colored eight-page humor supplement." The Monday issue has the pictures of a prematurely horn baby, a man whose arm was amputated at the shoulder, and illustrated instructions to ladies on "how to take a bath without getting the hair wet."

The new journalism, it will be seen, is a kaleidoscopic combination of the menagerie, the dime-museum, the surgery, the greenroom, the bed-chamber, the penitentiary, the slums, the bath-room, the lying-in hospital, and the lunatic asylum. It will have its run; symptoms of it have already appeared in San Francisco, and they will increase, for, like the monkey which is the *pièce de résistance* of the banquet, the newspaper mind is marvelously imitative. And this reduction of "enterprise" to squalid absurdity is to be welcomed, since it is not in the mind of man to conceive a lower deep of offensive emptiness. The public, which is not by any means so hairless or so vile in its tastes as the Pulitzers and Hearsts assume, will revolt. The revolt is likely to give us a daily press with some intelligence in it, some knowledge, some decency, and, possibly, some dignity.

Another St. Patrick's Day has come around, and we are glad to see that the ancient Hibernians and others have accepted the *Argonaut's* advice, extended to them for so many years, and kept their celebration to themselves. About fifteen years ago the *Argonaut* began to suggest that it was more becoming to celebrate the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint by meeting in some theatre for literary exercises and in some banquet-ball for eating and drinking rather than to have a ridicu-

lous street-parade with marshals, aids, and green-plumed dragoons on dray-horses, ancient Hibernians in green and gold liveries, priests and politicians in open barouches, and freckled-faced tatterdemalion boys from the parochial schools. It took a long time for our Irish fellow-citizens to see the good intentions of the *Argonaut* in giving this advice, but we are glad to note that at last they have followed our advice. The celebration of the putative birthday of Ireland's apocryphal saint now takes place within walls. That is as it should be. A flag that represents no nationality is no longer flaunted in San Francisco's streets. It never floated here, as it did in New York, over the City Hall. But it used to be flaunted along the streets. Now that our Irish fellow-citizens have given up their ridiculous parade, and have ceased to offend by flags and banners and religious emblems which have no place in the public streets of this country, no one can have any objection to their having in-door celebrations, songs, music, receptions, and banquets, and even "orations" by Judge Jeremiah Sullivan.

The recent occurrences in the Hale & Norcross affair bear renewed testimony to the insolence of the labor unions. There was a contest for the control of the Hale & Norcross Mine, led by Jeremiah Lynch, which resulted in the ousting of the old management, and the election of Lynch as president, and his cohorts as directors. A régime of economy was inaugurated in the company's offices, salaries were reduced, and offices consolidated. President Lynch went to Virginia City, for the purpose of effecting economies in the mine. Among other things, the offices of superintendent and foreman were to be consolidated, and Superintendent Ryan was to be replaced by H. W. Tangerman. But when President Lynch and his new superintendent reached the works, the miners refused to let Tangerman enter the mine, even as a visitor. They gave no reason for their action, except that they "did not like Tangerman." President Lynch very properly ordered the mine closed down, and the malcontent miners are now out of a job.

We hope the mine will remain closed down, and that these miners will stay out of a job for a good long while. The stockholders can afford it. No ore-body has been struck in Hale & Norcross of late years, of such surpassing and fantastic richness as to cause the stockholders to lie awake o' nights dreaming of their dividends. Yes, the stockholders can stand it to have the mine closed down for a while. They can stand it better than the miners can. As for those gentry, they have been doing pretty much as they pleased—at four dollars a day—now for a number of years. They have practically run the Comstock. But when it comes to objecting to a new superintendent because "they don't like him," that is a little too much. If matters go on in this way, the Miners' Union may object to a new superintendent because he has a wart on his nose or flaunts red hair.

We commend President Lynch for his sturdiness in refusing to submit to this insolent exaction of the Miners' Union, and for his prompt decision in shutting down the mine. We hope he will stay by his new superintendent, and not "fall down."

Three months ago, when President Cleveland was hreathing fire and slaughter over the Venezuela boundary, the weaker-minded Republican journals played an hysteric obligato to his war-song, while the Democratic organs danced a frenzied ghost-dance around the wickiup of Sitting Grover. At the time, the *Argonaut* was forced to sound a discordant note in the Republican obligato. We said that we did not believe the Monroe doctrine had anything whatever to do with the Venezuela boundary; that even if it had, there was scarcely a well-defined boundary in all South America; that the United States had better business than backing up the boundary disputes and unpaid debts of greaser republics; that they were none of them worth going to war about; that even if they were, we had nothing to go to war with; that before we talked of war, we had better get a few things to wage war with; and finally, it was extremely probable, before the affair was over, that Venezuela would come to terms with Great Britain, and ignore the United States.

It required some moral courage to express such sentiments when apparently the entire nation, from the executive down to the press, was shrieking for war. But the *Argonaut* did not hesitate to express its honest opinions then, and it has had no occasion to change them since. We think, however, that there has been a marked change in public opinion—if it ever was in favor of going to war over a boundary dispute in a distant Spanish-American republic, which we still do not believe. The clamor for war was principally in Congress, in the daily newspapers, and in the cheap variety theatres—which all seem at present to be on about the same level intellectually.

But what we wish to point out is this: We remarked last

December, when Mr. Cleveland's bellicose message astonished the world, that it was extremely probable Lord Salisbury would eventually settle the matter by dealing directly with Crespo, President of Venezuela; that Spanish-American presidents were so cheap that you could buy them by the bunch; that Crespo and his predecessor, Guzman Blanco, were notoriously corrupt, even in that corrupt country; and that "fixing things" with a Greaser President with an itching palm was so much cheaper than fighting the United States that Great Britain would certainly "fix things" with Crespo.

From the latest dispatches, it would seem as if our prophecy were coming to pass. A London cable of March 18th says that "it is understood here to-day that Señor Andrade, the Venezuelan minister at Washington, has decided to recognize the Uruan incident as a separate question, and hopes are expressed that this *entente* will lead to an agreement upon a scheme for the settlement of the boundary dispute by direct negotiations between Great Britain and Venezuela." This means the snubbing of the United States. If Venezuela ignores us in the negotiations, the United States can do nothing. After having threatened to "lick" Great Britain because she would not negotiate with Venezuela, we certainly can not now threaten to "lick" Venezuela because she will negotiate with Great Britain. If these two countries now go on and settle their dispute without any regard to the United States, what becomes of Mr. Cleveland's threat of war? What becomes of his boundary commission? If Venezuela agrees on a boundary with Great Britain which does not conform to the findings of Mr. Cleveland's boundary commission, what shall we do? Declare war on Great Britain? Or on Venezuela? Or on both? It would certainly seem, in that event, as though we ought to "lick" somebody.

Mr. Cleveland's war message has already involved us in many absurdities, and it is quite on the cards that the action of our interesting *protégé*, Venezuela, may force the United States into a most humiliating position before the world.

We were much pained to learn of a distressing accident which took place in San Francisco during the past week. One Mrs. Davis, an elderly lady, was reading the *Chronicle*, when she yawned so profoundly as to dislocate her jaw. Of course, all sorts of morals are being drawn from this occurrence by the editors of the other papers, the most obvious and most frequent one being that Mrs. Davis should stop reading the *Chronicle* and at once subscribe for the "Daily ———." But we are convinced that she would still be exposed to danger. She must have been reading the Brown church scandal, as all the dailies are "spreading" on that. No one but an old lady could read the stuff, and even Mrs. Davis failed. We do not wonder. Apropos, the dailies are in the habit of running a number of columns of more or less inane gabble under the heading "The Woman's Page." We would advise them in future to run proceedings like those in the Brown church trial under the heading "The Old Woman's Page."

We observe that the three morning dailies of San Francisco gave space as follows to the St. Patrick's Day celebration: *Chronicle*, 8½ columns; *Call*, 10 columns; *Examiner*, 12¾ columns. What does the *Chronicle* mean by printing only a beggarly eight columns about the natal day of Ireland's patron saint? How can the *Chronicle* defend its action in giving this scant space to so important an event as an Irish holiday, when the *Call* beats it by two columns and the *Examiner* by four and three-quarters? This is only another sample of the low and vindictive spirit which caused the *Chronicle* to print the speeches of Protestant clergymen side by side with those of Roman Catholic priests. Any San Francisco daily which gives only eight columns to St. Patrick has ranged itself with the foes of Ireland. Is Mr. de Young's paper becoming an A. P. A. organ? Down with the *Chronicle*! Erin go bragh!

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, who is an agreeable gentleman as well as an unusually well-informed politician, has been much interviewed in the East touching his recent visit to the West. Mr. Fassett is a Morton man. In an interview in the New York *Herald* the other day, he said: "In all of the Western States the four leading candidates are on an equal basis. I heard in California many eulogistic things said of Governor Morton. On the Pacific Coast, Governor Morton has many enthusiastic friends working for him." We are afraid that Mr. Fassett's wishes ran away with his judgment. If he heard any Morton talk in California, he must have heard it through a telescophone.

DIANA AND THE SPIDER.

Mrs. Jack's Tale of How She Met Defeat on the Big Muddy.

The "Band, Gusset, and Seam" is a society recruited from an exclusive circle of Nob Hill's youthful matrons. It meets through the winter, with aggravated activity during Lent, at houses of the members; its motto, "First flannels to the indigent"; its symbol, a thimble *or*, crossed by a pair of scissors *argent*, on a background of flannel *gules*, surmounted by a spool of thread *couchant*.

The demure maid who serves *bouillon*, tea, and chocolate to the society's fair Dorcas, hears tales from every quarter of the globe, of life in the summer colonies along the New England coast, of yachting cruises through Norwegian fiords in the yellow wake of the midnight sun, of walking tours in the Laodes, and camping trips to the oorth woods. She knows her plaet better than many whose orbits are less circumscribed, and can safely be relied upon for information regarding elk in Oregon or salmon in the Columbia, the proper time to hunt the grizzly in Assinibolia, and the relative merits of the Andalusian donkey and his twin brother, the Rocky Mountain burro.

After serving the Bradamante of the society with a cup of tea and a *caviare* sandwich, she retires to a dusky corner of the room, refills the lamp under the brazen kettle, and rearranges the Dresden cups and saucers and the jewel-mounted spoons upon the teak-wood table.

When the fluffy-haired Mrs. Jack, the society's president and the hostess of the occasion, begins her story, there is a lull in the talk, which the wind fills in with a neatly executed *arpeggio*.

Mrs. Jack's mouth droops in wistful curves, and beside her eyes an infant's would seem sophisticated.

"Jack says I must go with him to Africa, but I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face, after my experience on the Big Muddy."

Mrs. Jack's adventures have familiarized the society with Tin Cup, Big Bug, Bumble Bee, and Medicine Hat. But the Big Muddy offers delightful fields for speculation, for it has not yet found a place on any map and its only high-roads are the half-obliterated trails left by the Utes when they unwillingly departed for new hunting-grounds.

"You remember the high-horn I shot after Jack and the guides had tracked him for ten days over the Rattlesnake Range in Wyoming?" Mrs. Jack continues, plaintively.

The society remembers the high-horn, as well as the giant shark in the Mexican Gulf; the mountain lion and the cinnamon bear with amber eyes picked off by Mrs. Jack's rifle in the San Francisco Mountains. The idea of her not daring to look a tiger in the face under any circumstances taxes the credulity of the society. Has she ever known fear, ever quailed before beast, bird, or fish—this modern Artemis?

When she accompanies her husband on his hunting expeditions, she wears the woods' autumn livery—leaf-brown and scarlet—an abbreviated skirt, and leggings of brown corduroy, a scarlet leather shirt with elk's teeth for buttons, a hat festooned with trout and salmon flies and shining leaders. A cartridge-belt girdles her slender waist, with its depeeding revolver and hunting-knife.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Jack has escaped the cinnamon's embrace, and Bruin might well be pardoned such an indiscretion.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him. But I had never confessed to him that there was one test to which I should be unequal. It came on the Big Muddy. Listen:

"We were camped in the quaking aspen. Snow had fallen, and the elk were coming down. You could hear them bugling on every side just before dawn. It is easy to stop a hand of elk, as they pass near your camp, by imitating their call upon an empty cartridge-shell. I have learned the trick, and Jack had no hesitation in permitting me to choose my own trail one morning and follow it aloof, and he and the guides scattering in other directions. The taste of the camp coffee was still upon my lips; my cheeks tingled with the frosty breath of the morning air as I kept cautiously to the windward of the elk, whose trumpeting stirred me like martial music.

"A stray bear-track showed here and there in the fresh snow. But I was after elk. A hundred miles lay between our camp and the nearest settlement. Ah, the solitude of those woods!"

Mrs. Jack leans back in her chair, and sighs reminiscently as she gazes into the blazing hearth-fire—a charming picture in her house-gown of old blue, brightened with gleams of Persian embroidery, inwoven with uncut jewels.

"I had gone three miles, perhaps four, over fallen spruce, up the steep side of ragged mountain, when crash, across my trail came a hand of elk, headed by a magnificent bull.

"Crouching behind a boulder, I waited. I have waited so often for big game, from Alaska to the Gulf. Jack says I have seen more than he can ever hope to see, if he lives to be a hundred. My hand was steady. Jack often gets buck-fever. I never do. I took deliberate aim. The elk came toward the bullet and dropped dead without a struggle. Blazing the trail, as I retraced it toward camp for the pack-animals, I saw that there were new bear-tracks. I was not out that day for bear, and I did not care to come upon one alone, although I had no thought of shirking the encounter were it forced upon me.

"A bear in a bear-pit is a clumsy creature. In the woods he challenges your admiration by his clever fashion of covering the ground without apparent effort. The one I soon descried ahead of me was lumbering along like a bunch of tumble-weed, lengthening the distance between us at a rapid rate.

"Foolishly I indulged myself in a shot at him, striking his shoulder. He turned upon me with a roar of pain. At that instant I needed all my nerve. This time I chose a tree for cover and waited. He came on, without a halt,

straight toward me. I fired again, missing him. I was just about to try a third shot when the test came, of which I have spoken."

"The test?" murmurs the society, breathlessly.

"The test of my courage to which I had always felt I should be unequal. The thing I had dreaded in my forest wanderings with Jack."

"What?" the society demands, with one voice.

"I had raised my rifle when I felt something fluttering in my hair. I fancied a leader had slipped from my hat-rim. Oh, horror, it was a spider!—and as I shook my head violently to dislodge it, it struggled into my ear.

"I have never been conscious of having fired that third shot. Somehow the rifle was discharged, and by the same chance the bullet laid the bear low.

"I fainted, and when I came to myself, I was lying across the bear's body, with six strange men standing around me.

"Ten thousand boiler factories were at work in my brain. 'Hear the noises,' I cried. 'Will no one stop them?'

"And now comes the strangest part of my story.

"The engineer of Jack's yacht once got a mosquito in his ear. It drove him quite mad before we could find a doctor. He hung over the yacht's side, held by six of the crew, begging for death. When the doctor arrived upon the scene, he applied a handkerchief, wet with ether, to the man's ear, quieting the mosquito's struggles and restoring the man to sanity.

"I believed myself in the man's plight, stark, staring mad, when, upon this peak of Darien, five hundred miles from an ambulance and a surgeon, I heard one of the men to whom I had so wildly appealed reply, quietly, 'Have no fear, madam, you are in safe hands, for we are all doctors.'

"They deluged my ear with water from a near-by stream, which they brought in a tin cup. Finding the spider still unsubdued, one of the doctors asked for a hypodermic syringe. Five were instantly proffered. An icy arrow penetrated, seemingly, to the seat of the gray matter, still without effect upon the spider, whose pernicious activity caused me indescribable agony.

"'Ether is the only remedy,' I said, at last, and as coherently as I could I repeated the story of the engineer.

"'Ether'—cheerfully returned the doctor who was attending to me—'why, of course. Brown, fetch out your ether-bottle,' and if Brown did not produce from the depths of his waistcoat-pocket a small bottle of ether, may I be instantly retired from the presidency of our society. It transpired later that Brown was a physician with an alien hobby—entomology—and carried ether with him everywhere to anesthetize his specimens.

"In an instant relief came—such blessed relief as only one who has passed through an experience like mine can appreciate.

"The rest of the story is soon told. When I had gathered myself together, the six doctors presented themselves to me with due formality. They dined that night at our camp, on my elk.

"Jack was thoroughly asbamed of me. For what did the elk and the bear matter, with the memory of the spider fresh in our minds?

"No, decidedly," Mrs. Jack repeats, as the maid fetches her a second cup of tea, "I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face, after my Waterloo on the Big Muddy. It would have been a pleasing legend for my tombstone—this:

"One
To whom the forests were an open book;
Who joined to Diana's daring, the skill of her spear
Lies here
Slain by a bug in her ear."

MARY WAKEMAN BOTSFORD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, an intimate friend of Paderewski, gave him a dinner a short time ago, and each person who came was obliged to perform some feat by which he could earn his living, provided his usual resources were taken away. Paderewski had many card-tricks handy. Theodore Thomas, with his hands tied behind his back, by some miraculous management unbuttoned his waistcoat and took it off with his hands still tightly fastened. The guests then asked for autographs, and Mr. Ellsworth remarked: "I have Paderewski's autograph, which he wrote on my shirt-front some time ago," and thereupon the valet brought the garment into the room, and, behold! the shirt-bosom bore the signature of the *maestro* written across the front. At once each manly chest was presented to Paderewski, who, with pencil in hand, signed his name on the starched linen. As a result, eleven shirts have been permanently retired from circulation, so to speak.

"The difficulty of removing fish-bones and similar obstructions impacted at the lower end of the oesophagus is well known. One of the most simple, effectual remedies is to administer a pint of milk, and, forty minutes afterward, an emetic of sulphate of zinc. The fluid easily passes the obstruction, and is, of course, rapidly coagulated in the stomach into a more or less solid mass, which, on being ejected, forces the obstruction before it, and so effects its removal." This is, doubtless, an excellent recipe in some respects; but it is not a pleasant picture, that of a man with a fish-bone in his throat, sitting around for three-quarters of an hour waiting to be sick.

Steel-coated rifle bullets for the new magazine-guns cause very little pain, says Dr. Delorme, surgeon-in-chief of the French army. During the riots at Fourmies, one man was wounded so badly as to be paralyzed, but did not suspect that he had been shot until he saw blood-stains on his clothing; one, shot through the leg, only felt a slight shiver; another, shot through the arm, felt his elbow twitch and closed his fist mechanically. At short range the bullets, like the new bullets of our own army, are apt to explode and to do serious mischief.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Soake-Charmer.

The forest rears on lifted arms
A world of leaves, whence verdurous light
Shakes through the shady depths and warms
Proud tree and stealthy parasite,
There where those cruel coils enclasp
The trunks they strangle in their grasp.

An old man creeps from out the woods,
Breaking the vine's entangling spell;
He thrills the jungle's solitudes,
O'er hamboos rotting where they fell;
Slow down the tiger's path he wends
Where at the pool the jungle ends.

No moss-greened alley tells the trace
Of his lone step, no sound is stirred
Even when his tawny hands displace
The boughs, that backward sweep unheard;
His way is noiseless as the trail
Of the swift snake and pilgrim snail.

The old snake-charmer—once he played
Soft music for the serpent's ear,
But now his cunning hand is stayed;
He knows the hour of death is near.
And all that live in brake and bough,
All know the brand is on his brow.

Yet where his soul is he must go:
He crawls along from tree to tree.
The old snake-charmer, doth he know
If snake or beast of prey he be?
Bewildered at the pool he lies
And sees as through a serpent's eyes.

Weeds wave with white-flowered lily crops
Drink of the pool, and serpents bide
To the thin brink as noonday drops,
And in the froth-daubed rushes lie.
There rests he now with fastened breath
'Neath a kind sun to bask in death.

The pool is bright with glossy dyes
And cast-up bubbles of decay:
A green death-leaven overlies
Its mottled scum, where shadows play
As the snake's hollow coil, fresh shed,
Rolls in the wind across its bed.

No more the wily note is heard
From his full flute—the rivine air
That tames the snake, decoys the bird,
Worries the she-wolf from her lair.
Fain would he bid its parting breath
Drown in his ears the voice of death.

Still doth his soul's vague longing skim
The pool beloved; he hears the hiss
That siffes at the sodgy rim,
Recalling days of former bliss,
And the death-drops, that fall in showers,
Seem honeyed dews from shady flowers.

There is a rustle of the breeze
And twitter of the singing bird;
He snatches at the melodies
And his faint lips again are stirred:
The olden sounds are in his ears;
But still the snake its crest uprears.

His eyes are swimming in the mist
That films the earth like serpent's breath:
And now—as if a serpent hissed—
The husky whisperings of Death
Fill ear and brain; he looks around—
Serpents seem matted o'er the ground.

Soon visions of past joys bewitch
His crafty soul; his hands would set
Death's snare, while now his fingers twitch
The tasseled reed as 'twere his net,
But his thin lips no longer fill
The woods with song; his flute is still.

Those lips still quaver to the flute,
But fast the tide ebbs away;
Those lips now quaver and are mute,
But nature throbs in breathless play:
Birds are in open song, the snakes
Are watching in the silent brakes.

In sudden fear of snares unseen
The birds like crimson sunset swarm,
All gold and purple, red and green,
And seek each other for the charm.
Lizards dart up the feathery trees
Like shadows of a rainbow breeze.

The wildered birds again have rushed
Into the charm—it is the hour
When the shrill forest-note is hushed,
And they obey the serpent's power—
Drawn to its gaze with troubled whirr,
As by the thread of falconer.

As 'twere to feed, on slanting wings
They drop within the serpent's glare:
Eyes flashing fire in burning rings
Which spread into the dazzled air;
They flutter in the glittering coils;
The charmer dreads the serpent's toils.

While Music swims away in death
Man's spell is passing to his slaves:
The snake feeds on the charmer's breath,
The vulture screams, the parrot raves,
The lone hyena laughs and howls,
The tiger from the jungle raves.

Then mounts the eagle—flame-flecked folds
Belt its proud plumes; a feather falls;
He hears the death-cry, he beholds
The king-bird in the serpent's thralls,
He looks with terror on the feud—
And the sun shines through dripping blood.

The deadly spell a moment gone—
Birds, from a distant Paradise,
Strike the winged signal, and have flown,
Trailing rich hues through azure skies:
The serpent falls; like demon wings
The far-out branching cedar swings.

The wood swims round; the pool and skies
Have met; the death-drops down that cheek
Fall faster; for the serpent's eyes
Grow human, and the charmer's seek.
A gaze like man's directs the dart
Which now is huried at his heart.

The monarch of the world is cold:
The charm he bore has passed away:
The serpent gathers up its fold
To wind about its human prey.
The red mouth darts a dizzy stung,
And clenches the eternal ring.—Thos. Gordon Hake.

DR. JIM'S TROOPERS.

Their Arrival in England—Why They were Taken to Bow Street Police Court—Swashbucklers Swaggering around London—Matters may Go Hard with Jameson.

The arrival in England of Dr. Jameson and his officers and troopers has been the chief topic of conversation during the past week. While there has been excitement and enthusiasm, it has not been so marked as was expected. That, however, may possibly be due to the mysterious way in which the authorities landed the men.

The defeated chieftain and his lieutenants came by the transport *Victoria*. The party included Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, Major the Hon. H. F. White, Major J. B. Stracey, Captain the Hon. R. White, Captain Raleigh Grey, Captain C. H. Villiers, Captain C. L. D. Munro, Captain C. F. Lindsell, Captain E. C. Holden, Lieutenant Kincaid-Smith, Lieutenant H. M. Grenfell, and Lieutenant C. P. Foley. Sir John Willoughby is a baronet and a major in the Blues. Richard and Henry White are honorables, being brothers of Lord Annaly. Grenfell is a lieutenant in the First Life Guards. Several others are officers in the Scotch Guards or other swell regiments. Whatever may be their sentences, these army officers will certainly lose their commissions. All of them are well-known men in the London clubs and in society. The *Victoria* came by way of the Suez Canal, and brought also a battalion of the Royal Lancaster Regiment from India.

The troopers came on the *Harlech Castle* from Cape Town. There was a guard of the Seventeenth Lancers from Durban in charge of the troopers. The *Harlech Castle* entered Plymouth Sound last Sunday morning at seven o'clock. The troopers were technically in charge of Inspector Forest, of the Metropolitan Detective Police, who met the ship at Madeira. In the afternoon of Sunday they were brought ashore in a steam-tug with a guard of police, and were landed at the Military Docks, where they were released, and allowed to go to London or wherever they pleased.

Dr. Jameson and his officers did not get off so easily. The *Victoria* sailed from Gibraltar under secret instructions to arrive at Plymouth on midnight of Sunday. In order to accomplish this, the captain was obliged to sail across the Bay of Biscay at half speed, and during the last twenty-four hours she crawled along at the rate of six knots an hour. When the vessel anchored, she lay for twelve hours forbidden to all inquirers. Then the solicitor of the Chartered South African Company went on board. Then the officers and soldiers of the Lancaster Regiment were debarked, and the ship sailed without any notification as to her next port. You may fancy the rage and exasperation of the many newspaper correspondents who wanted to board her.

It was supposed that her next port would be Southampton, but on Tuesday morning she entered the Thames and anchored near Gravesend at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Dr. Jameson and his thirteen companions were then transferred from the *Victoria* to a swift police launch, which steamed up the river, landing them about seven o'clock in the evening at Waterloo Pier, a short distance from Bow Street Police Court. There two omnibuses awaited them, and the fourteen prisoners were at once taken before Sir John Bridge, magistrate of Bow Street. The unusual hour was for the purpose of avoiding public notice.

However well-intentioned may have been the law officers of the crown, their efforts were not attended with success. When the *Victoria* was sighted off Dover and her arrival in the Thames was bulletined through London, the river was lined with people looking out for "Dr. Jim's men." They were cheered at various points along the shore and from passing craft. When they were landed at Waterloo Pier they were warmly greeted by crowds of enthusiasts. When they entered the court-room the spectators lost all respect for the decorum of an English court of justice, and loud and lusty hurrahs were heard. Some of the Jameson troopers were in the court-room, but they were not the ones who led the outburst. It came from the spectators.

The crowd in the court-room was a distinguished one. Dukes, and earls, and ladies of title and fashion were there to greet "Dr. Jim" and his followers. Seated to the left of the magistrate's bench were the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Amberst, Lord Annaly, Lord and Lady Alington, Viscount Chelsea, Major-General Stracey, Sir George Foley, and Colonel Brocklehurst of the Royal Horse Guards Blue.

Dr. Jameson, of course, attracted more attention than any of the others. He is not a handsome man, but has a strong and thoughtful face. It is difficult to believe that this leader of men was a struggling physician in South Africa twenty years ago, with all the drudgery of a country doctor and apothecary. It is odd that, considering his robust and athletic appearance, he has been a martyr to dyspepsia for many years. Although an athletic man, he is not built in the heroic mold. He is of low stature, being about five feet seven. He is one of the shortest of any of the prisoners, who, as they stood up in a row, all seemed to be tall, erect, and sinewy fellows.

The court before which these adventurers appeared, Bow Street Police Court, is the oldest and most celebrated institution of the kind in the British Empire. The Bow Street justices are intrusted with the control of the most densely populated and criminal districts of London. To Bow Street are brought all the extradition cases, and all the criminals "wanted" by foreign or colonial governments or by the provincial authorities. It is not an ordinary police court, for it handles not only metropolitan but imperial cases; even international matters come before it, as I have said. The other police courts of London have but two magistrates, each paid at the rate of twelve hundred pounds a year. Bow Street has three, the senior magistrate being Sir John Bridge, who has a salary of two thousand pounds a year, and acts as president of the entire board of police magistrates. Every criminal arrested in the British metropolis must be brought

before one of these police magistrates within twenty-four hours of his capture. The magistrate then decides if there is any case against him. If in doubt, he can remand the prisoner to the House of Detention for a period not exceeding a fortnight, at the end of which time he must once more be brought into court.

From this international character of the Bow Street Court, it may be understood why these prisoners were brought before Sir John Bridge. Their arrest dates, in the theory of the police, from the moment when they touched the Thames embankment at Waterloo Pier. Therefore they were at once brought before Sir John Bridge at the Bow Street Police Court, and he remanded them for a fortnight so as to give the crown prosecutors time to perfect their case. In the meantime their bail was set by Sir John in the sum of two thousand pounds each. They will appear again at the expiration of the fortnight, when Sir John will probably commit them for trial at the criminal court of the Old Bailey in Newgate Prison. I enter into these details for the purpose of showing that Sir John Bridge is not trying their case, nor is their case being tried at all in the Bow Street Police Court. The proceedings hitherto are only in the nature of preliminary examination.

The fact that Jameson and his officers realize the seriousness of their position is shown by the able counsel they have retained. Mr. Edward Clark, Q. C. and M. P., Sir Francis Lockwood, Q. C. and M. P., Mr. Gill, and Mr. Howard Spensley have been retained for their defense. The Attorney-General Sir Richard Webster, Q. C. and M. P., Mr. Charles Matthews, Mr. Abbey, and the Solicitor-General Sir Robert Finlay, Q. C. and M. P., will conduct the prosecution for the crown.

I may remark that while there is a certain jingo element in London that is applauding Jameson and his troopers, the more thoughtful people here are disposed to look upon them with unfavorable eyes. As showing what I mean, I may state that the *Saturday Review* a day or so ago bluntly called Dr. Jameson and his men "rogues in buckram." When it is considered that the *Review* is a conservative paper and that it expresses the opinion of the better class of the community, this will give an idea of the change in public sentiment. On the other hand, the London mob, the sort of people who sing, "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo! if we do," have been making a music-hall hero out of Jameson. These people are splitting their throats with cheers whenever the least important person connected with the Jameson raid appears. They follow every "trooper" like boys behind a drum-major. It is said that there were less than four hundred troopers in the column that Jameson led across the frontier at Makefing. If there were only four hundred troopers in the raid on the Transvaal, it is the belief of conservative men that there are four thousand troopers in this raid on London. In fact, rumor says that the keepers of gin-palaces and the proprietors of places like the Alhambra, the Empire, and the Tivoli have hired actors from the provinces to wear felt hats, high boots, and cartridge-belts, and pose as Jameson troopers for the purpose of encouraging the sales of drinks. The swaggering of these swashbucklers around London is not calculated to help the cause of Jameson and his officers. The hundreds of impostors who are swarming through London, with second-hand theatrical outfits, with cowboy hats and flannel shirts, working for free drinks and cigars, are calculated to discredit the whole filibuster business.

Further than that, as I said, public opinion seems to be changing. A stream of correspondence has been pouring into London from Johannesburg during the last five or six weeks, and much information has come from the Continent which has been received from foreigners resident in the Transvaal. This is all uncolored by the South African Company or the mining magnates in Johannesburg, and public opinion is gradually crystallizing into a belief that the reform movement in Johannesburg was not a popular movement; that it was simply an attempt at revolution engineered by a band of schemers, many of them rich Jews; that these people bad led the British residents in Johannesburg to believe that they possessed the power to overthrow the Boer Government; that these opera-bouffe revolutionists sent a delegation to Pretoria asking for reforms; that they furnished the money for purchasing the rifles and the machine-guns with which were armed the irregular militia that patrolled the streets of Johannesburg; that they were the ones who invited Jameson to invade the Transvaal; and they also were the ones who betrayed the unfortunate doctor and abandoned him and his comrades to their fate. It was these people who took charge of the government of the town, and it was they who ordered the working miners to take up arms or be discharged. The Cornish miners in their employ refused to take up arms against the Boers, saying that it was none of their quarrel. They thereupon were discharged from their employment, and left Johannesburg in a body. The Reform Committee tacked up on the Cornishmen's railway coaches the words "Cowards' Van." But the Cornishmen could hardly be blamed for refusing to take up arms in a fight with which they had no concern. When other doubting persons asked these mining magnates whether the Boers would resist, their answer was that "the Boers had degenerated, and that they were no longer the men they were fifteen years ago." But it is apparent that they are about the same.

Altogether, as I say, public opinion has already changed in regard to the invasion of the Transvaal, although there is no doubt that Jameson and his officers are personally popular. But I am very much inclined to think from the way that public opinion is veering and shifting, from the tone of the Conservative press, and from the expressions of opinion on the part of the government which leaks out through the clubs, that the trial of Jameson and his officers, when it comes up after the preliminary examination, will be a genuine trial, and that those gentlemen will receive very much sterner justice than they had bargained for.

LONDON, March 1, 1896.

"BOHEMIA" ON THE STAGE.

A Dramatization of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème"—Clyde Fitch Attempts to Surpass Dion Boucicault's Version—The New Cast and the Old One.

One of the theatrical events of the week which was looked forward to with interest was the production of the play called "Bohemia" at the Empire. This was announced as a dramatization of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème" by Clyde Fitch. The book is a favorite with all who are familiar with French literature. There is no doubt that most foreigners' ideas of the Latin quarter in Paris are based on Murger's book. It may be that fifty years ago the Latin quarter was like the Bohemia of Murger, but those who see it to-day can hardly believe it. The Latin quarter to-day is a vulgar, sordid, cheap sort of a place, inhabited by cheap, sordid, and vulgar young men and women. Any one who sees the crowd of students, filled with cheap beer or cheaper absinthe, howling up the "Boul' Mich," or watches them and their free-and-easy female companions going through their vulgar antics at the Bal Bullier, will find it difficult to think that these are the kind of people who made up the joyous romaunt of Murger's "Vie de Bohème."

However, Mr. Clyde Fitch has made an attempt to dramatize the book. He is not the first. It was attempted in France by Theodore Barriere, and it had only a success of esteem even there. The book itself is not a story. It is a succession of episodes or sketches, and the love-story which runs through it has so slight a thread that it is difficult at times to follow it. The most enthusiastic admirer of Murger's book finds it difficult at times to tell whether Musette loved Rodolph or Marcel, or whether Mimi loved Marcel or Rodolph. Perhaps the young ladies at times would have found it difficult to tell themselves.

Not only has the book appeared in dramatic form in French, but it was also dramatized in English, and by no less a person than Dion Boucicault. It was produced under the title of "Mimi" at Wallack's Theatre on July 1, 1873. Although this was in the height of the dog-days, it ran through seven blazing weeks to large houses. At that time Katharine Rogers was in the zenith of her youth, her genius, and her beauty, and she played the light-hearted *grisette* Mimi in a way which old-timers still remember; Boucicault himself played the rôle of Marcel, whose name was changed to Maurice and who was turned into an Irishman in order to give Dion's brogue full play; W. D. Bradley played the hard-hearted uncle who dealt in stoves and ranges; Harry Crisp was the painter; and John Howson played Schaunard, that celebrated pianist who wrote the symphony on "The Effect of Blue in the Arts." As I have said, Katharine Rogers played Mimi, Fanny Foster played Musette, and Effie Germon had the rôle of Phemie, "la teinturière," that frivolous young lady who devoted the day-time to a dye-shop and the evenings to hanging upon the arm of that famous musician, Alexander Schaunard.

The cast of the new play is longer, but I can not say that it is as striking as the one I have just mentioned. In Clyde Fitch's drama, Henry Miller plays Rodolph, W. Faversham is Marcel, J. E. Dodson is Schaunard, J. Humphreys is Colline, W. H. Crompton is Baptiste, Viola Allen is Mimi, Ida Conquest is Musette, Jane Harwar is Phemie, and Elsie de Wolfe plays an interpolated part, Mme. de Rouve, a rich widow, who does not occur in the book.

Mr. Fitch has departed widely from the original story, if there was any story in "La Vie de Bohème." In his play, Rodolph leaves his rich uncle's house and seeks the society of a company of Bohemians in the Latin quarter. While ill in a hospital, he has met a girl named Mimi, whom he wishes to marry. His uncle designs him for a rich widow, and succeeds in estranging him and Mimi by the usual stage devices. Mimi then runs away with a friend named Musette. Rodolph and Mimi are subsequently reunited through the efforts of the rich widow, and, after they have had a Bohemian wedding, Rodolph's uncle pardons his disobedient nephew, and makes pecuniary provision for them. There is nothing interesting in this story, and it has lost all the life and sparkle of the book.

It is quite apparent that the production of the piece has been caused by the success of the Latin quarter scenes in "Trilby." I have no doubt that the play will run for a time, for the same reason that made those scenes so successful. But they need brightening up. If you will remember, there were no cancan scenes in the "Trilby" novel, although there was plenty of high-kicking in the "Trilby" play. Correspondingly, if the play "Bohemia" is "livened up" in a similar way, its chances for a longer life will be better. But although it may be Bohemian, it will not be the Bohemia of Murger.

Perhaps it was only a fantastic dream after all, Murger's Bohemia, but what a delightful dream it was! Let me warn all those who have read and laughed over "Vie de Bohème" not to go and see Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "Bohemia." It will cause them forever after to have a bad taste in their mouths when they think of Murger's Bohemia. And let me warn those who have read Murger's "Vie de Bohème" not to go into the Latin quarter when they go to Paris, because the cheap cafés and cheap *brasseries* there will leave a worse taste in their mouths than will Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "Bohemia." FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1896.

Yale has been rejoicing at the announcement of the Sloane-Barclay engagement. When Thomas C. Sloane, of the carpet firm, died, five or six years ago, he left his widow two hundred thousand dollars on condition that she should not remarry. But the lady has decided to sacrifice a fortune for a husband, and so, by the terms of the will, the two hundred thousand dollars goes to Yale.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The action of the church council which has been trying the case of the Rev. Dr. Brown has resulted as ecclesiastical councils nearly always do—it has dissatisfied both sides. The verdict of the council seems to be a combination of the Scottish verdict "not proven," and of the farce-comedy verdict, "not guilty—but don't do it again." As a matter of fact, ecclesiastical tribunals rarely render decisions based on facts, but rather on emotions.

There is in England an ecclesiastical court known as the "Court of Arches." Its functions are to pass upon all purely church questions, it tries offending rectors, it is made up of clergymen of the Church of England, and as it is a recognized part of the Established Church, it is theoretically part of the legal superstructure of England. But as its decisions are almost invariably based upon personal likes and dislikes, and upon emotionalism rather than upon fact, the decisions of the English Court of Arches are looked upon by English lawyers as distinctly comic.

If that be the case with a court which is part of the Established Church of England, what shall we say of a Congregational council? The Congregational churches are independent; they have no synod, as the Presbyterian churches have; they have no bishops, as the Episcopal churches have; every clergyman is "his own bishop." He has no superior—he looks only to his congregation. Therefore, a council made up of clergymen so loosely bound together, and ruled by no superiors, can scarcely be called a "council"—it is merely a verbal expression.

Dr. Brown has been found guilty of "unchristian and ungentlemanly conduct" in using harsh language to a young woman of his congregation; the charges of adultery are "not sustained"; and his explanation of his payment of hush-money to Mrs. Davidson is "not altogether satisfactory to the council."

The enemies of Dr. Brown condemn this verdict as "whitewashing." He himself repudiates the verdict, and refuses to accept it, appealing to his congregation to sustain him.

We are inclined to think that the case has not been proved against Dr. Brown. He has been very indiscreet in his relations with women, and we would advise him hereafter to shun that mixture of piety and sloth which does duty for religion in so many congregations. But we think he fell into a nest of female black-mailers, who tried to "do him up." That he resisted them so stoutly, at the peril of his reputation, speaks well for his courage; and courage in resisting female black-mailers is something at which no man should sneer—least of all in a clergyman.

Elsewhere we comment on the high-handed, insolent, and arbitrary conduct of the Miners' Union at Virginia City in the Hale & Norcross affair. The fact that a lot of miners who do not own a mine should presume to dictate to its owners what they should or should not do, had its natural result—the mine is closed down. But what is an amusing feature about the matter is the fact that the miners have unwittingly played into the hands of the stockholders. Jeremiah Lynch, and the men who with him have acquired control of the stock, have no desire to develop the mine. They probably think—as do many others—that there is nothing in it to develop. But the Hale & Norcross Co. has a judgment against Hayward, *et. als.*, which, if collected, will pay over two dollars per share to the stockholders. That is what President Lynch and his fellow stockholders want. They have no desire to muddle away this potential two dollars in paying stiff-necked and fat-headed miners four dollars a day to work a mine with nothing in it. Shutting down the mine is exactly what they want. Then the \$210,000 judgment will go into their pockets instead of into the miners'. We have often remarked that the members of the labor unions are so thick-skulled that they can not see through a grind-stone with a hole in it. But we hope that the striking Hale & Norcross miners can see through this particular grind-stone—now.

Last week, the Rev. T. J. Simmons eloped from Hollister with Miss Anna McCroskey, intending to marry her at San José. But when he reached that city, instead of getting married he got jailed. A dispatch from the infuriated McCroskey family reached Sheriff Lyndon at San José before the fleeing lovers got there, and on their arrival the Hollister Lochinvar was at once placed behind the bars.

It is said that the scene was a most moving one. The Rev. Mr. Simmons, within the bars, walked up and down his cell, passionately demanding that a magistrate be brought to marry them, while Miss McCroskey, without the bars, wept, and refused to be comforted. Sheriff Lyndon—who must be a lineal descendant of the original Dogberry—would not permit the couple to marry until the arrival of the furious McCroskey family, although Lochinvar Simmons was forty and his damsel twenty-two.

At what age does Sheriff Lyndon think people free to marry in California? Or does he think that marriage is a crime, and the intent to marry a misdemeanor? Upon no other hypothesis can his extraordinary conduct be explained. However, even a Santa Clara Dogberry must in time be open to reason, and on the arrival of the McCroskey family, and their failure to show that Simmons had taken away anything except their daughter—which is not larceny under the statutes of California—Sheriff Lyndon reluctantly let Lochinvar Simmons go. That gentleman at once made haste to the wedding, which took place as soon as he got out of jail, and he was so happy in his honeymoon that he forgave all his enemies, including his father-in-law and the sheriff.

But after the honeymoon is over, we advise him to bring

suit against Sheriff Lyndon for damages for false imprisonment. There is not any too much marrying in California as it is. There have been plenty of gentlemen put behind the bars in California because they would not marry weeping ladies. But when one is put in jail because he *does* want to marry a lady, it is a procedure calculated to excite the unqualified condemnation of all right-thinking men—and women.

The action of the Miners' Union on the Comstock this week recalls to the public mind the fact that the miners in Virginia City still get four dollars a day. This is the same rate of wages they received thirty years ago. Rents have declined; freight rates have declined; transportation has declined; the price of food has declined; the price of their principal product, silver, has declined—but the Virginia City miners still get four dollars a day. Living there costs less than one-third what it did thirty years ago when their rate of wage was fixed—but the Virginia City miners still get four dollars a day. It is needless to state that the mine-owners have grown restless under this—many of them have had their own incomes cut in two in the middle, or reduced by two-thirds—but the Virginia City miners still get four dollars a day. Their pig-headedness has resulted in the closing down of one mine—the Hale & Norcross; it will result in the closing down of more. It will not be long before all the mines will be closed down, their lower levels filled with water, and then the Virginia City miners will not get four dollars a day.

As a result of the strike in the building trades, now going on in San Francisco, we observe that C. A. Mars, a lather who was assaulted and beaten by strikers on March 10th, is, as we write, lying at the point of death. Mars and his son went to work on a building where a strike had been declared. Two walking-delegates came, and urged them to quit work. They refused. The delegates left, and returned later with a crowd of forty strikers, who forced them to quit work. During the affray both Mars and his son were badly beaten, the father having his skull fractured. The son has had two men, J. Duon and P. Rivers, arrested on a charge of assault to murder. If the elder Mars dies, the charge will be raised to murder. It is probably too much to hope for a fair trial in this labor-union-ridden town, but when the case comes up, we hope that the prosecuting attorney will see that there are no labor-union men on the jury. Then perhaps some of these labor-union murderers may hang.

A MATRIMONIAL JAR.

The Painful Tale of a Husband who had Twenty-Eight Hats.

It might have remained there a long time, Picket's new hat, if Mrs. Picket did not repeat, every time her eyes fell upon it:

"What in the world possessed you to buy another new hat, when you leave it there for weeks without ever opening the box it came in?"

"But," said Picket, "I have not worn it, because you keep telling me that my old one looks all right."

"Yes, and you already have twenty-seven hats that you have quit wearing, and you leave them in your closet covered with dust. What in the world do you keep them for? Why don't you throw them away?"

"Throw them away! And yet you know very well that you never throw anything away. You would not throw away a match that had been already lighted. You're so fond of saying 'It might come in handy.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Picket, "it is true that I never throw away things that might come in handy, but how can old hats ever come in handy? What sense is there in piling up old hats which are of no use to any one, when there are so many poor creatures who walk the streets bare-footed?"

"But," said Picket, "they could not wear my hats on their bare feet."

"I don't see anything funny in that," said Mrs. Picket, icily. "You know what I mean. You needn't pretend that you don't understand me. Why don't you send for an old-clothes man and sell him your hats?"

"I never think of it."

"I'd like to know what you do think of. I don't think you think at all. But do as you please. Buy new hats, wear them, don't wear them. It's your own affair." Mrs. Picket concluded with saying "You make me tired," and she retired from the room, slamming the door with a violence which made the chandelier rattle.

"Such is married life," said the stupefied Picket, gazing after his wife. "Whether I do a thing or don't do it, I am certain not to please my wife. Take that new hat, for example! 'What did you buy it for,' said she, 'when you never wear it?' and the first day that I put it on to go out, she will be sure to say: 'What are you wearing your new hat for, when the other one is all right still?'"

Some days afterwards Picket said to his wife: "I am going out."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Picket, "where are you going?"

"I am going to see poor Marley, who is ill."

"And do you put on your new hat to see poor Marley?"

"Just what I expected you to say," remarked Picket.

"Yes, that is what I am going to do. I am going to wear my new hat. See?"

"Well, why don't you throw your old one in the closet with the others?"

With rising rage, Picket took up his old hat, opened the closet door, and hurled the venerable hat with much violence into the closet.

"There," said he, "I hope you will give me a rest on this hat business!"

"That makes the twenty-eighth," replied Mrs. Picket, with a burst of sardonic laughter.

Picket went out. He started toward Marley's house, but he had scarcely gone more than a couple of blocks when it began to rain.

"There," said the unfortunate Picket, "just my luck. Beginning to rain. Got a new hat on, and no umbrella."

He started into a neighboring doorway to wait until the shower should cease, and as he did so, a man carrying a long plank on his shoulder turned and swept the unfortunate Picket's hat from his head into the gutter.

Cursing like a pirate, the luckless Picket pursued his new hat, and rescued it from the gutter, much damaged, and covered with mud. A passing good Samaritan stopped and said to him:

"There's a hatter a couple of doors up the street there; he will brush it off and touch it up with the iron, and it will be all right."

"Thank you," said Picket, and he repaired to the hatter's. When he had his hat polished, he stood upon the door-step for a moment, and, not wishing again to expose his hat to the fury of the elements, he determined to step into a friendly restaurant next door, where he would wait until the storm was over. He went in, seated himself at a table, hung up his hat on one of the hooks over his head, ordered a sandwich, and began to look over the paper. But he could not take his mind away from the satirical welcome which he knew his wife would extend to him when he returned with his damaged hat. However, the Ruhicon had to be crossed. The rain had ceased. He rose, and, still reflecting on his wife's reception, took a hat from the hook and was about to go, when two waiters came up to him and grabbed him by the collar.

"Now we've got him," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "we have got him now. This is the fellow who has been stealing hats."

Picket, paralyzed with astonishment, protested. "What! I steal hats!" he said. "What do you mean?"

"You will have an opportunity to explain this at the police-station," was the reply, and the proprietor, who had whistled for a policeman at the door, turned him over to the hands of a blue-coated guardian of the peace. The unfortunate Picket was yanked along the street, followed by a crowd of passers-by, who applauded his arrest, and a number of street-boys, who signified their disapproval more forcibly by hurling mud at him. When the party reached the police station, the proprietor of the restaurant made his complaint to the sergeant there.

"That's the man," said he. "For the last two weeks some scoundrel has been coming to my restaurant, and whenever he goes out somebody misses a hat. We have been watching for him. Now we've got him. There he is. This is the thief. We caught him in the very act."

"But I was simply mistaken in the hat," cried Picket. "If I were stealing a hat, I would have two here, but I haven't. This is not mine, but you will find mine hanging on the hook."

"Yes," said the restaurant man, "I know. Ordinarily you were in the habit of carrying a grip-sack in which you put the other hat. This time you came without it."

"But I am an honest man," persisted the unfortunate Picket. "I am well known. Let the officer go to my house, and he will see." He gave his name and his address, and the sergeant, wavering in the face of his protestations, sent an officer to accompany him to the address given. In about half an hour the officer returned, hearing an enormous pile of hats.

"Here, sergeant," said the latter, "see what I found in the fellow's house. His wife had gone out, and it was the servant who let me in."

"Well," said the sergeant, severely, looking at the accused person, "do you still deny that you are a hat thief?" gazing at the gigantic pile of hats.

"I deny it. I deny it *in toto*," said the unfortunate Picket. "I thought these hats. I don't wear them, but I thought them."

"You don't wear them? What in the world can you do with twenty-eight hats?"

"Well, you see my wife has always told me to sell them to an old-clothes man. I never think of it, I am so forgetful. Why, to-day I even forgot my umbrella. I never had any head."

"You have no head? What do you want with twenty-eight hats, then?"

But at this moment a weeping woman entered the police station. It was Mrs. Picket. She had heard from the servant of the plight in which her luckless husband was placed, and came and told the police sergeant who he was and that the hats were really his. But was Picket grateful to her? Hardly. He wished a thousand times that she had not heard about his misadventure and that he had succeeded in going through all the pains and horrors of a police court far rather than that she should find him there with the twenty-eight hats—twenty-eight mute witnesses of her superior judgment staring him in the face. He said to himself, mentally: "Never shall I hear the last of those twenty-eight hats." He never did. In fact, he got it morning, noon, and night. He had it with breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He had it with his soup. He had it with his night-cap. He had it with his morning slippers. And whenever the rain began falling, and poor Picket would incautiously say:

"What dreadful weather!"

"Yes," Mrs. Picket would reply, "exactly the same kind of a day as when you got rid of your twenty-eight hats."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

The National Society of New England Women, at a recent meeting held in New York, unanimously adopted a resolution to inaugurate a movement for the erection of a suitable residence in Washington, to be presented to General Nelson A. Miles in recognition of the services he has rendered to the country.

THE SUDANESE WAR.

What Slatin Pasha Says of the New Mahdi, his Country, and his People—Some Timely and Interesting Extracts from "Fire and Sword in the Sudan."

"Fire and Sword in the Sudan," by Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha, translated by Major F. R. Wingate, is a book of more than common interest. Slatin Pasha describes with the vividness of truth his remarkable career in the Sudan, where he spent sixteen years, twelve of which were passed in captivity. His story is an absorbing one which would be read at all times with attention, but it appears the more opportunist since the re-opening of the Egyptian question and the new advance on the Sudan projected by the British forces. Perhaps no European knows more of the internal history of this country than Slatin Pasha, witnessing as he has the whole of that remarkable military movement which began nearly twenty years ago, and resulted in the fall of Khartum and the establishment of the Mahdi's power.

An Austrian by birth, he entered the Egyptian army in 1878, under the direction of General Gordon. He occupied a high position of authority until the Egyptian rule was overthrown; but during the memorable campaign which cost Gordon his life and excited so profound an interest throughout the world, he was captured. After spending months of imprisonment and enduring many hardships and indignities, he was forced to enter the Mahdi's service, and for a time was treated by him with a certain show of confidence. Compelled nominally to adopt the religion of the Mohammedans, he was in all ways obliged to appear as one of themselves, and this life continued until 1895, when he made his escape under most romantic circumstances.

In a limited space it would not be easy even briefly to outline his eventful and stirring career, but from the record of bloodshed and rapine, pillage, torture, and famine, we may extract enough to give an idea of the despotic rule of the present Mahdi, Khalifa Abdullahi, and of the wretchedness of the inhabitants under his merciless tyrannies. In order to allow the reader a full understanding of the situation, a *résumé* is given at the beginning of the book of Gordon's career in the Sudan, and of all the events which led to the great religious movement which was the cause of the Egyptian loss of power. The rise of Mohammed Ahmed, who claimed to be the long-expected Prophet, or Mahdi, is described at length, and the fanatic enthusiasm which was aroused in the people by his fervent preachings. His military successes, culminating in the fall of Khartum, are given. To Slatin Pasha, who was a captive at the time, the news of Gordon's death was communicated by two messengers hearing his head in a napkin.

The Mahdi's death, followed by the accession of Khalifa Abdullahi, the present ruler, comes next. The latter was from the beginning Slatin's real master, and it is into his administration that the book gives fullest insight. The following description is given of him:

He joined the Mahdi at the age of thirty-five, and was then a slim and active, though powerfully built man; but latterly he has become very stout, and his lightness of gait has long since disappeared. He is now forty-nine years of age, but looks considerably older. The hair of his beard is almost white. At times the expression of his face is one of charming amiability, but more generally it is one of dark sternness, in which tyranny and unscrupulous resolution are unmistakably visible. He is rash and quick-tempered, acting often without a moment's consideration, and when in this mood even his own brother dares not approach him. His nature is suspicious to a degree to every one, his nearest relatives and members of his household included. He admits that loyalty and fidelity are rare qualities, and that those who have to deal with him invariably conceal their real feelings in order to gain their own ends. He is most susceptible to flattery, and consequently receives an inordinate amount from every one. No one dares to speak to him without referring, in the most fulsome terms, to his wisdom, power, justice, courage, generosity, and truthfulness. He accepts this absurd adulation with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; but woe to him who in the slightest degree offends his dignity. . . . Abdullahi's pride and confidence in his own powers are indescribable. He firmly believes that he is capable of doing anything and everything; and, as he pretends to act under Divine inspiration, he never hesitates to appropriate the merits of others as his own. . . . His character is a strange mixture of malice and cruelty. He delights to annoy and cause disappointment, and he is never happier than when he has brought people to complete destitution by confiscating their property, throwing them into chains, robbing families wholesale, seizing and executing all persons of tribal influence and authority, and reducing entire races to a condition of powerless impotence.

During the Mahdi's life-time he was entirely responsible for the severity of the proceedings enacted in his name, and for the merciless manner in which he treated his defeated enemies. It was Abdullahi who gave the order for no quarter at the storming of Khartum; and it was he who subsequently authorized the wholesale massacre of the men, women, and children. . . . In all intercourse with him, he demands the most complete humility and submission. Persons entering his presence stand in front of him with their hands crossed over their breasts and their eyes lowered to the ground, awaiting permission to be seated. In his audience-chamber, he is generally seated on an *angareb*, over which a palm-mat is spread and his sheep-skin stretched out on it, whilst he leans against a roll of cotton cloth which forms a pillow. When those brought before him are allowed to be seated, they take up a position as in prayers, with their eyes fixed on the ground; and in this posture they answer the questions put to them, and dare not move until permission is given them to withdraw. . . . The Khalifa thought it incumbent on his position to maintain a large establishment; and as this was also entirely in conformity with his own inclinations, he gradually became possessor of a harem of over four hundred wives. In accordance with the Mohammedan law, he had four legal wives, who belong to free tribes; but, being a lover of change, he never hesitates to divorce them at will, and take others in their places. The other women of the household consist, for the most part, of young girls, many of whom belong to tribes which have been forced to accept Mahdism, and whose husbands and fathers fought against him. They are therefore regarded as booty, and have only the rights and claims of concubines, or, in some cases, of slaves. This large assortment of ladies varies in color from light brown to the deepest black, and comprises almost every tribe in the Sudan. . . . Occasionally, he holds an inspection of his entire household, and makes use of such opportunities to rid himself of those of whom he is weary, in order to make room for new attractions. Those disposed of in this way he generally passes on to his near relatives, his special favorites, or his servants. . . . The Khalifa's principal wife is Sabra, and belongs to his own tribe. She has shared with him from earliest days all his joys and sorrows, and is the mother of his oldest children, Osman and Kadja. During the early years of his reign, he would only eat the simplest food, cooked by her or under her superintendence. It consisted, as a rule, merely of *asida*, roast meat, and

chickens; but as his household increased, he began to try the various sorts of cookery known to his new wives, many of whom were acquainted with the Turkish and Egyptian methods; and now, in place of the simple food, he indulges in far more luxurious fare, though to outward appearance he still pretends to lead a life of simplicity and abstinence. . . . Abdullahi's dress consists of a *jibba*, made of superfine white cotton cloth with a colored border, loose cotton drawers, and on his head a beautifully made Mecca silk skull-cap, around which a small white turban is wound. Around his body a narrow strip of cotton, about five yards long, called *wasian*, is worn, and a light shawl of the same material is thrown across his shoulders. He formerly wore sandals, but latterly he has taken to wearing soft leather stockings, of a light-brown color, and yellow shoes. When walking, he carries a sword in his left hand, and in his right a beautifully worked Hadendoo spear, which he uses as a walking-stick. He is invariably accompanied by twelve or fifteen little boy-slaves as his personal attendants. Many of these are children of Abyssinian Christians seized by Abu Anga and Zeki Tummal. Their duty is to remain always near him, and act as his messengers to various parts of the town. They usher into his presence all visitors, and must be ready day and night to carry his orders. When they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen, they are drafted into the ranks of the *mulascemin*, and their places are taken by others. The Khalifa thinks that by employing young boys, his secrets are less likely to be betrayed; and in this he is not far wrong, when one considers the extraordinary amount of bribery and corruption which prevails among the older classes. Within the house, into which these young boys are never admitted, he employs young eunuchs, who wait upon him, while the more advanced in age of this unfortunate class are relegated to the outer dependencies of the household. Even these juvenile domestics suffer considerable brutality at his hands. The slightest mistakes are punished by flogging, or the offenders are thrown into chains and starved. . . . Utterly ignorant of reading and writing, the Khalifa orders all letters that arrive to be handed to his secretaries, Abu el Gasem and Mudasser, who are obliged to explain the contents, and write replies in accordance with the orders. These two individuals lead a wretched life; for they know that he will not forgive the slightest mistake, and should he have the least suspicion of their having revealed any of his secrets, even through carelessness, he would not hesitate to treat them as he treated their comrades Ahmed and his four brothers, who, having been accused of communicating with the Ashraf, were executed.

Of the city of Omdurman, where the Khalifa has lived for upward of ten years, Slatin Pasha says:

Here he has centralized all power, stored up all ammunition, and gathered under his personal surveillance all those whom he suspects, obliging them to say the five prayers daily in his presence, and listen to his sermons. He has declared Omdurman to be the sacred city of the Mahdi. It is strange to think that ten years ago this great town was merely a little village lying opposite to Khartum, and inhabited by a few brigands. . . . The town of Omdurman is built for the most part on fairly level ground, but here and there are a few small hills. The soil consists mostly of hard, red clay, and is very stony, with occasional patches of sand. For his own convenience, the Khalifa has driven large straight roads through various parts of the town; and to make way for these numbers of houses were leveled, but no compensation was given to their owners. . . . With the exception of the few broad roads which the Khalifa has made for his own convenience, the only communications between the various quarters consist of numbers of narrow winding lanes; and in these all the filth of the city is collected. Their wretched condition and the smells which emanate from these pestilential by-paths are beyond description. Dead horses, camels, donkeys, and goats block the way; and the foulest refuse lies scattered about. Before certain feast-days the Khalifa issues orders that the city is to be cleaned; but, beyond sweeping all these carcasses and refuse into corners, nothing further is done; and when the rainy season begins, the fetid air exhaled from these decaying rubbish-heaps generally produces some fatal epidemic, which sweeps off the inhabitants by hundreds. . . . The prison is situated in the south-eastern quarter of the city, near the river, and is surrounded by a high wall. A gate, strongly guarded day and night by armed blacks, gives access to an inner court, in which several small mud and stone huts have been erected. During the day-time, the unhappy prisoners, most of them heavily chained and manacled, lie about in the shade of the buildings. Complete silence prevails, broken only by the clanking of the chains, the hoarse orders of the hard-hearted warders, or the cries of some poor wretch who is being mercilessly flogged. Some of the prisoners who may have specially incurred the Khalifa's displeasure are loaded with heavier chains and manacles than the rest, and are interned in the small huts and debarred from all intercourse with their fellow-prisoners. They generally receive only sufficient nourishment to keep them alive.

Ordinary prisoners receive no regular supply of food; but their relatives are allowed to provide for them. It often happens that long before a meal reaches the person for whom it is intended, a very large portion of it has been consumed by the rapacious and unscrupulous warders, and sometimes the prisoner gets nothing whatever. At night the wretched creatures are driven like sheep into the stone huts, which are not provided with windows, and are consequently quite unventilated. Regardless of prayers and entreaties, they are pushed pell-mell into these living graves, which are generally so tightly packed that it is quite impossible to lie down. The weaker are trampled down by the stronger, and not infrequently the warder opens the door in the morning to find that some of his victims have succumbed to suffocation and ill-usage in these horrible cells. It is a painful sight to see scores of half-suffocated individuals pouring out of these dens, bathed in perspiration, and utterly exhausted by the turmoil of the long and sleepless night. Once emerged, they sink down, more dead than alive, under the shade of the walls, and spend the remainder of the day in trying to recover from the effects of the previous night, and gain sufficient strength to undergo the horrors of that which is to follow.

The moral condition of the people is touched on in these words:

The attempted regeneration of the faith by the Mahdi, who disregarded the former religious teaching and customs, has resulted in a deterioration of morals, which, even at the best of times, were very lax in the Sudan. Partly for fear of the Khalifa, and partly for their own personal interests and advantage, the people have made religion a mere profession; and this has now become their second nature, and has brought with it a condition of immorality which is almost indescribable. The majority of the inhabitants, unhappy and discontented with the existing state of affairs, and fearing that their personal freedom may become even more restricted than it is, seem to have determined to enjoy their life as much as their means will allow, and to lose no time about it. As there is practically no social life or spiritual intercourse, they seem to have resolved to make up for this want by indulging their passion for women to an abnormal extent. Their object is to obtain as many of these in marriage as possible, as well as concubines; and the Mahdi's tenets allow them the fullest scope in this direction. . . . I know many men who, in the space of ten years, have been married forty or fifty times at least; and there are also many women who, during the same period, have had fifteen or twenty husbands, and, in their case, the law enjoins that between each divorce they must wait three months at least. As a rule, concubines, of whom a man may legally have as many as he likes, lead a most immoral life. They rarely live in the same house as their master, unless they have children by him, in which case they can not be sold; but in the majority of cases they are bought with the object of being retained merely for a very short time, and subsequently sold again at a profit. This constant changing of hands leads to great moral deterioration. Their youth and beauty quickly fade; and, as a rule, they age prematurely, and then enter upon a life of hardship and moral degradation which it is almost impossible to conceive.

All trade is in a state of depression except the slave-trade. Much is told of the horrors of this traffic, and in the following paragraph the sufferings of the Abyssinian Christians taken captive in war are dwelt upon:

Of the thousands of Abyssinian Christians seized by Abu Anga, the majority were women and children; and under the cruel lash of the whip they were forced to march on foot the whole distance from Abyssinia to Omdurman; wrenched from their families, provided with scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together, barefooted, and almost naked, they were driven through the country like herds of cattle. The greater number of them perished on the road; and those who arrived in Omdurman were in so pitiable a condition that purchasers could scarcely be found for them, whilst numbers were given away for nothing by the Khalifa. After the defeat of the Shilluks, Zeki Tummal packed thousands of these wretched creatures into the small harges used for the transport of his troops, and dispatched them to Omdurman. Hundreds died from suffocation and overcrowding on the journey; and, on the arrival of the remnant, the Khalifa appropriated most of the young men as recruits for his body-guard, whilst the women and young girls were sold by public auction, which lasted several days. Hungry, and in many cases naked, these unfortunate creatures lay huddled together in front of the Beit el Mal. For food, they were given an utterly inadequate quantity of uncooked *dhurra*. Hundreds fell ill, and for these poor wretches it was also impossible to find purchasers. Wearily they dragged their emaciated bodies to the river-bank, where they died; and as nobody would take the trouble to bury them, the corpses were pushed into the river and swept away.

Famine is a frequent visitor in the outlying provinces, owing to the depopulation caused by constant wars and the neglect of agriculture. A disastrous season in Omdurman, brought about by the famine in the Province of Berher, is related as follows:

The irrigation of this province is carried on by water-wheels at intervals along the river bank, and even in prosperous times the supply of grain is scarcely sufficient to meet the wants of the local inhabitants; there was, therefore, now considerable difficulty in maintaining all Osman's people as well. Several of the inhabitants wandered to Omdurman, which was already over-populated, and here the situation became most critical; the price of grain rose first to forty dollars and subsequently to sixty dollars, the *ardab*. The rich could purchase grain, but the poor died wholesale. Those were terrible months at the close of 1889; the people had become so thin that they scarcely resembled human beings—they were veritably bow and bones. These poor wretches would eat anything, no matter how disgusting—skins of animals, which had long since dried and become decayed, were roasted and eaten; the strips of leather which formed the *angareb* (native headstall) were cut off, boiled, and made into soup. Those who had any strength left went out and robbed; like hawks they pounced down on the bakers and butchers, and cared nothing for the blows of the *kurbask*, which invariably fell on their attenuated backs.

On one occasion, I remember seeing a man who had seized a piece of tallow, and had crammed it into his mouth before its owner could stop him. The latter jumped at his throat, closed his hands round it, and pressed it till the man's eyes protruded; but he kept his mouth tightly closed until he fell down insensible. In the market-places, the incessant cry was heard of "Gayekum! Gayekum!" ("He is coming to you!"), which meant that famished creatures were stealthily creeping round the places where the women had their few articles for sale, to protect which they were frequently obliged to lie upon them, and defend them with their hands and feet. The space between the Khalifa's and Yakub's houses was generally crowded at night with these wretched people, who cried aloud most piteously for bread. I dreaded going home, for I was generally followed by several of these famished beggars, who often attempted forcibly to enter my house; and at that time I had scarcely enough for my own slender wants, besides having to help my own household and my friends, who had now become wretchedly poor. . . . In Omdurman itself, the majority of those who died belonged rather to the moving population than to the actual inhabitants of the town; for the latter had managed to secrete a certain amount of grain, and the different tribes invariably assisted each other; but, in other parts of the Sudan, the state of affairs was considerably worse. I think the Jaalin, who are the most independent, as well as the proudest tribe in the Sudan, suffered more severely than the rest; several fathers of families, seeing that escape from death was impossible, bricked up the doors of their houses, and, united with their children, patiently awaited death. I have no hesitation in saying that in this way entire villages died out.

The inhabitants of Dongola, though they suffered considerably, were somewhat better off; and for this they had to thank Nejumi, whose departure had considerably reduced the population of the province. Between Abu Haraz, Gedaref, and Gallabat, the situation was worst of all. Zeki Tummal, at the commencement of the famine, had given orders to some of his myrmidons to forcibly collect all the grain in the neighborhood; and this he stored for his soldiers, thus saving the bulk of his force, with the result that an immense proportion of the local inhabitants died of starvation. After a time, no one dared to go out into the streets without an escort, for they feared being attacked and eaten up; the inhabitants had become animals—cannibals!

In view of the recent disastrous campaign of the Italians against King Menelek, the warfare waged by the Mahdists against the Abyssinians is of interest. The various conflicts, marked by equal displays of savagery on both sides, are described in detail. The Abyssinians, victorious at first under their leader, King John, scattered and disbanded at the death of this ruler. The officers of the Mahdi, who were placed in control of the neighboring territory, proved such a scourge to the country that Italian protection was finally sought and obtained by the eastern tribes. Slatin says:

Hamed Wad Ali was nominated Emir of Kassala. Avaricious to a degree, he mercilessly robbed the people of their property and cattle, with the result that the eastern Arab tribes, such as the Hadendoo, Halenga, Beni Amer, etc., who had really captured Kassala for the Mahdi, now revolted, and, wandering eastwards in the direction of Massawa, placed themselves under the protection of the Italians. Thus it was that this once thickly populated country became almost denuded of inhabitants. Among others, the once powerful Shukria tribe, which had suffered terribly during the famine years, was now almost extinct; while the fertile district of Kassala was almost completely deserted, and the garrison there had the greatest difficulty in maintaining itself.

In conclusion, a summing-up of the present condition of the Sudan is given thus:

In the Sudan, we have before us a terrible example of a nascent and somewhat crude civilization suddenly shattered by wild, ignorant, and almost savage tribes who have built over the scattered remnants a form of government based, to some extent, on the lines they found existing, but from which they have eradicated almost every symbol of right, justice, and morality, and for which they have substituted a rule of injustice, ruthless barbarity, and immorality. Nor can I recall any other instance in modern times of a country in which a semblance of civilization has existed for upward of half a century, falling back into a state so little removed from absolute barbarism. . . . The great plains over which the western Arabs roamed were deserted, and their places taken by wild animals, while the homesteads of the Nile dwellers are now occupied by those nomad tribes who have driven out the rightful owners of the soil, or enslaved them to till the land for the benefit of their new masters. Deprived of the means of self-defense, reduced by oppression and tyranny to a condition of hopelessness of relief from their foreign task-masters, their powers of resistance crippled, the comparatively small river populations which are left are little better than slaves. What can they do of themselves against their despotic rulers? It is folly to imagine that the country can right itself by internal revolt. The helping hand must come from without.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$5.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Book-Reviewer's Duty.

To a paper, entitled "Criticism as Theft," in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, William Knight condemns the review which is frankly descriptive and extractive on the ground that it is a theft from both author and public; from the former because it injures his sales, from the latter because it deprives of the opportunity of knowing, "in its integrity," what the author has to say. Countering this view, the *Chicago Dial*, one of the best literary papers in the country says:

"More, perhaps, than from any other cause, popular criticism suffers from the feeling of the critic that, however lacking in knowledge, he is bound to take the judicial attitude, and, instead of giving his readers an idea of what the book is really like, he must express a decided opinion upon its merits. As it is obviously impossible for the newspaper reviewer, called upon to deal with books upon all sorts of subjects, to have an opinion of any value concerning most of them, it would be a decided improvement for him to remain content with the descriptive summary that almost any fairly intelligent person can make. In other words, the work of judicial and authoritative criticism should be left to the reviews that can command the services of hundreds of specialists, and are known to intrust to competent bands the books sent to such reviews for examination."

This is entirely in consonance with the *Argonaut's* views on this subject. We aim, in our brief notices, not to give each book a Sir-Oracle status to the annals of culture, but to tell our readers what it contains. This treatment is best exemplified in the longer reviews, with frequent extracts, which we print in our miscellaneous columns. Their value to our readers and to the author and publisher is attested by the increased inquiry at the local bookstores that follows each review in the *Argonaut*, and the disappointment of iteoding purchasers when the book so reviewed is, as occasionally happens, a foreign book not obtainable in English.

The Death of P. J. A. Harper.

Philip Jacob Arcularius Harper, the eldest son of Mayor James Harper, who was one of the founders of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, died last week in Hempstead, L. I., where he had resided since 1859. Mr. Harper was born in 1824, and, when eighteen years old, became associated with the publishing house. On the death of his father, the senior member, in 1869, he was admitted to the firm. He made its business management his specialty, and showed great executive ability to all that he did. He retired from business in 1890. He leaves an only son, James Harper, now a member of the publishing firm.

Philip J. A. Harper's grandfather came from England in 1740, and settled at Newtown, L. I., as a school-master and carpenter. Here he married and had four sons, James, John, Joseph, and Fletcher. James and John established a modest printing office, in 1817, in Dover Street, New York, under the name of J. & J. Harper. The two younger brothers were apprenticed to them, and in 1833 were taken into the firm, which became Harper & Brothers. The four brothers were singularly fortunate in their business ventures, and all of them lived to enjoy some of the fruits of their labors. James originated *Harper's Magazine*, and Fletcher was responsible for the *Weekly* and *Bazar*. The present firm is composed of the sons or grandsons of the founders. They are John W. Harper, Joseph Henry Harper, John Harper, James Thorne Harper, Horatio R. Harper, Henry S. Harper, and James Harper.

Rabelais for Sunday-Schools.

Many strange things have been done, first and last, in the way of devising, and adapting, and modernizing some of the great books of the world. Says the *Nation*:

"Shakespeare has been Bowdlerized and, less offensively, Hindsized. The 'Summa' of Thomas Aquinas has been put into doggerel Latin verse to be used as a cram book. Dante has been turned into quatrains, and Molière's 'L'Avare' has been versified; the 'Contes' of Voltaire have been put into alexandrines, and the 'Profession de foi du Vicairé savoyard' has been arranged in chapters and verses, like a Bible. The late Bishop Hopkins was once inspired to write a church history in the 'common metre' of the hymn-books. But the latest venture of this kind, and the strangest, is surely that of a certain M. Boizomont, who has just produced an expurgated Rabelais—for the use of Sunday-schools, perhaps. Two or three times before now Rabelais has been put into modern French—once by the Chevalier Lureau, in 1849, and again by Professor Martial Lureau. But these versions, it would seem, are completely overwhelmed and sunk when set beside the work of M. Boizomont, if one may judge from extracts from it which were given lately in the *four*. We can give but one specimen of it, and that shall be the well-known jest about Panurge's means of living. Rabelais says: 'Toutefois, il avoit soixante et trois manières d'en trouver toujours à son besoing, dont la plus honorable et la plus commune estoit par façon de larcin furtivement fait.' This M. Boizomont turns thus: 'C'était, toutefois, un individu rempli de ressources, dont quelques-unes frisaient l'indécence.' This recalls what Professor Sophocles used to say sometimes—that if Virgil were obliged to restore what he had conveyed from Homer, there would be nothing left of him but the proper names."

A Pagan View of Solomon's Song.

"The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's: Being a Reprint and a Study," by Elbert Hubbard, is a most elaborate and sumptuous piece of book-making. It is printed on heavy, uncalendered paper with rough edges, and not only is there much marginal space, but there are over more

than one or two paragraphs on a page, and the text tapers down in inverted pyramidal form, sometimes filling less than half the page. So the study: the Song of Songs is printed with chapter-numbers, but with *He* and *She* alternating instead of numbers for the verses.

This is in accord with Mr. Hubbard's view of Solomon's Song as set forth in his study. To this he considers the origin of the song, the sacredness of the Scriptures, the interpretations that have been put upon them, the position of woman in nature, among the pagan Scandinavians, and in Christian families, the love of man and woman, and the conditions pictured in the song—all in a pagan and poetic spirit that is not without its charm.

The book is one in all respects to delight the book-lover, and the edition is limited to six hundred numbered copies.

Published at the Roycroft Printing Shop, Chicago.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Alice S. Wolf, who has contributed a number of clever short stories to the *Argonaut*, has written a novel the scene of which is laid in Sao Francisco. It is entitled "A House of Cards," and is to be published this week by a Chicago firm.

The Boston *Daily Standard* has established a bookstore for the sale exclusively of American books by American authors.

Mr. Crockett's new novel opens upon a new scene, and in its celebration of "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City: His Progress and Adventures," departs to a considerable extent from the colors and moods which have been most familiar in his work. The Appletons publish the book.

Miss Harriet Monroe, who wrote the dedicatory ode for the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, has just had a judgment from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals confirming the judgment of a lower court which awarded her five thousand dollars damages against the Press Publishing Company, of New York city, for the unauthorized, premature, and incorrect publication of her ode in the *New York World*.

Le Petit Journal invited a competition for a novel to be published serially, and received five hundred and sixty-seven manuscripts.

The *Black Cat* for April is out, with its usual array of six startling stories, which range from grave to gay, and are calculated to catch the fancy of all classes of story-readers. One concerns a treasure of thirty millions in gold which disappeared in mid-ocean, together with more than six hundred persons and the steamer that carried them; another concerns itself with a burglary; a third is a triangular love-story; a fourth is ingenious; a fifth humorous; and still another lays science under tribute to furnish a novel plot. The *Black Cat* certainly gives a great deal of original fiction for a five-cent magazine.

T. A. Janvier, in his introduction to Félix Gras's romance, "The Reds of the Midi," published in English by D. Appleton & Co., says:

"In all French history there is no more inspiring episode than that with which Mr. Gras deals in this story: the march to Paris and the doings in Paris of that Marseilles battalion made up of men who were sworn to cast down 'the tyrant,' and who 'knew how to die.' His epitome of the motive power of the Revolution in the feelings of one of its individual pleasant parts, is the very essence of simplicity and directness."

Mrs. Craigie, known as "John Oliver Hobbes," has announced her decision not to write any further stories of the type of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham." Her next novel, "The Herb Moon," is of a very different stamp, the heroine being of a noble type of womanhood. She has done for good with the woman with a past.

The Appletons announce that Stephen Craoe's "Red Badge of Courage" is already in its fourth edition in this country.

The creator of that justly popular character, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, it is understood, rather regrets its almost universal acceptance; he would not unreasonably prefer his name to be associated with much better work than he has done in other fields rather than with detective stories. Still, to have succeeded admirably in any field is what happens to very few of us. James Payn says:

"The amazing attraction his great detective had for the public has caused some persons, who are not being if they are not contemptuous of popularity, to detract from his merits; but, upon the whole, I know no character so good of his class. Gaboriau has, indeed, founded a great reputation upon similar lines, but the interest of his tales is spoiled by the interposition of foreign matter just when they grow most exciting. We say with Mr. Kipling, 'but this is another story,' for, unlike him, Gaboriau insists upon telling it and cutting the thread of the one which we want him to finish. Edgar Poe does better in this respect, but his narratives are too obviously written, as it were, backwards: we feel that he is starting with the plot rolled up in his mouth and simply unwinding the string."

The three volumes of "Unpublished Works of Edward Gibbon" will be brought out within a short time. They will contain the historian's famous autobiographies—seven in number—and in addition to his journals there will be much correspondence and other data. The "Life" of Gibbon, which has long been known to students, is a patchwork

made up from the manuscripts now to be printed. While the more familiar work may be accurate enough, the original sources abound in passages of characteristic wit which have never been given to the world.

Harold Frederic's new novel, "The Damnation of Theroo Ware" is the story of a Methodist minister.

"The Barbarous Britishers" is the latest example of Mr. Traill's well-known powers as a writer of parody. It is a parody of Graot Allen's "Hilltop novel," "The British Barbarians." Mr. Traill follows the original story very closely, recalling each of its successive incidents with a solemn precision which is in itself not the least funny feature of the parody.

The Messrs. Appleton announce for the near future "Green Gates," a story of New York and of Long Island country-house life, by Katharine McCheever Meredith; and "Sir Mark," a tale of the first capital, by Aona Robeson Brown.

A London paper announces that the letters of Hans von Bülow, the pianist, are to be translated into English. The first two volumes of the work recently appeared in German, and the second two are in preparation. Von Bülow has much to say of Wagner, whom he called the most admirable of men, and of Liszt. "He was connected with both by marriage." He certainly was.

Apocryphal of what has been said about the difference in expense of living in England and America, the *British Weekly* says of Robert Barr, novelist and editor of the English edition of the *Detroit Free Press*:

"He is fond of building houses, and has purchased quite a property at Warrington, Surrey, where he is putting up a many-gabled, red-tiled house, which is to have numerous American features, including a genuine American veranda—this last in spite of the protest of his English architects that it would not stand the climate."

How many American authors in America can gratify a fondness for "building houses"? If they can build one house somewhere out in the suburbs, they congratulate themselves.

La Revue Encyclopédique says that Emile Richelieu, the writer of sensational novels published serially by *Le Petit Journal*, has earned three hundred thousand dollars in twenty-five years; that Alphonse Daudet earns twenty-four thousand dollars a year; and that Zola can count on about fifty thousand dollars annually.

An English translation is coming out soon of "Moltke's Letters to His Wife," with portraits of several members of Moltke's family.

Charles Godfrey Leland has written a new book which bears the title "A Manual of Mending and Repairing." It gives practical advice for restoring all sorts of old and broken things—such as furniture, crockery, books, pictures, clothes, etc.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issue "Voice Building and Tone Placing," by H. Holbrook Curtis, Ph. B., M. D., showing a new method of treating pathological conditions of the larynx by tone exercises, and the means employed to restore the function of vocal cords which have been injured by improper methods of voice production. Dr. Curtis has dedicated his work to Jean de Reszke, and has been guided in his chapters on "Voice Building" by Mme. Melba.

General de Gallifet has written his "Mémoires," but Rochefort's announcement that they were to be printed soon was premature.

Robert Barr has just returned to London from Germany, where he passed several months by the River Moselle, "working as American type-writer in a moldy German castle, producing a fourteenth-century romance, with a celebrated siege of that castle for a background."

A New York newspaper recently had a fine chance to test its value as an advertising medium. Says the *Fourth Estate*:

"It was given the advertisement of a certain New York magazine which sells for ten cents per copy. It was a large advertisement, and, after reciting its attractions, an entire line appeared in bold display in the advertisement: 'Send ten cents for a number.' The compositor made the line come out in the paper to read: 'Send ten cents for a year.' The advertisement appeared Sunday, and Monday's mail brought the magazine over three hundred letters with ten cents inclosed 'for a year's subscription as per your advertisement in yesterday's issue.' The magazine consulted its lawyer, who advised the publisher to make the newspaper pay the extra ninety cents on each subscription, and although this demand was at first refused, the proprietors of the daily finally yielded. During the first week, eight hundred and fifty-five letters with ten cents inclosed reached the magazine, and now the total is a few over one thousand one hundred. Up to date, therefore, the newspaper has paid nine hundred dollars to find out what really good returns its advertising columns afford. And the end is not yet."

The Paris *Figaro* has decided to devote a certain space each day to men's dress, and has gone to for illustrations.

The memoirs of Sir Arthur Paget, which are soon to appear, will relate to the Napoleonic period, when their author was the English envoy to several European courts. He was present at some of Napoleon's battles, including Austerlitz. The memoirs, with letters, are edited by Paget's son, Sir Augustus Paget, who was recently the English ambassador to Vienna.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Maimed and Blinded Bridegroom.

Soot City, with its adjacent ore-bed, its smelting-place and factory, is the scene of "Stonepastures," by Eleanor Stoart, and the tale deals with the lives of the foreign workers there. Accident and sudden death are of daily occurrence in the black little town, and the grim familiarity of the people with disaster is brought out with peculiar force. The "blast," which cripples and maims, but does not kill its victims, is the horror and dread of them all.

It is this which comes to August Jarlsen on his wedding day. He is carried to his bride, scorched and blackened, stricken deaf and blind. Instead of a wedding ceremony it is the "blast rite" which is pronounced over him—a superstitious form of funeral service which the Scandinavian iron-workers are accustomed to go through over their countrymen who are thus rendered dead to the world while yet in the flesh.

The writer shows a thorough acquaintance with these half-alien people, and she knows how to touch a chord of sympathy as she lays bare their barren lives. Emma, who watches over the singed and crippled man who was to have been her husband, and eases his pain with a mother's tenderness, is finely portrayed, and has a vigor of character that does something to lighten the gloom of the story. But only a little, for it is a most painful tale in its sober reality. At the end it is equally pleasant and unexpected to find the shadows lightened, after all, by a happy dénouement.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A Story with Some Style About It.

"The Ruthless Avenger," by Mrs. Conney, is quite crammed with sensations. The hero, Ralph Evelyn, is accused of brutally murdering his cousin and stealing her jewels. Rather than reveal the truth and by so doing cast a slur on the dead woman's name, he prepares to fly to America. He is captured, but escapes through a railway accident which lands him near his old home, where he has been brought up by the Earl of Deptford on the understanding that he is only a cousin by courtesy, there being a bar sinister across his scutcheon. Concealing himself in a haunted chamber, he remains at the abbey long enough to find his grandmother's marriage lines, thus establishing his claim to the earldom, and to be discovered by his little cousin, Heleo, who keeps his secret and helps him to escape. Years after, when she has grown up into a beautiful and fascinating heiress, he returns as Ricardo, the owner of fabulous millions which he has picked up in America.

All this is a mere introduction to the thrilling situations which multiply as the story progresses, and which will surely satisfy the most thirsty cravings for melodrama.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Some Up-to-Date Feminine Moralizing.

The Women Who Did had almost a recruit in the heroine of "Nobody's Fault," by Netta Syrett. This morbid and unpleasant work depicts "the degrading existence of a woman who does not love her husband, but is forced to be his slave." She spends much time analyzing her emotions, and finally, forsaking her uocongenial partner, prepares to dare the social tenets of "a world which is slowly freeing itself from the chains of prejudice and of hateful, perverted morality." She is about to join her lover, who a friend, still a prey to "stupid conventions," questions her concerning the future:

"If he—if Mr. Travers—divorces you, shall you—?" Helen faltered.

"Marry? No. What will he use?" Bridget, the advanced moralist, responds.

But an obstacle intervenes, and after an agoized interview, diversified by hopeless, bitter tears and muffled heart-throbs, the lovers part, and Bridget consoles herself by writing a "strong but delicate novel," which achieves a success. "Nobody's Fault" is neither the one nor the other, and no such fate is likely to overtake it.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

An Inexperienced Earl and Countess.

Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose pen never seems to rest, has written another story of English country life called "Successors to the Title." Dolly Feveril and his little wife, May, a young couple who are neither witty nor wise nor particularly interesting to any one but themselves, all at once find themselves called to a high station. Through several unexpected deaths, they become the Earl and Countess of St. Bees, an elevation which had seemed so remote that they had never contemplated its possibility. Giving up their holiday life of wandering hap-hazard about the Continent, they betake themselves to their ancestral halls, and straightway fall into difficulties. The "county families" find them altogether too feather-headed for their rank, and manifold are their blunders, perplexities, and bewilderments. But after six months of ups and downs, they adjust themselves to their position, become delightfully popular, and are voted a model earl and countess. Though the texture of the story

is exceedingly thin, the easy flow of the dialogue and the animation of style make it readable enough for amusement seekers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

F. Frankfort Moore's novel, "A Gray Eye or So," has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Story of the Solar System: Simply Told for General Readers," by George F. Chambers, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, has been issued in the Library of Useful Stories published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"Alden's Living Topics Cyclopedia," a record of recent events and of the world's progress in all departments of knowledge, of which the first volume covers entries from *Abbas to Boyesen*, is published by John B. Alden, New York; price 50 cents.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet," annotated for school use, and Southey's "Life of Nelson," similarly treated, have been issued in the Eclectic English Classics published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 25 and 40 cents, respectively.

"The Art of Cookery," by Emma P. Ewing, superintendent of the Chautauqua School of Cookery, is a manual for homes and schools, treating of marketing, food materials, methods of cooking, mixing, seasoning, and serving and garnishing. Published by Fland & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, \$1.75.

Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple," illustrated by J. Ayton Symington and with an introduction by David Hannay; and Disraeli's "Sybil; or, The Two Nations," illustrated by F. Pegrom and with an introduction by H. D. Traill, have been issued in the reprints of famous novels published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Brown Heath and Blue Bells" is the title of a little book of sketches of travel in Scotland by William Winter, the noted dramatic critic. Ten of these treat of the scenic beauties and historic associations of various Scottish scenes; and to them are appended a few other papers in similar vein, a few tributes to famous men, and a poem, "Oo the Verge." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Things that Matter," by Francis Gribble, opens with a four-years wife remarking to her husband on the oddity of the fact that they have never fallen in love with one another. He is an artist—English, but sufficiently untrammelled to make a fool of himself over a dancer—and she is a modern, complicated woman who kills herself because she can not make him understand her. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Last Touches," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is a volume of short stories issued in the Novelists' Library Series. Most of them are love tales of mediocre quality. The first one relates to a melodramatic vein the process by which a once beautiful woman beguiles a famous artist, an old lover of hers, to paint her portrait as she had been twenty years before in the heyday of youth. The other stories are equally romantic in texture and mild in flavor. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the latter in the uncensored state in which the author's death left it, have been issued as a single volume in the new edition of Charles Dickens's works which is reprinted from the corrected edition of 1869. Each of the stories is furnished with a biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens, the Younger, and has facsimiles of the title-pages, wrappers, etc., of the original edition. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Criminal Sociology," a translation of a portion of Professor Ferri's work on this subject, is the second volume issued in the Criminology Series. The first chapter, "The Data of Criminal Anthropology," is an inquiry into the individual conditions which tend to produce criminal habits of mind and action. The second, "The Data of Criminal Statistics," is an examination of the adverse social conditions which tend to drive certain sections of the population to crime. Professor Ferri holds that, while crime is not to be diminished by codes of criminal law, but rather by the improvement of social conditions, still criminal codes are essential to the preservation of society, and hence he devotes his last chapter to "Practical Reforms" in criminal law and prison administration. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

Scarcely less wonderful than photography by the Roentgen method is the new science of chronophotography, a word not to be found in the "Century" nor in the new "Standard" dictionary, but which means the graphic representation of motion by a succession of photographs taken at uniform brief intervals of time. The pioneers in this science are Muybridge, the San Francisco photographer who first took instantaneous photographs, and Professor E. J. Morey, a French

physicist, whose new book, "Movemeot," has been translated by Eric Pritchard, and is issued in the International Scientific Series. This book records the results of some very interesting experiments in photographing men, animals, birds, fishes, and even insects in motion, with two hundred illustrations showing the apparatus, the methods, and the results. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

VERSE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Nocturne.

O the long, long street and the sweet
Sense of the night, of the Spring!
Lamps in a glittering string,
Pointing a path for our feet.

Pointing and beckoning—where?
Far out of thought, out of view,
Deep through the dusk and the dew:
What but seems possible there!

O the dark Spring night and the bright
Glint of the lamps in the street!
Strange is their summons, and sweet,
O my beloved, to-night!

—Graham R. Tomson's "A Bird Bride."

Overland.

A treeless stretch of grassy plains,
Blue-bordered by the summer sky;
Where past our swaying, creaking stage,
The buffaloes go thundering by,
And antelope in scattered bands
Feed in the breezy prairie-lands.

Far down the west a speck appears,
That falls and rises, on and on,
An instant to the vision clear,
A moment more, and it is gone—
And then it dashes into sight,
Swift as an eagle's downward flight.

A ring of hoofs, a flying steed,
A shout—a face—a waving hand—
A flake of foam upon the grass
That melts—and then alone we stand,
As now a speck against the gray
The pony-rider fades away.

—Ernest McGaffey's "Poems."

Yesterday.

My friend, he spoke of a woman face;
It puzzled me and I paused to think.
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace
Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink
I said: "Oh, yes, but you wrong her years.
She's only a child, with faiths and fears
That childhood fit. I tell thee nay;
She was a girl just yesterday."

"The years are swift and sure, I trow"
(Quoth he). "You speak of the long ago."

Once I strolled in a garden spot
And every flower upraised a head
(So it seemed), for they, I wot,
Were mates of mine; each bloom and hed,
Their hours for sleep, their merry mood.
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,
Were known to me; it was my way
To visit them hut yesterday.

Spake one red rose, in a language low:
"We saw you last in the long ago."

* * * * *

'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
By a hundred paths of pain and glee,
'Till I guess the truth at last, and know
That Yesterday is the Long Ago.

—Richard Burton's "Dumb in June."

A Letter From a Girl to Her Own Old Age.

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for the weight of years that break thee!
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveler, morn is gray in heaven,
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
Is hut a gray and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

* * * * *

Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy gray hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

—Alice Thompson's "Poems."

Warburton Pike's volume of travel, "Through the Southern Arctic Forest," will be issued this spring by Edward Arnold. It records a canoe journey of four thousand miles from Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes and down the Yukon River to Behring Sea. Mr. Pike for some months was cut off from outside supplies, and supported himself by hunting and fishing.

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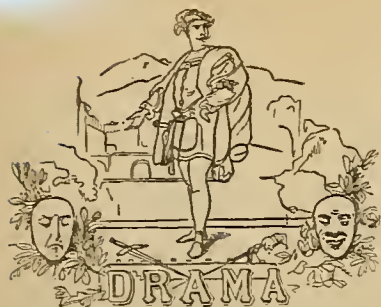
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It has only been within the last few years that the English spoken on the stage in this country has been the subject of attention. People are beginning to speak of it. Occasionally it is criticised. Sometimes, when it is extremely bad, some desperate purist gets up and objects. The last development in its evolution is the suggestion of a certain stage-manager that classes be formed where aspirants for dramatic honors may be taught to speak the language correctly.

It is the advent of the foreigner upon our shores that has awakened in us a sense of our own shortcomings. We have heard the French actors, and we have seen how musical a thing spokeo language may be. We have heard the Italian actors, and we have learned that the voice can be cultivated to produce sounds as full and deep and rich as the notes of a cello and the murmurous music in a shell. We have heard the English actors, and we have realized how exquisitely clean and clear articulation can be made, how pleasant to the ear—accustomed with our own players to strain at every sound—to hear each syllable given its true weight and value.

Our best companies have learned much from these foreign visitors. One hears actors who can articulate with crystalline distinctness, like Frederic Robertson and E. M. Holland; who have superbly rich and sonorous voices, like the late John McCullough and Alexander Salvini; who speak melodiously, like Ada Rehan and Frederick Warde. But outside sporadic cases, such as these, the language, as spoken on the stage, is still harsh, slipshod, and careless. There is no theatrical organization in the United States where the English used is choice and pure throughout the company. Yet every good French troupe that has been to this country has spoken a language that to its mellifluous and fluent purity was almost as pleasing to the ear as tuneful singing.

It is the need of organization and intelligent direction in American theatricals—plainly speaking, the need of the competent manager—that allows the players on our stage to go on speaking any sort of lingo they please. In France, they train the players how to speak, just as they train them how to act. Here they do just what they like—and, oh, what strange freaks of speech have we not heard on the boards! What a terrible fashion there was a few years ago for actors to use a wild, uncanny language that they had the effrontery to call English. Some of them had got it down so fine you could hardly understand them. No one said them nay, and until the craze abated, they went on chattering like Mr. Garner's monkeys, only there was no Mr. Garner to translate it for us. Maud Adams, John Drew's leading lady, had a terrible case of it. For about two years you could hardly understand a word she said. Fortunately time has cured her of the infirmity, and she now speaks plainly and clearly like a rational being.

This was merely an affectation, but an affectation that a good manager would have torn up by the roots without waiting for it to develop. Our managers seemed to be afraid of interfering, and the actors had to go through a siege of it, as they went through measles in their childhood, while the audience paid a dollar and a half to hear their mother-tongue murdered. Worse than this is the coarse voice, the untrained articulation of the player who comes from the uncultivated class. There are many of these actors upon the stage in this country, some of them very talented. Their parents may have been poor but honest, but they did not use correct English, or know how to teach it to their offspring. Talent lifts the child of the people upward; the playwright writes grammatical lines for him to recite, but nobody tries to show him how to smooth from his speech the crudeness, the roughness, the harshness of his husky-toned, gamin childhood.

We have had one example of this that ought to teach us the value and necessity of training dramatic aspirants to talk. Of the only two great actresses who have appeared in the United States, one of them marred her stage success and blighted the glory of her genius by never attempting to refine her method of pronunciation, to train her voice, to cultivate the charm of melodious speech. Clara Morris was a genius; the divine fire burned in her as it has burned in no other stage woman since Charlotte Cushman. She was handicapped by ill-health and by the most hideously coarse and uncultured voice that ever rasped the ears of an audience. Her power, passionate and fiery, carried her through, and in those days the American people had not learned the importance of a beautiful voice. They had not yet heard Sarah Bernhardt's *voix d'or*.

That Clara Morris should never have overcome this defect shows how crude were the audiences that allowed her—the great star of the country—to continue in such a dreadful error. Her followers, mindful of her example, have been as careless as she. When an actress in this country has a fine voice, it is only a lucky chance. She can build herself up and train herself down into a fine figure, she can massage, and steam, and iron, and grease herself into the possession of a fairly good-looking face, but her voice goes its own gait, and if Heaven has given her a soft one, or a full one, or a rich one, it is just a piece of luck. Ada Rehan had that luck, and we listen to her melodious utterances with soothed content. Marie Burroughs did not, and we see a pretty, clever, attractive woman mouthing out ugly tones where the Western burr is thick upon the end of every syllable upon which it can stick, and a slap-dash, careless pronunciation takes the sentiment from every tender word, the romance from love itself.

This neglect of the art of speaking is all the more singular as—singing alone excepted—the voice is of more importance on the stage than in any other position in life. It is the second of the actor's great mediums of expression. It is quite as important for him to have it completely under his control as it is for the tenor. Facial expression is his first mode of communication with his audience; then vocal expression comes. In real life, what does not the voice tell? How, when the face is impassive as a mask, the sudden change, delicate and fine, in the *timbre* of the voice makes its revelation. It is a finer reflector of the emotions than the face, which the strong will can hold in a blank calm. In some of the scenes in "La Tosca," Sarah Bernhardt, under the stress of mental anguish, gave forth strange, inarticulate moans and cries, as though nature, strained beyond its limits of endurance, reverted to the primitive forms of vocal expression when man and animal were almost one. The effect was frightful in its suggestion of spiritual suffering so acute as to have become physical.

Those two great Italians, Tomasso Salvini and Eleonora Duse, have used their voices as instruments upon which their emotions play, extracting sounds of ethereal sweetness and notes of dole and grief. No *Aolian* harp ever answered to the breeze so promptly as do their spokeo words to the feelings that sway them, sad or gay, passionate or trivial. They are long beyond the mere stage of vocal culture. They have ascended to the level of completed achievement, where the voice and the face obey the directing genius which has subdued them to its control. But to the merest amateur they have opened a vista of artistic possibility. They have shown the hundreds hoping to tread in their wake how tremendous a part the articulation of language plays in the work of the actor.

In the smaller companies in this country there is an utter and complete disregard as to the style of English employed and the pronunciation of the players. This is the way it used to be in the big companies in the Clara Morris days. They all speak just as they please. To act a play in a particular section of the country and have each person using a different accent is something we are so accustomed to that we never think of it as odd. Indeed, the only native accent recognized and admitted is the Southern, and we have heard some queer varieties of that. We hear the Western burr—the ugliest accent in the United States and confined to the great basin in the middle of the country—spoken in plays of New York, and we hear hardy ranchmen and noble frontiersmen talking with the broad "a," which is only used in parts of New England and has not the least resemblance to the broad "a" of the English, as the New Englanders couple it with a nasal tone. When we begin to cultivate accuracy of detail, we will no doubt turn our attention to these points, but let the greater evil be uprooted first.

This is just the pure and simple bad elocution which is rampant on the American stage. Take the Frawley Company, for example. Here is an organization of clever people, young, enthusiastic, having escaped the deadly influence of the dramatic school, and being one and all earnest and conscientious, yet there is not one in the company who speaks at once clearly, correctly, melodiously, and distinctly. This lady articulates well, but has a bad accent; that one has a refined manner of speaking, but she talks at such a rate that she might as well be using another language. This man has a fine, full, resonant voice, but it is entirely without modulations, and he makes love in exactly the same key that he delivers an order to put a man in irons; the other man has varying and harmonious inflexions in his vocal chords, but he is always at such a gallop that every shade of sound is lost in the hurry.

It would not be a simple matter for this company, or for any of the other hundred companies like it, to cure themselves of this besetting ill of the American drama, but cure themselves they must. We have heard too many good outsiders not to resent the inferior domestic lingo that is spokeo to us at home. We want to hear what is going on on the stage, and we will go where we can hear. More than that, we want to hear the women who are acting the parts of ladies talk as ladies do, and the men who are portraying aristocrats and gentlemen talk like aristocrats and gentlemen. We want to hear our own language. Really, the stage ought to teach it to us, instead of we teaching the stage. We have had enough of the unintelligible jargon that is called an "English accent," and which no English person ever was heard to employ. There is an American language—Edwin Booth spoke it, John Gilbert spoke it, Lawrence Barrett spoke it, Mrs. John Drew speaks it, and so does Joseph Jefferson.

The account of the dynamite explosion at Johannesburg, Africa, was cabled at a cost of two dollars a word and a total expense of about forty thousand dollars to the Associated Press.

Etelka Gerster, who has partially lost her singing voice, is about to start a vocal academy in Berlin.

—THE NEW RUSSIAN BATH, WITH NEEDLE shower, that has been under construction at the Lurline Baths, corner of Larkin and Bush Streets, is now in working order and is proving a great attraction, as is evidenced by the numbers who attend daily. The price of admission to the baths, together with the privileges of the swimming-baths, has been placed at 50 cents. The tank is filled with fresh sea-water every night.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Captain Impudence" a Popular Success.
Milton Royle's new play, "Captain Impudence" (formerly known as "Mexico"), now at the California Theatre, is a pleasant little comedy in a war setting. It begins with the pact of a widowed father and his young daughter that neither will marry before the other, and the Mexican War, far from furnishing scenes of carnage and the shock of battle, merely provides sufficient obstacles to sustain the interest through three acts, before the major and his child absolve themselves by a double marriage to a military widow and a gallant young captain. The scenes are occasionally pathetic, and even tragic; but the romantic and comedy elements predominate, and the dialogue is constantly a source of laughter—sometimes unconsciously, as when the lover refers to the girl's "sole surviving male parent."

"Captain Impudence" has gone so well that the management has reconsidered its purpose to put on "Friends," and will continue the new play all next week.

The Return of "Sinbad."

The general verdict on the company now presenting "A Texas Steer" at the Columbia Theatre is that it is better than the one that appeared in the play at the California, some years ago. Of course Flora Walsh is missed, but Dorothy Sherrod does very fairly in the rôle of Bossy, and the minor characters are excellently taken. "A Texas Steer" will be continued through Sunday night.

On Monday night Henderson's American Extravaganza Company will begin a two weeks' engagement in "Sinbad." The burlesque has been brushed up in the dialogue and a lot of new and catchy songs have been introduced; the best of the old ones, however, such as "The Bogie Man," have been retained. The company, headed by Louise Eissing, Frankie Raymond, Oscar Gerard, and Hugh Chilvers, comprises fully two hundred persons, and among them are some clever comedians and specialists and a quantity of young women chosen with an eye to their ability to fill thinking parts to the satisfaction of the spectator. The ballet *divertissement* will be headed by Maria Ferrero and Signor Biancifiore, and the costuming and the new scenery, painted by Fred Daingerfield, are said to be on a super-Chicagoan scale of magnificence.

The Last Week of "A Milk White Flag."

It was not a mistake on the part of the Baldwin management to book "A Milk White Flag" for three weeks, if one may judge by the size of the audiences. The orchestra and dress-circle are comfortably filled every night, and on Saturday and Sunday nights there is scarcely a seat to be had by eight o'clock. The attendance has rather increased during the present week. "A Milk White Flag" will be continued all next week, including two Sunday night performances.

The next attraction at the Baldwin will be James O'Neill, who begins a two weeks' engagement in romantic and legitimate plays on March 30th. For the first week the repertoire will include "Monte Cristo," in which Mr. O'Neill has made a fortune, "Virginus," "Hamlet," and "The Courier of Lyons," taken from the same source as Henry Irving's "Lyons Mail." In the company are Florence Rockwell, Hallett Thompson, William Pascoe, and others less widely known.

"Said Pasha" at the Tivoli.

"Maritana," as it is sung at the Tivoli Opera House, this week, has found many admirers, but it must yield to the inevitable law of change and give way, after the performances of this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings, to Richard Stahl's "Said Pasha," which will be sung all next week.

This romantic comic opera was first given at the Tivoli some years ago, and it is revived perennially, always meeting with popular favor. The many liberties that are taken with the dialogue, the local bits in the topical songs, and the introduction of new specialties make each revival almost a new production, and the present one promises to be novel and elaborate. Kate Marchi, the original Serena, will be heard in the same part; Fanny Liddiard will be the Queen of Altara, Carrie Roma the Balah-Sojah, W. H. West the Said Pasha, John J. Raffael the Hassen Bey, Ferris Hartman and Fred Kavanagh the Hodad and Nockey, Martin Pache the Terano, and Anna Schnabel, Irene Mull, and others will complete the cast.

An Irish-American Hero.

"The Hoop of Gold" is in its last nights at Morosco's Grand Opera House, as it will be retired after Sunday night.

Something of a novelty will be the appearance of Carroll Johnson at the Grand on Monday night in an Irish-American play, entitled "The Irish Statesman." Johnson is a comedian with a minstrel training. He was one of the bright particular stars when Charley Reed was conducting the Standard as a regular minstrel theatre, and his unctuous humor and the funny break in his voice made him a popular favorite. Since those days he has appeared in white face and in black, but

his appearance as the hero of "a progressive Irish-American play" has the charm of the unexpected. Johnson will enact the character of an Irish school-master with whom a traveling American heiress falls in love, and on whose career the curtain falls when he is appointed the first American minister plenipotentiary to the Irish republic. This latter event, it may be added, takes place in the year of grace 1900.

Burdette, the Humorist.

Robert J. Burdette, one of the most widely known of American humorists, is to deliver a lecture at the Auditorium on Tuesday night, March 24th. It will be his only public appearance during his present visit to San Francisco, and there will doubtless be a great crowd present to hear him. As a humorous writer, he is known from one end of the country to the other, but the enjoyment of his quaint conceits is increased many times by hearing them from the lips of the man himself. The subject named for his lecture on Tuesday evening is "Good Medicine," but it is not so much his subject as a descriptive title of the lecture, and it is further explained by the statement that "the laughing philosopher will give one hundred doses, one a minute."

Notes.

Stuart Robson has announced that he will act for two more seasons and then leave the stage for good.

Hugh Chilvers, of the "Sinbad" troupe, is said to be a very clever comedian. Louise Eissing and Frankie Raymond are already well known here.

Nat Goodwin is going to Australia to appear in Melbourne and Sydney. He will play an engagement at the Baldwin before his departure for the antipodes.

"Bohemia," the new piece of the Empire Theatre company, which our New York correspondent discusses in another column in this issue, will be seen at the Baldwin in July.

Rose Coghlan will appear in the character of a lady pawnbroker in the new play her brother has written for her. The first performance will take place at Palmer's Theatre, in New York, on Monday night.

The interesting news is promulgated that Fay Templeton employs a valet to look after the male attire she wears. *En revanche*, Richard Harlow, it is said, has a lady's-maid to assist him in donning his gorgeous dresses.

Frank Mayo is coming to the Columbia Theatre soon in the dramatic version of Mark Twain's story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson." He will act the titular rôle, that of an eccentric, witty, philosophical old Missouri lawyer.

The heirs of the late Steele Mackaye are suing the Mallory Brothers for a further share of the profits of "Hazel Kirke," and it has come out in the trial that during its long career the play has made for its owners a million and a half.

John Sparks and Jennie Yeamans are members of the company, headed by Peter F. Dailey, which is to play "A Night Clerk" at the California. Miss Yeamans has the rôle of an actress, and her costumes are expected to create a sensation.

William Lemoyne will retire from the Lyceum Company at the close of the present season. It is to be hoped, however, that he does not intend to abandon the stage permanently. We can ill afford to lose such a sterling actor as Mr. Lemoyne.

The London theatres are so crowded just now that the Carl Rosa Company could find no theatre in which to give its performances, and has had to put up with a sort of Box-and-Cox arrangement at Daly's, giving operatic performances every afternoon.

Mme. Patti is having a new piece written for her by Georges Boyer, who has done her a similar service before. It is to be tried first at her castle in Wales, Craig-y-Nos, and if it proves successful, it will then be given publicly, as was "Mirka the Enchantress."

Among the new stars of next year are to be Burr McIntosh, Walter Jones, of the New York "1492" company; Jeff de Angelis, Wilton Lackaye, the Svengali of "Trilby"; and Harry Connor, whom San Francisco saw as Welland Strong, the invalid in "A Trip to Chinatown." All are to have new plays.

De Wolf Hopper has begun rehearsing his new opera, "El Capitan," which was written for him by Sousa, the famous band-master. It is to be produced in Boston, early in April, and will then go to New York. Edna Wallace Hopper, Bertha Walsinger, Alice Hosmer, Edmund Stanley, Alfred Klein, T. S. Guise, and Harry P. Stone will be in the cast.

The very pretty "Japanese Lullaby" now being played by the Columbia Theatre orchestra during the last *entr'acte* was composed recently by Mr. S. H. Friedlander, one of the managers of the theatre, and is now being played in public for the first time. Mr. Friedlander studied music at the

St. Louis Conservatory of Music at the same time that Miss Currie Duke, the violinist of the Sousa company, was there, but he has never played professionally.

Among the plays Eleonora Duse is to present during her American tour with an English-speaking company, next year, are "Romeo and Juliet," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Cleopatra." The most notable pieces in her present repertoire are "La Locandiera" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Camille" and "Magda."

The Hayman syndicate has bought Richard Mansfield's Pacific Coast tour for a lump sum, and he is announced to follow James O'Neill at the Baldwin Theatre. After him will come the Augustin Daly Company in their repertoire, Nat Goodwin, "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the Empire Theatre stock company.

Primrose and West celebrated their jubilee at the Madison Square Garden in New York last week. They had forty end-men and two hundred singers in the monster "first part." Primrose and West themselves performed the song-and-dance they first did together twenty-five years ago, and among the specialties was a cake-walk in which four hundred men, women, and children took part.

The Augustin Daly company's engagement at the Baldwin Theatre will begin on May 15th, and last three weeks. In the first week, the new piece, "Countess Gucki" and "The School for Scandal" will be given; in the second, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "The Last Word"; and in the third, "Twelfth Night," "The Hunchback," "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honey-moon," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

One of the New York critics devotes several hundred words to a consideration of the fact that Duse, in "Magda," has a trick of looking at and dusting her finger-nails. This, he says, is a wonderfully realistic touch. She does not do it when she first comes home, being a child again and delighted at seeing again the old familiar objects; but, at the first exhibition of the puritanical feeling against her, she looks at the palms of her hands and dusts her polished nails. This, we are given to understand, is evidence of the woman's vanity and of her pleasure in her beauty and luxury as compared with the work-a-day life she had left when she went on the stage and in which her strait-laced critics still toil.

Apropos of the mania for all things Scotch in London just now, one of the English society weeklies says that in a play at the Strand, called "On 'Change,'" lovers of the Scotch school will find "a little Scotchman played to perfection by Mr. Felix Morris, an American actor of great talent." It is a surprise to hear Felix Morris called an American. The first we knew of him in San Francisco was when he appeared at the Bush Street Theatre with Rosina Vokes, more than twelve years ago, and he was considered an English actor then. Ten years ago he created the rôle of the Scotchman in "On 'Change'" in London and made a great hit, on the strength of which the play had a long run. There are people now in the Strand company with him who were also with him in the original cast. "On 'Change,'" by the way, is taken from Von Moser's "Ultimo," an American version of which, made by Bartley Campbell and called "The Big Bonanza," was the saving grace of the somewhat ill-fated season played in this city twenty years ago by Hooley's Comedy Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

A recent account in a London paper of life and society in Johannesburg does not speak highly for that capital. There are educated and refined people there, but they are in a minority. Among them are the clergymen, the physicians, and the professional men and their families. But the "swells" are the mine-owners, most of them millionaires. Their women are vulgar creatures, with dyed hair and cosmetic complexions. They wear loud costumes, and are covered with diamonds in the day-time. Many of them are ex-actresses, ex-harolds, and ex-shop-girls, and they are to be seen driving all day long about the streets of Johannesburg in their gorgeous carriages. The men also are loud, many of them of the aggressively Hebraic type, and are in the habit of drinking champagne at twenty shillings a bottle at any hour of the day. The halls and parties given by these "swells" are sumptuous and vulgar. Flowers are sent many hundreds of miles from Cape Colony. For the suppers, game, fish, and every other delicacy are brought out in the refrigerators of the English mail-steamers. A hall recently given in Johannesburg cost over three thousand pounds. From sixty to one hundred pounds—say, from three to five hundred dollars—a month is paid for a poorly furnished house. Servants get high wages—that is, all except the ignorant Kaffirs. A half-colored girl from Cape Town, who can bake bread and fry eggs, will ask for from seven to eight pounds per month—say, thirty-five or forty dollars—while a white servant-girl can ask almost any price. There is little comfort in Johannesburg. The houses are badly built and badly ventilated, the service is had, and everything is dear.

Discussing international marriages, *Harper's Bazar* says that "there is no reason why American girls should not marry foreigners, provided that at the time of their marriage they are very young, hence susceptible to new impressions, and therefore more likely to assimilate with the people among whom they make their new home. For an American woman of mature years, however, settled opinions, independent, and high-spirited, to contract a marriage with a foreigner would be utter folly, because the inevitable result would be that both would come to grief at the first matrimonial jar, because foreigners consider woman the weaker vessel, a beautiful creature to be worshiped, but to be kept in leading-strings." There is no doubt that the *Bazar* is right in the latter regard, but even American women who have married very young have also made unhappy international marriages, although their chances for happiness are greater than those of elder brides. Apropos of the foregoing, a bill was introduced in the New York legislature last week, levying a tax upon the dowries of all women marrying foreign noblemen in that State, or having dowries paid out of the revenues of property in New York State. "The tax is to be twenty-five per cent. of the total amount of the dowry, and the revenues thus secured are to be devoted to founding manual training-schools for women and for building and maintaining homes for aged and destitute women. The tax is to be collected somewhat as the inheritance taxes are collected in New York State." This bill is as yet only introduced, and may not pass. But no one can deny its equity. If a woman chooses to cast her lot in a foreign country with a foreigner, drawing her revenues from property in her native land, there is no reason why her native land should not burden those revenues with a tax. When it is considered that the State could, if it chose, take all of such property instead of a part of it, young women marrying foreigners ought to be glad to get off with a tax of twenty-five per cent.

The news about bicycling shows that the furore continues on the Continent and in London. In Paris, for example, wheeling has been going on during the winter. There has not been a flake of snow this winter in Paris, and although there has been much overcast weather, there has been little rain. Hence there has been much wheeling on the smooth streets of Paris, and through the Champs-Élysées, and in the Bois. But for those who did not like even this approximation to winter, there were plenty of places where one could wheel in-doors, notably, the Palais-Sport, with its spiral track, which we have before described. Paris is now the last refuge of the bifurcated bicycle garment—that is, in Europe. In England, the struggle between the skirt and the bloomer has resulted as the *Argonaut* predicted—women of fashion affect the skirt. The bloomer, or the bifurcated garment, is relegated in England to the new woman, the strong-minded woman, the shop-girl, and the feminine companion of 'Arry. In Paris, there are still fashionable women who wear what they call "culottes," which are very similar to men's riding-breeches, and some wear knickerbockers, which are simply close-fitting knee-breeches. But even in Paris the line is being drawn. Nearly all the women of the American colony wear skirts, all the English colony wear skirts, and all the Parisians of indisputable good position wear skirts. The giddy ladies, the actresses—the *cocottes*, the shop-girls from the Rue de

la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra—in short, all the ladies of the half-world and the *petites gens* affect the bifurcated garment, and this will seal its fate. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all of the larger cities in the East, the same rule prevails. Women of fashion wear the skirt. But on Sundays, when the shop-girls are out for their holiday, you will see hundreds of bloomers upon the boulevard. In the West it is even more marked. In Chicago, young women of position wear the bloomer who would not think of wearing it in New York. However, as nearly all the women in the world take their fashions from Paris, it is evident that the Parisian reversion to the skirt will affect the wheeling world. All of the costume-makers in Paris are advising their customers to adopt the skirt. Among the titled wheel-women in Europe who wear it may be mentioned Lady Dufferin, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, Marquise de Bonneval, the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse d'Albuer, the Comtesse de Chévalier, the Princess Maud of Wales, the Princess Victoria of Wales, the Countess de Castellane, the Infanta Eulalia, the Duchesse de Doudeauville, the Princesse de Chimay, the Comtesse de Paris, the Comtesse de Pourtales, Mme. Casimir-Perier, Lady Terence Blackwood, Princesse de Broglie, and others.

Talking of these great ladies who ride, a row in a royal family has just been patched up. Princess Luise of Dresden, wife of the crown prince, has taken to riding the bicycle. When the queen heard of this, she was frozen stiff with horror and refused to admit the daring young woman to her presence for many days. At last, however, the princess has been forgiven. Even the staid Queen Margherita of Italy has taken to riding the wheel. It is said that she practices it for the purpose of keeping down her waist. But the triumph of the bicycle is over that doughty old Tory, the Duke of Cambridge, who is Ranger of Hyde Park. For many months the duke refused to allow bicycles within the precincts of the park. Then he concluded to tolerate them there until ten o'clock in the morning. Now they have been allowed to stay there until twelve, and it is whispered in London that he is thinking of extending the time until two. Some of the cyclists have even dared to ask for the erection of a building in the park for the storage of cycles. This has been done in Hampton Court Gardens, where cycles are stored for a small fee, many keeping their wheels exclusively for riding in the park, as it is dangerous getting through the crowded streets. The duke has not yet passed on this application. Apropos of riding in streets, Mr. Balfour, the cabinet minister, was riding in the city the other day, when his wheel was caught between two vehicles and broken under him, and the minister was forced to return home carrying his broken wheel in a hansom cab.

We have frequently had paragraphs discussing the decline of matrimony, not only in this country but in England, and expressed it as our belief that it was due to the hard times. But it would seem as if the tide had turned in England, although it has not done so here. During the last year, the marriage rate has been rising there, and, during the last quarter, the marriage rate has been the highest for ten years. Curiously enough, the increase of population—the excess of births over deaths—has during the last three months also in England been the highest for a decade, the increase having been 82,197.

The gorgeous club-house of the Metropolitan Club of New York, which is the handsomest in the world, is not much frequented by its members, owing to the fact that it is so far uptown. There is a fine dining-room there in the ladies' annex, which is occasionally used by them for luncheons, dinners, and theatre-supper-parties. But on Washington's Birthday the entire club-house was thrown open to the lady guests of the members. Several hundred of the best-known people in New York society were entertained by the club. The affair attracted much attention in New York, according to *Vanity*, although it was not mentioned in the daily papers, and that weekly states that they knew nothing of the occurrence.

The recent carnival in Paris was one of the most successful that has been held there for years. The leading of the "Bœuf Gras," or fattened ox, through the streets, surrounded by the rejoicing populace, is an old tradition in Paris. But it had been allowed to perish for a time. It has been revived of late. This year there were seventeen floats in the procession, drawn by ninety-two horses, one hundred and seventy-eight horsemen in costume, and seven hundred mummies on foot. The day was fine, and the great crowd, shut in between the tall houses along the boulevards over twenty-five miles long, was infectious in its good humor. Then the "confetti" and "serpents" add much to the picturesqueness of the affair. The Parisian "confetti" are much superior to the nasty pellets of plaster used at Nice. They are little disks of colored paper. These are hurled by the handful from the fronts of cafés and from the windows of houses, dropping on the men's heads and women's hats, and changing from one color to another in

the way that the serpentine dancers have made familiar to us. The "serpents" are long strips of colored paper, rolled up like ribbon. One end is held, and they are unrolled when they are thrown, the ends catching on trees, balconies, on the heads of the people, and flying by the thousands through the air. After the procession has passed along the boulevard, the multi-colored "confetti" and the brilliant "serpents" dangling from the trees of the boulevard make a vision of color which it is difficult to forget. Among the stories told of this year's carnival, a gentleman on the Boulevard des Italiens, who was being showered with "confetti" from the windows of a six-story house, noticed among the little flakes some larger pieces of paper. These he picked up and found among them four bank-notes, one of fifty francs and three of one hundred francs, which he took to the nearest police station, where they are now awaiting an owner. Another story told is that of some people living in the Opéra Quarter. The children had been given one of the punches with which people cut out their own "confetti" from sheets of colored paper. The children used up all the paper they could find, and hunting around for more they found two packages in a bureau-drawer, each containing a number of bank-notes. They thought that these would make very pretty "confetti," so they punched them up into paper disks, and threw away about twenty thousand francs in five minutes.

An alarming report is that which comes from New York city. Shoe-dealers have been interviewed, and they state that "women's feet are growing larger." The dealers say that it began about ten years ago, when the sizes used to run from one to six or seven, and when eight was an unheard-of size. Now there are more eights than twos sold. A "5-B" used to be considered quite a large shoe. Now a "6-B" or "7-B" is not considered very large by the dealers. Stern Brothers had thirty-six hundred pairs of Oxford ties made, costing four dollars each to manufacture, the sizes running 1, 1½, and 2, with narrow toes. They found they were utterly unsalable, and are trying to sell them at eighty-five cents to get rid of them; they will not order such small sizes in large numbers any more. Hilton, Hughes & Co.'s shoe department had the same experience. A year ago they ordered eight thousand pairs of fine shoes in 1, 1½, and 2. They cost from four to six dollars a pair. They hawked them all around New York, and finally through the South, but finally had to sell them at ninety cents a pair. Their loss was heavy, and they will make no more small shoes in large quantities.

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RIPANS TABULES

Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Boston, says: "I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I now keep them always at hand. They are the only remedy I use except by a physician's prescription. They are all they claim to be."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir Gavan Duffy, who was Prime Minister of Victoria and Speaker of the legislative assembly of that colony, was once returned to the assembly by a single vote majority. On visiting his constituents subsequently, he was received with a special warmth by an Irish fellow-countryman. "And so," said Sir Gavan Duffy to his friend, "you were one of my supporters." "No, sir," was the reply, "I was two of them."

Charles Goldmark, composer of "The Queen of Sheba," is not celebrated for his modesty. He met in a German railway wagon, recently, a young woman, to whom he said, with an engaging smile: "I suppose that you do not know who I am." She replied, indifferently, "I do not." He insisted, triumphantly, "I am the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba,'" and she commented, tranquilly, "That must be a good job."

Of a Parliamentary Fergusson of the time of Pitt, it is said that his only speech in the House was to move that a window behind where he sat should be mended; but it is also reported that on one occasion he rose, and the unexpected treat of a speech from one whose wit was well known in precincts was greeted with loud shouts of "Hear, hear!" He paused a moment, looked round, then said, "I'll be d—d if you do," and sat down.

Bill Nye's pet story was the one as to how he was charged four dollars for a sandwich in a village in New Jersey. He told the man who sold it that it was a high price for a sandwich, and said that he had frequently gotten a ten-course dinner with four kinds of wine for just making a speech, and finally asked the man why he charged four dollars for a ham sandwich. "Well, I'll tell you," said the sandwich man; "the fact is, by gad, I need the money."

A Chicago whist enthusiast, who thinks he is a great player, recently wrote and published a book on the game, and sent one copy to a famous Milwaukee player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him, with the following letter: "MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the instant, accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist."

Several artists at a Royal Academy dinner, sitting in the neighborhood of Carlyle and Thackeray, were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with slow deliberation: "And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian, and that's another fact about Titian." Thackeray, sipping claret at the moment, paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said, "that is not a fact about Titian. But it is a fact, and a lamentable fact—about Carlyle."

Thaddeus Stevens was once championing some bill in Congress which aroused the opposition of the combined Southern members. He made a brilliant speech in favor of it, and equally brilliant speeches were made on the other side, and the upshot of it was that Stevens was outvoted after a very bitter and passionate partisan debate. Stevens was still boiling with disappointment and bitterness when Tombs, of Georgia, in a taunting way, asked him: "Well, Stevens, how do you feel over your defeat?" "Feel," snapped back Stevens, "feel? I feel like the poor man at the rich man's gate, who was licked by the dogs."

On one occasion the morning overland train of a big north-western railroad system arrived at the end of the first division twenty minutes late. The irascible superintendent immediately wired the conductor to know the cause, but got no answer. Several divisions were passed over in the same way, each report showing the train losing time, and repeated telegrams as to the cause failed to bring any response from the train conductor. Finally the "old man" could stand it no longer and sent a rush message: "For God's sake, why don't you make time?" This answer came back from the conductor: "How in — can I with three car-loads of receivers on board?"

A jocose professor in one of the higher public schools of Philadelphia, during his lectures on chemistry, had occasion to speak of phosphorescence and incidentally of phosphorescent paint, humorously remarking that it would be a first-class thing with which to ornament the key-hole, so that the intemperate would have no difficulty in using a latch-key at night. At a recent examination the unwary professor asked the class to "explain the nature of phosphorescence." Few of the girls remembered anything of it, except their instructor's suggestion about the painting of key-holes, and each girl wrote that out in full upon her examination-paper. The examining committee were horrified when they perused the answer to this question, but the girls were held blameless, and all the fault was cast upon their funny teacher.

Some years ago, a man named Greenfield, living in New York State, killed his wife. He was convicted at the first trial, but the case was carried to the Court of Appeals, which reversed the findings of the lower court. Governor Robinson then ordered a special rehearing to be held at Syracuse. Judge Daniels presided. When an examination of the jurors began, a curious circumstance occurred. One of the jurors declared that he had already prejudged the case. He was asked if he had read the printed accounts in the newspapers. He had not. Neither, he said, had he talked with any one about it. He was accordingly excused. Judge Daniels, however, was not so easily satisfied. He sent the sheriff before the man left the courtroom to ascertain how he could reach a conclusion in a case when he had never read up on it or discussed it. "Why," he replied, "the lawyers made such darned fools of themselves examining the jurors that I knew the prisoner must be guilty."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Turks and Armenians.

[Recently a newspaper interview appeared with Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in which that novelist, who is familiar with the Orient, said some hard things about the Armenians. It excited great horror among American newspaper editors, who, with the impetuosity and warm-heartedness of their class, believe that the Turks are all demons and the Armenians all angels of light. We have received a letter from a naval officer in Turkish waters, who is an Argonaut reader, which will be interesting as showing that there are two sides to every story. For obvious reasons, he does not desire his name appended.—Eus.]

SMYRNA, TURKEY, February 12, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: . . . Things are not settled by any means yet, either here or at minor places both interior and on the coast, notwithstanding the suave promises of the Great Mogul, the Sultan. Of course here, where the population is so very mixed and the Greeks predominate, no immediate trouble is expected, although arms have been found secreted in caves and a large number of Armenian houses marked "for future reference." The next month is really the one to be feared the most, as it is a month of fasting and great religious devotion and prayer, and then it is that the fanatical Turks will break out, if at all. Of course this wholesale murder of Christians is awful, but the Turkish side of the question should be looked into. The Armenians in general are a most rascally set, far more so than the Turks; they hold a large proportion of the Turkish political offices, and cheat right and left. They are educated by the missions, learn the ways and customs of the Christian world, are Christians in one sense of the word, and all this, combined with the cunning of the Turk, make them dangerous, and a menace to the Turkish Government, which they wish to overthrow, and rule themselves. As to being Christians, as you or I understand it, they are far from it. They simply do not believe in the Turkish religion, but have one of their own. Our religion is not theirs. To say the least, it is a very complicated state of affairs, and one that I do not see the end to in the near future.

A Note from Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

NEW YORK CITY, March 8, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some weeks ago I was shown a clipping containing the beautiful poem entitled "Endurance," by Elizabeth Akers Allen, with my name attached.

The person who preserved the clipping was unable to tell me where it appeared. I since learn that it was published some time last fall by a San Francisco periodical—I do not know what one. Will the Argonaut allow me space to state that I had nothing whatever to do with the placing of my signature to those well-known verses of Mrs. Allen's? Such an act would be quite as stupid as dishonest.

Mistakes of this kind are occurring every day, through the over-zeal of editors who imagine they know an author's "style." A Western editor attached Lucy Larcom's name to a poem of mine, and sent it the rounds of the press. My own name was recently published by

an editor as the author of some verses entitled "Her Logic." I never saw the poem until this occurrence, and do not know who the author is.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Information Wanted.

Rainbow Club, Great Falls, Mont., March 6, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your paper of March 2d, mention is made of a device for getting gold from riverbeds. Can you kindly inform me where further particulars can be obtained in regard to it?

I am, yours faithfully, EDWARD KELLY.

GOODYEAR'S RUBBER BELTING AND PACKING CO., R. M. POFFAM, MANAGER. NEW YORK BELTING AND PACKING CO., LIMITED, 308 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I learned in your issue of March 2d of an article headed "Buried Gold in River-Beds," and description of a new device designed to work the river-bed. Will you kindly furnish me the name of the company or party who proposes operating this device, as I should like to correspond with them or him?

By furnishing me this information, you will very much oblige. Yours very truly, R. M. POFFAM. [We do not know the inventor's name and address; perhaps he will communicate directly with these inquirers.—Eus.]

Let us be Prepared.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find money-order for subscription to the Argonaut for one year. I do not want to go without this paper, as it advocates my ideas about the Monroe doctrine and, last but not least, the Cuban affair.

I think that if the President and Congress give as much time to building land fortifications and improving our navy as they do to the affairs of foreign nations, the United States would be better off. Suppose there should be war with England, and the cities lying near Canada as defenseless as now. England in thirty days would have fifty naval vessels there, and would burn every city about the lakes in short order. What the United States should do in the next five to ten years is to fortify our coast and greatly increase our navy, so that we could defy any one or two nations to come to our country and do harm. GEORGE W. HAYNES.

He Was Amused.

MILTON WEST, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, CANADA, March 10, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your wicked appreciation of the high-strung courage and bravery of the New York "gold-hugs" in upholding the President's views in the matter of the Venezuela difficulty with Great Britain, until the value of their stocks began to tumble, then their decided and emphatic preference "for peace at any price," with or without honor, afforded me great amusement. M. H.

An Editor's Bull.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Has that usually well written paper, the American fountain of pure English, *Harper's Weekly*, a "prettie hand at the helm? Vide March 14th editorial re "Partisanship Running Mad"—"Forming a most formidable political machine to stretch its fangs over every election district in the State."

Yours sincerely, A MODEST READER.

[This recalls the famous remark of Sir Boyle Roche in the House of Commons: "Gentlemen, I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air, and, by heaven! I'll nip it in the bud."—Eus.]

The Unkindest Cut of All.

As Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the half-belief that their complaint is imaginary or an affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malarial, kidney, bilious, and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 2 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING! Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896. Belgic.....(Via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 21. Coptic.....(Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, April 8. Gaelic.....(Via Honolulu).....Saturday, April 26. Doric.....(Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 15, 30, April 14, 29. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. March 12, 17, 22, 27, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. March 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 70 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Australian S.S. ALAMEDA, for Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 2d, 2 P. M. S.S. AUSTRALIA, Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 7th, and April 28th, 10 A. M. Only line Coolgardie Gold Fields, Australia. Connection for Cape Town, S. Africa. Low rates. Special parties to Hawaii, reduced rates, April 7th, and April 28th, 1896. Ticket office, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK: Britannic.....April 1 Britannic.....April 29 Majestic.....April 8 Majestic.....May 6 Germanic.....April 15 Germanic.....May 13 Teutonic.....April 22 Teutonic.....May 20 Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco. H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

Dorflinger's American Cut Glass.

TRADE MARK.



Easter Vase { 8 Inch Size, \$2.00 Each.
10 " " 3.00 "
12 " " 4.00 "
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Other vases in a large variety of shapes and cuttings. Also a full line of Rose Bowls.

C. Dorflinger & Sons,

915 BROADWAY, (near 21st St.),

NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emma Butler to Lieutenant Robert F. Lopez, U. S. N. Miss Butler is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Butler, of this city. Lieutenant Lopez is attached to the coast survey steamer *Gedney*, now in this harbor. The wedding is set for next fall.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Sarah M. Hardy and Mr. Warren Gregory. Miss Hardy is the daughter of Judge Hardy, now residing in the Hawaiian Islands; she was graduated from the University of California in 1893, and has since been a professor in Wellesley College. Mr. Gregory resides in this city, and is a member of the law firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory. Mr. Gregory will leave for Honolulu on April 2d, and the wedding will take place shortly after his arrival there.

Mrs. Hager is to entertain about three hundred of her friends, about the middle of April, by giving an amateur theatrical entertainment at one of the halls here—probably the Native Sons' Hall. Neither the date nor place has been definitely determined, nor has the full cast of characters been decided upon. The farce-comedy "A Modern Ananias," in three acts and with a cast of eight ladies and gentlemen, is the play to be presented. Afterward there will be a ball and a supper.

Colonel Charles F. Crocker gave a dinner-party recently at his residence on Leavenworth Street. His guests were Baron and Baroness Hungelmiles, of Washington, D. C., Baron and Baroness von Schröder, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerio gave a dinner-party recently at their residence, 1111 Pine Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Miss Emma Butler, Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Mr. Edward H. Sheldon.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers gave a dinner-party recently at their residence, 1209 Jones Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson, Mrs. Paxton, and Mr. Frank L. Owen.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Tuesday evening, and on the following day took his guests down to the Burlingame Club. Among those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, the Misses Morton, of New York, and the Misses Williams.

The annual election of directors of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art will take place on Tuesday, March 31st. The nominating committee has named the following gentlemen as directors on the regular ticket: Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. J. C. Johnson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Charles R. Bishop, Mr. William G. Stafford, and Mr. J. B. Crockett.

Their Price Betrays Them

Baking powders sold, either wholesale or retail, at a lower price than the "Royal," are almost invariably made from alum and should be avoided under all circumstances.

Alum baking powders make unwholesome food, and no housewife having regard for the health of her family will knowingly use them. Resist all efforts of peddlers and grocers to sell them to you.

Aside from the fact that low-priced baking powders contain alum and are unwholesome, their use is extravagant. It requires two pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening gas.

Economical food, pure and wholesome food, and food that is of finest flavor, light, sweet, and palatable, require the use of ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Two Wagnerian Concerts.

Two notable concerts will be given at the Auditorium next week, the first on Thursday evening at a quarter-past eight o'clock and the second on Saturday afternoon at half-past two. The singers will be Mme. Materna and Anton Schott, the Wagnerian tenor, who has been for years one of the leading lights of the German Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, and the solo musicians will be Herr Ondrick, the violinist, and Arthur Fickenschner, a pianist who, like Herr Schott, will now make his first appearance in San Francisco. In addition to these, there will be an orchestra of fifty musicians, under the leadership of Isidore Luckstone, the pianist of the Materna-Ondrick combination, with John Marquardt, formerly Scheel's first violinist, as concertmeister. The programme for Thursday evening is as follows:

Overture, "Mignon," Thomas, orchestra; concerto, Mendelssohn, Franz Ondrick and orchestra; aria, "Kienzi" (by request), Wagner, Amalia Materna; concerto, E-flat, Liszt, Arthur Fickenschner and orchestra (his first appearance in San Francisco); "Lohengrin's Narration," Wagner, Anton Schott (his first appearance in San Francisco); Hungarian airs (by request), Ernst, Franz Ondrick; selections, first act "Walkure," (a) introduction, (b) "Love Song," (c) duet, Wagner; Sigmund, Amalia Materna; Sigmund, Anton Schott.

And that for the Saturday matinee is as follows: Polonaise, Liszt, Arthur Fickenschner; sonata, Op. 13, violin and piano, moderato con moto, moderato theme, var. 1., var. II. scherzo, finale, adagio, moderato con moto, Rubenstein, Ondrick and Luckstone; selections, Meistersingers, (a) "Am Stillen Heerd," (b) Preislied, Wagner, Anton Schott; (a) barcarole, Ondrick, (b) polonaise, Wieniawski, Franz Ondrick; aria, "La Juive" (by request), Halvy, Amalia Materna; valse, Moskowski, Arthur Fickenschner; rondo des lutins, Bazzini, Franz Ondrick; selections, last act "Tannhäuser," (a) introduction, (b) "Evening Star," (c) "Pilgrim Chorus," (d) prayer, Wagner, Materna and Schott.

San Francisco as a Musical Centre.

San Francisco as a musical centre is discussed by the New York *Vocalist*, which says:

"Paderewski received a warm welcome in San Francisco. In speaking of his audience, he commented on the large proportion of really musical people that it contained. San Francisco is the one American city west of New York in which an operatic manager may count safely on making up an orchestra or a chorus of highly trained professionals. It was also the first city in this country to establish cheap popular opera in the Neapolitan style. At present, besides Paderewski, the Tavery Opera Company and a local symphony orchestra are giving regular performances to paying audiences. Is there another city in the United States, except New York or Boston, that could do as much?"

Since the above was written, Sousa and now Mme. Materna and Ondrick, the great violinist, have proved so popular that it was necessary to extend their engagements. From Sousa to Paderewski and Ondrick is a far cry, but San Francisco is very catholic in its love for music.

The Hawthorne Society.

The Hawthorne Society gave an entertainment on Friday evening, consisting of a historical piano recital by Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, the Misses Cellarius, Mrs. George H. Perry, and Mr. A. Sundland. The following programme was presented:

Air with variations, "Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel (1685-1759), Miss Elsie Cellarius; (a) fantasia, C minor (Grieg), Mozart (1756-1791), (b) concerto, C minor, Bach (1685-1750), Miss Aimée Cellarius and Mr. A. Sundland; rondo brillante, Weber (1786-1826), Miss Aimée Cellarius; (a) sonata, A major, Mozart, (b) nocturne, A major, Field (1782-1837), (c) gigue, G major, Bach, (d) minuet, B minor, Schubert (1797-1828), (e) "Perpetual Motion," Weber, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; air with variations (Saint-Saëns), Beethoven (1770-1827), Mrs. George H. Perry and Mr. Mansfeldt; (a) aria, "Nina," Pergolesi (1710-1736), (b) "Moment Musical," F minor, Schubert, (c) sarabande, G minor, (d) gavotte, G minor, Bach, (e) "Invitation to the Dance" (Tausig), Weber, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Belcher Concert.

Mr. Frank H. Belcher gave a concert last Thursday evening at Native Sons' Hall, which was well attended. The following programme was presented:

Male quartet, "The Corn is Waving," Buck, Press Club Quartet; tin-whistle rhapsodies, anon, Dr. W. H. Sieberst; haritone solo, "Song of the Helmet," Charles Archer, Mr. Frank H. Belcher; cello solo, "Northern Romance," Bohm, Dr. Arthur T. Regensberger; contralto solo, selected, Mrs. Olive Reed; tenor solo, "Love's Nocturne," Kellie, Mr. Frank Coffin; a few minutes with Mr. Robert Mitchell; soprano solo, recitative and aria from act third, "Maritana," Wallace, Miss Carrie Roma; sketches, "People I Have Seen," Mr. James Swinnerton; haritone solo, (a) "Hewas a Prince," Lohrn, (b) "Answer," Robyn, Mr. Frank H. Belcher.

The subscription lists for the Seidl concerts, to be given at the Columbia Theatre during the last week in May, will be ready on Monday morning next. Subscribers for the nine concerts can secure a season ticket for twenty dollars, while the regular price will be three dollars for each seat on the ground floor. The subscribers will also have the choice of seats in advance of the general public. In addition to Seidl and his orchestra, the two famous violin virtuosos, Emil Sauret and Achille Rivarde, will come to San Francisco.

The third concert given by the Euterpe and Orpheus Quartets will take place at Beethoven Hall, Friday evening, March 27th. The quartets will be assisted by Miss Helen Marshall Anderson, Miss Girda Wismer, Miss Mary Pasmore, Mr. Loring P. Rixford, Mr. Peter Johannsen, and Mr. Fred Maurer.

THE AMATEUR ORLANDO.

The wave of amateur theatricals which is sweeping over the town makes timely the publication of the following poem, written by the late George T. Lanigan, a brilliant newspaper man, who is best remembered for his famous rhyme on the death of the Akkond of Swat:

It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
(Kind reader, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class,
Don't call that Amateur.)
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
And every other age.

It had a walking gentleman,
A leading juvenile,
First lady in hook-muslin dressed,
With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
Benignant heavy pa,
And heavier still was the heavy vill-
Ain, with his fierce "Ha! Ha!"

There wasn't an author from Shakespeare down—
Or up to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren't competent
(S. Wegg) collar and throw.
And when the winter time came round—
"Season" 's a stagier phrase—
The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
Of the Bard of Avon's plays.

"Twas 'As You Like It' that they chose;
For the leading lady's heart
Was set on playing *Rosalind*,
Or some other page's part.
And the President of the Am. Dram. Ass.,
A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for *Orlando*, in which rôle
He felt he'd make his mark.

"I mind me," said the President
(All thoughtful was his face),
"When *Orlando* was taken by Thingummy
That *Charles* was played by Mace,
Charles hath not many lines to speak,
Nay, not a single length—
Oh, if I find we can a Musselman
(That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as *Charles*—
But alas, it can't be did—"

"I can," replied the Treasurer;
"Let's get The Hunky Kid."
This Hunky Kid of whom they spoke,
Belonged to the P. R.;
He always had his hair cut short,
And always had catarrh.
His voice was gruff, his language rough,
His forehead villainous low,
And 'neath his broken nose a vast
Expanse of jaw did show.
He was forty-eight about the chest,
And his fore-arm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a half—
Such was The Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass., they have engaged
This pet of the P. R.;
As *Charles the Wrestler* he's to be
A bright particular star.
And when they put the programme out,
Announce him thus they did:
Orlando.....Mr. ROMEO JONES;
Charles.....Mr. T. H. KIDD.

The night has come; the house is packed,
From pit to gallery,
As those who through the curtain peep
Quake inwardly to see.
But all's at sea behind the scenes,
Why do they fear and funk?
Alas, alas, The Hunky Kid
Is lamentably drunk!

"Ring up! ring up!" *Orlando* cried,
"Or we must cut the scene;
For *Charles the Wrestler* is imbued
With poisonous benzine;
And every moment gets more drunk
Than he before has been."

The wrestling scene has come and *Charles*
Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him is an inclined plane,
The footlights make him blink.
Still strives he to act well his part
Where all the honor lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines
His language recognize.
Instead of "Come, where is this young—?"
This man of hone and brawn,
He squares himself and hellsows: "Time!
Fetch your *Orlandos* on!"

"Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
Fair *Rosalind* said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
Grapple right furiously;
But *Charles the Wrestler* had no sense
Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones,
In Græco-Roman style;
He got what they call a grape-vine lock
On that leading juvenile.
He flung him into the orchestra;
And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
No matter what—and died!

When once the tiger has tasted blood,
And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
Than he can possibly eat.
And thus it was with The Hunky Kid;
In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against *Rosalind*,
Not in the way of kindness;
He chased poor *Celia* off at L.,
At R. U. E. *Le Beau*,
And he put such a head upon *Duke Fred*,
In fifteen seconds or so,
That never a one of the courtly train
Might his haughty master know.

* * * * *
And that's precisely what came to pass,
Because the luckless carles
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
Cast The Hunky Kid for *Charles*!

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Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

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patent pots and processes are not needed, and there are no secrets about making a cup of Ghirardelli's Cocoa. Just pour boiling milk on it, boil slowly a couple of minutes, and add sugar to suit. No waiting or fussing. Make it instantly, any time, as desired; neither too much nor too little. The most nourishing, invigorating and refreshing form of liquid food is

Ghirardelli's COCOA

Sold by all Grocers
32 Cups for 25c.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Alice Owen left last Tuesday to visit her uncle on his ranch near Visalia, and will be away about ten days. Mrs. Henry T. Scott left on March 13th for England, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen will leave next week to occupy their cottage in Ross Valley. In June, they will go to Paris to meet Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell. The latter were making the Nile trip when last heard from. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, née Hohart, arrived in New York, from Europe, last Saturday. They were met by Mrs. C. E. Lester, Miss Ella Hohart, and Miss Vassant.

Mrs. Sannel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have been at Paso Robles during the past week.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding returned from Europe last Tuesday evening. He will remain here three weeks, and then return to New York.

Mr. George E. P. Hall is in the south of France. Mrs. Horace L. Hill and Master Horace Hill are at Paso Robles.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Miss J. Smedberg, and Miss Edith McBean are passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Miss Sara Collier has been at Villa Ka Bel, her home near Clear Lake, for the past fortnight, and has been entertaining the Misses Hannah and Juliette Williams, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Walter Scott Hohart.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin will pass the summer in Ross Valley.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and family will pass the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William S. Tevis returned to her home in Bakersfield last Saturday after a visit here of several weeks.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick left last Wednesday for Europe, and will be away several months.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin are occupying Golden Gate Cottage at Santa Cruz, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter and Miss Ada Russell, of Alameda, have returned from a month's visit to San Antonio, Tex., and New Orleans, La.

Mr. James M. Wilson, of the Alaska Commercial Company, returned from Belfast, Ireland, last Saturday, after an absence of several months. He will leave to-morrow for Sitka, and will then proceed overland to St. Michael's Station, Alaska, where he will remain until next October.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., has returned from a visit to Paso Robles.

Mr. Alfred J. Rich left last Saturday for Europe, and will be away two months.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned from her trip to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bigelow have returned from a visit to the City of Mexico.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander J. G. Green, U. S. N., will be detached from the Norfolk Navy Yard on March 26th and ordered to the command of the *Marion* now at Valparaiso, Chile. Commander D. W. Mullan, U. S. N., will be relieved from the command of the *Marion* and granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Charles P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is away on a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Topeka and report to the governor of Kansas for duty with the National Guard of that State.

Consul-General Mulligan appears to have been somewhat shocked because the Samoan king goes about bare-footed and in the rather unroyal attire of linen trousers and straw hat. Samoan life, indeed, does not seem to have had the rose tint for Mr. Mulligan that it had for Consul-General Harold Marsh Sewall. Says *Leslie's Weekly*: "Mr. Sewall, in whom the sense of the romantic is well developed, used to go out before breakfast to bathe in the ocean, and pluck coconuts and chat with the dark-skinned maidens. It was all the golden age of Daphnis and Chloe over again to him, the vernal spring-time of the world; but Mr. Mulligan is frank enough to say that he found it stupid, and that the appearance of a steamship was 'like the arrival of Barnum's circus in a country village.'"

H. C. Buoner, the short-story writer and editor of *Puck*, has been confined to his bed in a downtown hotel for the past three or four days. His stay in Southern California seems not to have restored his health to such an extent as had been thought, and, though he has been careful, since he arrived in this city, to return from his daily strolls before five o'clock in the afternoon, he was taken down last Tuesday with a bad cold. His condition, however, though serious, is not such as to cause his friends grave uneasiness, and it is expected he will be up again in a few days.

To the person who, over the signature of "A Warm Admirer of the *Argonaut*," asks several questions, we reply: No, we do not deem "such a course improper and unjustifiable." We think that this world is intended for live people and not for dead ones. If A's father is dead, he is dead. A's postponing his marriage will not bring his father back to life again. Let A. and his fiancée get married if they are in love, and get married now, for sometimes love passes and sometimes lovers die.

— EYE-GLASSES WHICH FIT THE FACE PERFECTLY and are almost invisible. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Langtry has become a public reciter (according to an exchange), and frequently receives as much as five hundred dollars for an evening's performance.

Of all the sovereigns of the world, the Shah of Persia is said to possess the largest treasure in jewels and gold ornaments, it being valued at sixty millions of dollars.

A Bostonian writes home from Cairo: "The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are staying in the same hotel with us. The duchess has three rooms—one for herself and two for her clothes."

Sir Henry Parkes, the famous old Australian statesman, is selling his library of five thousand volumes, in order to pay his debts and provide for the wants of himself and those dependent on him.

William Crookes, the English scientist who discovered the Crookes tube, has been in South Africa for some time, and was in Johannesburg when the news of Professor Roentgen's discovery was announced.

A Kansas paper says that about the only person in Wichita who does not go to hear Mrs. Lease preach is Mr. Lease, her husband. This is not because of any lack of interest on his part, but because Sunday is a very busy day in his drug-store and he can not spare the time to go to church.

The Empress of Austria, who is a near neighbor of the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin, is still a strenuous walker. She does her twelve miles daily, and at a rapid rate. A male attendant strides beside her, open book in hand, reading Homer aloud in Greek to the lady of so many original whims.

Sir Francis Evans has just, for the second time, been elected to Parliament from Southampton at a bye-election. The first time was in 1833, when, Sir Francis being in America, his wife, the daughter of Samuel Stevens, attorney-general of New York, carried on a plucky and successful campaign in his behalf.

The wife of Dr. Nansen, the explorer, belongs to a famous family. Her father, Michael Sars, was a famous Norwegian naturalist. Her mother is the sister of the poet Welhaven. Mme. Nansen is at present the leading concert singer in Norway. She has a fine presence and a melodious and carefully cultivated voice.

The gossip is that the queen intends to confer a dukedom upon the Princess Beatrice, with remainder to her sons, and it is stated that the title will be Duchess of Kent. Under existing circumstances, the Battenberg children will have no higher rank than that of Princes of Battenberg, a doubtful dignity, and one not recognized at Continental courts.

Queen Victoria has commanded Countess Feodora Gleichen to carve a bust of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The countess is the daughter of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, better known as Count Gleichen, who was himself famous as a sculptor. She has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the New Gallery.

The Earl of Mansfield, who attained his ninetieth birthday the other day, is "the most picturesque figure in England's aristocracy." His lordship wears the bottle-green coat and high-roll collar of the last generation, in spite of the protests of his family. Earl Mansfield is said to be the earl whom Mrs. Hodgson Burnett limned in the old and eccentric nobleman of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The betrothal of the daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the Duc de Magenta, son and heir of the late Marshal MacMahon, creates more interest than any other Orleansist marriage for a generation. It is the first time that the Bourbon royalty has entered into relations with the Bonapartist family. Inasmuch as neither has any dynastic chance which he could pawn for a ten-dollar bill, interest in the subject is purely academic.

Emmanuel Arago, whose eighty-four years have not dimmed the clearness of his fine eyes, has written five or six volumes of his reminiscences. His memory goes back to a day when he went into the room of his father, François Arago, Director of the Observatoire. His father lifted him in his arms to kiss him, but dropped him without kissing him at the report of a volley of musketry from the square. Marshal Ney had been shot and killed.

Ambrose Thomas had at Argenteuil a palace which he named Elsinore, in enthusiastic reminiscence of Hamlet. The King of Hanover made a present to him of an iron gate which had been at Elsinore. After the siege of Paris, Ambrose Thomas rushed anxiously to Argenteuil, expecting to find his palace in ruins; but its Elsinore gate even was intact, and under the door was a Prussian lieutenant's visiting-card, on which was written in pencil, as an explanation of Ambrose Thomas's good fortune: "I am Meyerbeer's nephew."

The death is announced in Paris of Sarah Brown, the beautiful artists' model, whose appearance in the costume of Eve at the Quat'-z-arts ball precipi-

tated the students' riot of three or four years ago. She had to serve a term in prison for her offense, and her career as a model was ended. First she tried the *café-chantants*, then the rôle of Sarah Brown in a play—in which she again appeared almost *au naturel*. But she had no voice and soon sank into obscurity. A fortnight ago she disappeared from the *brasseries*, where she used latterly to drink bocks with the students and tell stories of her past career, and inquiry discovered the fact that she had died in poverty.

No small part of King Menelek's success in keeping Abyssinia free against the assaults of Italian arms and diplomacy is ascribable to the wisdom of his wife, Empress Taoti. She is Menelek's cousin and, like him, claims descent from King Salomon and the Queen of Sheba. She was affianced to Menelek in her girlhood, but Emperor Theodoros made her his own wife; and she was married and lost her husband by divorce or death five times before she met Menelek again and was married to him in 1835, she being thirty-five years old at the time. She possesses a large and costly Parisian wardrobe, but she prefers to wear the semi-barbaric costume of her country.

When Colonel John Jacob Astor was coming back from the Atlanta Exposition with the rest of Governor Morton's staff, at Manassas Cut the engine broke down, and the engineer could not repair the break. Colonel Astor came forward, looked the engine over, and then, getting down on his hands and knees, crawled under it. He worked away for a few minutes, while the engineer looked on, and then he crawled out and said that the break was repaired. The engineer was incredulous, but an examination showed him that the engine was again in condition to continue on her trip. "Do you know who that man is?" a by-stander asked the engineer. "Some official of the road," he replied. "No. He is John Jacob Astor." "Oh, g'wan," said the engineer, "don't give me anything like that." Later, Mr. Astor remarked that he knew enough about locomotive engines to build one.

The most striking feature of the Fiesta celebration at Los Angeles, especially for Eastern people, is the flower parade. This event comes near the close of the great festival, Saturday afternoon, April 25th, when the crowd is greatest, and the enthusiasm is at its height. To Santa Barbara belongs the honor of first establishing this custom in Southern California; and the flower festival parades of that city were great and notable events for their first beginnings. The Santa Barbara Festival precedes La Fiesta de Los Angeles this year one week, and there are thousands of tourists, as well as residents of Southern California, who are planning to attend both celebrations. The premiums offered in the Fiesta flower parade aggregate nearly \$1,500. For example, in some classes they run as follows: Floats—1st premium, \$100; 2d, \$60; 3d, \$25. Six-in-hands—1st premium, \$75; 2d, \$50; 3d, \$20. Four-in-hands—1st premium, \$60; 2d, \$40; 3d, \$15. A considerable amount of quiet rivalry exists among the owners of fine equipages in Los Angeles to work out the finest designs and secure the honor as well as the reward of a first prize. There is also a lively but good-natured spirit of emulation between the people of Los Angeles and those of Santa Barbara as to which shall offer their visitors the finest and most artistic entertainment. The flower parades of this year are likely to be the grandest and most memorable ever shown in Southern California.

Mr. William A. Slater's steam-yacht *Eleanor* arrived in New London, Conn., a few days ago, having completed the tour of the world, and covered a distance of 42,406 miles. The yacht, with Mr. and Mrs. Slater and a few friends on board, was in San Francisco some two months ago, and the party was extensively entertained during their stay. They left the yacht in this city and returned home by rail, and it was after that—when three days out of San Francisco, to be exact—that the yacht met with her only mishap of consequence, the loss of two propeller blades, which were repaired at Santiago.

Special Notice.

Being anxious to close out my entire stock of diamonds and other precious stones, as well as watches, fine jewelry, silverware, etc., as quickly as possible, I offer them at lower figures than first quality articles of this description have ever been sold in this city. A. Hirschman, 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

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now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22**, and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses,

to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th**, inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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Mr. Gotham (at a ball in Chicago)—"Who are those men talking to Mrs. Maney?" *Miss Lakeside*—"Her husband."—*Puck*.

"Say, Wilkins, that five-dollar bill you loaned me last night was a counterfeit." "Well, you said you wanted it bad."—*New York Herald*.

"I wonder if that report is true about the Vice-President?" "What is it?" "They say that at the end of his term he will reënter public life."—*Puck*.

"I just saw a man slip on a banana-peel, and he came up smiling and never said an unpleasant word." "I guess he must be learning to ride a bike."—*Puck*.

Miss Smashum—"I don't care for men; in fact, I've already said 'no' to seven of them." *Miss Comely*—"Indeed, what were they selling?"—*Adams Freeman*.

Little Billy—"What is meant by the Indian reservation, ma?" *His mother*—"Their disinclination to talk, of course. Will you never learn?"—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Tourist (in the mountains)—"Shall I be safer here on foot or on your mule?" "On my mule, of course, for I shall be careful that nothing happens to it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You know, Miss Clotilde, how deeply I love and respect you. Will you be mine?" "But I have already told you no, a week ago." "Great heavens, was that you?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Critics of the melodrama: *Jimmy*—"Say, de detectives wuz no good, wuz they?" *Tommy*—"Dey were dead slow. I wuz onto de feller what killed de old man, right from de start."—*Puck*.

The hawk was dozing. "You look," said the jay, from a safe distance, "as if you were full." "Well," the hawk admitted, "I have just been having a little lark that was a bird."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I had a couple of minutes to spare," said Mr. Ternal Bore to Mr. Bizzy Day, "so I thought I'd drop in on you." "Good enough!" replied Mr. Day, effusively; "sit right down and tell me all you know."—*Puck*.

The cannibal chief—"We will open the ceremonies by stabbing the victim, then each in turn will drink his life's blood as it pours forth." The victim—"It looks as if I am to be stuck for the drinks."—*Truth*.

Dolly—"I hear Mary Antique was a great belle at the dance the other evening. She told me she danced every dance." *Polly*—"Oh, yes. Mary's just the kind of a girl to be a belle at a leap-year dance."—*Bazar*.

Hobson—"I never in all my life saw a man who could so readily guess riddles and conundrums as that Henry Peck." *Dobson*—"No wonder! Just think of the practice he has. His wife keeps him guessing all the time."—*Puck*.

"Isn't this line incomplete?" asked the foreman of the rural editor. "What line?" "This—where it says: 'Alexandre Dumas, fils.'" "The bill," replied the editor, without looking up; "'fills the bill,' you fool, you!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"The saloon," said the Prohibitionist boarder, "kills more men every year than war." "Why shouldn't it?" asked the Cheerful Idiot; "it gets better action, so to speak. In battle, only one ball out of every eighty-five takes effect."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"The audience is calling for you," said the young tragedian's manager. "Are you sure I'm the person they want?" "Of course." "Well, go out and study the expressions on their faces and tell me what you think they want with me."—*Washington Star*.

"Before they are married," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "it usually takes him at least half an hour to tear himself away from her presence." "And after?" queried the neophyte. "About the same length of time. You see, then she has to tell him of every so many things she wants him to bring home."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mr. Hardtack—"Well, what we want is a night watchman that'll watch. Alert and on the qui vive for the slightest noise or indications of burglars. Somebody that can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and not afraid to tackle anything. See?" *Mose Jackson* (tremulously)—"I see, boss. I'll send mah wife around."—*Judge*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 30, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The Congress of the United States has now been in session ever since the second Tuesday in last December, nearly four months. Up to date, it has practically done nothing except to talk. It has not attempted to remedy the disorder in the finances. It has not attempted to cope with any of the problems which are distressing the country. It has not even passed the Emergency Tariff Bill, which might have given some assistance to our prostrated interests. The Congress of the United States has apparently considered that its duty is to take care of the interests of foreign countries rather than of our own. The Armenian massacres in Asiatic Turkey, the Venezuelan boundary in South America, the Cuban insurrection in the West Indies—to these disturbed foreigners the Congress of the United States has given most of its time. But to the disturbed Americans in the United States the Congress has given no attention whatever.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in a speech a few days ago, remarked that the petitions from business men requesting the Senate to be less fiery in its foreign policy "merited

only contempt." Senator Morgan then proceeded to speak with much scorn of business men. Senator Mills, of Texas, also referring to the objections of hoards of trades and chambers of commerce, quoted the words of Goldsmith: "Honor fails when commerce long prevails." The general tone of the Senate seems to be that the business men of this country have no rights, and that it is to be run only by politicians. Permit us to point out to these clamorous gray-heads that nearly all of us in this country are business men; that most of us make our bread and butter by business; and that it is only windy politicians like Morgan and Mills who make their bread and butter by the sweat of their jaws. The business men of this country pay the wages of Senators Mills and Morgan, and they are getting tired of paying them for nothing to other people's business instead of to our own.

Late dispatches from Washington, under date of March 24th, state that "the conferees of the two Houses on the Cuban resolutions held a session to-day, but, without reaching a conclusion, adjourned. The entire time of the conference was spent in fruitlessly canvassing the Cuban resolutions." This is a fair sample of what the two Houses of Congress have been doing for the last two months. The country is tired of this playing to the gallery. There are more important things before the Congress of the United States than the slaughter in Armenia, the Venezuelan boundary, or the insurrection in Cuba. There are questions which concern ourselves and our material interests. When these are attended to, it will be time enough for us to look out for the material interests of the rest of the world.

The most enthusiastic admirers of such senators as Sherman and Lodge find it difficult to explain their conduct at the present session. Even in the Senate itself there is marked dissatisfaction over the conduct of the Committee on Foreign Relations and the way in which it has handled the Cuban question. Hence it is that the forces which Senator Sherman was able to rally around him at first are slowly melting away. It is openly gossiped in the cloak-rooms of the Senate that Chairman Sherman is utterly incompetent to deal with the Cuban question, or any other important international question. He has always devoted himself to financial matters. He has only a limited knowledge of foreign affairs, and has never studied them with the attention necessary to equip him for such official business. One of the best-informed correspondents in Washington is Walter Wellman, correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald. He says: "Chairman Sherman never possessed the temperament properly fitting him for the consideration of foreign affairs. He has not been well for some time, and his increasing infirmities render it impossible for him to give careful study to foreign questions. The manner in which Senator Sherman permitted himself to be imposed upon by a trick translation of a more or less faked hook on Cuba is pathetic. It is more pathetic because Mr. Sherman, with singular blindness, imposed this mass of falsehood upon the Senate and the country."

Another instance of Senator Sherman's blundering is furnished by the same correspondent, who says: "In the tariff debate in the Senate on March 14th, it appeared that Mr. Sherman was wholly in error when he stated yesterday that confidential information from the State Department concerning Cuba had been laid before the committee." This corroborates what the Argonaut said when it asserted that there was absolutely no official information before the Senate concerning the state of affairs in Cuba. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the people of the country are growing impatient when such a man as Senator Sherman is taking up the time of the Senate with fake stories from irresponsible sources about foreign affairs. It looks now as if Mr. Sherman, from personal reasons and through wounded pride, is endeavoring to force the Senate into passing his Cuban resolutions, even although they are based upon false premises.

While all this time is being wasted on foreign affairs, the Senate is doing nothing about domestic affairs. The Appropriation Bill is still hanging fire in committee. The only im-

portant bills that have been passed are the General Deficiency Bill, the Army Bill, the Diplomatic Bill, and the Pension Appropriation. The Agricultural Bill is in conference, the Indian and Legislative Bills are in the Senate Committee, the Post-Office Bill has passed the House, but not the Senate, and the Fortifications and Naval Bills are not yet reported from the House committees. The Sundry Civil Bill has not yet been reported.

It is the relief of most long-headed men that the reason Congress riots in this windy war-talk is because its members fear to touch the grave questions which now harass us in regard to the finances and the tariff; that the members are engaged in this humcombe business for purely Presidential purposes. The Presidential hee is huzzing around the honnets of many men, both in the Senate and the House. It is for this reason that these blood-and-thunder orators are vexing the ears of the country. But Congress might as well give it up and go home. Sherman and the other Republican leaders can dismiss all thought of Presidential nominations. There is but one cry throughout the country, and that is for McKinley. The venerable gentlemen in the Senate whose voices have been "still for war" for the purpose of working up hooms, may as well forbear. There is but one Presidential hoom in the United States to-day, and that is the hoom of William McKinley.

As for the gentlemen on the Democratic side, in both Senate and House, the field is still open to them; but inasmuch as it is not of the slightest importance which Democrat is nominated, inasmuch as no Democratic nominee can be elected, the Democratic humcombe orators might as well join their Republican brothers, shut up, and go home, too.

The Comstock Lode is ruled by thieves at the top and by a lawless mob at the bottom. The two sets are in partnership. The privileges of the thieves having been threatened, the mob has been called upon, and its response demonstrates its readiness to do its share toward preserving the criminal status quo. The seizure of Superintendent Tangerman of the Hale & Norcross Mine by the Miners' Union, and his forcible expulsion from Virginia City under warning of death should he return, surprises nobody who understands the situation there. The outrage is a direct consequence of the change in the ownership of the Hale & Norcross. Several weeks ago the dissatisfied stockholders, under the leadership of Jeremiah Lynch, secured control, elected a new directorate, appointed a new superintendent, and provided for a radical reduction of the cost of managing and working the property. This innovation meant several things. One was that the old methods of operating the Hale & Norcross would be thoroughly investigated. Another and more important thing was that the Comstock had been invaded by newcomers, whose advent necessarily threatened the stability of the whole system under which the mines of the lode and the stockholders have been looted for more than thirty years. That measures even the most desperate should be resorted to in order to avert this calamity need not astonish. A ring of office-holders in Virginia City and a ring of office-holders and operators in San Francisco, threatened in common, have made common cause. The Hale & Norcross having been captured, the fruits of victory must be denied the captors, and all others frightened away from like invasions of the Comstock.

The Miners' Union was pushed to the front. Under the pretext that the new superintendent, Tangerman, was objectionable, the men struck work and abandoned the mine. The union, though urged by Lynch and his associates to do so, refused to specify wherein Tangerman had ever offended against union rules. It was enough that the royal displeasure should be signified. So the mine has remained closed.

The interest of the union in serving the ousted management of the Hale & Norcross, and of the managers of other mines who want to escape ousting, is obvious. Heretofore, when it has been suggested that miners' wages

are too high on the Comstock, the answer has been that retrenchment had better begin at the other end—that superfluous officials be eliminated and fancy salaries reduced. It has been a good answer, but conveyed a false impression, since it implied that if the reforms indicated should be undertaken the miners would accept more modern wages. Nothing could be further from the intention of the union. Wages have come down everywhere else, including all the mining-camps of Nevada, but on the Comstock they have remained at four dollars a day, as in the bonanza era. Two causes account for this—an understanding between the union and the looters, and fear of the miners. There ever has been any concealment about the determination of the Virginia City and Gold Hill Miners' Union to maintain wages at all hazards. Dread of murder and arson has stayed the sacrilegious hand that otherwise might be tempted to touch them. The sheriff is always a member of the union. No man can be elected to any office who is not subject to the miners. The militia is in their hands. When the machiocracy of the law is not adequate to serve them they freely go outside of the law, and the thought of punishment is laughed at. The courts, the police, the armories are theirs. They know that the lode is played out as a great gambling game, and that sooner or later it must either be abandoned or worked on business principles. That can not be done while managers are permitted to steal and miners to draw present wages. They are resolved, therefore, to delay the coming of a system of honest working as long as possible. Hence the apparently capricious objections to Superintendent Tanagerman.

It is to be hoped that a crisis has been precipitated which will bring to a close the reign of brigands and brutes on the Comstock. Whether the mines there shall be operated or not is a comparatively small matter, and the question of what miners shall be paid is one of business moment only. But it is not a small matter that the principal town of an American State should be in the hands of a mob, that in broad day that mob should seize an unoffending citizen, carry him through the principal streets, and order him from the county, all with a boldness as open and authoritative as if the mob were a regularly organized army engaged in legitimate warfare. Under existing conditions in Nevada, any attempt to visit legal penalties upon this criminal mob will be a false pretense—as false as the pretense of the miners' sheriff of Virginia City when he went, grinning, through the form of calling on the cowed citizens to aid him in enforcing the laws which his constituents elected him to ignore. Nevada is, thanks to the dominance of the Miners' Union, denied a republican form of government. That is a fact which concerns the people of the whole United States.

Mr. Lych and his associates had business motives only in securing control of the Hale & Norcross Mine. The denial to them by the Miners' Union of the right to conduct their business, and to place it under the superintendence of the man of their selection, has created a situation which transforms them into representatives of principles which must be enforced if civilized society is to be maintained. They stand now for law and order, personal liberty, and the security of property. The *Argonaut* trusts that, as citizens, they appreciate this, and that they will stand by their rights. Their appeal will be idle if it is made to the courts of Nevada. They are citizens of this State, deprived of the use of their property by a Nevada mob. It is an interstate question. The Federal Government should come to their aid. The blue coats are needed in Virginia City.

It is possible that the Miners' Union, by its lawless outrage upon Superintendent Tanagerman, has challenged its own fate. Not until that organization of insolent ruffians has been broke up, and treated as the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania were treated, will the Comstock mines be honestly worked, or the peaceable people of Nevada be freed from a tyranny intolerable in its ignorance and ferocious brutality.

The *Argonaut* hopes to see trouble in Virginia City—trouble so serious that the President of the United States will order out the troops to quell it. Then we shall have an end of the Miners' Union, an end of the system of rule by thieves on top and a mob at the bottom which now disgraces Nevada.

In a recent number of the *Fourth Estate*, a "journal published for newspaper men," there was given the result of a competition "for an artistic design typifying 'The Press.'" The competition was confined to newspaper "artists," and the result was certainly peculiar. A number of designs were sent in, and three well-known editors were appointed as judges. The judges were forced to say that, in their opinion, the designs were none of them good, but they gave the prize, one hundred dollars, to the one which seemed, in their opinion, to be the least bad. This came from the surging braio

of an "artist" on a Minneapolis daily. It represented a preposterous female figure in an impossible attitude enlightening an apocryphal world. The depths of mediocrity to which the newspaper "artists" descended were as amusing as they were melancholy. But we would recommend to the *Fourth Estate*, if it desires a picture which will typify "The Press," to take the double-page cartoon in the number of *Life* published on March 19th. This represents a figure in the middle of an imposing city square. It is a horrible, epicene creation, with a face something between that of a Medusa and an Irish hod-carrier. Around its base are the trampled bodies of its victims, while the howled forms of weeping women and the inanimate forms of suicide men act as supporters. Not far from it is a fair white marble statue of Justice, which is bedaubed with mud, while the figure typifying "The Press" is gathering from the filth at its base handfuls of mud to hurl at the passers-by. In the middle distance are the figures of decent people, mud-bedabbled, recoiling in affright at the figure of "The Press." In the background are to be seen terrified citizens fleeing for the tall timber. The design is a striking one, and we commend it to our esteemed contemporary, the *Fourth Estate*, as being one that most correctly typifies "The Press" as it is viewed by intelligent Americans.

Recently the *Argonaut* printed an editorial article on the refusal of American life insurance companies to comply with the regulations of the Prussian Government, which insisted upon its right to inspect their business methods, their resources and financial management, as in the case of German companies. Three companies, the New York Life, Equitable, and Mutual, declined to submit to this supervision. Thereupon the Prussian Government decided to exclude them from doing business in its territory. The *Argonaut* remarked that the American companies must have something to conceal, else they would not object to supervision against which German companies did not complain. Our article has caused some stir in the journalistic insurance world, and is copied at length in several papers, among others in the *Insurance Monitor* for March. That journal prints an article five columns long, attempting to reply to the *Argonaut's* statements. It is chiefly noticeable for its disingenuousness, its endeavors to hecloud the real matters in issue by indulging in excursions into side paths and hurrowings into thickets of technical detail. The charges preferred by the Prussian Government against the American companies were, in effect, that they made promises which they could not fulfill, failed to pay to their policy-holders anything like what they engaged to do, kept complicated accounts, and made no plain showing of assets. The *Monitor's* answer is that the regulations with which German companies comply would be intolerably oppressive to the American companies; that "instead of refusing to submit to any investigation of their affairs, the American companies repeatedly and urgently requested the Prussian Government to send experts to the home offices to investigate their methods and condition, offering to bear the expenses of such experts and to pay for their services." Strange to say, these handsome offers "were ignored or haughtily declined." The Prussian Government preferred, it seems, to have the insurance business in Germany conducted in the German and not the American manner. Perhaps, also, the Prussian Government had heard of how persistently the companies have resisted investigation of their tontine methods at home by the New York legislature. The Prussian authorities seem to be deficient, too, in perception of what is due to the dignity of American corporations, for the *Monitor* tells us that:

"They kept the representatives of our companies busy with demands for explanations of all sorts of stuff, handed in by policemen in full uniform. It is scarcely too much to say that the department's action in this regard was sometimes indecent, approaching in its tone the official visits of policemen to culprits, rather than the dignified communications due the representatives of great financial institutions."

Evidently the reports of New York legislative committees on the tontine branch of the insurance have been read in Germany. Evidently, also, the fact that the American companies have pursued there the same methods which have been, and still are, used in this country—a point on which the artless *Monitor* insists—does not inspire German confidence. The eloquent advocate of the protesting companies says:

"Whatever may be thought of their herculean labors to outstrip one another in securing business, no one that we ever heard of pretends that they have unscientific methods or unsound financiering."

The answer to that extraordinary statement is to be found in the report of the Insurance Committee of the House of Assembly of the New York Legislature for 1877, when by the testimony of the then vice-president of the New York Life, William H. Beers, and its actuary, David P. Fackler,

the tontine methods were shown to be exceedingly "unscientific," to the point, indeed, of being loose, changeable, and suspicious. Another legislative investigation, in 1885, this time of the Equitable's tontine department, went to the same result. It is only a few years since the New York Life brought suit against the New York Times for libel in damages aggregating one million dollars. The Times charged that the company, under the presidency of William H. Beers, had made investments that would result in a loss of many millions, and that the utmost recklessness had been shown in the disposal of funds. The Times proved certain charges, the case of the company against it fell through, and Beers, as a consequence, was retired. After that, the less that is said about "scientific financiering" the better. In view of facts in the past, the *Monitor's* assertion that "the financial ability of the leading insurance companies is as well known as that of the Bank of England" is refreshing.

Our insurance contemporary attacks the Prussian Government for requiring foreign companies to invest in Prussian consols. That is not more than is required in various forms in States of this Union. In nearly every State, insurance companies must prove to the authorities the existence of property in some shape within the boundaries of the State sufficient to meet their liabilities.

The American companies, if they can show that they have been discriminated against in Germany, will have a case; otherwise they have no right to ask for sympathy. If the Prussian Government has merely demanded that they shall accommodate themselves to conditions imposed upon home companies, and required of the American institutions that they leave no doubt about their assets, and refrain from deceptive promises to catch the careless, it is only to be said that it is a pity the Prussian course can not be more closely followed in the United States. Moreover, the right of the Prussian Government to say on what terms foreign corporations may do business within its jurisdiction is not to be questioned with propriety. If foreign companies do not like the terms, they have the privilege of keeping out. No honest company anywhere will resist regulations the purpose of which is to protect the insured.

The name of Mrs. Maybrick will not down. We are told by a recent dispatch that Dr. Helen Densmore, "President of the Women's International Maybrick Association," is on her way to England in order to continue the American propaganda for the release of this female felon. It will be remembered that the English home secretary, who is the official intrusted with the pardoning power, recently reviewed the Maybrick case and declined to re-open it. Dr. Helen Densmore says that the "Maybrick case has come to have an international aspect." This means that because an American woman is occupying a felon's cell in England, the American people ought to try and get her out. We fail to follow such reasoning. Mrs. Maybrick was tried for poisoning her husband. It was shown by the evidence that she had purchased quantities of arsenic; it was also proved that arsenic was found in his food, in his drink, and in his medicine; it was evidence that he died from arsenical poison. Had it not been for the fact that he had been taking minute quantities of arsenic for some cutaneous affection, the woman would have been hanged. As it was, this slight doubt saved her neck, and she was sentenced to prison for life. Gail Hamilton and a lot of other female cranks on this side have ever since been endeavoring to get her pardoned because she is a woman and an American. She is the kind of American of which other Americans should be heartily ashamed. Why do these good ladies so persistently suppress the fact that there were three leading actors in the Maybrick tragedy instead of two? In all these appeals to our sympathies we are never told that Mrs. Maybrick had a lover. Is it possible that these good women are suppressing that fact, or do they fear that other good women will lose interest in Mrs. Maybrick after the fact be known? But why suppress it? Mrs. Maybrick poisoned her husband in order to get rid of him, and that she might throw herself into the arms of her paramour.

Newspaper readers have been surprised of late, not to say awed, by the appearance in the daily journals of dispatches signed by kings, queens, princes, prime ministers, and other great ones of the earth. These august communications have been addressed to the editors, and disclosed views of state policy and other high matters which heretofore have been confined to diplomatic correspondence between governments. Judging by these royal telegrams to editors, one would be led to think that the potentates and responsible statesmen of Europe had entered into an agreement to abandon all traditions of secrecy and discretion, and hereafter to

throw themselves upon the public, with the kind assistance of the American press.

Perhaps in reading these astonishing hursts of frankness a suspicion of their genuineness has crossed the minds of some newspaper readers; but it is probable that they have been accepted as real by the majority. There are still multitudes of worthy people who believe what they see in the daily papers. The *Argonaut* is not so trustful. Indeed, we are free to confess that the appearance in a daily newspaper of a statement regarding any important matter merely establishes in our mind a presumption that it may be true, which presumption, when corroborative evidence is not forthcoming, falls to the ground. It has to be confessed that the confidences which the rulers of the Old World seemed to be making in Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, Mr. William R. Hearst, and other enterprising publishers of "great dailies" made a heavy draft on credulity. And it turns out, as the experienced doubter expected, that the public has been hoaxed again.

One of the most impressive and amazing of the new style of dispatches was a long cablegram from Madrid to the New York *World*, bearing as a signature the name of Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain. The dispatch bore upon the war in Cuba, and was so well and gravely worded that it found wide credence. It was read in the United States Senate and made part of a speech there. That circumstance led to the exposure of the fact that the dispatch was a "fake."

To give a greater air of truth to the whole there was appended to the bogus Castillo message in the *World* the following:

"From the President of the Council of State to Joseph Pulitzer, New York:
"MADRID, March 6th—Publication of the message cabled you to-night is authorized."

The United Press instituted inquiry, and learned from its correspondent in Madrid that Señor del Castillo had never communicated with the *World*, as represented, and that the acceptance of the imposture by the United States Senate excited ridicule in Spanish ministerial circles." Señor A. Forlesin, secretary to Prime Minister Castillo, supplied the United Press with the following written denial:

"All that I can say, and it is enough, is that Señor Canovas del Castillo has never telegraphed to the *World*. Therefore what that paper says is false. A. MORLESIN."

Senator Hale, who quoted the faked dispatch in his speech, was naturally mortified when it was proved to him that he had merely been helping to boom Mr. Pulitzer's journalistic mock auction. He has reason to be ashamed of himself for being so innocent as to take the word of any great daily seriously in anything affecting international relations.

But Senator Hale is not the only one who has cause to be mortified. The people of the United States are parties interested. The Senate is our highest legislative chamber, and we may not justly complain if abroad it is taken to be representative. That it has so little caution, so little dignity, and so weak a sense of responsibility as to take for truth, and without examination, what a characterless and notoriously sensational daily newspaper may publish regarding the views of a foreign government with which our relations are strained, demonstrates the descent which the Senate has made in recent years. It has ceased to be the conservative and become the radical House of Congress, and the judicious citizens of the country no longer feel much more confidence in either its wisdom or sincerity than they do in the veracity of the daily press. The desire for votes in one case, and subscribers in the other, has subordinated, if not obliterated, all higher considerations. The United States Senate pending on the New York *World* for its information respecting the intentions of the Spanish Government, our dealings with that country being under debate, furnishes a spectacle that has all the elements of a caricature. Yet however diverting that caricature may be to the rest of mankind, it is in the nature of things, far from being amusing to patriotic Americans.

But so long as Americans tolerate the sort of journalism presented by the New York *World*, punishment is certain to be inflicted upon them. The success of Mr. Pulitzer's paper has an enormous circulation, and has given him a tune—is responsible for the degradation of the daily press of the whole United States. The newspaper being a commercial enterprise, each publisher naturally takes the lead that offers the best prospect of success, and the golden steps of Mr. Pulitzer have been generally followed. Not only, but sensations are sought. To entertain and excite an ignorant crowd has become the leading motive of the average journalist. Good faith, seriousness, the consciousness of responsibility, respect for truth, all have disappeared before the overmastering desire to be startling. Reckless, minimal contempt for veracity has always marked the *World*, and when it broke out in an eruption of dispatches from the monarchs and statesmen of Europe, it

was only a little more impudent in its effrontery than usual. Forgery is one of the recognized instrumentalities of the kind of "journalistic enterprise" for which the *World* stands. The fashion in "great dailies" is set by Joseph Pulitzer, whose moral code would shame the manager of a dime-museum.

An extremely interesting decision has been just handed down by the supreme court of the State of California. It is interesting for more reasons than one. The majority opinion was concurred in by four justices, and a dissenting opinion, diametrically opposed to that of the majority, was filed, which dissenting opinion was concurred in by the chief-justice. The case arose over the divorce suit of Lorraine de la Montanya against James de la Montanya, Jr., for divorce and custody of the children. The father abducted both children, and went to France, where he has ever since remained, out of the jurisdiction of the California courts. Judge Slack granted the wife a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and infidelity, and made an order granting the wife the custody of her children and commanding the husband to pay alimony.

De la Montanya left California on November 20, 1893, with his two minor children. He arrived with them in Paris, France, on December 19, 1893. He applied to the French Ministry of Justice for permission to be domiciled in France. His application was granted on July 14, 1894. Mrs. de la Montanya's application for divorce was granted on May 16, 1894. On September 7, 1894, the husband made a motion to vacate that part of the judgment which awarded his divorced wife the custody of the minor children and gave her alimony. The majority opinion of the California supreme court was "that the courts of this State have no control over the person or property of a citizen of California while he is domiciled in another State; and that to allow it to summons one from another State is an encroachment upon the independence of such State."

Without intending to reflect on the legal lore of Justices Temple, Harrison, Garrouette, and Henshaw, the *Argonaut* most respectfully begs to say that it does not consider this decision based on either sound law or good sense. It says so with all the more temerity when it reflects that it is backed up by Chief-Justice Beatty, Justice McFarland, and Justice Van Fleet. Justice McFarland, in his dissenting opinion, says:

"A citizen and resident of California can not escape the performance of his duties and baffle our courts in their attempts to enforce the rights of others against him by sudden flight and temporary absence expressly intended for that purpose. Every rule of law and every sentiment of justice is an obstruction to the success of such strategy. Nor will the affirmance of the order appealed from be a violation of either the general international or the American interstate law. Neither the interest nor the dignity of another State would be touched by the enforcement of a judgment by another State within its territory and against its own citizens."

Although this is the opinion of a minority of the court, it seems to us to be much sounder than the majority decision. In the present day and generation, when facilities for travel are so easy, and when the wealthy class are enabled to move around so quietly and so expeditiously, one of the easiest methods of avoiding social obligations is to "leave town." If it comes down to an avoidance of legal obligations in a similar manner, chaos will come. To assume that a citizen of a State can avoid service of the process of her courts by simply crossing an imaginary boundary line—for Mr. de la Montanya might much more easily have gone to Tia Juana, a few miles from San Diego, than to Paris—would bring courts instead of suitors into contempt.

Every civilized man in this world must have a legal domicile. If he is an officer of a transatlantic liner, he must declare at which end of the line he is domiciled. A man can not evade the burdens or duties of life, his duties as a husband, his duties as a citizen, by simply going to another country. If he does, the courts of his own will issue its summons and its writs, and if he does not reply he will be treated as a person *in contumaciam*. It is well that it is so.

So evenly has the supreme court of California been divided on this question that it is probable that an application for rehearing will be made. We hope that the case will be reargued.

We observe that Mayor Sutro has become involved in a row with the Musicians' Union. The eminent philanthropist who presides over the Sutro Baths engaged Cassassa's Band to play there. Unfortunately for Cassassa, he made only a verbal contract with Sutro. According to the band-master, Sutro agreed that the union rates—four dollars a day—should be paid to the musicians, with a double rate for the leader. In view of the fact that the mayor claimed that his contract for six months entitled him to lower rates, that Sutro was a philanthropist, and that his bath enterprise at the beach was

designed for the "elevation of the masses," the union allowed Cassassa and his thirty-five musicians to make a special low rate. One week after the verbal contract had been made, however, Sutro refused to pay even the reduced rates which he had solicited, and, according to Cassassa, he proposed to pay thirty dollars for Saturday and forty dollars for Sunday, or an average of thirty-five dollars per day, which would mean a dollar a day for each musician, including the leader. It is needless to state that Cassassa refused this offer; the very men who have been digging with picks and shovels around the Sutro Baths have received more than one dollar a day. The result was that the mayor discharged Cassassa's band, and engaged in their place the Presidio band, which is a military band, not a union organization, and which, being fed and clothed by the government, naturally can play for lower rates.

The *Argonaut*, as our readers know, is not in favor of labor unions. We have often expressed ourselves in no uncertain terms upon their exactions. But in this particular case we are on the side of the Musicians' Union. It is not that we dislike labor unions less, but that we dislike Sutro more. This old demagogue has been posing so long as the friend of labor that we hope he will get all he wants of the labor unions. The Musicians' Union is affiliated with the Federated Trades, and is already taking steps to put the screws on Mayor Sutro. They are threatening to boycott the baths. We hope they will do so. Every other man in San Francisco who ever had a row with the labor unions has had our sympathy. But Mayor Sutro has not. He has so persistently posed as the friend of labor and is such an arrant demagogue that we hope that he will get from the labor unions what he deserves—get it now, and get it in the neck.

The fact that Mrs. Louis Auzeais effected a rapid change of husbands this week suggests an interesting query. The lady secured a decree of divorce on Wednesday, and on Friday she became the wife of Hereward Hoyte, an English actor. This brings up the question to which we refer, although it has nothing to do with Mrs. Auzeais, because we believe that she and her husband have been separated for many months. The question to which we refer is this: What is the status in law of an infant born to Mrs. Z. within nine months of her marriage, when she had been divorced from X. the day before her marriage to Z.? The law strictly defines the time within which a posthumous child may be born, and, in fact, there has been much Rabalaisian humor in French legal treatises on the length of time allowed a lady according to the code of that country, which is nine lunar months. It has been well established in that country, as in others, that a child born to a widow within nine lunar months of the death of her husband is his legitimate heir, and entitled to his share of his father's goods and chattels. After that time, no matter how short the period, the law declares the child to be not posthumous, but illegitimate. How is it in these days of rapid divorce? If, as we have said, Mrs. Z. divorces X., immediately marries Z., and bears a child in six months, whose child is it? And if X. dies possessed of much wealth and Z. dies poor, does the child born six months after the union of Mr. and Mrs. Z. have any right to inherit from the estate of X.? This is an interesting question, and one which, we think, has never yet come up before the courts.

A striking proof of the fact that Congress and the daily papers do not voice the people in their war in political talk is shown by the political platforms passed in the Western States during the past few weeks. The senators of the United States are several times removed from the people. They are elected by legislatures. The representatives are elected by the people, it is true, but nominated by conventions. The President is even still further removed from the people. As for the daily press, it apparently caters entirely to the rahh—*the foreign and semi-foreign dregs of the population in our large cities*. This may account for the utter falsity of its views concerning public opinion. But the conventions recently held in the West came directly from the people. Even if the delegates resulting from primary elections are not the highest type of American manhood, at all events they are the most recent political exponents of the people's views. They have rubbed elbows with the voters more recently than the senators or the representatives in Congress. Therefore, it is significant that in not a single platform passed at any of the conventions, Republican or Democratic, held in any of the great Western States during the last six weeks, has there been a single resolution or a single line indorsing the bombastic buncombe which United States senators have been spouting in their clamor for war.

THE BAD MAN OF BOOMOPOLIS.

A Veracious Account of the Trouble between Jenkins and Dunlap.

The trouble between Jenkins and Dunlap begun with a woman, as wuz the case with all the troubles of mankind.

Dunlap come to Boomopolis with that 'ere pretty Mexican wife of his, an' let 'em to play the Arizona bad man—thought he wuz a reg'lar through-bred. This wuz a error in judgment. The times wuz out of jint fer sech a percedin', an' the place wuzn't right. But Dunlap wuz a bully an' therefore a fool, in spite of his six feet four, his big arms with muscles like your leg, an' his bull-dog head an' neck. His man of all work in the butcher-shop wuz as near like him as a twin in looks, an' tried to imitate his manners.

Jenkins at this time had retired from his occupation of farmin' government contracts in Arizona, an' had become a market-gardener. Fer a short time he flourished, till the Chinese drove him out by reducin' the price of cabbages from two hi's a pound to two bits a cabbage. This bizness wuz througely disagreeable, at its liveliest, fer a man of the cap'n's temper, as hasty an' spunky as gunpowder—a man who had fought Injuns in '49 an' white men all his life. The cap'n's accounts wuz never straight, because he wuldn't bother to keep track of them from day to day. His customers would only buy two or three dollars' worth apiece a day, an' the cap'n use ter say he couldn't hire no book-keeper fer sech a small bizness. So he wuz always a-quarrelin' at the end of the month, an' he finally decided to sell everything in bulk an' let somebody else peddle it. As bad luck would have it, Dunlap's butcher-shop wuz about the only place in town them days fer sellin' sech stuff. So Jenkins made a bargain with Dunlap.

I repeat it, Jenkins wuz innocent as fur as Mrs. Dunlap wuz concerned, as innocent as that 'ere feller Joseph with that 'ere Mrs. Potiphar. In the first place, Dunlap hadn't no bizness to bring that woman to Boomopolis. Her home ought ter have been somewhere where folks don't gn much on the ten commandments. We wuz too orderly an' religious fer her kind, as ynu'll see later on. There wuz a world of mischief in them black eyes of hers, that melted an' swum in volupentous glances when you looked down into them an' squeezed her hand a little bit. But if ynu crosst her, they'd burn with fires of hatred which she didn't take no pains to hide. An' then the delicate nlive of her cheeks, an' the dainty oval of her pnfel, an' the cnquetish graces of her trim finger, which wuz as lithe an' limber as a willow—but I ain't no poet, an' I guess I'd better stop. She wuz as beautiful as a goddess, anyway. But she wuz as false as Satan's wife—if the ole feller has sech a article aroun' his fambly hearthstone. She played havoc with hearts in Boomopolis, but not with the heart of Jenkins. Jenkins told me this, an' I believe him. An' I've always thought that she had her own reasons fer turnin' the suspicions of her husband, in her sly, snake-like way, towards Jenkins.

Dunlap's butcher-shop wuz on the east side of the plaza. There ain't no plaza in Boomopolis now. It has been cut up into streets, an' is almost covered by Blashville's Mercantile Emporium an' the Transcontinental Hotel. But when we laid the town out, we allowed that we'd shnw them greasers in Southern California a thing or two, an' we planned it Arizona fashion. It wuz all right till the blue-noses come in from Connecticut an' turned us down an' passed a ordinance puttin' a clause in every deed to a townlot that there shouldn't be no saloons. You can't have a plaza without saloons around it. So that killed the plaza, an' the town too, fer that matter.

Dunlap's shop wuz on the east side of the plaza. Jenkins lived across the plaza on the west. In the middle there wuz a pepper-tree which we had tended an' watered till it had got some size. You want to keep these pints of the compass in your mind.

When Jenkins an' Dunlap come to settle at the close of the open season fer cabbages, there wuz a quarrel—nomenally nver the amount that Dunlap owed. Jenkins called Dunlap a liar. Dunlap called Jenkins another. Then Jenkins lifted his five-foot-eight of muscle an' sinew to its full height, an', with one of them lightnin' passes fer which he use to be famous, landed a blow that weighed a ton upon Dunlap's nose an' felled him to the floor. He wuz up in a jiffy, wipin' the blood from his face, an' both him an' his pardner started fer Jenkins with cleavers. Jenkins hadn't no gun, an' saw that he wuz outclassed. So he turned tail an' run, which wuz the best thing he could do. Then he went across the plaza an' got his rifle.

It's odd how news of sech events use to travel in them days. In ten minits every man, woman, an' child in Boomopolis knew that there wuz blood on the moon. It wuz noon, an' Dunlap's shop ought ter have been crowded with customers, but he didn't sell a heefsteak fer an hour. It wuz so quiet aroun' that plaza that you could have heered a grasshopper breathe—if there had been any grasshoppers. Jenkins wuz very conspicuous as he walked, kinder slow an' dignified-like, across the plaza towards the tree in the centre, with his rifle nver his shoulder, an' his straight an' manly form pictured on the ground by the fierce sun overhead. Ole Levi Blashville rushed out of his general merchandise store, which wuz then a little shack sandwiched in between the Magnolia club-rooms an' Doc Mnrey's salonn.

"Cap'n, cap'n," he called. "Hold on vonce. I wants ter speak mit you."

The cap'n stopped.

"Dink vat this awful thing vas that ynu vas a-goin' to do," said Blashville. "Dunlap vill kill ynu, s'elp me Abraham. Dink of your innercent vife an' num'rous children, cap'n. Dink of—"

"Oh, come off!" interrupted the cap'n. "I know what's the matter with ynu, Blashville. Dunlap owes you twelve hundred dollars, an' you're afraid he'll get killed before he pays it. Git out n' my way, ynu white-livered capitalist. Git."

Blashville retired, an' the cap'n kept on till he reached the tree in the centre of the plaza. Dunlap an' his man wuzn't

in sight, but Jenkins thought he would give 'em a shot fer luck. So he aimed at the window of the butcher-shop an' let drive. He fired again an' again. Dunlap an' his man slipped out of the back-door an' run across the country. They never stopped till they wuz at Dunlap's brother-in-law's ranch, five miles from town. The cap'n went home.

Wa'al, the feud lasted fer sev'ral days. Dunlap's wife closed the butcher-shop, an' we couldn't get no meat. Jenkins kept walkin' around the plaza with his gun on his shulder, an' that looked bad. Folks wuz afear'd to be on the streets, because they couldn't tell when the trouble might begin an' the stray bullets commence a-flyin'.

Finally the trouble began ter interfere with real estate, which had begun to be pretty lively fer a time, what with lungers an' orange-growers comin' into the town, an' at last that feller who tacked Marburgh's first addition to Boomopolis onto us called a mass-meetin' to consider the siteration. They resolved that whereas the City of Boomopolis wuz a-bein' terrorized by lawless an' armed men, an' whereas this hostile condition wuz a-interferin' with law-abidin' an' peaceable citizens of said city, therefore be it hereby resolved that this assemblage call upon the authorities of said city of Boomopolis to maintain the peace an' dignity of said city an' of the State of California. Us sportin' men attended the meetin' in a body, but we didn't take no part in the percedin'. Bein' mostly from Arizona, we felt kinder like aliens there, an' as though we wuzn't wanted.

The upshot of the mass meetin' wuz that the city marshal was waited on by a committee an' urgently requested—they wuz their wnrds—to preserve the peace an' to prevent the sheddin' of blood. Billy Skinner, the marshal at that time, hadn't no use fer them sons of guns, an' he just naturally told 'em so.

Then ole Levi Blashville went fer Johnny Burke, the sheriff. Levi wuz a-lendin' his money at ten per cent. a month, an' he see that he'd have to dig up a little of it to save what Dunlap owed him. I s'pose he tickled the sheriff's palm with a hundred or two, an' got him to use his influence with Jenkins to stnp the feud. We'd elected Burke, an' he wuz with us, an' he hated to see the town closed up tight. But I s'pose he thought he'd have to make a showdown to earn his money. Johnny wuz always jest a little too much on the make—too much like them down-East blue-noses to suit me. But politics will spile the best of us. So he calls on Cap'n Jenkins an' sings his little song.

The cap'n listens without a word, an' then he says, with a quiet, determined look in them blue eyes of his: "What air you a-goin' to do about it, Johnny?"

"Well," said Burke, "of course, I can't arrest you unless you commit some nvert act. Jest walkin' aroun' with a gun on your shoulder ain't no overt act—not yet, though I reckon it soon will be if these blue-noses keep shuttin' down on the town. But if you should kill him, or he should kill you, that would be an overt act, an' I could arrest whichever one of you wuz alive, an' put him in jail."

"Johnny," said the cap'n, "is there any reason in your bein' sheriff why you couldn't take a challenge for me to that cowardly whelp?"

"Well," said Johnny, "of course I couldn't take no challenge in my official capacity. But I reckon that I might, jest as a plain, ordinary, commonplace citizen, like yourself. Do you want to kill him, cap'n?"

"I certainly dn," replied Cap'n Jenkins. "If I don't kill him, he'll kill me. I'm willin' to fight square an' to give him a show fer his life. But that ornery cuss will hire somebody to shoot me in the back, some dark night. I don't want to be mutilated that way. I want to know what I'm doin' when I get killed. I've been on the frontier forty years, an' there ain't no bad man a-goin' to shoot me from behind a hunch of greasewood. I want you to carry a challenge to Dunlap, an' in't act as my second."

"All right, cap'n," said the sheriff. "I'll do it."

They adjourned to Doc Morey's place an' wrote the challenge. It ran somethin' like this:

"Dunlap, you white-livered rag, come out of your hole. Come out an' fight, or I'll kill you on sight. I'm a-goin' to kill you, anyway, an' I refer you to the bearer, Sheriff Johnny Burke, Esq., who has promised to act as my friend in this matter."

The cap'n signed this document, an' the sheriff took it to Dunlap, out on the ranch. It wuzn't exactly no hilly-dux fer Dunlap to receive. He cawfished, an' refused to fight. Said that he had a wife an' mother-in-law to support, that he owed Levi Blashville twelve hundred dollars which he wanted to pay before he died, an' that he had a contract with Dick Austin, the cattle man, fer a hundred head of heef cattle a month. He wanted to carry out this contract a while longer. He said that he wuz goin' to come into town an' swear out a warrant fer Jenkins to keep the peace, an' he notified the sheriff, then an' there, that he shuld expect him to use all due an' customary diligence to prevent the effusinn of blood. Them wuz his exac' words. The sheriff wuz disgusted with the big, hulkin' loafer, an' come away an' left him.

On the way back, the sheriff come across a lot of us sportin' boys. We'd gone out of town a little ways to shoot at a mark. There wuz now so many women an' children in Bnnmpolis that we didn't like to turn loose in the plaza as we use to do. We had also been a-hettin' on the question if Dunlap would fight. There wuz Hutchins, Blair, Dan Thorn, Billy Miller, Dave Mnre, the barkeep' at Mnrey's, myself, an' some others. We wuz all blooded, an' had plenty of money, havin' recently roped in some tenderfeet. Hutchins had three hundred dollars up on Dunlap. We stopped the sheriff, an' he told us how the matter stood. Of course Hutchins dropped his wad right there. He wuz mad, an' wanted a chance to play even. He offered to bet that Jenkins wouldn't fight no quicker than Dunlap wuld.

"Of course he wwn't fight," somehndy said. "How can he fight if Dunlap throws off on him that way? Jenkins ain't no midnight assassin."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boys," said the sheriff. "If you fellers want to bet, I'll go an' tell Jenkins that his challenge is accepted. An' I'll bet you all that he'll fight.

We'll fix it this way. If Jenkins shows up at the appointed time, with his tools, ready to fight, I win. If, however, he weakens an' don't show up, I lose—an' I'll take all the bets you fellers want to make."

We wuz all enthusiastic over this. We knew the sheriff wuz dead game, an' we could trust him to play square. I wanted to bet on Jenkins, but there wuz only two sides to the question, an' the sheriff had the call. So all the rest of us bet on Dunlap, an' the sheriff then an' there put up fifteen hundred dollars on Jenkins.

He gnes on to Jenkins's house, an' finds him sittin' on his porch, smnk'n the pipe of peace, with his rifle beside him. "Well," asked the cap'n, "how is it?"

"It's all right," said Burke. "He'll fight you to-morrow mornin' at day-break, in the grave-yard, with revolvers, each man step off ten paces, turn, advance, an' fire at will."

"Sheriff," said the cap'n, "I'm a-goin' to put a bullet into his right eye."

It was arranged that the sheriff wuz to call fer Jenkins at sun-up. Jenkins spent the afternoon visitin' with his wife an' children an' cleanin' his revolver. Us hoys spent the rest of the day an' all night in Doc Morey's place, playin' billiards, boozin', an' makin' side bets on the event. I wuz so unsartin, after thinkin' on it over, that I hedged so as to come out even. But some of the fellers wuz so full before mornin' that they set so as to lose whichever way it went.

At daybreak Burke went an' threw a chunk of dirt against the window of Jenkins's bedroom. Jenkins gits up. Daylight wuz jest beginnin' to show over the tops of the mountains.

"Some of the boys want to say good-by to you, cap'n," said the sheriff, sort of jokin'-like.

"All right," said Jenkins, sober as a judge an' never catchin' on. An' they walked over to Doc Morey's place together, where we wuz a-waitin' fer 'em. Now we wuz all jest a leetle afear'd of the cap'n when he wuz sober. But he wuz as good-natured as a baby when he wuz drunk. Our scheme wuz to git him full an' then show up the whole layout.

"Hallo, cap!" we shuted, as soon as they opened the door, "come in an' have a drink."

"Can't do it, boys," said the cap'n, walkin' up to the bar, as stiff as a ramrod. "I've got a little job on hand this mornin', an' I don't want no likker down me. When I'm through with ——— I'll jine you."

Here wuz a pretty how-to-do. The game wuz up. The sheriff had won the mnney. We all admitted that. But we didn't know how to get settled with Jenkins. We all stood an' stared without sayin' a word, like a passel of kids.

"Come on, sheriff," said the cap'n, impatiently. "What's the matter with you? We don't want to get that cowardly sneak waitin' fer us. He'll git tired an' go home."

Dave Moore beckoned to the cap'n an' took him a leetle to one side. The rest of us slipped out, one by one, till there wuzn't a man left in the saloon but Jenkins an' Moore. The sheriff wuz in as big a hurry to git out as anybody. Moore says: "Cap'n, you an' Burke have always been good friends, haven't ynu?"

"Certainly," said the cap'n. "I elected him sheriff."

"Well, now, see here," said Moore. "You see, it's jest this way. The sheriff, you know, has a large fambly to support, an' he gnt a chance to make a big stake on this here thing. Sn us boys thought we'd give him a show to win—sort of benefit like, testimonial to his efficiency in preservin' order, an' 'specially in standin' in to keep the town wide open. Them blue-nose, real-estate fiends is a-killin' this town dead. So we all bet that you wouldn't fight, an' Burke he bet that you wuld. There's fifteen hundred dollars in the pot fer Johnny, an' ynu've won it fer him."

"Yes," said the cap'n, "that's all right. Of course I'm goin' to fight. I don't give a damn who bets on this affair. That's all right. Where's Johnny?" an' he looked around the place kind of mad an' excited like.

"Johnny's gone," said Mnore. "You don't seem to catch on exactly. You see, Dunlap ain't a-goin' to fight. He allowed that he'd put you under bonds to keep the peace."

Cap'n Jenkins wuz a-standin' at the bar, with nne foot or the little rail along the hottom an' his arms upon the top rail an' a-lookin' at Moore across the bar. Moore said them little blue eyes of his shone an' spluttered like a couple of them big 'lectric lights at 'Frisen in a fog. He choked an' swol lered an' tried to speak, but his thinker seemed to have kinder gone back on him, he wuz so mad. At last he said vnder ca'm an' quiet-like: "Dave, I always thought ynu an Johnny wuz my friends, an' the rest, too. But if you fellers have gone an' put up this jnh on me, you're a lot of dirty hounds."

Then he reached fer a bottle of whisky that wuz handy an' pnured nat a brimmin' tumbler full, which he swollered without seemin' to taste it at all. Then he turned his back an' walked out, sort of unsteady, like a drunken man tryin' to walk a crack. But it wuzn't the likker that phased him. Moore said never a word, but jest watched him, sort of snrrerful. He wuz a leetle ashamed, fer he knew that he had jined in playin' it pretty low down on the nerviest, gamiest man in Boomopolis. An' he felt sorry fer the cap'n, too, fer he could see that his heart wuz broken.

Jest as the cap'n gnt outside, he see a wagon drive up to Dunlap's place, across the plaza, an' twn men git down. They wuz Dunlap an' his man Friday. They had come int town, thinkin' that after the talk Dunlap had give the sheri they wuz all right, or at least they'd find out hefre the cap' wuz out of bed, an' if things wuz still hot they'd gn back to the ranch.

The cap'n sung out to them that he wuz a-comin'; an' they both turned loose. The cap'n held his fire till he'd got half across the plaza, an' then he jined in. At about the third or fourth shot, Dunlap's man lit out. Us sportin' hoy all come a-runnin' an' found Dunlap lyin' on the ground. The cap'n wuz standin' over him.

"That ——— whisky shook my nerve," he said. "I've h him in the left eye."

WILLIAM M. TISDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

WEST POINT AND GENERAL MILES.

Some of the daily papers of this city, especially the *Chronicle*, seem to be very much exercised over a prospective wrong to the major-general commanding the army. The question at present is whether the grade of lieutenant-general, which expired with General Schofield's retirement, shall be revived by Congress for the benefit of General Miles.

Congress has the power to pass a law creating an office and fixing the rank of the occupant, but it can not name the incumbent, and it is assumed that, in case the grade is revived, the President would not name General Miles to fill it. When General Schofield was retired last year, General Miles's friends apparently feared that the President might not select him to command the army, and immediately the dailies printed columns extolling his merits and denouncing the "West Point influence which was conspiring to prevent his receiving the just reward for his eminent service." Whether the general and his friends who know the inside history of his official career had any grounds to fear that the President would find something which in his opinion made it for the best interest of the service to place some other general in command of the army, of course we do not know. However, the correspondents asserted that there was danger of his having some one placed over him, and the editors wrote long and furious leaders denouncing the "West Point oligarchy" for conspiring "to down him."

Now it seems that some of the general's friends have introduced a bill in Congress reviving the grade of lieutenant-general of the army. This bill has been referred by the committee of the Senate to the Secretary of War for his remarks and recommendations, and he has returned it, disapproving the measure, and giving his reasons therefor. The news is sent out to the press by special dispatches from Washington, and at once the dailies inform us that West Point is again antagonizing General Miles, and trying to defeat his advancement, simply because his military education was obtained in the country's service, and not at the government's expense. The *Bulletin* says:

"Western men, and the people at large, for the matter of that, will be inclined to favor the revival of the rank of lieutenant-general of the army, to the end that it may be conferred upon General Nelson A. Miles, not because General Miles takes rank at all with General Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who earned that honor justly, nor yet because of General Miles's brilliant record in Indian wars, winding up with the capture of Geronimo by Miles, or the capture of General Miles by Geronimo—for the story is told both ways with some degree of credibility attaching to both versions—but because General Miles is a soldier direct from the civilian class, and not a graduate from West Point.

"Well or ill-founded, there is a popular prejudice against West Point as a kind of an aristocratic hot-house whose product can not be healthy in a republic save when there is vigor inherent in the plant grown sufficient to overcome the evils of the early forcing. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were all West Point men, it will be remembered, and no one of them was ever charged with undue aristocratic bearings. The fact of this prejudice against the school is lamentable, but that does not remove it. Its existence gives birth to the popular approval of the sturdy persistence of a man like Miles, without particular brilliance, or particular influence, or particular military genius, have the questionable genius of a successful raider, who yet forces his way from the counter of a dry-goods store to the head of the army."

The *Chronicle* correspondent says, "after conferring with President Cleveland, Secretary Lamont returned the bill with a letter strongly disapproving it," and yet in an editorial the same paper says, "when the real cause of the opposition which the plan to make Major-General Miles a lieutenant-general has met becomes known, it will doubtless appear that West Point jealousy of a volunteer soldier lurks at the bottom of it."

Without being at all posted in army matters, and not at all interested in General Miles or West Point, it has seemed strange to us that the influence of any one body of men should be so potent as that of these West Pointers is said to be. Neither does a short investigation of an army register make this apparent.

We find, for instance, that when General Miles was appointed a brigadier in 1880, that he was advanced above Colonels Mackenzie, Stanley, Gibbon, Ruger, Willcox, Ferritt, MacCook, and Forsyth, who are graduates and have since been appointed general officers. By referring to Owell's "Record of Living Officers" (a work, by the way, of a non-graduate officer of the army), and reading the record given therein of these officers, the reason for this particular selection is not perfectly obvious. In fact, the records assert that the career of each of these officers was quite as distinguished as that of General Miles. Prompted by curiosity to learn something more of this "powerful West Point influence," we have found much of interest to a villian in this official register. In the first place, we are surprised to learn that of the 386 officers of the army, of rank above that of captain, but 125 are graduates of the military academy. We also note that of 9 general officers of the army to-day (3 majors and 6 brigadier-generals), that are graduates and 5 are not graduates; of the 70 colonels, 4 are graduates and 40 non-graduates; of lieutenant-colonels, 32 graduated and 59 did not; while the majors are 55 graduates and 151 non-graduates, so that among the old-officers of the army the graduates have 117 and the non-graduates 250.

It is among these officers of the higher grades that one would expect to find the most influence. The beads of the several staff corps having the rank of brigadier-general, and elected by the President, give little evidence of the asserted preponderance of the West Point influence, as of the ten chiefs of bureau there are but four with M. A. after their names in the Register. The officers of these corps being elected from the officers of the line of the army or appointed from civil life, we have looked there to learn how powerful West Point influence might appear to be, and the result seems again to contradict these assertions, as may be seen. Since 1880, when General Miles was made brigadier-general, there have been appointed eleven majors and 4 assistant adjutant-generals, of whom three have military Academy diplomas. During the same period, there have been appointed seven inspector-generals, but

two of whom are graduates; also thirty-six assistant quartermasters, with nineteen graduates; twelve commissaries of subsistence, with seven graduates; twelve paymasters, with two graduates. The medical department is filled by competitive examinations. From this evidence it is apparent that the West Point graduates have not had influence enough to obtain even one-half of the offices filled by selection, and we see no reason for believing that West Point influence or West Point officers have any power to prevent General Miles from obtaining anything which his ambition prompts him to seek, nor does their general conduct in the country justify us in believing that they are even attempting anything of the kind.

Neither the President nor the Secretary of War has ever shown any special interest in the Military Academy; in fact, the latter has selected for his particular confidential adviser an officer who is not a graduate, and for Assistant Secretary of War a gentleman whose principal claim for the position is his interest in developing the efficiency of the National Guard and the volunteer element throughout the country.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

Strange Sights in Ecuador—The People are Priest-Ridden, Ignorant, and Without Ambition—A Vivid Account of a South American State.

[When there is so much talk in the newspapers and in Congress about this country intervening for the protection of South American republics, it may be well to see what sort of "republics" these countries are. Nearly all of them are practically priest-ridden dependencies of Rome. A fair example of the kind of country which our jingoes call a "republic" is Ecuador. The following interesting notes on that curious country and its medieval civilization are from the pen of one who spent some time there. Those people who take such a sympathetic interest in the Spanish-American republics may read this unvarnished narrative with profit.—Eds.]

South American republics, as a rule, are governed by an oligarchy of the leading families. Ecuador is an exception in that it is ruled by the Roman Catholic Church. It is practically a Papal colony, and is a republic in name only. The Pope is king. The church is omnipresent, all-powerful. The struggle for independence, under the leadership of the illustrious Bolivar, which lasted from 1809 to 1822, while it saw the downfall of Spanish power, did not free the people from the thralldom of the priests. During the series of bloody revolutions which have swept the country at intervals ever since, the clerical party has remained triumphant. Church and state are one and the same.

Under the constitution of 1869, the executive power is vested in a president and two vice-presidents, elected for six years. Congress consists of a senate and a chamber of deputies, and it represents the ten provinces of Ecuador, exclusive of the Galapagos Islands, famous for their guano deposits. Members of congress must be Roman Catholics, and crucifixes hang above the desks of the presiding officers. The right of suffrage is extended only to Roman Catholics, and voters must be able to read and write. A recent revolutionary uprising made General Alfaro president. He is a clerical, and a mere tool of the priests.

The church is the power behind the throne, and it controls the government and dictates its laws and sees to their enforcement. All the schools are taught by priests and nuns, and the scholars learn more about the saints of the church than about their own country. There is no reliable map of Ecuador. For years there has been on the statute books a law forbidding the importation of books, newspapers, or printed matter of any description without the approval of the priests. More than one-fourth of all the property in Ecuador is owned by the bishop. No religion save that of Roman Catholicism is tolerated. Protestants worship as they did in the days of the Inquisition. There is a Roman Catholic church for every two hundred inhabitants. Two hundred and fifty days of each year are set aside as fast or feast days. Ten per cent. of the total population is composed of priests and nuns. Sixty per cent. of the births are illegitimate, because of the excessive marriage fees exacted by the church.

The people are sunk in ignorance, and the common amusements are cock-fights and bull-fights. There is not a prison, reformatory, or hospital outside of Quito and Guayaquil. Ecuador is two centuries behind the times. There is not a stage-coach or railroad in the whole country. There is a telegraph line from the coast to Quito, the capital, but it is out of repair most of the time. There are no wagons, nor roads over which wagons could pass. Mule-paths are the only means of travel. There is only one newspaper, and that is muzzled. There is no literature, and no mail-routes except between Guayaquil, on the coast, and Quito. Labor commands the magnificent sum of six dollars a month. Carriers are paid two dollars for carrying one hundred pounds of goods on their backs three hundred miles. All merchandise is transported from the sea-coast to the interior on the backs of men, women, or mules. The country is mountainous, and this labor is very hard. The farming implements in use were old in the days of the Crusades. Threshing is done by trotting horses over the grain, and corn is shelled in the same way. The postal service in the interior is abominable, and the people depend almost entirely upon itinerant peddlers, a most curious class, for news of passing events.

The social and political condition of the Ecuadorians recalls the Dark Ages—over a million people shackled to the Roman Church; public moneys devoted to the building of churches and monasteries; the life-blood of the body politic sapped by lazy, unscrupulous, rosy-nosed wine-bibbers and big-bellied gluttons, ycleped priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Enlightenment and progress are unknown. The national emblem is the "Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Guayaquil is the seaport of Ecuador and the commercial city of the republic. The vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company touch there regularly. Ecuador buys from the United States goods amounting to about three-fourths of

a million dollars annually, and sells us nearly a half a million of her copper, rubber, cocoa, and quinine barks. Guayaquil appears best when viewed from the bay, especially at night, for the long terraces of gas-lamps, twinkling like stars, rise one above another, against the dark mountain-side, with fine effect. The houses of Guayaquil are built of bamboo, thatched with straw, and many are elegantly furnished. This is the land of the earthquake, and even the public buildings and churches are of bamboo. Just over the doors of the houses owned by the foreign colony are tin signs, bearing the flag of the country to which the dweller owns allegiance. This is intended as a protection against revolutionists. A mud fort frowns down upon the town, and an obsolete gunboat is anchored in the river. There is a detachment of soldiers stationed here to watch the slippery custom-house officials and to guard against emergencies. Guayaquil has gas, street-cars, ice-factories, beer-breweries, and other evidences of civilization, all controlled, however, by foreigners. It is the only place where there has ever been a revolt against the church. The main portion of Guayaquil is cleanly and creditable, the stores are well stocked and busy, but the suburbs, where the poor live, are as filthy as a pig-sty. A funny sight are the donkeys, trotting solemnly along the streets with their loads, clad in pantalets, and driven by naked boys. The pantalets are used as a protection against the gaddies.

Quito, the capital, is distant about three hundred miles from Guayaquil, and the route includes a delightful fifty-mile ride up the Guayaquil River in a small steamboat. After leaving the river, the traveler must endure a mule ride of one week to reach the capital, and the experience is trying indeed. The scenery, however, is magnificent. It is a succession of snow-clad mountains and volcanoes.

The age of Quito is unknown. It is probably the oldest city on the western hemisphere. Before Columbus was born, here was held the glittering court of the Inca's emperor, ruler of an empire which reached from the headwaters of the Amazon to the lowlands of the La Platte River, and whose civilization and works excite the wonder and admiration of the investigator. Huayna Capac, at once sovereign and pontiff, under whose reign the Incas attained the pinnacle of their glory, died in 1529, and his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa, plunged the country into a civil war. In 1531, when the war was at its height, Pizarro landed with his adventurous cut-throats, and the country eventually became a Spanish colony.

The Spaniards rebuilt Quito, and it is like all other Spanish-American towns, except that it is filthier. It is the most thoroughly Roman Catholic city in South America. Priests and nuns are to be met with everywhere. One-fourth of the city is dotted with churches and convents, and at every corner, in a niche in the wall, is an image of a saint. The church-bells ring almost constantly. When the church needs money, the priests, in a procession headed by a brass band and attended by robed boys swinging incense-urns, carry the image of Christ upon the cross beneath a canopy about the streets, and go from door to door begging for contributions, showering blessings where money is given and curses when it is refused. Very few, however, decline to contribute. The streets are made the dumping-ground for filth. They are seldom cleaned. A glorious climate, however, saves the city from a perpetual epidemic of disease, and the health of the people is wonderful under the circumstances. Ecuadorians never bathe, as they think water will cause sickness. The population is said to be seventy thousand, and it is gradually diminishing. From a business standpoint, Quito is about dead. An air of desolation and stagnation rests like a pall upon the city. There are rows of vacant houses and idle shops upon every street. Many of the finest residences have not been occupied for years, and their owners are political exiles.

Ecuadorians are among the most courteous people in the world, but it is merely veneering, for at heart they are hypocrites. They will promise everything and perform nothing. Mutual distrust is the natural result, and business corporations are unknown. Money is hoarded in secret places. What few banks exist are managed by foreigners. The only signs of industry visible about the capital are the flour and woolen mills situated on the banks of the Macha, a rapid stream a short distance south of the city. Mill-hands are paid fifteen cents a day. Tile-workers, hat-makers, and mat-weavers receive about ten cents a day. Smiths, tanners, shoemakers, and carpenters earn from twenty-five to thirty cents a day. All work is done by hand, for labor-saving machinery is unknown. Quito has a German colony, and beer-making is an industry. Some two hundred men are employed in the breweries, and their daily wages will average about fifteen cents. The harley used is of home growth, but the hops are imported. There is only one newspaper in Ecuador—the official journal issued weekly by the government. The job printing of the country is done by a few little printing concerns owned and managed by foreigners.

The pure Spanish families constitute the aristocracy of Ecuador. They are extremely haughty, and generally very poor. From the mixed races come the mechanics and artisans, and the Indians, the miserable descendants of the Incas, make up the rural element, and are the market-ers of Quito and Guayaquil. They cling to the traditions of their ancestors, and with a sublime faith they await the "second coming" of Manco Capac, who is their Adam and their Christ, and the restoration of the olden splendors of their race.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

The equine "roarer" is no longer a bother to English veterinary surgeons, who now perform tracheotomy on the horse so afflicted, and thereafter he breathes easily and well through a white metal tube, silver plated. Many carriage-horses may be daily seen in London and elsewhere wearing these tubes, and in the hunting-field, in certain instances, horses, which without them could not have galloped a mile, have with the aid of tubes been hunted for five seasons.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We observe by the daily papers that the board of education has "unanimously adopted" a resolution introduced by Director Henderson last Monday night, setting forth that "from the statistics of the Mission schools, it was shown that a high school was necessary for that district, and providing that one be built as soon as there should be sufficient money in the school fund to enable the board to proceed with the work."

Considering that it is only a few months since this board of education was forced, through lack of funds, to hold back a portion of the hard-working teachers' salaries; considering that the children of one of the North Beach schools were turned into the streets, not long ago, owing to the uninhabitable nature of their school-house; considering that it is only a few weeks since the board of health closed several of the public schools owing to their unsanitary condition; considering that the board of education protested then that it had not enough money to repair its leaky latrines and clean its filthy cess-pools; considering that times are hard, and that San Franciscans have just paid the highest taxes levied here for a quarter of a century—considering all these things, we advise the board of education to pause in their quarter-million high-school job for the Mission.

The accounts of the distance the Mission children would have to walk to reach any of the present high schools are most pathetic. But to those of us who have seen American children in the country trudging uncomplainingly for many miles, often barefooted, to obtain a primary or grammar-school education, the fact that the Mission children would have to walk a mile or a mile and a half to learn the piano, calisthenics, and the other accomplishments which in San Francisco are deemed necessary for a high-school education, does not seem to us like hardship. Further than that, the parents who are able to send them to the high schools (for which we tax-payers pay) ought at least to pay the car-fare. But if they can not afford that, it seems unreasonable to ask the tax-payers to pay it. Hence, the Mission children may have to walk. They may get corns, but it seems unavoidable.

Can it be possible that the board of education seriously contemplates adding another high school to our already top-heavy school department? If so, we hope the grand jury will point out in its next report on municipal institutions the fact that there is no need for such a school. If the board should still persist, we hope that the Merchants' Association, or some such civic body, will take legal measures to restrain them; we think it could be done. There are already in San Francisco three high schools—the Lowell, the Polytechnic, and the Girls' High School; there is also the "San Francisco Normal School," so called, which exists without any warrant of law. The three high schools were attended during the last school year by 1,433 out of the 32,939 pupils—that is, four per cent. of the whole. About \$75,000 was spent for salaries alone in these three schools. The number of pupils graduated from them in one year was 190. At the total cost of running the schools, the cost per high-school graduate was about \$470 per year. The parents of 33,000 children thus pay \$100,000 a year to educate 1,400 children in the higher branches, and to graduate 190 of them, at \$470 apiece, in music, German, Spanish, stenography, type-writing, clay-modeling, and drawing. If they are to be forced to sustain another of these high schools, and to pay for more expensive nonsense for other peoples' children, the San Francisco tax-payers will revolt.

Over thirty primary and grammar schools figured in the list which the board of health recently prepared, as being in need of urgent repairs. If the present board of education permits any schools to be closed, and the children turned into the street, while they use the people's money to teach Mission children music, type-writing, modern languages, and calisthenics, we warn them that they will hear from their constituents in a way that they will not forget.

The Boston *Journal* says: "Our distant contemporary, the San Francisco *Argonaut*, which has a national reputation for sound common sense and fairness, makes an astonishing statement of opinion when it condemns the United States administration for not making a demand for the persons of Americans who were involved in the Transvaal matter and who are now in jail in Johannesburg, because the English Government demanded the custody of the English prisoners." All that the *Argonaut* demanded was equal treatment of English and American prisoners. Our paragraph was based on a dispatch which stated that England had demanded the custody of the Pretoria prisoners; what in reality she had demanded was the custody of Jameson's troopers, which she secured. As for the Pretoria prisoners, England made no attempt to secure them. There are both English and American prisoners now undergoing trial at Pretoria. Inasmuch as the Transvaal government did not surrender any of the British leaders in the Johannesburg revolt, there can be no cavil at their holding the American prisoners for trial. All the *Argonaut* wanted was fair play. An Englishman must have no greater rights than an American.

This journal was the first in the United States to discover and point out to the American people the unpatriotic remarks of Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador to Great Britain, criticising adversely his country and his countrymen in public speeches made before British audiences. We will not repeat here the language used—our readers are familiar with it. It was language that no patriotic American would repeat in a foreign land, much less in a public speech to a foreign audience.

Such has been the excitement in Congress during the past few weeks, owing to the many wars in which our senile sen-

ators seem determined to engage us, that we have feared the Bayard matter might be allowed to drop. But not so. It came up in the House on March 18th. Cousins, a Republican congressman from Iowa, made an eloquent speech in favor of the resolution censuring Bayard. Commenting on Bayard's assertion that "protection in America had banished men of independent mind and character from public councils," Cousins said that among its advocates were such illustrious names as those of Washington, Madison, Franklin, Clay, Jackson, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Randall, and Blaine. Besides these, the name of Bayard, "a toady to the Cohen Club and to the Manchester School of Free Trade," did not rank high. Cousins vigorously denounced Bayard, who richly deserves the denunciation. There were some half-hearted speeches made in his defense by the Democrats, but they could not muster much enthusiasm. Even Democrats, free-traders though they may be, do not like assaults upon their country by an American minister.

We are glad that the resolutions censuring Bayard have passed. Now that they have passed, he can in decency do nothing but resign.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* copies an editorial from the *Argonaut*, on the defenseless condition of the United States, in which we said: "At the present time the government has not a single gun and mount available for use on the auxiliary cruisers." Commenting on this, the *Times-Democrat* remarks: "This touches the weakest point in our national defense. We can build cheap gunboats, but the guns can not be hastily improvised. We should establish factories and supply them with the necessary machinery, which is very costly. Five years' start in gun-making would be worth five times five years' start in ship-making." This is very true. We hope that our war-shrieking senators will get some guns for us to fight with before they declare war on the world.

BISMARCK AT HOME.

The Iron Chancellor as Pictured in Charles Lowe's New Book—His "Home Parliaments," his Wife, his Dogs, and his Duels—Anecdotes of a Great Man.

In "Bismarck's Table-Talk," Charles Lowe has gathered together a collection of Bismarckiana, as he terms it, most of which is drawn from two lengthy works on the great statesman recently published in Germany by Herr Poschinger. The book presents Bismarck in his hours of relaxation, when engaged in familiar intercourse with his friends. For many years he held nightly *soirées*, or "Home Parliaments," which are thus described:

Though the press, in its official and corporate capacity at least, was rigorously excluded from these parliamentary *soirées*, they were open to many others besides deputies—generals and other officers, government officials, cabinet ministers, bankers, country squires, foreign *attachés*, distinguished strangers, artists, *littérateurs* (as distinguished from mere pressmen)—in short, all the most representative elements for the time being in the capital.

The hospitality of the chancellor on these occasions was perfectly frank, generous, and unrestrained. The rooms were free and the etiquette unconventional. "Excellencies are easy of approach," wrote an American guest of the chancellor at one of these *soirées*, "and converse affably on the political situation with obscure men who neither cast nor control a vote. The great buffet, set up in one of the principal rooms, is supplied with cask after cask of salubrious beer from Bavaria, and is visited with growing frequency as the evening wears away. A long table will be spread with a cold collation; and Germans have good appetites. Such of them, finally, as desire more gentle pleasures and are not above the weakness of gallantry, can stroll into the great *Salle*, made famous by the sittings of the congress, and pay court to the princess or the few scraggy dowagers about her."

"The most characteristic part of the feast is reserved, however, until late in the evening, after the ladies have been dismissed. Cigars are then handed round, but the chancellor prefers a long German pipe, which a discerning lackey will bring him at the right moment, filled and ready for use. The Tobacco Parliament is open. Debate there is, indeed, none; for, although suggestions and inquiries may now and then be thrown out timidly by the listeners, the proceedings consist practically of a sustained monologue, which the prince addresses to the group sitting near him or standing farther away in a semi-circular fringe about the chairs."

An autocrat by nature, Bismarck chose to confine his social life to entertainments given under his own roof, few invitations ever being accepted unless they came from the court. Mr. Lowe's book, therefore, is largely made up of cuttings from these discourses of Bismarck—"the greatest talker of his time." Naturally his conversation ran largely on war and politics, his monologues being likened to thinking aloud. His reputation as a diplomat, however, was by no means impaired by this peculiarity, and apropos of this, an apt remark of M. Camille Doucet is quoted. "Count von Bismarck," he said, "has a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth. His frankness is like the inky fluid which the cuttlefish at Biarritz throw round them—the more truthful he is, the less one sees into him."

A fire-eater by nature, Bismarck had a decided tendency toward dueling during the early part of his career. At Frankfurt, he was many times on the verge of a duel with Count Rechberg, the Austrian President of the Diet, and the following incident is related of their intercourse:

On one occasion, things came to such a pitch that Count Rechberg passionately exclaimed: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning."

"Why all this unnecessary delay?" Bismarck coolly replied. "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you are getting the things ready, I shall write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin."

Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished, he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, requesting him to examine it. Rechberg's passion had, in the meantime, given way to sober reflection. After perusing the report, he said: "What you say is quite correct; it is really worth while fighting a duel for such a reason?"

"That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer; and there the matter ended.

The chancellor's private life is described as a spotlessly pure one. His wife was a typical German *Hausfrau* who watched over his welfare with a devotion almost maternal.

An instance of her solicitude, exercised at a dinner given to him by Prince Puthus, is related thus:

"Lieber Otto," here interposed the Countess Bismarck, "you mustn't touch that dish; it's not good for your stomach in its present nervous state."

"Ladies," replied the count, as he motioned away the proffered dish, "have you ever seen such a fine example of an obedient husband?"

"Well, countess," threw in Prince Puthus, "you have the happiness to be the only one, apart from the king, to whom our Iron Count submits."

"Oh, no," rejoined the countess, "there is still another to whom Otto sometimes also bows."

"And who is that powerful person?"

"Well, you will never guess; it is—the cook."

"Ah, yes," observed Bismarck; "it is surprising what a man will do to enjoy peace in his own house, after having had a thorough taste of war."

And again, in the following, she appears as a *dea ex machina*:

The ambassador of a great power one day called on Bismarck, and, in the course of a rather long conversation, asked the prince how he managed to get rid of troublesome visitors—of hores, in fact.

"Oh, that is very simple," replied the chancellor; "when my wife thinks any one is staying too long, she merely sends for me, and thus the interview ends." At that very moment a servant entered, and, bowing low, begged his master to favor the princess with his presence for a few minutes. The ambassador blushed, and at once withdrew, as gracefully as possible in the trying circumstances.

The following incident will show how averse was the mighty chancellor to be found inferior to the fair sex in even the smallest particular:

Once at Frankfurt he chanced to sit at a *table d'hôte* opposite a couple of young ladies from the Baltic provinces. They began conversing with considerable abandon in the Lett tongue, and Bismarck suspected that he himself was the object of criticism on the part of his fair, but rather provincial-mannered companions, who never imagined that a barbarous dialect like theirs would be understood by any one in a civilized city like Frankfurt. The quizzing mood of the ladies having reached its climax with the dessert, Bismarck whispered to his neighbor to hand him a key whenever he heard him utter some unintelligible words. "Dohd man to azlek," said Bismarck presently to his friend, who at once replied by producing the article demanded whereupon the unsuspecting fair ones from Courland looked at their *vis-à-vis* in horror, then at each other in confusion, and blushing deep crimson, vanished from the room.

Bismarck loathed French diplomatists. Of Napoleon's envoys, he said:

"They are dancing dogs without collars. They never seem to have a master, but stand up on their hind legs and perform their antics without authority from any man alive. If they bark, you are sure to hear a voice from Paris crying to them to be quiet. If they fawn, you expect to see them receive some sly kick, warning them that they ought to be up and barking."

Talking on one occasion with Wagner about public opinion, the chancellor said:

"You doubtless remember the saying of the first Napoleon that three shrieking women will make more noise than a thousand silent men. It is therefore very absurd of us to attach so much importance to the shrieking women of public opinion. True public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious, and social convictions, of a very simple kind, deep down in the national life and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers; and that consequently I have always had the satisfaction of having enlisted on my side the public opinion by which I set any store. The National Assembly in St. Paul's, Frankfurt, and the Union Parliament at Erfurt, were both in point of fact composed of excellent speakers, and yet, what remains of them now? Swallowed up and forgotten; such is the singer's curse."

Until ill-health obliged him to forego such indulgence Bismarck was a great eater, a great smoker, and a great drinker. His capacity for beer, which was almost unlimited, is touched upon in the following incident:

At one of these beer-evenings, a group of deputies began to discuss the qualities of the chancellor's huge *reichshund*, Tyras, who was squatting at its master's feet, and one of them remarked that the magnificent animal was by no means the first of its race which he ruled in the Radzwill Palace. To make sure of the point, the deputy went up to the chancellor, and, thinking that he had heard the previous part of the conversation, begged to know "how many of this sort" he had already had.

"Oh," said the prince, seizing up his glass of beer and taking good swig, "this is already my eighth; and yesterday I managed twelve pints, and felt all the better for them."

Concerning these same dogs, two anecdotes are thus related:

The devotion of these dogs to their master was great, in spite of or, perhaps, even in consequence of—the fact that he sometimes thrashed them severely. Once the painter Lenbach went to call the chancellor, and found him quite beside himself with rage and unable to speak. When at last the prince recovered his power of utterance, he explained that the *reichshund* had bitten a little lap-dog belonging to his daughter, Countess Rantau, and that he had thrashed the animal with a riding-whip until he could no longer lift an arm. What with excitement and exertion he had positively lost a use of his tongue. On another occasion Bismarck related that once, sitting at table, he was seized with a kind of choking fit, and his wife came and slapped him on the back with the palm of her hand. Thinking that his beloved master was being ill-used, the *reichshund* rushed at the princess and, raising itself upon its hind legs, seized her by the coiffure, and would have thrown her to ground had he not intervened.

A prodigious worker in his prime, the chancellor's power became afterwards somewhat impaired by ill-health and old work; and though he was devoted to the old emperor, was at times capable of uttering a reproach to him, as the following dialogue shows:

"Tut!" said his majesty one day; "look at me. I am much older, man than you are, Bismarck, and yet I am still able to ride."

"Ah, yes," rejoined the chancellor; "but then your majesty must remember that a rider always lasts longer than his horse."

But when the reins of power were taken from him, missed his old employment and chafed at inaction. "It was a curious feeling," he said, "to wake up of a morning and find that the only thing he had now to do was to w up his watch."

The plan of the book is an excellent one, conveying a does with skill the striking personality of the greatest statesman of his time by the constant use of his own words. A, in addition to this, the work is valuable from the light sheds on the inner history of European diplomacy during the past quarter of a century.

Another volume to follow this is projected, which will contain many extracts from interviews accorded to journalists by the ex-chancellor since his retirement to Friedrichsruh.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

BLOOMERS IN PARIS.

The Women Who Ride Very Generally Wear Them—Strange and Wonderful Costumes Seen—Will They Emancipate the French Young Girl?

In Paris, in the spring of 1896, bloomers have come to stay, though they are not called bloomers, but *pantalons*. Tourists who get up early enough in the morning to take a turn in the Bois at the fashionable hour of ten will be repaid by the sight of numberless young married ladies of the highest fashion a-pedaling in zouaves, with only old-fashioned cluhmen to mutter at this innovation. They wear pantaloons and ride on men's machines. Even old-going Parisians (writes Sterling Heilig in the Providence Journal) are constantly mistaking them, at a distance, for *demi-mondaines*.

As a matter of fact, the *demi-mondaines* of the highest class ride out on their machines at the same fashionable early hour. Dancers of the Opéra, like Cleo de Merode, actresses like the beautiful Marcelle Leoder, café-concert stars like Yvette Guilbert, and *horizontales* of the type of Emilienne d'Alençon, make themselves as much at home here in the morning airing as in the carriage parade of the afternoon. They mingle with the fashionables at the races, theatrical first-nights, the Horse Show, the Battle of Flowers, the Varnishing Days of the Salons, and at charity fairs, exactly as they do on the Trouville board-walk and at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo. If the Four Hundred should give in to them in one detail, they would soon find themselves yielding in all the others, because the upper "half-world" of Paris is rich, well-informed, and protected. Ladies of fashion, therefore, have seen no reason to give up bloomers or zouaves to the *cocottes*, mistresses, and damsels of the stage. Indeed, these latter, in order to maintain their *chic*, are thinking seriously of returning to the skirt. Mlle. de Merode, so much photographed in the American press and latterly so much talked of in connection with the King of Belgium, has already done this.

The afternoon hurly-burly of the Bois, say, near the Avenue of the Grand Armée, shows every kind of costume as it shows every kind of wheel; and it takes an experienced person to separate—not the wheat from the chaff, but the various grains—the wheat, the rye, the barley, the corn, and the chaff of each from the mixture. American tourist girls are often horrified at the costumes they see. They are more frequently moved to laughter. The truth is that as yet Paris has evolved no settled styles in bloomers. Therefore, while some err from daring, others err from bad judgment, and many more by reasons of economy. The American girls complain that the great majority of the Parisian bicycle bloomers are dowdy. It is true, and could hardly be otherwise. It must be remembered that the middle-class Parisienne depends on the ready-made gown department of the great shops almost as much as the American middle-class man depends on the ready-made suit industry, which so distinguishes our country. And, furthermore, the "adaptability" and "elegance" traditionally ascribed to the Parisienne have heretofore always had to do with very feminine and *frou-frou* types of dress. The ordinary Parisienne has not yet achieved the real tailor-made gown; and until a recent date she would not have desired it. Now she runs to the Louvre or the Bon Marché for a bicycle costume—and, the whole matter being oew to her, takes what is given her.

When the fashionable dressmakers or new-fangled ladies' tailors are called in, the bloomers and waist are apt to be of an exaggerated Scotch or English look, in which all but the most up-to-date worldlings of the Four Hundred find themselves uncomfortable. With this, there is no mistaking English and American girls in the Bois to-day, bloomers or no bloomers. Perhaps it is partly because French young women are plumper—to be polite—than our own. For example, with them, on the bicycle as off it, the centre of gravity yields to no dissimulation. One is constantly reminded of full moons or sofa-cushions. What the dress-makers achieve in the waist, they seem to lose below it. The Frenchwoman being differently built from the Anglo-Saxon, both going and coming, she appears to sprawl more in bloomers. She looks queer enough seated on the machine, but once she descends she looks queerer.

Two other factors enter into the queeriness of all the feminine bicycling of Paris. The great majority of lady riders are not unmarried girls of good society. These latter may attempt the wheel in the privacy of the country, but they do not show in any number in the park. In all the classes—the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and the "little" *bourgeoisie*—it is the young married woman who pedals. This fact preselects an *ensemble* of maturity to the newly arrived American, and the other fact that almost half of the lady riders of a Sunday afternoon are *demi-mondaines* in the restricted English sense does not detract from this impression of maturity. Now what would be luxurious when safeguarded by all the artifices of feminine attire which have stood the test of ages, becomes mere ostentation under the simplicity of the bloomer. The change for the great mass of French lady cyclists has been too great.

Many have seen this and tried to remedy it, both the lighter-minded of the "half-world" and their more estimable sisters. Some—in both categories—have frankly taken up men's costumes, loose knickerbockers and longish sack-coats. Others wear tight knee-breeches and fancy jerseys. Others add to this short skirt, reaching to the knees, with or without leggings, or heavy Scotch stockings. For these, it is anything to get away from the organ-grinder-monkey effect threatened by zouaves or bloomers. In this way they accomplish a great deal in gracefulness of outline at the expense of a very little modesty. Speaking simply from the standpoint of architecture, bloomers disfigure lovely woman by hanging below the knees. It is showing either too much or too little, because the line is cut in the middle. Short skirts over even loose knickerbockers produce an illusion of continuing the line. The other sin of the bloomer, the ter-

rible *effet de dos*, is almost avoided by the graceful skirt that falls a trifle below the knees. But the great mass of lady cyclists of Paris will have none of it. For them bicycling means the zouave pantaloons, to which they are wedded.

It is almost pitiful to see them reveling in their new-found liberty of costume. The *demoiselles* of the dance-halls and the *cabarets* of Montmartre parade the streets and the resorts in their bloomers with the greatest glee. They would overruo the Parisian promenade did not an ordinance of the prefect of police forbid the appearance of bicycle costumes without a bicycle. Recently there was an attempt to enforce this maodate strictly, and it failed. The only law on which the prefect had to go was that forbidding one sex to attire itself in the garb of another. A test case provoked a dictum from a judge to the effect that bloomers or zouaves could not by any possibility be looked on as a male costume. Nowadays, therefore, so long as the damsels confine their promenades *en pantalon* to the festive quarters like Montmartre and the Latin quarter, they are not molested, being charitably supposed to have their wheels somewhere near by.

When the *jeune personne* takes to the machine at all, it must be in bloomers like her married sister. If this movement continues, bicycle riding may become as respectable for young girls as for their married sisters. The mothers of the present day may still be very much of the old school—lacking its religion. And the daughters can scarcely be otherwise than they are, trained up as they have been. Still, rumors of the different life of English and American girls, and even German girls, come to them; and they wonder, with derision or regret, as may be. The wheel is new. It is fashionable as well as popular. It may bring with it the emancipation of the French young girl. And when it does, she will appear in bloomers.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Picket-Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—May Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.—*Ethelin Eliot Beers.*

Civil War.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a hall in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn head,
There's music around when my harrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handseel first blood;
A hutton, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!"

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

—Charles Dawson Shanty.

The *Black Cat*, the five-cent magazine that prints six stories in each issue, is said to have reached a circulation of a quarter of a million. Of one of its tales the New York Journal said recently: "Not even 'Trilhy' has scored so decided a success or excited such intense interest as Cleveland Moffett's startling story, 'The Mysterious Card,' which appeared in a recent issue of the *Black Cat*." The magazine will shortly publish a sequel to the tale.

THE COSTERMONGER LAUREATE.

Arrival of Albert Chevalier, the English Music-Hall Singer—His Failure as a Comedian and his Success as a Singer.

Albert Chevalier, the famous London music-hall singer, arrived here yesterday by the White Star steamer *Teutonic*. From the number of people to meet him at the pier, he must have imbibed a very fair idea of his importance. The two people who owned Mr. Chevalier for the nooce were Mr. W. A. McConnell and Mr. Albert Bial, the latter of the firm of Koster & Bial, at whose music-hall Mr. Chevalier is to sing. They grabbed the famous costermonger singer from the midst of a hustling horde of reporters, fired him into a cab, gave him a large fat cigar to insert in his face, and then asked him what he thought of America. But before he had any opportunity to tell them what he thought of America, Mr. Bial and Mr. McConnell told him what he ought to think. They told him that this was the biggest country in the world; that there were more big things in it than in any other big country; that the Brooklyn Bridge was the biggest bridge in the world; and that Koster and Bial's was the biggest music-hall. McConnell told him New York was the biggest town in the world, bar none—(McConnell, by the way, has never been in London). They told the astonished Chevalier that the finest people in the land go to Koster and Bial's. To quote Mr. McConnell: "You will sing to nothing but point lace and diamonds, and nobody in America is too proud to drink beer."

Chevalier is one of the many men who have found that their first chosen calling was not the one that called them, and hence have abandoned it. He began his professional life in 1877, playing a small part at the Strand Theatre in "An Unequal Match." The following year he joined the Kendal Company, and played minor rôles in "Diplomacy" and other plays in the Kendal repertoire. From the Kendals he went with the John Hare Company and played light comedy rôles, and in 1881 he joined a light-opera company and played under Willie Edouin. In 1889, M. Marius, the famous French singer, persuaded Chevalier to go on the burlesque stage, where his imitations of yokels could be seen to advantage. He remained in burlesque for two years, and in February, 1891, made his music-hall début, appearing at the Paviloo, where he introduced his songs, "The Old Kent Road" and "Wat 'Cher." He made an enormous hit on his first appearance, and has remained a favorite ever since. He is a fad in England, and has appeared in private entertainments in the swellest London houses. The Princess Louise, the Duke of Westminster, and the Duke of Newcastle are some of the people who have had Chevalier at their entertainments.

His repertoire includes fifty-five songs, all but ten of which were composed by himself. Probably the best known in this country is "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins," and others are "My Old Dutch," "We Were Such Pals," "Nipper's Lullaby," "Our Court Ball," "Appy 'Amstead," and "Tick-Tock."

Chevalier has prospered so much in the five years since he became a music-hall singer that he has both a town and country house. He has a London residence and a pretty country-seat at Isleworth. When in London, his Sunday-night "at homes" are quite an event in the upper Bohemian circle. He married, a year ago, Florence Leyhourn, daughter of the well-known comic-opera singer.

Chevalier found his fame in London low life. The costermonger had been neglected until Chevalier came along. He studied and lived among these people until he had mastered their peculiarities, and when he presented them on the stage thousands of West-End Londoners saw for the first time a costermonger. On the stage Chevalier wears the costermonger dress which excited such surprise among the West-End Londoners when first they saw it. It is a checkered gray suit, with long lines of pearl buttons on the sleeves and trousers, and it bears a distinct resemblance to the Mexican costume. It is said that the coster dress is a modified reproduction of that of the gypsies. The male costermonger sells vegetables, fish, and such things from push-carts, and the women are mostly flower-venders, hawkers, and newspaper girls. The coster girl is picturesque as well as the male of her species. She wears a long cloak opening in front, and high buttoned boots. Chevalier says that the first time he thought of putting the coster on the stage was when he saw a coster and his girl walking ahead of him one night. The coster had his arm around the girl's waist and tried to kiss her. She objected, and a regular fight followed. Afterward there was a reconciliation, and they walked off again with their arms around one another's waists. On this suggestion he wrote his successful song, "The Courtship." Chevalier says that London newspaper writers insisted there was no such costume in existence when he first put it on in his songs, and they would not believe him until he took them to the East End and showed them the coster. He remarks that all costers are cockneys, but all cockneys are not costers; that Sam Weller, if he lived, would be not a coster, but a cockney. Chevalier sings cockney as well as coster songs.

Chevalier is half English and half French. He is a short, broad-shouldered fellow with a heavy, clean-shaven face, big jaws, close-cropped hair, and cold blue eyes. He is a little doubtful about the success of his songs here, as the type is local to London. He has even been afraid, he says, to carry his songs into Scotland or the English provinces. But New York is more provincial than the English provinces. In fact, New York will accept his songs because they are local to London. If New Yorkers can rave over Yvette Guilbert, whom they could not understand at all, they will certainly rave over Chevalier, whom they can partially understand.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1896.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Queen Anne Romance by Mrs. Burnett.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest novel, "A Lady of Quality," is in quite a different vein from any previous work of hers. The action takes place two centuries ago, the heroine being, like Beatrix Esmond, a belle of Queen Anne's day. Like Beatrix, she is headstrong, beautiful, and self-willed, with plenty of lovers at her beck. All the skill at Mrs. Burnett's command is lavished on the portrayal of Clorinda, whose splendid beauty and vivid personality are strongly brought out, the more so by artful contrast with her sister Anne's pale tints and shrinking insignificance.

Beyond these two, indeed, and their father, the burly Sir Jeffery, there are no characters which are presented with any vigor of delineation. Sir John Oxon's villainy is palpably worked up to suit the purposes of the story, and the Earl of Dunstanwold and the Duke of Osmonde, the successive husbands of Clorinda, are the merest figureheads.

By the use of quaint phraseology and little tricks of old-time coloring, a skillful picture is presented of other days; and the story is romantic and swift in action, abounding in imaginative touches. But, nevertheless, it has a strong leaven of that meretricious quality which mars Mrs. Burnett's best works, and in this instance is so marked as to arouse a constant sense of dissatisfaction. Neither characters nor incidents are convincing, the final apotheosis of Clorinda being thoroughly inconsistent. As a child, she is a little virago, fierce and turbulent in temper, cold in her affections, imperious in the hardness of her will. Her training is thoroughly vicious, brought up as she is in the midst of Sir Jeffery's drinking and guzzling boon companions. After a season of reckless yielding to unbridled impulses, she turns her back on love and deliberately marries for rank and money. Some years later a wild episode of her early girlhood rises to confront her, and in a fit of rage she accidentally kills Sir John Oxon, who has threatened her with damaging disclosures. In a strongly dramatic scene which follows, the climax of the story is reached. Sitting, cool and collected, on the divan beneath which the dead body is concealed, she receives a brilliant company.

The artificial nature of all this becomes manifest when we find a new nobility springing up within her, taking root from this very incident. She becomes a Lady Bountiful, beloved by the poor and honored by all. But by contrast with the story of her life, this epitaph sounds grimly sardonic:

"Here sleeps the purest and noblest lady God e'er loved, yet the high and gentle deeds of her chaste, sweet life sleep not, but live and grow."

"The Lady of Quality" is an unreal character, and the book does not ring true, animated as it is by perverse standards and false ideals. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Cape Horn and the Land of Fire.

John R. Spears, the author of "The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn," calls his book "a collection of newspaper sketches rather than the conventional story of a traveler." The work was undertaken by him while he was a reporter on a New York daily, and the subject is avowedly treated from a journalistic point of view. Being thus prepared, the reader is not disconcerted by a colloquial rather than a literary style, an occasional use of slang, and even a lapse now and then into such queer English as "there was just three buildings in sight."

The book describes a journey along the coasts of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, and it gives as graphic a view of these thinly settled regions as could be expected from a hurried visit. The title is misleading in a measure, since the first chapter contains all that is told of the gold-mining interests at the end of the continent. These are not extensive, but are interesting on account of the curious geological formations from which gold is obtained. Along the coast of Patagonia, below the water-line, according to the belief of geologists, a gold-bearing layer of black sand exists, deposited there in past ages. From it, after each storm, a quantity of sand mixed with gold is washed up on the shore at various points. In some sections the placer diggings have yielded good returns, but as yet no entirely successful method of mining the gold has been hit on.

The Cape Horn metropolis and other small settlements are described fully, and much space is given to the South American aborigines, each tribe receiving a full measure of attention.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

Love and Fighting.

Owen Rhoscomyl, who is already known as a writer of the fiction of adventure, has written a new novel called "Battlement and Tower." It can hardly be called an historical romance, for, though the incidents have for background the Parliamentary wars and the last efforts of Charles the First's adherents to sustain him, the more important characters are fictitious ones, as well as the principal episodes. A stronghold in Wales is the scene during the greater part of the story, and here we have love and fighting, intrigues and gallant exploits in plenty. The young Welsh lad who

comes to Castle Conwy in a frieze doublet which excites the mirth of the foppish, proves as doughty a hero as any of the three musketeers themselves, and bright-eyed Mistress Barbara is a most winsome little heroine. A more tragic element is supplied in the unhappy fate of Morva, who was won from the faith of her fathers by the queen's influence.

The picture of the times is well executed, and the story is pervaded with a stirring spirit of adventure which will appeal to those who love tales of fighting and romance.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Balzac Book for Girls.

A book by Balzac written avowedly for a young girl's reading has a unique claim on the interest. "Ursule Mirouët," translated by Clara Bell and edited by George Saintsbury, occupies this position. It is dedicated by the author to his young niece, and it has many distinguishing marks which keep its purpose before the mind. The heroine, Ursule, who has been brought up from babyhood by three old men, is a particularly sublimated specimen of the Frenchman's ideal young maiden. The love-story is an entirely pure one, untouched by intrigue or materialism. And the evil passions which Balzac has shown such mastery in depicting are here confined to the grasping avarice and blundering malice of some anxious heirs.

At no point does the book give more than a glimpse at Balzac's real powers. Nevertheless, it has by no means a bread-and-butter flavor. The characters are vigorously handled and the interest does not flag.

A peculiar feature, and hardly a fortunate one, is the introduction of the supernatural element. The mesmeric revelations and dreams which come true to the undoing of mal-factors seem like toys in the hands of the author, and are interesting as indicating his mental bent rather than as a serious element in the development of the tale.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"America Liberata," by Robert H. Vickers, is a metrical account of the American republics, more notable for its very comprehensive historical notes than for its machine-made poetry. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Out of the Past," by E. Anson Moore, a story of mysticism, reincarnation, love, and fighting in India; and "Siegfried the Mystic," by Ida Worden Wheeler, have been published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents each.

"Old Faith and New Facts," by William W. Kinsley, contains three articles entitled "Science and Prayer," "Science and Christ," and "Science and the Life Beyond," the first two of which have been published as part of the prescribed course of reading by the Chautauqua circles in 1894. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The "Vertical Edition of Spencerian Penmanship" consists of a well-arranged course of seven copy-books in which the Spencerian forms of penmanship, hitherto confined to the slanting style, are applied to the excellent system of vertical writing which has lately been gaining ground in this country. Published by the American Book Company, New York.

George Musgrave, an English scholar and barrister, is making a new translation of "The Divine Comedy" of Dante Alighieri, of which he has so far published only the "Inferno, or Hell." The version, which abandons the *terza rima* of the original and is in the nine-line Spenserian stanza, admirably preserves the spirit of the original. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A "popular" edition of the "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala" has been issued. It is in two volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, and, inasmuch as the text is all there, it is printed on good paper, the type large and the binding tasteful and substantial, this second edition falls but little short of its more sumptuous predecessor. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00 for the set.

"German Songs of To-Day," edited by Dr. Alexander Tille, of the University of Glasgow, is a hook which aims to present to English readers a series of poems—not in translation, but in the original German—which shall represent the intellectual condition of Germany in the past twenty-five years. They are grouped under the headings "Modern Life," "Modern Love," and "Modern Thought," and the editor has provided not only an introduction, but some succinct and valuable notes on the authors represented. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Four Years of Novel-Reading," edited by Richard G. Moulton, Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago, is an interesting little book. It is an outcome of a systematic study of novels carried on by the Backworth Classical Novel-Reading Union, and it contains an essay on the study of fiction by Professor Moulton; an account

of the union by its secretary; a list of twenty-five novels and the special aspects of them that were particularly studied in the union's work during the past four years; and four representative essays: "Why is Charles Dickens a More Famous Novelist than Charles Reade?" "The Character of Clara Middleton," "The Ideal of Asceticism," and "Character Development in 'Romola.'" Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

"The King's Peace," by F. A. Inderwinck, Q. C., has been issued in the Social England Series. It is an historical sketch of the English law courts, leaving out of consideration the Ecclesiastical Courts and the High Court of Parliament, and presents a lucid panorama of the growth of the body of English law, from the ordeal of God's judgment in Anglo-Saxon and Norman days to the present cumbersome and complicated but eminently efficient system. To the student of society and the lawyer the book is one of interest and value, and its usefulness is augmented by an extensive index. Imported by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Whence and the Whither of Man" contains a series of lectures delivered by John M. Tyler, professor of biology in Amherst College, at Union Theological Seminary as the Morse Lectures—a series of lectures endowed by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse in memory of his father, and having to do with "the relations of the Bible to any of the sciences." These lectures constitute a brief history of man and his development through conformity to environment. After stating his problem, Professor Tyler successively treats of "Protozoa to Worms," "Worms to Vertebrates," "Vertebrates," "The History of Mental Development and Its Sequence of Functions," "Natural Selection and Environment," "Conformity to Environment," "Man," "The Teachings of the Bible," and the "Present Aspects of the Theory of Evolution." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stevenson's Unfinished Novel.

Harold Frederic has been reading Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished novel, "Weir of Hermiston," now appearing in the new international review, *Cosmopolis*, and he regards the fact that death cut the author off while still at work upon it as one of the great literary catastrophes of the age. There have been other novels left similarly incomplete, and finished by other hands, as were "Denis Duval" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," but they soon sank into oblivion; and he would be bold indeed who would attempt the task of carrying out the work Stevenson had projected. Mr. Frederic says:

"The hook was barely more than a third done when the end came. But the six chapters which I have already seen give me the bitterest and most implacable grievance against death that I have ever felt. 'Weir of Hermiston' would have been one of the great hooks of the language, and its abrupt interruption is a loss to literature comparable only to one of those savage destructions of big libraries which blacken the barbaric chasm between classical Rome and Alexandria and the Europe of the Renaissance. . . . 'Weir of Hermiston' reveals a Stevenson we had hardly known before. There may have been some hair-breadth and blood-curdling business in the author's projects for the tale. But these opening six chapters spread out a broad and rich field of serious work, with a dozen noteworthy personages, great and little, painted with extraordinary mastery of character and the promise of a real story among them which should be worth a hundred 'romances of adventure.' The figures of the Lord Justice Clerk and his son Archie are as fine as anything in Stevenson's whole gallery of men folk, but much more striking still is the young girl, Christina Elliot, whom the sixth chapter brings in the foreground. For the first time there is a Stevenson heroine who interests and wholly pleases her creator. The 'Catriona' who preceded her was an empty shadow, but this Christina is glowing with life. In fact, Stevenson at forty-four had just attained the point where he could paint a woman as well as men—and then, at a stroke, the hand stiffens and the brush falls."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henri Rochefort is having prepared from the five volumes of his autobiography a special English edition in two volumes, intended for the English public. The many bitter things he has said of perfidious Albion, based on a long residence there while exiled from France, give reason to think that the English edition will prove very entertaining.

Mr. Crockett's new novel, "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City: His Progress and Adventures," is to be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., with several illustrations.

Georges Hugo, grandson of Victor Hugo, is to publish in the spring his first book, "Souvenirs d'un Matelot," chapters of which have been printed in *La Revue de Paris*. Georges Hugo was a sailor for three years. It is said that his book criticizes the French navy in a manner which will cause a sensation. Nothing of this sort appeared in *La Revue's* fragmentary publication.

E. F. Knight, a special correspondent during the French invasion of Madagascar last year, has written a book on "Madagascar in War-Time," which Longmans, Green & Co. will publish.

Robert Louis Stevenson's poems have been gathered together for the first time in a single volume, and will be issued immediately under the title of "Poems and Ballads." The volume will comprise all the poems contained in "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Ballads," and "Underwoods," and in addition over forty pieces of verse written since the publication of those volumes.

A notable list of historical novels is announced by D. Appleton & Co. It includes:

"The Reds of the Midi," from the Provençal of Félix Gras, dealing with the episode of the French Revolution in which the Marseilles battalion marched to Paris to put down "the tyrant"; "In the Blue Pike," by Georg Ehlers, a romance of Germany in the sixteenth century; Conan Doyle's "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," a hard-fighting, hard-drinking soldier of Napoleon; "In the Day of Adversity," by J. Bloundelle-Burson, a French historical romance; and "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by J. C. Snaith, dealing with Monmouth's rebellion and the coming of William of Orange.

"The Astronomy of Milton's Paradise Lost" is the title of a book by Dr. Thomas N. Orchard which Longmans, Green & Co. have in press.

Jacques La Lorraine, a Parisian writer of the Decadent school, has opened a cobbler's shop in the Latin quarter. He has tried for fifteen years to live by literature, but he could not make it go. Now, at thirty-five, he has opened a shop, hired a cobbler, and set about learning the trade. He is said to be doing a lively business.

A new set of College Histories of Art, to be edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. The first volume will be "A Text-Book of the History of Painting," by the editor, and others to follow are "A History of Architecture," by Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, and "A History of Sculpture," by Professor Allan Marquand and Professor A. L. Frothingham, Jr.

The April *Harper's* will contain the conclusion of the story of Joan of Arc, now conceded to be the work of Mark Twain. Casper W. Whitney's series of papers, "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," will also be concluded. There will be new chapters of Poultny Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty." Theodore Roosevelt will

write of "Mad Anthony Wayne's Victory," George W. Smalley will give some reminiscences of "Lowell in London," and Henry T. Fowler will write of sport as "A Phase of Modern College Life." In the way of fiction, the number will contain the continuation of William Black's novel, "Briseis," and short stories by Octave Thanet, Brander Matthews, and Mrs. Alexander. "A Night and Morning in Jerusalem," by Katrina Trask, will be especially illustrated, and other verse will be by Alfred H. Louis and Julia M. Lippman.

Balloting at the Académie Française for the election of a successor to Alexandre Dumas fils is to occur May 28th. There are four candidates: Emile Zola, Jean Aicard, Henri Becque, and Barboux.

"The Life of Ford Madox Brown," by F. M. Hueffer, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

A series of articles by Andrew D. White, late president of Cornell University, is to be reprinted by D. Appleton & Co. from the *Popular Science Monthly*, to which they have been contributed at intervals during the past ten years. The book will be called "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom."

"Ian Maclaren" is soon to publish a new book entitled "The Mind of the Master." It is not another Scotch novel, however, but an exposition of Christian doctrine.

The Athenæum says:

"The late Mr. Murray had for many years collected materials for a complete edition of Byron's works in prose and verse. Mr. Murray had in his possession a considerable number of letters to various persons, including those to his father, some of which were not shown to Moore, as well as many documents and papers of interest. He had also acquired Lord Byron's own continuation of 'Don Juan' and several other unpublished poems and fragments. With the aid of these materials it is hoped that a final edition of Byron's works may be given to the world at no very distant date."

Fred J. Wishaw has written a novel depicting the times and court of Ivan the Terrible. It is called "A Boyar of the Terrible," and Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

Dr. Jameson's Arrival.

Sound the trumpets, heat the drums!
Cheer the Doctor when he comes!
What although he had had luck,
Cheer him for his splendid 'pluck'!
Like the vulture on his prey,
Swooped the Doctor that fine day.
When he met the Boer's stern host,
Waiting, steadfast, at their post,
Like a hero on his bent
To earn his master cent per cent;
On he went for Mammon's hold
To save the women—and the gold!
"Grab" his object, "grab" his aim,
As he played his desperate game.
This is what our London likes—
A kind of glorified Bill Sikes.
Cheer him, cheer him "in the flood,"
Cheer for glory, then, and blood!
Who for law and order cares
When a cracksmen holdy dars?
Right is but an idle dream,
Justice but a dotard's theme.
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
The dashing filibuster comes!

—London Truth.

On a Cathodograph of a Lady.

She is so tall, so slender; and her bones,
Those frail phosphates, those carbonates of lime,
Are well produced by cathode rays sublime,
By oscillations, ampères, and by ohms.
Her dorsal vertebrae are not concealed
By epidermis, but are well revealed.
Around her ribs, those heatseats twenty-four,
Her flesh a halo makes, misty in line.
Her noseless, eyeless face looks into mine,
And I hnt whisper, "Sweetheart, Je t'adore."
Her white and gleaming teeth at me do laugh.
Ah! lovely, cruel, sweet cathodograph!—Life.

The Outdoor Girl.

Dainty as a sunbeam, royal as a rose,
How the outdoor maiden in her beauty glows!
Eyes like morning dewdrops, cheeks like evening fire,
Voice like liquid rapture of the snarise choir.
Round of limb and supple—strength allied with grace;
Sparkle of health's rubies in her winsome face.
How she seems to queen it over all the land
With the witching magic of her slender hand!
Juno in her chariot drawn by peacocks gay;
Aphrodite rising cloud-like from the spray—
Goddesses outrival! Now the poets kneel
To the charm of beauty pedaling a wheel.
Womanhood supernal—beauty at its height—
Hail the outdoor maiden, vision of delight!
Spin, and flash, and glitter, steed of harnished thaws;
Thus through woman's life-blood God the race renews.
—Harper's Bazar.

A New Lochinvar.

Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
Of all patent bicycles, his was the best;
And save his revolver, arms had he none,
Except his two arms of skin, muscle, and bone.
His envious rivals would have to look far
To find a hike-rider like young Lochinvar.

His steed had no brake, so he jumped every stone;
He swam the Shark River, where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Père Shoddy's gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For Count Sauer Kraut, with a sinister bar,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
But holdly he glared at the tall porter swell,
All buckram and starch, as he answered the hell;
"Telegram? Answer?" said flunkey. "Indeed!
For whom?" "For the daughter, yon oaf; can't you read?"
Here's a tinner to quicken your steps, tra, la, la!
So trip up the dancers," said young Lochinvar.
The lackey flew up and the maiden tripped down,
Arrayed for her flight in the last style of gown.
So light to the cycle the fair one he swung,
So light o'er his own hike his long legs he flung.
Then down the Deal road, through the dust seen afar;
"Let them catch as catch can," said the young Lochinvar.

When the flight was made known, how her father did swear!
Count Sauer Kraut clutched at his straw-colored hair.
"I can't have your daughter, the bridal she's fled,
But give me at least her large fortune instead;
There are millionaires' daughters more lovely by far,
Who have never gone off with a young Lochinvar."
There was mounting in haste by the whole Shoddy clan,
Thomas, Richard, and Henry all swore as they ran;
On which road they should follow no two could agree,
So the lost bride of Elheron ne'er did they see.
"They follow, of course, but they'll follow afar,
For I've punctured their tires," said young Lochinvar.
—Town Topics.

At Chickamauga.

We met at Chickamauga. I hadn't seen him since
We looked across the trenches and his bullet made me wince;
But we both shook hands in friendship, as hearty as could be,
Though he had marched with Sherman, and I had marched with Lee.
We walked across the battle-field where once the bullets flew,
And the green and hending grasses felt the fall of crimson dew;
And we talked the whole thing over, where the flag was waving free:
How he had marched with Sherman, and I had served with Lee.

The drums had ceased their heating, we saw no sahes shine;
The hair about his forehead fell as snowy white as mine,
And voices seemed to call as o'er the far, eternal sea,
Where the men who marched with Sherman are in camp with those of Lee.

We parted; eyes grew misty, for we knew that never more
We'd meet until the roll-call on the other peaceful shore;
But both shook hands in friendship, as hearty as could be,
Though he had marched with Sherman, and I had fought with Lee.
—Frank L. Stanton in the Times-Herald.

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In the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, Julian Ralph has some nice things to say of San Francisco. He speaks feelingly of its fine market and charming climate. He thinks the low prices for delicacies of the table astonishing, and he finds the city the second in gayety in the country. There are some points, however, upon which his comment is unfavorable. He says that he was obliged to criticize the politicians and the methods of the railway monopolists. And amid all the brightness and gayety of a social life as brilliant as that of New Orleans used to be, he sadly notes the had condition of the drama. "Dramatic entertainment in San Francisco is unworthy of being included in the list of popular amusements," says Mr. Ralph, with trenchant brevity. This is the most unkindest cut of all.

But if Mr. Ralph thinks the dramatic entertainments in San Francisco so had just to go and see, and compare with the theatre feast he is offered in cities where the market is less tempting and the stage more so, what would he say if he had to write on them? Suppose he had had to go to "Sinbad" on Monday evening, and for the third time in the space of three years hear Frankie Raymond's still small voice piercing the ear of the shuddering night and see Louise Eissing's chocolate-colored tights wandering through the green glades of the Tropical Isle! He would then certainly have a right to say that "dramatic entertainment in California is unworthy of being included in the list of popular amusements." Happy the man who can stand afar and say these sweeping things! When he had seen "Sinbad" three times and written two columns on it twice, he would have had all the life, and joy, and belief in the inherent good of human nature crushed out of him. Upon the third visitation of "Sinbad" one feels like the Queen of Sheba when she saw what style Solomon lived in—and there was no more spirit left in her," says the ancient chronicler.

There is not a flicker of spirit left in the critic after seeing "Sinbad" for the third time. After the first time, one was full of a noble rage of disapprobation, and wrote cutting things about the degradation of the stage and the lowering of popular taste. That was in the glad, green days when extravaganzas, as understood in Chicago, was a new blot upon the face of nature, and had not yet darkened the critical spirit. Upon seeing it a second time, some of the generous indignation of the pristine past had died out. The deadly influence of "Sinbad" was obscuring the light of intelligence and reason. One's indignation was diverted from "Sinbad" itself to the place of its birth and growth. There were still animadversions, but they were directed upon Chicago. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was the cry that second time.

Now the third time has come—the third repetition of tragedies and accidents is always the fatal one—and the limp and fibreless critic is beaten, crushed, broken in spirit, and ready to say it is, indeed, the greatest show on earth, and the finest, most ennobling, most satisfying, and artistic performance that has yet crowned the American stage. There is no use trying to defy Chicago. If it wants to institute bull-fights and prize-ring exhibitions, it will do so, and after the first wail of protest, we shall all be going, one after the other, in cheerful Indian file, to lend the support of our presence to the latest and most artistic development of the drama.

There was a happy time in the irrecoverable past when we hated Chicago extravaganzas. They were things abhorred and accursed. We then felt like Mr. Ralph, and when we saw wretched plays and despicable burlesques, we said they were dreadful in a hold, wild way. But three years have come and gone since then—three years of farce-comedies, and Trilbys, and Hoyt, and comic operas, and things from Chicago that were without form and void—three devastating, leveling, spirit-breaking years, and now we how our head and say that everything that chooses to be put on the stage and give itself a name is simply grand. Just like that girl in the French picture who stands at the entrance to the circus tent beating a drum and calling on the passers-by to come up—come up, good people, and see the play—so does the critic, once so proud and self-respecting and confident, cry "Go and see 'Sinbad'!" It's the third time it has been here, and it's the greatest show on earth for amusing people who are the greatest fools on earth. But go and see it. It will only cost you a dollar, and surely that's cheap enough to bear the strangest singing and see the poorest dancing that ever was

in the world. Don't let the opportunity pass. It may not occur again in a life-time, though experience teaches that it probably will next year, if not before."

The soul being thus tranquillized by confession, let us say that of Sinbad the Third, in which discerning people may detect the gleam of past good taste in the gloom of present dejection. If a person could say, just simply and tersely, as though in meeting a friend on the street and giving one's opinion, "'Sinbad' is deadly," or even "'Sinbad' is rotten," it would be a great saving of time and printer's ink. But this would not be nice, and it would not look well in type. The conventions of journalism have got to be observed as strictly as those of society. Moreover, to give "Sinbad" its due, it would not be quite true; which is not one of the conventions of journalism—that count, but which is a tradition that has some sort of weight in the dramatic department.

"Sinbad" is deadly and it is old. There is not anybody in its length and breadth who can sing, and there is not anybody in the remotest way connected with it who can dance. And yet—it is a terrible wrench to have to say things like this—it does amuse. How it manages to do this, heaven knows. Better men and women have tried to do it and failed. Pools have stepped in lightly and gayly where angels have trodden with the crushing weight of elephants. It may be that the new comedian, Oscar Girard, is better than the old one, Eddie Foy. He is gentler, he is more human. Eddie Foy had always about him a suggestion of something defiantly vulgar and tough. He was a player whose popularity was always a mystery to those outside its magic influence. Oscar Girard has not only much real humor in him, but Nature has assisted in his make-up, by giving him an immense mouth, which recalls to one's mind Dickens's description of Wemmick's mouth, which was so straight and so wide that it looked like the opening in a post-office box. Wemmick, as he took a hasty luncheon of sherry and biscuits, was described as listening to the conversation and slowly "posting large pieces of biscuit."

Of the ladies in the company, Miss Eissing and Miss Raymond are old acquaintances. Miss Eissing is a very agreeable actress in such rôles. She is good-looking, and has the attraction of looking pretty in that particular form of costume which the heroes of extravaganzas affect. She also always wears clothes which are fresh, and glittering, and clean. This may seem a strange point to notice, but the Constant Theatre-Goer knows that we people out here, who come in only for the ends of successful seasons, are not often treated to crisply new and fresh costumes. By the time a large company gets out as far as San Francisco, its wardrobe is very much the worse for wear, and one feels that a bottle of benzine would be a useful gift to present to each member of the troupe.

The part of Cupid, that originally was assumed by Miss Raymond, is now taken by another young person who has the ethereal slowness that befits Cupid, and that Miss Raymond has lost. She is still pretty, however, still a stick, and still sings in a little warbling, throaty voice. Cupid, tripping along on her toes, and aiming her little arrow at the various enemies of the two lovers, is a not ungraceful figure. In one place she is revealed under the ocean, driving in a chariot of pearl. The effect is charming, "the deep, unfathomed caves of ocean" glimmering through the green dusk of many waters. An old bulk, barnacled and clothed in sea-grasses and long-locked weeds, lies still amidst the rocking currents. The color effect was very rich and soft. The scene was like a realization of one of the pictures in that enchanting book of Jules Verne, where the submarine boat pries into the mysteries and secrets of the sea.

In the use of light and combining of color, the Chicago extravaganzas have always been successful. Their costuming is superb. If they could only get a ballet-master who understood his profession as well as their scene-painter and costumer, one would take a legitimate artistic pleasure in witnessing the great Winter Carnival scene in the third act of "Sinbad." This is a triumph of silvery frost effects, and the cold, pale tints of winter. The background of sparkling stalactites, jagged and crystal-tipped, the icy lake, with its clear, level surface, like a polished mirror, the flecks of falling snow-flakes, circling down through floods of colored light—made an ensemble as frostily picturesque as could be conceived.

In the middle of the grotto dance, the sprites of the snow and frost, with the pointed gleam of icicles all about them, and the white flakes powdering them as they dip and circle and sway—the idea is a charming one. What child, viewing the pallid glories of a snow-storm, or the wonders of the ice crystals as they form about the caves and bind the flight of the streams, has not dreamed of just such a carnival of frost fairies! Only the frost fairies were such bad dancers! There they were, sparkling and shining, their suits of glancing silver coruscating through the soft, eddying fall of the snow, or their white forms, furry and muffled, with swaying cloaks weighted with snow-flakes obscured by its thick fall, and not one of them really dancing well! If only some of the extravaganza people would spend their money in hiring one of the

Kiralfys to train their coryphées how to dance! Then we might see a winter carnival that was something more than a display of costumes and scenery.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wagnerian Concerts.

The first of the two Wagnerian concerts given at the Auditorium by Mme. Materna, Anton Schott, Herr Ondrick, Arthur Fickenschner, and an orchestra of fifty musicians under the leadership of Isidore Luckstone, took place last Thursday evening. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "Mignon," Thomas, orchestra; concerto, Mendelssohn, Franz Ondrick and orchestra; aria, "Rienzi" (by request), Wagner, Amalia Materna; concerto, E-flat, Liszt, Arthur Fickenschner and orchestra (his first appearance in San Francisco); "Lohengrin's Narration," Wagner, Anton Schott (his first appearance in San Francisco); Hungarian airs (by request), Ernst, Franz Ondrick; selections, first act "Walkure," (a) introduction, (b) "Love Song," (c) duet, Wagner; Sigmund, Amalia Materna; Sigmund, Anton Schott.

The second concert will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The programme will comprise the following numbers:

Polonaise, Liszt, Arthur Fickenschner; sonata, Op. 13, violin and piano, moderato con moto, moderato theme, var. 1, var. 11, scherzo, finale, adagio, moderato con moto, Rubinstein, Ondrick and Luckstone; selections, Meistersingers, (a) "Am Stillen Heerd," (b) Preisslied, Wagner, Anton Schott; (a) barcarole, Ondrick, (b) polonaise, Wieniawski, Franz Ondrick; aria, "La Juive" (by request), Halvry, Amalia Materna; valse, Moskowski, Arthur Fickenschner; rondo des lutins, Bazzini, Franz Ondrick; selections, last act "Tannhäuser," (a) introduction, (b) "Evening Star," (c) "Pilgrim Chorus," (d) prayer, Wagner, Materna and Schott.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City will give five concerts in this city in the near future. The choir numbers two hundred voices and ten soloists. The leader of the choir, Evan Stephan, is a young Welshman, who studied at the Boston Conservatory. A special feature of their concert work is the rendering of "characteristic Mormon music."

—THE NEW RUSSIAN BATH, WITH NEEDLE shower, that has been under construction at the Lurline Baths, corner of Larkin and Bush Streets, is now in working order and is proving a great attraction, as is evidenced by the numbers who attend daily. The price of admission to the baths, together with the privileges of the swimming-baths, has been placed at 50 cents. The tank is filled with fresh sea-water every night.

In the Ski Derby, near Christiania, the winner of the jump, Cato Aall, covered eighty feet.



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Repertoire for First Week—Monday, "Monte Cristo," Tuesday, "Virginus," Wednesday, "Courier of Lyons," ("The Lyons Mail"), Thursday, "Monte Cristo," Friday, "Hamlet," Saturday Matinée, "Virginus," Saturday Evening, "Monte Cristo," Sunday, "Monte Cristo."

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Monday, April 6th.....PETER F. DAILEY

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The Sailor, or The Maid of Balsora.
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April 6th.....PUDD'NEAD WILSON

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THE RED POCKET BOOK!

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Duse Coming to San Francisco.

That Eleonora Duse is to play an engagement in San Francisco in June is good news. The famous Italian is one of the greatest actresses now on the stage, and she is to present her entire repertoire during her stay here, including "Camille," "Magda," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Locandiera," and her other successes. The company will come direct from New York in a special train, and will bring out the scenery and effects from the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mme. Duse's engagement will be played at the Columbia Theatre, and afterward she will be seen in some of the other cities on the coast. The entire tour is under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., of the Columbia and Auditorium, who are to be congratulated on securing so great an attraction.

James O'Neill.

Hayt's "A Milk White Flag" will conclude its three weeks' run at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday night, and on Monday, March 31st, James O'Neill will begin an engagement that will last two weeks.

Mr. O'Neill has long been a popular actor in this city. We first knew him when he played in the companies supporting Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Charlotte Cushman, and Adelaide Neilson, but his fame has rested chiefly on his great success in "Monte Cristo." Now, however, he is returning to his first manner, and tragic and legitimate plays form the major part of his repertoire. During the first week of the present engagement, he will devote four of his eight performances to "Monte Cristo," presenting it on Monday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights; "Virginius" will be given on Tuesday night and at the Saturday matinee; "The Courier of Lyons" on Wednesday; and "Hamlet" on Friday.

A New Prima Donna at the Tivoli.

Richard Stahl's romantic opera, "Said Pasha," has been the attraction at the Tivoli Opera House during the past week. It was originally produced during Mr. Stahl's term as conductor of the Tivoli orchestra, and this is its fourth revival here. New songs and specialties have been introduced, and the scenery and costumes exhibit novel and beautiful effects. The cast includes W. H. West, as the Pasha; John J. Raffael, as Hassan Bey; Martin Pache, as Terann; Ferris Hartman, as Hadad; Fred Kavanaugh, as Nockey; Kate Marchi, as Serena; Fannie Liddiard, as Queen Alti; and Carrie Roma, as Balah Sojah.

The new prima donna of the Tivoli is Gertrude Aylward, who has been singing in "His Excellency" in New York, under the direction of George Edwards, the London manager, and she is reputed to be young, handsome, and talented. She will arrive here on Sunday, "His Excellency" having closed in New York last Saturday, and she will at once begin rehearsing for the new version of "Blue Beard," which is to be put on at the Tivoli on Easter Monday, April 6th.

"The Red Pocket Book."

Carroll Johnson, the former negro minstrel, has been appearing in "The Irish Statesman" at Morosco's Grand Opera House during the past week. The play follows the fortunes of an Irish school-master who falls in love with an American heiress, and, coming to this country, wins fame and fortune in a political career.

It will be continued through Sunday night, and on Monday "The Red Pocket Book," an adaptation by Louis Imhaus from a famous French melodrama, will be given. The story is told in a prologue and five acts, two of the scenes being at sea, where there is an explosion and a wreck. There are about fifty persons in the production, the leading parts being in the hands of Vinton, Butler, Moore, Swain, Lothian, Essie Tittell, Julia Blanc, and Florence Thropp.

A Mark Twain Story on the Stage.

The American Extravaganza Company begins its second and last week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. There will be some changes in the songs and specialties introduced.

On the following Monday night, April 6th, Frank Mayo will come to the Columbia with his dramatization of Mark Twain's *Century* story, "Pudd'n-head Wilson." The play presents a number of quaint Missouri types, sketched with the humor and insight that have made Mark Twain famous, and it has proved successful in the large Eastern cities. Mr. Mayo will be supported by the original cast from the Herald Square Theatre in New York. Ezra Kendall will follow "Pudd'n-head Wilson" with a farce-comedy, entitled "A Pair of Kids."

Guille's Career.

Albert Louis Guille, the tenor, was born in Avignon, France, on January 31, 1854, and as a little fellow he used to sing in the parish church. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a local barber, but he paid more attention to the chat of the theatrical folk who frequented the shop than to lathering their chins. Then his brother, J. B. Guille, tried to teach him the joiner's trade, but he did more singing than carpentry. In 1871 he left

Avignon, and he made his debut at Tarascon—the home of Daudet's hero—at a concert, in which he sang a scene from "William Tell" with a baritone advocate and a basso master-mason.

Guille soon got an engagement with a provincial troupe and became a popular favorite. He was tried once at the Grand Opéra in Paris, but the director had to refuse him on account of his lack of stature.

In 1886, Patti heard him in Lisbon, and she at once engaged him to sing with her during her American tour, paying him two thousand dollars a month for a season of six and one-half months. He sang with Patti in England and Scotland also, and then returned to the South of France. His second visit to the United States was made in 1889, when he sang in New Orleans under Mangé's management, and since that time he has remained in the United States.

His home is in Switzerland; he lives near Geneva in a little chalet, which he calls "The Castle of Roses," because of its four towers and the thousands of roses with which it is covered.

"Friends" to be Revived.

"Captain Impudence" seems to have grown in popular favor during its two weeks at the California Theatre, but it is to be withdrawn, and Mr. Royle's earlier play, "Friends," put on in its place on Monday night. The cast will be much the same that first presented this pleasant little comedy-drama here, Lucius Henderson again having the rôle of the young pianist. In the second act he will play Gottschalk's "Pasquinade" and Liszt's sixth Hungarian rhapsody.

Peter F. Dailey will come to the California next, appearing on Monday, April 6th, in "The Night Clerk." This is a farce-comedy of the purest type, the comedians and specialists in the cast being quite unhampered by the restrictions of a plot. But it is full of dash and go, and ran for one hundred nights in New York. It is announced, by the way, that all of the feminine members of the company, among whom are Rita Emerson, Freda Depew, and Ada Rock, are expert bicycle-riders.

The Georgia Minstrels.

The farce-comedy seems to have superseded the minstrel company as a field for singers and eccentric comedians, but a few of the best minstrel organizations are still in existence, such as Richards & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels, who begin a week's engagement at the Auditorium to-morrow (Sunday) night. Billy Kersands, the well-known colored comedian, is at the head of the troupe, and his name is one to conjure with. There are said to be some excellent singers in the company, too, and the rich melody of the negro voice will be shown in some well executed part-songs. The prices of admission will be 15, 25, and 50 cents.

Notes.

"The Brownies" is one of the attractions for the Baldwin this year.

Adelina Patti lately performed in a pantomime at Monte Carlo for a charity fund.

Johnstone Bennett will be seen with Richard Mansfield's company at the Baldwin Theatre next month.

Bristol's thirty educated horses will be one of the early attractions at the Auditorium, under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Eddie Foy, who used to be the bright particular star of "Sinbad," will soon be seen at the California Theatre in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

Lucius Henderson and Gretchen Lyons, both members of Edwin Milton Royle's company now playing at the California, were united in marriage a few days ago.

The appearance of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Baldwin Theatre is presaged by the display of photographs of the New York production now to be seen in the Baldwin lobby.

A company numbering sixty-five people will arrive from the East about the middle of April to present "The Black Crook" upon an elaborate scale at the Columbia Theatre.

The Frawley Company closes its season at Omaha this week. Manager Frawley goes East to reorganize the company, and will open at the Columbia Theatre in May next with a repertoire of new plays.

The Hinrichs Grand Opera Company was stranded in St. Louis a few days ago. On the first night of the engagement the receipts were only \$655, and as they steadily declined thereafter and the company had already borrowed \$2,500, the end was not long in coming.

The Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art will give their next public entertainment on Thursday afternoon, April 9th. The programme will include the presentation of "Hearts," the prize play of the New York Herald, original monologues, fencing, songs from operas, and dancing.

Belle Archer, she of the Madonna face, made a "killing" at the races early in the week, according to one of the local dailies, and has gone to New

York by way of Panama. She came here to join the Frawley Company, and was with them up to a few months ago, but she has not been acting lately.

Chicago is to have a Kuster and Bial's music-hall. It will cost half a million dollars, the site is on Jackson Street, one door from Michigan Avenue, and it is to be provided with a *porte-cochère* as a special bid for the patronage of Society. The same attractions will be given that are seen at the New York house.

The French newspapers are filled with the most flattering accounts of Emma Eames's success at Monte Carlo, where she sang in "Otelia," with Tamagno. Mme. Eames had not sung in France before since the conclusion of her engagement at the Grand Opéra in Paris, and the criticism of her recent performances dwelt on the remarkable advance she showed in acting, as well as on the improvement in the quality of her voice and her singing.

While Calvé was singing in Buffalo, a few nights ago, during the third act of "Carmen" a scream was heard in one of the boxes that completely drowned all sounds on the stage. Then the young lady who had screamed tried to climb up on her chair and, falling, disappeared into the recesses of the box. The singers stopped, some of them left the stage, and half the audience rose to their feet. Then it was discovered that the cause of all this commotion was a frightened mouse in the box.

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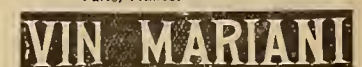
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VANITY FAIR.

One of the most remarkable exhibits made for some time took place in New York last week at the Metropolitan Cycling Academy. It was a display of five hundred and twenty original designs submitted in a prize competition for art-posters to advertise a certain make of bicycles. The circulars making the offer were sent out in December, and when the time limit was reached on February 16th, over six hundred designs were submitted by four hundred artists, showing that the present interest in art-posters is great all over the country. The collection has now been placed on exhibition in Boston and New York, and the posters have made so much of a hit that they are going to be sent throughout the country. We may expect to see them in San Francisco before long. The drawings are hung against a dark-red background, each being twenty-eight inches wide by forty-four inches long. Every day the place in New York has been crowded with people to see the wheel posters. The first-prize poster is the figure of a young girl on a wheel, in a large brown and green plaid costume. It won a hundred-dollar wheel and two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. It was done in oils. The artists preferred the second-prize picture of a remarkably pretty girl, with a short, bright-red skirt, a yellow waist, and a red cap and tie, represented as breaking through the name-plate of the wheel. The third prize represents a woman, with a beautiful figure and face, in a kneeling position crowning the head of the wheel with a laurel-wreath with one hand and writing the name of the wheel above her head with the other. Her draperies are of a soft, white clinging material, and she kneels on a bright-blue cloak. A design drawn by Miss Caroline Lovell, of Birmingham, Ala., is surrounded with admirers. It represents a beautiful Southern girl flying around a track on a wheel, with the world tearing after her. From her front tire the lettering, "Beats the earth," is reflected, and the name of the wheel stands out against the star-lit sky. Miss Margaret Wendle Huntington, a daughter of Bishop Huntington, of New York, submitted four designs. Her work is decidedly French, but clever. In one, the figures of a young man and woman on wheels, holding up a name-plate, are represented coasting on an outline of the map of America. They wear bright-red costumes, and the background is blue. Another favorite is called "Wheels of Two Centuries." A grandmother stands by her spinning-wheel and the granddaughter leans on her bicycle. Altogether, the large number of designs makes the exhibit one of the most interesting that has been seen for many a day. The variety is great, and there is nothing monotonous in color or design. The costumes chosen by the artists are various. You can see almost everything known to mythology or demonology mounted upon a bicycle. There are seraphim, cherubim, angels, devils, and bloomer-girls.

The many people who practice the "high hand-shake" will be surprised to learn from the London *Daily News* that it is out the thing in English society. It has been the impression over here that it was the correct caper there. The *Daily News* says that it is "popular with third-rate smart people who know no better." It is said as a matter of fact that it started from the Prince of Wales having a hoil under his arm, which necessitated his raising it for some time.

There is a learned barber in New York called Henri Poujol, who occasionally writes to the *Sun* of that city on recodite topics touching the beard and hair. He remarks, apropos of the "Club of Pointed Beards," that there can be no fashion for the cut of the beard; that owing to the features of men being infinitely varied, men should, and in fact do, adopt the style of beard that best suits their faces. Among the five hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies are found pointed beards, square beards, oval beards, forked beards, and "collar" beards (the kind Horace Greeley used to wear). Barber Poujol remarks that the invention of the safety razor, which permits the most inexperienced person to polish his chin, is bound to reduce the receipts of American barbers, and it will, therefore, be to their interest to persuade their customers to let their beards grow. The trimming of these beards will then bring them in a good revenue. "But," says barber Poujol, "they should improve their style of operation and their tools. They should use light scissors, and should abandon the bad habit of obliging the customer to assume the horizontal position for the trimming of the beard; because it is impossible for the operator to get an exact idea of the symmetry of his work when the customer is in that position." Barber Poujol is an artist, and his remarks are worthy of attention.

The statement that swell women have stopped shopping will come with surprise, but it is given as a fact, and a New York journal says that rich society women of that city get their semi-annual outfits from Paris. For the smart set, general shopping in New York has gone very much out of fashion. The jostling and hustling which is so common in the big shops is very disagreeable to

sensitive women, and many of them employ other less fortunate sisters to do their shopping for them on commission. Why can not they do as men do, and have things sent to them from the shops for them to look at? This was the way in the old days, before all the small shops were being swallowed up by the big ones.

The Michaux Club, the fashionable wheeling organization of New York, had a "music ride" last week at its club-rooms. The feature of the evening was the dancing of the Virginia reel on bicycles. There are a number of very expert riders in the club, and they have evolved a series of complicated evolutions through which they go, and which has come to be called the "Michaux drill." The Virginia reel, however, is new to the club. It is generally danced by eight couples, who range themselves in two lines along the wall. It is danced very much as the Virginia reel is, the two opposite head couples dancing the *dos-a-dos*, and after each couple dance the figure, all the couples follow the leading ones around the hall until all are again in position. The dancers stand beside their bicycles, ready to mount at the signal. The riding is done very rapidly, the music playing at an extremely lively rate. Among those who took part in the Michaux drill and the reel were Mr. John E. Roosevelt, Miss Hawley, Mrs. E. W. Dowling, Mrs. Arthur Roche, Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, and a number of others. The sight is an extremely pretty one, and even experienced riders who have witnessed it are much struck by the skill of the Michaux dancers.

Mr. Pierre Lalo, a clever Frenchman, has issued proposals for a "Petit Guide des Opinions Elegantes pour 1896." Instead of discussing "Should gentlemen crease their trousers?" or "Will ladies wear hoop-skirts this year?" he proposes to tell them what they should talk about and what views they shall maintain at society gatherings. This strikes us as being an excellent idea. "A Guide to Polite Opinions for 1897" would furnish weak-brained young men with an invaluable method of being on the right side of everything. There must be at times dreadful periods of doubt in the minds of society young men—doubt as to what they think, or what they think they think. Important questions like trouser creasing are often undiscussed by their daily newspaper, that well of English undefiled from which they take what they believe to be their opinions.

Women who are losing their youth will be glad to know that there are gymnasiums in New York, and doubtless in other cities, where the tall, siowey, blonde, and blue-eyed Swedish women in attendance "guarantee to reduce enlarged abdomens, restore lost waist-lines, brace up the shoulders, strengthen and reduce the bust, and pare down the biggest hips." The system of treatment is severe, however. Women following it are not allowed to eat "potatoes, white bread, hot bread, pastry, or puddings." They are allowed to eat "green vegetables, fruit, meat, butter, sugar in tea and coffee, and gluten bread." Their abdominal excess is taken down by putting their backs on the floor and then lifting their legs from the floor straight up to the perpendicular twenty times running. This is followed by a daily five-mile wheel on an in-door bicycle. This takes extra flesh off the hips. For reducing the bust measure, the subject works the elastic exerciser, standing with her back to it and striking out with the handles. Then the woman under treatment takes a cold sponge-bath night and morning, rubs down with a Turkish towel, and then, with the palms of her hands, she strikes her whole body from chin to hips. This is an effective substitute for massage. By this treatment, say the Swedish womeo, there is no reason why a matron of fifty should not pass for one on the bright side of forty.

The outbreak of hostilities to the Soudao will doubtless finish the waning season at Cairo. The season has been a very successful one. The hotels have been crammed, and, on the twenty-second of February, the steamer *Fuerst Bismarck* arrived from America with three hundred and fifty persons, who succeeded with great difficulty in squeezing themselves into the already crowded hotels. On the ninth of February, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough returned to Shepheard's Hotel from the Nile trip. They left after a few days for Brindisi, intending to go from there to Rome, and thence to the Riviera. From there they intend to go to Paris, reaching their palace at Blenheim in the early part of May. They have made a large collection of Oriental *hric-a-brac*, to be sent to their home. On the twelfth of February, a grand hall was given by the Khedive at Abdio Palace, the event of the Cairo season. All the notable persons in Cairo were present in the magnificent palace, which was brilliantly lighted by electricity. The white and gold hall-room was ablaze with lights. The Khedive led off the ball with the Princess de Croy, and his brother, Prince Mohammed Ali, had for a partner Mrs. Caton Woodville, the wife of the well-known artist of the *Illustrated London News*. There were over seventeen hundred people at the ball, including the diplomatic and consular corps, the chief officials of the Khedive's govern-

ment, the officers of the Egyptian army and of the English army and their wives, and the many tourists in Cairo. Among the Americans at the hall were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gilder, Miss Elliott Shephard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hargous, Miss Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin. The day after the hall Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin started for upper Egypt. The consumptive Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, heir-apparent to the Austrian throne, has been staying in upper Egypt. In fact, Egypt is full of notabilities this winter. The next event at Cairo was the fancy-dress ball given in the casino rooms of the Ghezireh Palace on the eighteenth. Two prizes were offered for the two handsomest costumes, and the men present were given voting blanks to decide the matter. Mrs. Caton Woodville woo the first prize. Her costume was that of a *vivandiere* in the Egyptian army. Miss Burrows, a little brunette from the United States, won the second prize. A group which excited much amusement was composed of a donkey carrying a lady arrayed as a fellow peasant-woman striding the animal as those women do. At the head of the donkey walked a handsome donkey-hoy, with a fierce pair of mustaches, and behind him came a man clad as an ordinary Arab workman. The party consisted of Miss Knight and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. St. John Mildmay, the latter making a very handsome donkey-boy. The talk of Cairo lately has been of the successful excavations made by Mr. George E. Raum, of San Francisco, around the base of the Sphinx. This sensation has been replaced, of course, by the sudden movement of British troops toward the Soudan. *Un clou chasse l'autre*.

The London papers have recently discovered a woman's gambling club in the West End, which they speak of mysteriously as being situated "in the region bounded by Oxford Street, Bond Street, and Piccadilly." It is described as being a polite gambling hell for fashionable ladies, disguised as a club. The papers say that there are rooms for various games, including a whist-room, a billiard-room, a haccarat-room, and a roulette-room. The *St. James's Gazette* remarked: "Drinking and smoking were common. Once a lady drank the greater part of a bottle of green chartreuse at a sitting, and remained for some hours in the club in a state of total stupefaction. The more the women drank, the more reckless they became. Once, at a game of poker, two ladies rose, seized each other's hair, and fought till they were separated by force. Dreadful scenes of all kinds occurred." This is, of course, very terrible, but we have noticed that the papers in various large cities are in the habit of discovering female gambling bells whenever news is slack. This may be the case in London at present.

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WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

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Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. F. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,192,001.69; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,506,409.41.

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THE GENUINE DR. BLAUD'S IRON PILLS

have been prescribed with great success for more than 50 years, by the leading physicians of Europe, in the treatment of female patients. Specially recommended for

Poorness of the Blood and Constitutional Weakness.

Imported by E. Fongera & Co., N. Y.

To avoid imitations **BLAUD** is stamped on each pill.

RIPANS TABULES

Under date of October-4, 1893, Mr. W. B. Inglee, manager of the Whitehall, N. Y. *Chronicle*, says: "I know of a case where the Ripans Tabules have 'done wonders.' Actually saved a man's life. Given up by all the doctors. Told to get ready to die. Had the worst form of dyspepsia. Couldn't retain any food on his stomach. Wasted away to nothing but skin and bones."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

Gioacchino Rossini, who was a great jester, was once seen embracing a Spaniard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied: "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."

Father Healy's wit seldom had a sting to it. On one occasion, however, some vulgar people asked how he got on so well in fine houses. "Faith," said Father Healy, "it must be from my mother I got it, for papa was as common as any of you."

When Sir Robert Walpole retired into private life, time hung heavy on his hands, and Horace exerted himself to amuse his father. One day he offered to read to him. "What will you read, child?" asked Sir Robert, wearily. Horace suggested history. "No, no," replied the veteran statesman; "not history, Horace; that can't be true."

An accident or death is almost of daily occurrence in the mining districts of South Wales. A young fellow being out of work journeyed to a certain mine in search of employment. "Have you a job you can give me?" he asked of the manager. "Not at present; but if you step into the office for a few minutes I may hear of some person killed or wounded," was the reply.

The train [says *Life*] rushed through Albany at the rate of seventy miles an hour. As the conductor came through the "smoker," collecting tickets, he announced that there would be no stop until they reached New York. A young man offered his ticket, and asked if he could not get off at Poughkeepsie. "Yes," answered the conductor, "you can, but God knows where you'll land."

Early one morning, many years ago, a burglar was running at the top of his speed along a London thoroughfare, pursued by a lady who vociferated "Stop thief!" A milkman intercepted the fugitive, who promptly exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, let me go. It's my wife, and she'll just about kill me." The milkman was a married man himself, and he allowed the malefactor to escape.

Signor Crispi, who has just fallen with his cabinet in Italy, is a man with varied, irregular, and multitudinous matrimonial experiences. When he was first in office, much pressure was brought to bear on Queen Margherita to induce her to receive his wife. For a long time she declined. At last she consented, with this stipulation: "I will receive the Signora Crispi, but there must never be more than one, and it must always be the same one."

The story is told of an English militia regiment whose reputation was none of the best, that on one occasion a detective from Scotland asked to be allowed to inspect the regiment to discover if possible if a certain malefactor were in the ranks. Permission being given, the detective, accompanied by the adjutant of the regiment, made the tour of the various companies, front rank and rear rank. When the official had got to the last man of the rear rank of the rear company, he stopped suddenly and gazed earnestly at the rather embarrassed warrior. "Why, you surely have made a mistake," exclaimed the adjutant, indignantly; "why, you have pitched on the best man in the battalion. He has been with us for more than twenty years, and he is our pattern soldier. His arms are a mass of good-conduct badges, and he is the example of all that is best in the life of a soldier. You surely do not know him?" "No," replied the detective, "I do not—but I know all the others."

When Mr. Tilden was occupying the gubernatorial chair of the State of New York, and had under consideration the appointment of a judge, a friend of Judge Peckham, who was a candidate for the place, was urging the judge's claim, and besought the assistance of a lady, who at that time happened to be a visitor at the gubernatorial mansion. Although at that time everything seemed reasonably to indicate the appointment of Judge Peckham, the lady assured her questioner that his candidate had no chance whatsoever. Sure enough, another man was appointed, and in the course of time it came about that Governor Tilden learned of the surprising prescience of his fair guest. He asked her how she was able to divine his intentions so clearly in regard to this particular man. "Why," she said, "that was not difficult. You brought him home to dinner one day, and that of itself made me suspect. Then at the table you set before him your choice of Johannisberg wine, and I knew from that moment that he had no chance of appointment. The man who has your Johannisberg is to be let down easy."

This is the story of Casey and Murphy: Casey and Murphy were not friendly, though Casey had

married Murphy's sister, and Mrs. Casey had used her best offices in patching up a peace. A child was born to the Caseys, and Mrs. Casey was glad, for she felt that now the two men must be friends. A christening was, of course, a necessity, and Mrs. Casey was talking to her brother about it, and of the beauty of peace. She was so far successful with Murphy that he agreed to go to the store and bring home a cradle for his nephew's use. Then Mrs. Casey snatched her husband, and told him that when Murphy came back with the cradle, he must shake hands with him and be friends. Casey shook his head doubtfully, but agreed to see about it. Not long after, Murphy walked in with the cradle, and Mrs. Casey spoke to the two men. They glowered at each other a moment, and Murphy put down the cradle. "Be gorry," said Murphy, sticking out his hand, "O'il be friends wid yez, Casey." "Shake hands wid him, Casey," urged Mrs. Casey. Casey put out his hand. "O'il shake hands now," he said to his wife, then, in an undertone, "but O'il kill um at the christening."

THE VACATION OF MUSTAPHA.

[Robert J. Enrdette has been in San Francisco recently on a lecturing tour. Ten or fifteen years ago he was one of the best-known newspaper humorists in the United States, but of late he has found the lecture platform more profitable than writing. He was once a regular contributor to the *Argonaut*, and used to embellish the envelopes containing his contributions with all sorts of queer little vignettes. The following sketch, printed in the *Argonaut* many years ago, is an admirable example of his best work.—Eos.]

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am wearied with much work; thought, care, and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue, and said: "Two dollars!" [for this was the rate by which all physicians swore]. "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him, and went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for so long these fourteen years.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands, well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box-car; and when he could not eat it all, they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him, and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never, in all his life, so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said that he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shut in a neighbor's sheep-pen, three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now, the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof; and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed-corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eyes with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night, he ran a scythe into his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight, his Uncle Ben smote him on the back, and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon is fried, and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the enw-lint. Take a towel with you." When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto

him, saying: "Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn, and he taught him to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood. And they walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And, after supper, his Uncle Ben spake once more, and said: "Come, let us have some fun." And so they hopped up a team and drove nine miles down to Belcher's Branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when the evening was come, they went to spelling-school. And they got home at the first hour after midnight.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning, he bethought him of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it.

But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come, there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist Church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers, and two exhorters, and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home, and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bed-time.

Now when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

So the next day, when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha swore at him, and smote him with an axe, and fled, and gat himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall, and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned and said: "Alas, he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half-way down to the chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live, and he had not enough gut-up about him.

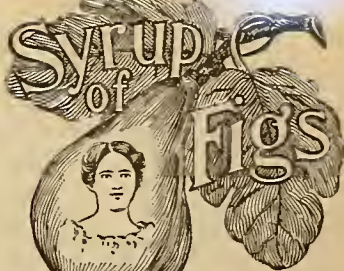
But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself, while he was yet alive, because they had no time.

An Idle Scavenger.

The digestive organs act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Huxter's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without griping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, bilious, dyspeptic, and kidney trouble.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all quality Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 8 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamer for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896.
Coptic.....Wednesday, April 8
Gaelic.....Saturday, April 25
Doric.....(Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12
Belgie.....Thursday, May 28
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 125 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 15, 30, April 14, 29.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. March 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. March 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Esanada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Australian SS. *ALAMEDA*, for Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 22, 2 P. M.
SS. *AUSTRALIA*, Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 7th, and April 28th, 10 A. M.
Only line Coolgardie Gold Fields, Australia. Connection for Cape Town, S. Africa. Low rates. Special parties to Hawaii, reduced rates, April 7th, and April 28th, 1896.
Ticket office, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.
FROM NEW YORK:
Majestic.....April 8
Germanic.....April 15
Teutonic.....April 22
Britannic.....April 29
Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
39 Broadway, New York.

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.



The Breakfast Cocoa
MADE BY
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE
ON EVERY CAN.

•AVOID IMITATIONS•

SOCIETY.

The Babcock-Favre Wedding.

The wedding of Katherine B. Favre and Harry Babcock took place at the Episcopal Church in San Mateo on Saturday, March 21st. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the rector of the church. The wedding was a private one, the only persons present being the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

The Hager Entertainment.

The various announcements in the dailies concerning Mrs. Hager's coming entertainment have all been unauthorized, and all grossly inexact. There have not been five hundred invitations issued; there have been no invitations at all issued as yet; when issued, the number will not be large, as the affair will be mainly for the younger set; the place has not yet been selected; the date has not been fixed upon; and even the cast of the play has not yet been arranged. Inasmuch as the dailies gave all these particulars minutely, including an apocryphal cast, it would be interesting to know by what supernatural means they divined so many things which even the giver of the entertainment does not yet know herself.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Claire Ralston, of Oakland, and Dr. James Bell Bullitt, of Louisville, Ky. Miss Ralston is the daughter of Mr. A. J. Ralston.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Myra Prather and Mr. Harry E. Miller, both of Oakland. Miss Prather is the daughter of Mr. William L. Prather, and Mr. Miller is the son of Mr. Albert Miller.

Mr. Frederick C. Siebe has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Millie Marie Siebe, and Mr. Frederick J. McWilliams, which will take place at St. Paul's Lutheran Church at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, April 8th.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., were to have given a dancing-party at the Presidio on Easter Monday evening, but it has been indefinitely postponed.

The final assembly of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, April 17th.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin gave a luncheon at the University Club in honor of Mr. Henry R. Simpkins prior to the departure of the latter for Japan. The others present were Mr. John B. Casserly, Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough, Mr. J. B. Meagher, Captain A. Fane Wainwright, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Henry Bowie, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. Harold Wheeler.

Miss Julia Mau gave a progressive euchre-party recently at her residence, 2215 Broadway, and entertained about thirty of her friends.

There will be a charity benefit in aid of the Salvation Army Children's Home this evening at the Auditorium, corner of Jones and Eddy Streets. The Olympic Club Minstrel Troupe has generously volunteered its services to aid this most worthy charity. The tickets have been placed at the low price of fifty cents each.

The California State Floral Society will hold its

thirteenth semi-annual flower-show in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on April 30th and May 1st and 2d. It promises to be an excellent exhibition. The committee of arrangements are Professor E. E. Smith, Mrs. W. S. Chandler, Mrs. M. Grothwell, Mrs. B. E. Hendrickson, Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins, and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

President Cleveland has appointed Commander John J. Brice, U. S. N. (retired), Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. It is practically a life office with a salary of five thousand dollars per year.

Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to commence April 15th, with permission to apply for an extension of six weeks.

Assistant-Surgeon Paul F. Straub, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at the Presidio until the arrival of Surgeon Robert H. White, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Charles L. Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at San Diego Barracks and ordered to Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to San Diego Barracks for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed by the War Department to instruct the National Guard of Kansas.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is at the Presidio undergoing examination for promotion.

Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio after a prolonged Eastern trip. He is greatly improved in health.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Cleveland celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday on March 18th.

Lord Leighton was not a rich man when he died, in spite of the large sums he earned during his life-time, and his famous house, with all its art treasures, must be sold at auction.

The little Wallace children, the grandchildren of Chief Justice Fuller, the little daughter of General and Mrs. Draper, and the children of Private Secretary and Mrs. Thurber are among the pupils of the kindergarten at the White House.

Sir John Millais, the new president of the Royal Academy, prefers fishing above all other diversions. When as a boy he took his first prize for drawing, he had to stand on a chair to make himself visible to the audience. He was asked what he would like to have as a special favor, and answered: "Permission to fish in the Serpentine."

One who recently dined with Cecil Rhodes thus describes him:

"He is a tall, rather stout, and lumberingly built man, sandy as to complexion, and with a big, round face, seemingly quite devoid of expression. The nose and mouth are large, but not impressive; the eyes small and dull. The whole effect is of a man who never had an original thought in his hulging head."

About one hundred and fifty letters awaited Dr. Jameson on his arrival at Plymouth, England. Many of them contained offers of marriage. One was from a lady of good position, who asserted that her friends considered her still handsome, but she was the mother of two marriageable daughters. She informed Dr. Jameson that he could have his choice of the three.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, now English Minister at Madrid, when accredited to Teheran, once consulted a Persian sorcerer as to the future of himself and several friends. Arthur Balfour, the sorcerer said, would become a "Grand Vizier." Lord Randolph Churchill, he declared, was suffering from a disease which would soon carry him off. "You," added the sorcerer, "will be ambassador at Constantinople." Sir Henry is now mentioned for that post.

Edwin A. Abbey, who has been made an associate of the Royal Academy, is now about forty-three years old. He is of medium stature and muscular physique, and his hair, mustache, and eyes are brown, the latter looking through gold-rimmed spectacles. His jaw is broad, his nose large, and his forehead rather low. Although he gained his first great reputation as a draughtsman, he excels not only in pen and ink, but in water-color, oil, etching, and pastel.

The chair left vacant by Ambrose Thomas at the Conservatoire should fall either to Massenet or Saint-Saëns. Both of them are most eccentric:

Massenet composes his music without the aid of a piano and, figuratively, hides himself in a cupboard on the night that any opera of his is produced. He is a splendid raconteur, and is very popular in Bohemian society of the first order. Saint-Saëns delights in surprising his friends. He has been known to disappear after some great triumph and give the papers a chance of finding his dead body in a dozen places at the same time, to say nothing of the veiled hints that his mind has broken down and that he is in a lunatic asylum.

Madeleine Brohan, retired Sociétaire of the Comédie-Française, famous for her wit in the time of the Second Empire, lives in an apartment filled with paintings and objects of art, the windows of which open on the garden of the Tuileries. She receives her friends every Sunday evening, and is as witty as ever. Somebody asked recently why she retired from the stage, and she said: "I was playing 'Le Caprice' one evening, and it was not

agreeable to me to hear Chavigny say, 'Ernestine, I adore you.' That evening I understood that I was too old to play a coquette's part."

General Baldissera, who has been sent to Abyssinia to take command of the Italian forces, was in the Austrian army until 1866. Radicals have always reproached him for not leaving the Austrian army when the Austro-Italian War broke out. But he had a legitimate excuse—that of gratitude. As an infant he was found abandoned in the streets by the Bishop of Udine, and was recommended to the Empress of Austria, who had him trained at an Austrian military college. He returned to Italy after the cession of Venice by Austria.

Some rather piquant details about Sarah Brown, the famous model whose recent death in Paris we recorded last week, are given in the *Sketch*. It says:

"The ruddy-haired Jewess, who at various times has appeared upon the walls of the Salon as 'Circe,' 'Venus,' 'Une Baigneuse,' and in many other similar studies of the altogether, was no anchorite. In Rochegrosse's 'Belshazzar's Feast' she is depicted as a drunken Bacchante, lying in abandoned semi-nudity. 'What a magnificent drunken Bacchante I looked!' she said; 'and what a becoming costume—with an almost cynical smile—to be sure! A piece of jeweled gauze and a gem-studded ceinture. I was drunk at several of the sittings. I always try to act my part, you see.' The seeds of the disease (consumption) which carried her off at last are probably traceable to one of her freaks, when she, for a bet, walked home from a studio where she had been posing, clad in nothing but a pair of slippers and a long cloak."

One of the most serious secessions from the parent organization of the Salvation Army is that of Staff-Captain Pattie Watkins, the famous leader of the Bowery Corps in New York. Only a few nights ago, Commissioner Eva Booth pleaded with her, and threatened her, and coaxed her from eight o'clock in the evening until four o'clock the next morning. Miss Watkins says that neither Commander nor Mrs. Booth asked her to leave the army or to ally herself with the new movement. The *Sun* thus summarizes her career:

"Staff-Captain Watkins has served in the organization twelve years, and is as well known almost in London as she is in New York. She has been spoken of as the most beautiful woman in the Army. She is also said to have had the greatest influence of any member of the organization in New York. She was born near Cardiff twenty-eight years ago, in April. Her father was a mining engineer and a man of means. Her mother now lives in Scranton. The daughter attended a young ladies' seminary in Cardiff. At fifteen she was converted. Not long after that, some strolling Salvationists came to Cardiff, and Miss Watkins became interested in their life and work. Finally she went to London, entered the Salvation Army training-school, and, upon leaving the school, was assigned to work in London. Her soprano voice made her in great demand at all the London meetings. In 1886, a call was sent out for volunteers to go to America. Miss Watkins was the first to volunteer. She came here as a lieutenant, and was sent to Taunton, Mass. From there she was transferred to Boston, then to Fall River, and five years ago she was ordered to New York. Three years ago the command of the Bowery Corps was given to her. There were then only ten active members of the corps. When she was sent to Newark, two years ago, there were one hundred and fifty. When she went to the Bowery, the corps was eight thousand dollars in debt. When she gave up her command, there was a surplus in the treasury of eight hundred dollars. She has an olive complexion, a small oval face, dark hair, and large, expressive eyes. She is small in stature and has a figure that is remarkably graceful. In the new organization she will be chief aid to Mrs. Booth, and will make a tour of the country, speaking in the different cities."

La Fiesta de Los Angeles has many brilliant and attractive features, but the closing night, Saturday, April 25th, will be one of carnival pith. Thousands of maskers will be on the streets in a blaze of electric light, colored fire, torches, and thousands of swinging lanterns. Every society in the city is making arrangements to participate. A long and brilliant procession will pass through the streets, and the scene will be one exquisite and beautiful in the extreme. Indeed, the plans of this committee for the closing night are full of originality, and each day, now, develops some new ideas.

Actor—"Couldn't the mashed potatoes, which are served to me in the play as ice-cream, be made a little more palatable?" Manager—"That will depend on the box-office sales."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Special Notice.

Being anxious to close out my entire stock of diamonds and other precious stones, as well as watches, fine jewelry, silverware, etc., as quickly as possible, I offer them at lower figures than first quality articles of this description have ever been sold in this city. A. Hirschman, 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Prince and Princess Poniatowski are occupying a cottage in Santa Barbara.

The Misses Morton, daughters of Governor Morton, of New York, are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis has returned from a visit to Mr. J. B. Haggins in New York city. The latter is said to be steadily improving in health.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young returned to the city last Monday, after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Dr. E. B. Perrin came up from Fresno last Monday for a brief visit.

Mr. Henry R. Simpkins and Mr. Henry Bowie sailed on the steamer *Belgic* last Saturday for the Hawaiian Islands and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Mrs. S. B. McKee, of Oakland, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Norman R. Lang in Oregon City.

Miss Evelyn Shephard, of Oakland, has gone East on a prolonged trip.

Miss Alice Owen has returned from a visit to her uncle near Visalia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Luke Robinson is slowly recuperating from the effects of a severe accident she sustained recently.

Mr. James M. Wilson left on Friday for Sitka, Alaska, en route to St. Michael's Station.

Among the San Franciscans who have been at Paso Robles during the past week are Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Miss Smedberg, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Miss McBean, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. Frederick R. Webster.

Miss Ethel Cohen, of Alameda, will reside, after April 1st, with her sister, Mrs. Lansing, at 1935 Pacific avenue, and will receive on the first, second, and third Fridays of each month.

Miss Alice McNaught, of New York, is the guest of Miss Robinson at her home, 2506 Fillmore Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham will pass the summer at their home near Clear Lake.

Mr. F. W. Dohman, Jr., and Mrs. B. W. Paulsen have returned from New York after an absence of two months. Mrs. Henry T. Scott sailed from New York last Thursday for Southampton on the steamer *City of New York*. She will visit London, and will be away about three months.

SOME SACRAMENTO PEOPLE.

The recent publication of the memoirs of Mary Anderson recalls the fact that this beautiful woman and successful actress was born in the city of Sacramento. It is true that she passed her childhood in Kentucky, but, none the less, she was born in the capital of California. Another woman who has won fame by her beauty and her talent is also a native of Sacramento, Sibyl Sanderson. The list of names of people who came from California's capital city, and who have acquired either fame or fortune, is long. The list is striking in many ways. It varies from the extremes of great archaeologists like Dr. Schliemann to distinguished gamblers like "Jack" Gamble or "Billy" Briggs. Most of the men who came from Sacramento seem to have won eminence in their particular calling whatever it may have been.

It goes without saying that the following list of names will include many people who are known only on the coast, but they are well known, and almost all of them favorably known. Among the merchants who were in Sacramento in the old days were all of the Crockers, including the late Charles Crocker, subsequently a railroad millionaire; Clark W. Crocker, who was a member of the firm of Sisson, Wallace & Co.; and Henry S. Crocker, for a number of years a stationer and printer in Sacramento, and now head of the H. S. Crocker Company, of San Francisco. Another Crocker, now dead, was Judge E. B. Crocker, at one time on the supreme bench, but who resigned to accept the position of counselor to the Central Pacific Railroad. Judge Crocker was married twice. By his first wife he had a daughter who married Charles Scudder, from whom she was subsequently divorced, afterward marrying Myron Walker, an Eastern man. She since has lived in the East. The other daughters of Judge E. B. Crocker are Mrs. Harry Gillig and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, both of New York State. All of these ladies came from Sacramento. It is unnecessary to say that the associates of Charles Crocker also came from Sacramento—Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins, the latter two of whom were in business there under the firm name of Huntington & Hopkins, a firm which subsequently did business in San Francisco. Among other well-known men hailing from Sacramento are the two capitalists, J. B. Haggins and Lloyd Tevis. These two gentlemen became business partners in Sacramento many years ago. They married sisters there. When they removed to San Francisco, their business associations continued uninterruptedly for many years. Another capitalist who came from Sacramento was the late L. L. Robinson. He was at one time superintendent of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, but afterwards became interested in gravel-mining, at which he accumulated a fortune, somewhat impaired, however, at the time of his death by the stoppage of hydraulic-mining and the enormous amount of litigation in which he became involved. Mr. Robinson's name recalls the fact that George T. Bromley also was in Sacramento in the old days, and was the first conductor on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, of which Mr. Robinson was president. William Sharon is another dead millionaire who came from Sacramento; in the early days, he

ran a flour-mill there. A. K. P. Harmon, who made a fortune in mining, used to keep a shoe-store in Sacramento. Stephen J. Field, the venerable associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a lawyer in Sacramento after he had left Marysville. Another lawyer of distinction who lived in Sacramento was A. A. Cohen. When he left there, he settled down on the Alameda side of the bay, and started the ferry line which is now part of the Southern Pacific system; it was purchased from Cohen by that company back in the early seventies. Some years afterward, Cohen quarreled with the railroad people, and brought a suit against them which is famous in the legal annals of the State. Cohen associated with him the late Delos Lake, who was a vigorous and virulent advocate. The vitriolic brief which these two prepared has remained famous. In one passage the language was: "And your orator deposes and says that the said Charles Crocker was then engaged in vending pins, needles, and tape at retail over the counter of a dry-goods shop in Sacramento." This expression was repeated in the course of the complaint probably one hundred times. The suit was never pressed to an end, but was finally compromised. Milton S. Latham, capitalist, banker, governor of the State, and United States Senator, also did business in Sacramento. The two millionaire brokers of New York, I. and S. Wormser, one of whom died recently, were clothing merchants in Sacramento many years ago. Drury Melone, the vinticulturist, now residing in the Napa Valley, lived in Sacramento in the early days. Howard Havens, president of the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company, also came from Sacramento. P. B. Cornwall, capitalist, head of the Electric Light Company, politician, and man of affairs, came from Sacramento. John W. Coleman, whose recent death was so widely regretted, came from Sacramento, where, many years ago, he was the agent of the California State Telegraph Company. Homer S. King, for years one of the leading stockbrokers of San Francisco, and now manager of Wells, Fargo & Co's banking department, was in Wells-Fargo's Sacramento express office as a boy. Newton Booth, governor of the State and United States Senator, was for many years a merchant in Sacramento, continuing there in business up to the time of his death. Isaac L. Requa, who has accumulated a large fortune in mining and other avenues of activity, was a resident of Sacramento in early days. L. L. Baker and Robert Hamilton, both of whom are now dead, were hardware merchants in Sacramento many years ago. Alex. Boyd and J. Z. Davis, the capitalists, were also residents of Sacramento. John W. Merrill and Charles Holbrook, members of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, also came from Sacramento. The late E. H. Miller, at one time Secretary of the Central Pacific Railroad, was a merchant in Sacramento years ago. Charles G. Hooker, the well-known capitalist, was a hardware merchant in Sacramento. So was James Carolan. Judge Silas Sanderson, the eminent jurist, for many years at the head of the law department of the Southern Pacific Company, was a practicing attorney in Sacramento years ago. He was the father of Sibyl Sanderson, of whom we have already spoken. B. B. Redding was, years ago in Sacramento, the editor of the *Democratic State Journal*; he afterward became the land agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. R. C. Woolworth, the banker, came from Sacramento. So did C. I. Hutchinson, the insurance agent; Louis Gerstle and Louis Sloss, the two millionaires who have made their fortunes in the Alaska Fur Company, were merchants in Sacramento many years ago. W. H. Wallace and A. W. Sisson were merchants there, and made fortunes selling supplies to the railroad company, which business they secured through the influence of Clark W. Crocker, one of the members of the firm. W. H. Wallace was the father of Cora Wallace, who married Dr. Herzstein, of this city. Clark Crocker was the father of Mrs. Judge Van Fleet, Henry J. Crocker, Fanny Crocker, and Julia Crocker. The multi-millionaire D. O. Mills, late of San Francisco and now of New York, came originally from Sacramento, where the bank through which he laid the foundations of his fortune is still in existence. His brother, Edgar Mills, another millionaire, was also a banker in Sacramento. Daniel W. Earl, the well-known merchant, came from Sacramento. Isaac Lohman and Edward Hull were grocery merchants in Sacramento years ago. The daughter of Edward Hull was the wife of Joseph D. Grant, of this city; she died some years ago. Among the other well-known names of men coming from Sacramento are those of B. F. Dunham, Edward Carrigan, Colonel A. Andrews, Gilbert Palache, Judge Thomas Sunderland, General John Bidwell, John Barton, Captain J. M. McDonald, Dr. R. H. McDonald, W. E. Brown, E. W. Hopkins, General J. F. Houghton, Captain W. H. Taylor, and C. A. Grow. Charles S. Fairfax, the well-known politician of early days, who was either Baron Fairfax or next of kin to the head of the American titled family of Fairfaxes, came from Sacramento before he established his beautiful home at San Rafael. Henry Edgerton, a well-known politician and lawyer, and a man of matchless eloquence in his day, came from Sacramento. It was of Henry Edgerton that the fol-

lowing story was told: He was of extremely convivial habits, and one night went to the old Maguire Opera House when they were giving Boucicault's play, "The Octoroon." When the beautiful white-skinned Zoe was about to be knocked down on the auction block, Henry Edgerton arose, and with vinous dignity made a higher bid for her than that just made by the villain of the play. Grove L. Johnson, lawyer and congressman, came from Sacramento—in fact, he is there yet. Colonel E. E. Eyre, the capitalist, once lived in Sacramento. Judge S. C. Hastings, who founded the Hastings College of the Law, also lived in Sacramento. He was the father of Mrs. Major Darling, Mrs. Harry Jerome, the late Mrs. W. S. Keyes, the late Robert Hastings, and Miss Ella Hastings. A. N. Towne, the late railway superintendent, came from Sacramento. So did J. A. Fillmore, the present superintendent of the Southern Pacific Company, and J. C. Stubbs, the third vice-president. N. D. Rideout, the Marysville banker, lived in Sacramento in early days, and so did J. O'B. Gunn, the present secretary of the Union Iron Works.

As we remarked, in this long list the names of two well-known gamblers figure, that of "Jack" Gamble, who used to keep the Star and Garter, a well-known sporting resort on the San Bruno Road, and "Billy" or William R. Briggs, a gambler, who for many years kept faro-banks in Sacramento and San Francisco. Thirty years ago gamblers were looked upon with less censorious eyes than now, and "Jack" Gamble and "Billy" Briggs were local institutions in a way.

To close this list, it is necessary only to say that Dr. H. W. Harkness, the well-known scientist, for many years president of the California Academy of Sciences, was a former resident of Sacramento, and Dr. Harkness says that in '51 and '52 there was an individual engaged in buying gold-dust from the miners in Sacramento who bore a German-Jewish name that was variously pronounced, and that this individual accumulated a fortune in a few years in the gold-dust business and then left Sacramento. Years afterward Dr. Harkness met him in Europe, and was surprised to find that the quondam gold-dust dealer of Sacramento was no less a person than Dr. Schliemann, the famous discoverer of the ruins of Mykene and Troy. So from one extreme we go to another. The list began with the names of two women who have won fame and fortune through their beauty and their talent on the stage, and it closes with that of a man who won fame by his archaeological excavations, and by bringing to the light the ruins of Troy, that ancient city around whose walls Achilles dragged Hector by the hair, and over which Greeks and Trojans battled for the most beautiful woman in the world.

That was a very sad accident that happened at Captain W. B. Collier's country home, Ka Bana, on the shores of Clear Lake, last Saturday night, when the entire house was burned down. A lamp in a room in which Captain Collier's youngest child, a boy of five years, was sleeping, exploded during the absence of the nurse, and before it was discovered, the fire had made such headway that it was impossible to rescue the child and he was burned to death. The family is prostrated with grief at the tragic event.

A Russian naval lieutenant at Sebastopol, who struck his captain, has been degraded from his rank and condemned to eighteen years' hard labor.

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La Fiesta de Los Angeles, now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22**, and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses, to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th**, inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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Johnny—"Say, what's a philosopher, anyhow?"
Tommy—"A philosopher's a man that don't care a darn."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Willing to oblige: "You are well fitted for the position, but I should prefer a married man."
"Perhaps we can arrange that. I see you have daughters."—*Life*.

Mr. Dolley—"What do you mean by saying that your father made light of my proposal?" Miss Giggles—"Well, he did. He used it to ignite his cigar with."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"It is sad," said one girl, "that so many men nowadays have a great deal more money than brains." "Yes," sighed another; "and so little money at that."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Dukane—"The women of different cities have their own particular fad." Mrs. Gaswell—"What is the women's fad in Chicago?" Mrs. Dukane—"Husbandry."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

"Bridget, you've broken as much china, this month, as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this recurring again?" "Oh don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages."—*Life*.

"What for yo' call yo' boy Henery, Sister Jackson? Hit ain't a family name, shuah." "Well, hit is and hit ain't, Brother Biggs; fer his pop wuz in jail fer stealin' chickens when he wuz born."—*New York Tribune*.

Sox—"There's one part, and the main one, where Nixey fails in his much-vaunted imitation of Sir Henry Irving." Buskin—"Why, he's considered perfect! What is it?" Sox—"Making Sir Henry's money."—*Puck*.

At the skating rink: "They tell me Jeannette is engaged to that Mr. Wilkes." "Yes." "But she has known him only two months." "That is true, but they have taken several headers together, and that breaks a great deal of ice."—*Bazar*.

Mrs. A—"I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?" Mrs. B—"The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of a thousand years."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"At my last place," said a conk, "I should have been very comfortable if the master hadn't been a photographer." "Why, what difference could that make?" "Ynu see, at the dinner-table he used to photograph the joints before they were removed to the kitchen."—*Le Petit Parisien*.

"This is a remarkably high-flavored mast," said the King of Mowpka. "It is from that late Chicago individual," said the purveyor-in-chief. "I am really surprised. That Boston missionary told me explicitly and distinctly that Chicago people were utterly devoid of taste."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Garrulous boarder—"For ten years my habits were as regular as clock-work. I rose at the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work, dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at half-past nine; ate only hearty food, and wasn't ill a single day." Sarcastic boarder—"Dear me! And what were you in for?" (Awful silence)—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Ynung Mr. Fitts came in from his daily toil and passed his wife with merely a friendly nod. "I think you forgot something," she said, with a pout. "I believe I did," said he, and then kissed her. "Really," she said, "I wasn't thinking of that at all. I was thinking of the baking-powder." If there be any one thing more dear to the heart of woman than another, it is her "evens."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Are you a candidate?" asked the newspaper interviewer of the Kentucky citizen. "Yes, suh. I feel that I have a duty to perform, and I shall not shrink 'f um it. I perceive the breach, and I shall hurl myself into it without considering how inadequate the recognition of my services may be." "Excuse me, colonel, but for what position are you a candidate?" "Well—suh—that is a minor detail upon which circumstances have not as yet permitted me to record a definite decision."—*Washington Star*.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 6, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus:

"Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus:

"The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The New York *Sun* of March 24th devotes a column and a half of editorial space to an elaborate attempt at refuting the *Argonaut's* Cuban article of March 16th. The *Sun* has been a hoisterous and uoreasoning advocate of the Cuban cause, and naturally feels somewhat irritated at the plain language and plainer figures in the *Argonaut's* article. It attempts to overturn the statements and demolish the figures of the

Argonaut, but it does not succeed. For example, the *Sun* copies a paragraph from the *Argonaut*, closing with this extract from our article: "Bad as the government of Spain may be, it could never be so had as would be the government of a Cuban 'republic' made up of mestizoes, mulattoes, negroes, and a minority of whites."

Commenting on this, the *Sun* says: "It is an error of the *Argonaut* that only a minority of the Cuban population are of the white race." The *Argonaut* did not say that the present white population of Cuba is in a minority. According to the latest figures at hand in the "Statesman's Year Book," the population of Cuba is about 1,600,000, about 900,000 of its inhabitants being Spanish whites. What the *Argonaut* said was that the *Sun's* Cuban "republic" would be made up of "mestizoes, mulattoes, negroes, and a minority of whites." By this we mean that most of the 900,000 Spanish whites who now reside in the island would cease to live there, some by choice and some by force. But why did the *Sun* quote a part only of the *Argonaut's* paragraph, which was incomplete and misleading without the whole? The remainder of the paragraph ran as follows:

"The whites would necessarily be in a minority, for even now half of the population is colored, and the first thing the insurgents would do would be to confiscate the property of all who had been loyal to Spain. Further than that, the decent whites would hasten to flee from a country where life, property, and the honor of their wives and daughters would be unsafe—as would most certainly be the condition of things in the half-negro Cuban 'republic.'"

To stop in the middle of a paragraph from the *Argonaut's* article, leaving out what we have just reprinted, and then to assume that the *Argonaut* believed that the statistics of the present population of Cuba showed the whites to be in a minority, strikes us as disingenuous business, to put it very mildly. If the *Sun* wishes to quote from the *Argonaut*, let it quote fairly, and not garble.

Continuing in its argument, the *Sun* remarks: "The Spanish-American republics already in existence are regarded by the *Argonaut* as frightful examples." In a sketchy manner Mr. Dana's journal proceeds to say that they are not so badly off. It does not touch upon the fact that in the *Argonaut* article records were given from the history of Venezuela, Peru, Chile, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, Ecuador, Hayti, and Mexico, showing that they have been in an almost continual condition of revolution ever since they declared their independence of Spain.

As to Mexico, which Mr. Dana dwells upon as a model republic, we showed that she has had two hundred and sixty revolutions since her declaration of independence from Spain. Mr. Dana says: "President Diaz's annual message to the Mexican Congress was a most gratifying record of progress under republicanism during the past quarter of a century." Mr. Dana must have written that sentence with his tongue in his cheek. So shrewd an observer as he could scarcely call the régime of Diaz "republicanism." It is about thirty years since Porfirio Diaz revolted against President Lerdo de Tejada, and drove him from Mexico in 1876. Since then, Diaz has retained the reins of power, and such has been his rule of iron that there have been but two revolutions in Mexico during those thirty years. He once went through the form of electing Manuel Gonzales as his successor, but succeeded his tool Gonzales, and is now laying his pipes for "electing" himself again. That will make twenty-four years of service by one president who "succeeded himself." Does that seem to Mr. Dana like "republicanism"? It seems to us like a military dictatorship. Diaz is a dictator. The fact that in seventy-five years Mexico has been at peace only once—since he has been in power—shows that she is utterly unfitted for republican government. We believe that no Spanish-American nation, and possibly no Latin nation, is fitted for free, constitutional republican government. It certainly has not yet been demonstrated. Mexico is a republic only in name. Mr. Dana knows this as well as do the Mexicans.

The *Sun* demurs to the *Argonaut's* forecast of ruin, rapine, and revolution for Cuba if she becomes a republic

and the parallel which we drew between a Cuban "republic" and that in Hayti. Says Mr. Dana: "Why talk in ignorance? Hayti is a black republic, with hardly a streak of white in it, a country of emancipated slaves, who were African savages. Cuba is an island in which the white race is predominant." By Mr. Dana's own figures, over one-third of the inhabitants of Cuba at present under Spanish rule are blacks. How loog would the nine hundred thousand whites remain in the country? Not very long. Revolution, rape, arson, and murder would speedily drive the whites to more civilized countries, and there would be left to Cuba a half-million barbarous blacks who would spend their time struggling for the mastery and trying to cut one another's throats. Out of the Spanish whites, not ten in a hundred would dare to remain in Cuba after she had declared her independence of Spain. In this country, all the way from Georgia to Massachusetts, we made it very torrid for the Tories immediately after the success of our Revolutionary War. They were imprisoned, their property was confiscated, and most of them fled to England. Yet they were of our own race, our own color. What could be expected of half-maddened blacks, flushed with triumph and drunken with blood? Would they treat the Spanish whites with more consideration than our ancestors showed to their Tory neighbors? We believe that the parallel we drew between the history of Hayti for the last seventy-five years and the probable history of Cuba in the event of her becoming a republic is an entirely justifiable one. The history of Hayti, as shown in the table we printed on March 16th, is a caricature upon republican government. There were at times three different men claiming to be president, king, or emperor in the hapless island, and the last entry in the table was: "1895—Revolt; General Hyppolite's daughter fired on by the mob." Significant line.

The *Argonaut* does not believe that Spanish rule in Cuba has been a just, a humane, or a beneficent rule. Bad as it is, however, we believe that a Cuban "republic" would be infinitely worse. But Spanish or Cuban, monarchical or republican, what have we to do with the regulation of Cuban affairs? Is our right to interfere in Cuba based on proximity, oo humanity, on kinship of blood, race, or religion, or on commercialism purely? If it is claimed that it is based on ties of blood, all such claims fall to the ground. There is absolutely nothing in common between us and the Spanish except color, while between us and the Cuban insurgents there is not even that. All of them, Spaniards and Cubans, white and black, differ from us in religion, and all of them, white and black, look on us as heretics and secretly hate us. There is no kinship between us. If our interference is based purely upon ideas of sympathy and humanity, are the sympathies of the United States measured by miles? Why limit them to Cuba? Why should we not carry out the ideas voiced in the Senate recently, and at once interfere on behalf of the oppressed Armenians? There can be no doubt that the outrages in Armenia exceed in horror anything perpetrated in Cuba. The Armenians are white. They are of the same race as ourselves. If we should interfere for the Cubans, why not for the Armenians? Is it simply a question of miles? Does the fact that an ocean and a tideless midland sea divide us from Armenia debar us from expressing sympathy for the Armenians? As to the argument that only the western hemisphere concerns us, there is no Monroe doctrine in humanity. He who would succor the oppressed should succor the oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue. If we should intervene in Cuba on the ground of humanity, why should we not intervene in Armenia on similar grounds? There is no distressed country on the globe where the United States should not intervene, if sympathy be alleged as a just cause. But the folly of wholesale intervention makes itself at once patent to the meanest intelligence. Such an argument would fall to the ground. Upon what ground, then, would a warrant for Cuban intervention rest? Upon commercialism? Upon purely mercantile ideas? Upon questions of the loss of trade? Is it for this that we should intervene in Cuba? Is it because of the ruin and wreck wrought by war, the burn-

ing of sugar plantations, the destruction of sugar-mills, and the military operations which are cutting down our trade with Cuba that we should intervene? But such an argument would be absurd. The American people are too sensible to involve themselves in a war because their warring neighbors are not buying enough goods from them.

Mr. Dana closes his curious article by remarking: "The *Argonaut* is scared by a negro bugaboo. Nevertheless, if every one of the inhabitants of Cuba were the color of a tinker's pot, we would be as much opposed to Spanish rule over the islands. We are for freedom, regardless of race."

So are we. But let every people achieve it for themselves. Our forefathers fought for their freedom, and won it. Let the Cubans do the same.

This country has long been looked upon as "an asylum for the oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue." But when, in addition to running an asylum at home, we go forth into the world and begin settling all the domestic problems of every oppressed nation, kindred, and tongue, it is too much for even so great a country as the United States. This is an Anglo-Saxon community; it is mostly Protestant, it is law-abiding, it is civilized, and it is white. Let those communities look out for themselves which are Latin, which are Roman Catholic, which are semi-civilized, and which are quadroon, octoroon, mulatto, mestizo, and black.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors gave a hearing one day last week to Representatives Barham and Johnson, who spoke in behalf of an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be used, with a similar appropriation made by California, for building restraining works to impound mining débris in cañons tributary to the Yuba and Feather Rivers. The first argument was good so far as it went. Mr. Barham spoke for the farming interest and for the preservation of the navigability of the streams. He reasoned that unless the works were constructed, the government would hereafter be put to ten times the outlay in dredging the rivers. Mr. Barham took the ground that the money was "not asked for the purpose of rehabilitating hydraulic mining," but for the protection of agriculture. All that he said concerning the protection of the farmer is true, but it is also true that the government should, for the sake of this State and of the country, do what it can to rehabilitate hydraulic mining. It is in duty bound to do so. The mineral wealth locked in the mines is needed, and the men whose capital has been invested in this species of property are in equity entitled to the creation of conditions that will permit them to pursue their industry. The law has interfered with them in behalf of larger and more permanent local interests, but that is no reason why the government should not exert itself to make hydraulic mining practicable without inflicting injury on anybody. Representative Johnson showed that this may be done. He quoted the favorable reports of the government's engineers specially appointed to investigate the whole subject. Scientific authority is on the side of the proposition that mining débris can be impounded at a relatively small cost. That being so, the impounding dams should be built. California has a right to ask the government to interest itself actively, and the nation is partner with this State in the premises. Every argument used in support of preserving the navigability of streams at public expense applies with equal force to the industry of hydraulic mining. The latter is a "private business," to be sure, but so is the sailing of vessels. Each industry has its public side. The débris can be kept from the rivers. If the government is not prepared to dredge the beds, it is fair to require it to prevent the necessity for dredging. One way is to shut down the mines, which has been done. The other is to build restraining dams and allow the mines to be re-opened.

It ought not to be necessary at this late day to say that nobody in California who is accorded a respectful hearing would advocate the continuance of hydraulic mining were a necessary consequence of its continuance the permanent injury of agriculture. But no such alternative exists.

The Government of the United States should be the last of all governments to hesitate about taking measures to increase the production of gold. Its greatest want for some years has been gold. In order to obtain it, it has been horrowing from bankers at home and abroad, entering into humiliating, not to say scandalous, transactions with foreign syndicates, placing a "popular" loan that is really a hankers' loan, and in general confessing that it is suffering from a gold famine. A very small part of what it has paid the financiers in these operations would serve to dam the cañons of the American and Feather Rivers and set all the miners at work again digging out the thing that the government most desires. The Morgan syndicate was allowed to pocket a profit of about eighteen millions in negotiating a loan of one hundred millions. If, instead of pouring all that wealth, and more, in the form of commissions into Wall Street and Lombard Street, one per cent. of the amount had been

appropriated as the government's engineers have advised, the dams would be up, the mines going, and a golden stream pouring forth.

California's gold mines, as the *Argonaut* has often said, are vital to the United States. In the last four months of 1895, twenty millions of gold were shipped from this State to the National Treasury, and eighteen months before that twenty millions more were sent from here on a single train. Though her hydraulic mines are idle, California is giving yearly fifteen millions of gold to the country; with dams in the cañons and those mines producing again, the annual product would be twice fifteen millions. To put mining aside as a "private industry" is folly, especially in a government which adheres to the policy of encouraging private industries for the common good. The principle of protection applies to hydraulic mining; but it can make broader claims, which even the free-trader will admit. An adequate supply of the precious metals is as necessary to national health as an adequate supply of blood is to the individual. If the government may on any ground concern itself with any industry, surely none exceeds in its public importance the industry of gold mining. At the very least, the government should not paralyze it. That has been done in California. It was wise to save the rivers and the farms, but it was not wise in a gold-borrowing nation to refrain from doing the simple thing that was necessary to render hydraulic mining harmless to other interests, and so secure its fruits.

There should have been greater holdness in the tone of Representatives Barham and Johnson's showing in behalf of the small appropriation asked in the river and harbor bill. California's need and right justify a demand. The State has been generous. She asks no more from the national government than her own government is ready to do. No subsidy is sought, but only conditions under which an industry on which the country's prosperity is largely dependent may be followed.

The other day there was laid upon our desk a periodical coming from Caracas—its title *Temis*, its sub-title *Periodico Juridico*. This was fascinating. A law journal from Caracas!

At once there arose vivid anticipations of profound discussions of the Venezuelan frontier dispute by learned Venezuelan advocates—for the editors, Pablo Godoy Fonseca and Juan Bta. Bance, were both of them put down as doctors of the law. It is needless to say that we opened the periodical with feverish interest, although rendered somewhat wary by previous experience with Spanish-American periodicals. For we have been for many years utterly unsuccessful in finding anything timely on any topic at any time in any journal published in any country in South or Central America. There is at present a civil war raging in Central America, but the last number of *El Salvadoreño* which came to hand was dumb concerning the revolution. Its leading article was an essay on "Algebra," and most of its pages were made up of sentimental poems of more or less mediocrity. With these previous experiences in mind, the appearance of the Caracas journal seemed to promise only new disappointment. But hope springs eternal in the human breast. What could Venezuelan lawyers find to write about in a law journal at the present juncture but the interesting legal and territorial questions involved in the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela?

We carefully scanned the pages of *Temis*. There are only twenty-four of them, and the last two are blank—evidently through lack of matter, or because the editors' inspiration trickled out at page 22. But all of the articles display a bland ignorance of the fact that there is anything in the nature of a boundary dispute going on anywhere. The first article is devoted to "The Revision of the Codes." The second is an elaborate discussion of the question of divorce, in which the writer takes seven pages to maintain his theory that divorce should be allowed. Another article is entitled "The Conception of Law," and is of so abstruse a nature that Herbert Spencer beside it is light summer reading. The next article is a literary review, being a discussion of a "Virtue and Morality" catechism by the Reverend Brother Santiago Machago. The rest of the publication is made up of the regulations of the code concerning the rights and duties of lawyers. There are not so many of these gentlemen in Caracas as in San Francisco, if we may judge from a list published at the end of the periodical, which includes only 82 advocates, who are "inscribed in the courts of the federal district." In San Francisco there are 960 attorneys-at-law, or about one to every 300 of the population. In Caracas, which has a population of about 75,000, there is about one attorney to every 1,000 of the population. But when one considers that the majority of the people of Caracas are so poor that few of them have more than one shirt and fewer still possess a pair of shoes, it gives an idea of what poor pickings these 82 attorneys must have. Some of our police-court shysters will take a client's coat when they can get nothing else. But even an

attorney could not take a shirt from a man who possessed but one—not that he would refrain from motives of generosity, but because he would become liable in law for the client's exposure of his bare back.

A paragraph worth notice, as showing the peculiar civilization prevailing in our sister republic, Venezuela, is one in which the editor says that his correspondent in La Guayra had sent him particulars concerning a case being tried there where a father and daughter had married—"un padre y una hija que se casaron." Following this is a paragraph, which runs as follows and which we shall leave in the original Spanish:

"Ambrosio Jiménez fué denunciado ante la autoridad por su esposa Carmen Angelo, como autor del delito monstruoso perpetrado en su lejitima hija Carmen Jiménez."

Commenting on this note from his La Guayra correspondent, the editor remarks that the judges in Venezuela had lately shown a most regrettable leniency in deciding such cases. He calls upon the press to watch the course of the judges in these two trials. The editor closes by remarking that fathers who marry their daughters certainly deserve some punishment, with which strong condemnation we think none of our readers will disagree.

While we have found nothing in *Temis* to throw any light upon the Venezuelan boundary question, it can not be denied that it throws some light upon the Venezuelan people themselves.

Senator Vest's remarks on President Cleveland's observations respecting the West, at that memorable missionary meeting in New York, have shocked the East. The remarks were true, but they were marked by vigor, which, as every Mugwump knows, is always in had taste. Yet, as Senator Vest is from Missouri, and Missouri, in the Eastern view, is situated in the Far West, it is rather surprising that his want of reverence for Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Cleveland's geography has not been taken merely as another proof that American civilization ends at New Jersey's western border. The President's extraordinary revelation of his ignorance of social conditions in the greater part of the country of which he is the chief magistrate, has, very naturally, irritated the people of the region animadverted upon. Were he a private person, his deliverances at the missionary meeting would either pass unnoticed or excite amusement. But Mr. Cleveland happens to be President of the United States—of the whole United States, and not the Atlantic fringe thereof. Consequently the West is affected by his injurious statements much as the entire country has been by the un-American speeches of Minister Bayard in Great Britain. The West, according to the President, is a land of immorality and crime, which can only be redeemed by the missionary efforts of the more virtuous and highly civilized East. "He stood," said Senator Vest, "with the ghastly light of the hell-holes of the rum-sellers of New York blazing upon him, and cantingly said that home missions must be used to civilize and Christianize the men who have left their homes in the East and gone out among the mountains and valleys of the wild and woolly West." We do not believe that Mr. Cleveland was canting. He is a New Yorker, an Eastern man in every fibre of his mind, and is typical in his sincere belief that the West is the same now as it was half a century ago. The word "West" suggests to him hunters, trappers, frontier posts, dance-houses, gambling-saloons, pistols worn on the outside, trousers in hoots, and the rest of it. He knows nothing of the real West. Buffalo was as far as he had got toward the setting sun, long after he reached manhood, and since he has been President his explorations have not extended beyond Chicago. He has twice visited that border camp, and each time has hurried away from it back to the security of New York and Washington. Even when he ventured from civilization long enough to open the World's Fair, his eagerness to be gone was noticed, and he tarried among the barbarians of Illinois and the sojourning hordes only a few hours. Invitations to cross the continent he has received in plenty, but has rejected them in the same spirit that an unwarlike Roman emperor of the decadence might have repelled an invitation to penetrate for pleasure the recesses of the remoter forests of Gaul. Mr. Cleveland's geography is not extensive, but it is sufficient unto his mind. Dissatisfaction with his antiquated map never disturbs that complacent sense of fullness of knowledge which has ever been the most agreeable possession of the cockney of every country and every time. It follows, necessarily, from Mr. Cleveland's geography that he should deem Eastern missionaries the greatest need of the West, and that a primitive section is under a delusion when it fancies itself worthy the secular attention of statesmen. Hence the indifference of the President to the interests of the West, which has been so often imputed to malignity. He cares nothing for the West, because he is not acquainted with it. Not being a man of imagination, he is unable to get vivid impressions from his

A COCKNEY
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE.

reading, but must see in order to understand. And as he has not seen, and felt no desire to see, he is blind to the West of reality.

That address to the assembled missionaries in New York will be preserved in the collections of humorous American literature. A satiric artist in search of a subject has one at his hand here—a very stout, well-dressed, earnest gentleman rising in New York to urge his preaching hearers to go forth to the dark places of the land, shedding the light of their superior morality derived from environment. There is about Mr. Cleveland as he stands thus, and about his believing audience, too, a gravity that is grotesque. For whatever the sins of the West may be, it is modestly willing to take off its hat to New York. It is doubtful if there is in the world another city in which vice is deeper or less concealed. It holds more depraved men and women, more ignorant and vicious foreigners and potential criminals, more of the imported scum of the earth, and more native brutality than can be found scattered through half a dozen populous Western States. And, above its festering slums, the life of New York assuredly does not lure to emulation. All America is aware that it is politically the rottenest of our communities. Socially, it is the most vulgarly pretentious, and if its husioess men are less tricky and its churchmen more godly than their fellows elsewhere, the fact has been disclosed only to themselves and their admirer, President Cleveland.

The West welcomes missionaries from the East, of course, since pious zeal is always to be respected, but it would have less objection to parting with the mote in its eye were the Eastern missionary free from a beam in its own. It may be local prejudice, but we are of the opinion that the people of the West will average quite as high as those of the President's habitat in intelligence, character, and even in breeding. Senator Vest said that if Mr. Cleveland would come out into the dread region, he would show him "a God-fearing, self-respecting, law-abiding people." It should be added that no American is fit for the Presidency who has not met these people and informed himself of their qualities and their needs. A cockney in the White House may be entertaining in a way, but his ignorance inflicts serious ills upon the country. The good Mr. Cleveland is a conspicuous and warning illustration of this calamitous truth.

As the weeks pass, the McKinley boom grows. "McKinley, the Advance Agent of Prosperity," is a phrase that is sweeping over the country. It is becoming a catch-word. No one knows where it started, or who started it. But after McKinley is elected, it will be easy to make up a mass-meeting composed entirely of the man who said it first.

The end of March brought only gloom to the hosses. Platt and Quay had held their perfunctory and formal conventions, but there was no enthusiasm. Even in New York, the stronghold of Morton, there was a clamorous mass-meeting held in favor of McKinley. The *Journal*, a Democratic paper published in New York city, made a canvass of the situation throughout the country, and reported that 24 out of 43 States were solid for McKinley. Even in California, where there has been absolutely no organized McKinley movement, where there are no McKinley managers, where there is no McKinley bureau, and where there is no McKinley organ, the McKinley movement has broken out with irresistible force. The *Examiner*, a Democratic journal, has been interviewing leading Republicans throughout the State. Of 278 prominent Republicans interviewed, 181 are for McKinley. Allison is second choice, with 52, Reed 28, and Morton 2. Both of these estimates are made by Democratic journals, and therefore probably free from bias, for party organs will generally tell the truth about their opponents' fights, if not about their own. The strength of McKinley in California is striking when it is considered, as we have said, that he has no bureau here, while Allison has managers on the ground, and a powerful organ in the shape of the *Call* newspaper.

It is always well to judge of national movements by the elements in one's own vicinity that go to make up those movements. We in California know little of the local politics of Maioe. But we know much of our own. All Californians know that the McKioley movement here has not only not been "worked," but that the local hosses have endeavored to kill it. It is fair to suppose, therefore, that similar conditions exist in other States. It is evident that the people of this country want for President William McKinley, the "Advance Agent of Prosperity."

It is permitted to hope that the sort of journalism of which Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is the principal professor is nearing the close of its unpleasant day. His *World* is not only had in itself, but it is the cause of badness in others, for its financial success has given rise to direct imitators in considerable num-

bers, and had a pervasive influence upon the methods and morals of the daily press throughout the country. It is in their representative capacity, therefore, that Mr. Pulitzer and his paper are of importance and interest. His sole object has been to make money, and in order to achieve his end, he has thought it necessary to sever all relations with decency and truth. In its matter and its pictures, the *World* has been for years a marvel of sustained defiance to about every rule which should govern a newspaper. Its "art" has familiarized the public with the insufficiently clad humao female, the lineaments of prize-fighters, criminals, harlots, and other persons of the grade whose portraits belong properly only in the rogues' gallery, but who are in the *World's* view the members of the race most worthy of being pressed upon popular attention. When opportunities to be salacious, to give reown to hrutes, and to exploit crime run short, the *World* ekes out with miscellaneous sensationalism. And the student of journalism is aware that the first principle which must be observed by the sensationalist is to despise the truth—that veracity is only to be observed when it happens to be more interesting than fiction. Thus it has come about that nobody of experience believes anything he sees in the *World*. And in the precise proportion that any newspaper resembles the *World* in its news features is that newspaper distrusted. We have an illustration in San Francisco. The *Examiner* forms itself upon the *World*, and considerably less reliance is placed upon whatever is printed in the *Examiner* than upon statements made by any other of our newspapers.

No journal that hopes for more than a temporary vogue can, as a matter of business, afford to show habitual contempt for fact. Truth is now being avenged for persistent outrage at the hands of the *World*, and its imitators, let us trust, will not be blind to the lesson of the punishment which is descending upon Mr. Pulitzer. Last week, the *Argonaut* gave the history of one of the *World's* international "fakes," a bogus dispatch purporting to be from Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain—a history which has brought Mr. Pulitzer's paper a world-wide advertisement as a liar. The *World* has been caught again. Recently it printed "a catalogue of the principal highway robberies of the preceding fifty days," in order to prove that crime was increasing in New York and that the police were utterly inefficient. In this appalling showing there were circumstantial accounts of citizens beaten and robbed, chloroformed and robbed, sand-hagged and robbed, choked and robbed, houses broken into and women maltreated, thieves carrying away their plunder in broad daylight, and a general audacity of crime that made New York seem a much worse place to live in than the roughest frontier camp on the cowboy-infested Rio Grande. Theodore Roosevelt has his shortcomings, but among them must not be counted ignorance of how to write and how to hit from the shoulder. He took up this lurid sensation of the *World's* and made a thorough investigation of its forty-five stories of crime that had not been followed by the arrest or punishment of the hold miscreants. Mr. Roosevelt, in an official communication to the board of police commissioners, shows that only four of the forty-five stories are true. His manner of exposing the *World's* mendacity was to employ the parallel column. Thus:

STATEMENT IN THE "WORLD."

DECEMBER 27th.—Burglars entered the house of Giuseppe Romano, No. 283 Mott Street, chloroformed eleven persons and got away with four hundred dollars.

DECEMBER 19th.—Charles Hartman held up and robbed of his watch and sixty-six dollars at Fulton Avenue.

DECEMBER 27th.—Dominick Riccio's saloon, No. 143 Thompson Street, entered and robbed.

Eleven of the accounts of crime were "absolute fakes," most of the rest were as falsely represented as the debauch in the house of Giuseppe Romano; a few had some basis, but only four agreed with fact. That is to say, the *World's* output assayed a little less than nine per cent. in truth, which, Mr. Roosevelt remarks appreciatively, "is a somewhat unusually large percentage for the *World*."

Commissioner Roosevelt has set an example which we should like to see followed by officials everywhere. Were the false statements of the daily press immediately exposed by those most injured by them, there would speedily spring up a healthy desire for accuracy in newspaper offices. Officials become so accustomed to the careless misstatements and the forthright lying of the press that they take the affliction philosophically. They are prone to assume that all others are as familiar as themselves with the untrustworthy character of the "news," and so think it not worth while to undertake the labor of correction. Besides,

officials, as well as citizens who are not in office, have learned to avoid, if they can, "trouble with the newspapers." The power of the latter to lie in support of lies is justly dreaded. What Mr. Roosevelt says of the *World* applies to all of its vile family: "It would be quite impossible to catalogue and refute every false statement this paper makes, because that would need the daily publication of a sheet very nearly as large as the *World* itself." The daily newspaper is a tyrant which carries in its cowardly hand the knout of revengeful mendacity. Courage is required to defy it, and it is not an American habit to go to the trouble of protesting against the annoyances of daily life. Our submission to outrage is the wonder of foreigners. And there is no outrage we tolerate that is less defensible or more galling than the despotism of newspapers of the *World* pattern, which lie on system, and punish rebels against their lies with more lies.

The desperation of the hosses—Platt, Quay, Clarkson & Co.—at the sweep of the McKinley boom, has led them to desperate measures. Like drowning men, they are grasping at straws.

Last summer they combined, and made a solemn compact that Benjamin Harrison should not have the nomination again. They were dissatisfied with Harrison because they could not control him. Now they would give a good deal if they could get General Harrison to come out as a candidate, for the purpose of weakening McKinley in Indiana. All of Harrison's strength in that State, since he declined to be a candidate, has gone to McKinley. But General Harrison has as yet made no sign. He is a very shrewd politician, and is getting married and having his honeymoon just about the time when the hosses would wish to interview him. During his honeymoon, naturally, he can not be seen. But Mr. Harrison is reported to have said recently that "there is a difference between volunteering and being drafted." This Delphic utterance is interpreted by his friends to mean that if, after having declined to be a candidate, the country, the convention, and the party should clamorously call for him, General Harrison would accept. But that would only be in the contingency of a deadlock. The hosses are now engaged in making combinations, and their war-cry is "Anything to beat McKinley." While at present it looks as if their efforts would be hopeless, much may happen in two months. But Harrison will be no party to any cabal at this time. Later, as we have said, he may come forward, but only in case McKinley can not be nominated, and only in case he is entirely free from the hosses.

But the cabals of the hosses are by no means harmonious. Current gossip says that one was held about a week ago, and the hosses and the favorite sons were shrouded in gloom at the McKinley boom. Allison finally said that in his opinion the only sure way to defeat McKinley was for all the other candidates to agree upon a dark horse, who was not to be named in the preliminary hallooting and not to be placed in nomination until the proper time. Reed asked Allison whom he had in view for such an emergency. With some hesitation, Allison replied that he thought ex-President Harrison was their man. The story goes that Reed did not agree with this suggestion. "To — with Harrison!" shouted Reed; "I would rather see Satan nominated than that frigid Pharisee from Indianapolis." It was known that there is no love lost between Reed and Harrison, but this remark, interjected at this desperate stage of the cabal's conference, shows that the breach is irreconcilable. It is evident that the hosses can not agree on Harrison as a forlorn hope to defeat McKinley, and there is no other man who would have the requisite strength.

Among the various dispatches concerning the "successes"

of the Cuhao insurgents, we note one of Havana cable, which says: "Maximo Gomez penetrated the heart of the city of Santa Clara, and held it for five hours."

A military movement of such importance as seizing a city and holding it for five hours deserves all the attention given to it by the press. This particular dispatch was over a column long. But it seems odd that Gomez should not have held the city for five days instead of five hours. Five hours seems a comparatively inadequate time to "hold" a city. He could scarcely have had time to sleep there. Is it possible that Gomez left it because he had to? Such a rapid occupation and evacuation seem curious. It reminds us of the ancient anecdote of the Irishman on picket who yelled to his officer: "I have got a prisoner, sor." "Bring him in, then," replied the officer. "But he won't come," replied the Irishman. "Leave him alone, then, and come yourself," replied the officer. "But he won't let me," replied the Irishman. The "seizure" and "evacuation" of Santa Clara by General Gomez within the space of five hours is reminiscent of the anecdote of the Irishman.

THE SUBJUGATION OF AH SING.

How a Mutinous Son of the Orient was Made to Cook Dinner.

A woman may be mistress of herself though china fall, up to a certain limit, beyond which no conception of heroism reaches. The model woman screams at a spider, and discusses the merits of wired sleeves serenely while a priceless vase goes crashing to the floor. Such is the standard of feminine courage, the foot-rule by which a woman may be measured. Yet when not one piece of china, but two pieces, and three, and four, fall, the standard becomes useless. A woman is not expected to bear more.

Yet more came. There was a fifth crash in the kitchen. Mrs. Melville stopped in the midst of telling Ritchie—of the Sixth—that anchovy paste was to be struck off the commissary list; she stopped and looked appealingly at Melville.

"Austin, can't you do something?"

Austin gathered up his napkin, put his hand on the table, and started to push back his chair; then he sank down again and restored his napkin to its place on his knee. "If I go in there and he gets impertinent, I'll break his head—which would be bad for his head and, incidentally, for my official neck."

"But it's head or china."

"Well, there is plenty more china—and when that gives out, the quartermaster has a new invoice of tinware."

"But, seriously, Austin, there won't be a thing left for the general to eat off of. What are we going to do about it?"

"I think the epidemic is over. There has not been a dish broken that I know of in five minutes. You must be reasonable, and make due allowances for him, Matty. It's hot out there. It's hot here, too. It's hotter than blazes everywhere."

"I think, my dear, you are bordering on profanity. Of course it's hot. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, it has never been even cool in Arizona in July. You really can't expect the inspector-general to bring ice. Mr. Ritchie, don't you think he ought to do something?"

"I must respectfully decline to enter into a family difference. You and Melville must settle the question between yourselves. Only let me suggest that if it comes to the actual breaking of heads, I'd take it out on Sing, and not on one another."

"There! Austin," fairly screamed Mrs. Melville, jumping up, "there goes another; and yet you sit and laugh. Oh, how *horrid* you can be!"

"Sit down, Matty, and talk sense. Suppose I should go out there and attempt to reason with Sing. In the natural sequence of events it would come to pass that in his present humor he would be so ugly that I should feel obliged, as I said, to break his head. Apart from the distant consequences of that act, you can see that the near ones would be pretty bad. You'd have to wash the breakfast dishes, and do the housework, and also cook and serve the general's dinner. Therefore, the inadvisability of my reducing Sing's head to splinters is obvious, isn't it?"

"I suppose so; but I do wish to goodness Mrs. Lawrence's cook hadn't got married."

"So does she—the cook, I mean—since O'Halloran came home drunk two nights ago, and thrashed her. He's been in the guard-house ever since, and I'm out a good man. Shows what marriage does. Before he was married, he didn't beat his wife. However, it wouldn't have made the slightest difference whether she had committed matrimony or not; the Lawrences would never have had the general nor even a single member of the staff to dinner. She's never dined the paymaster, you know."

"I think it's too bad a first-lieutenant's wife has to do it, and all the rest of the entertaining for the post."

"You are also the adjutant's wife, remember."

"Yes, of course. I wonder what's the matter with Sing, anyway?"

"That's obvious—approaching guests," observed Ritchie, stroking and curling his unduly military moustachios, the moustachios that have entwined and ensnared so many hearts in their silken meshes since then, in the whirl of Washington society. Ritchie was Melville's second-lieutenant at that time, and as he was not married, and didn't like the bachelor mess, he messed with his senior and that young officer's young wife.

"Why didn't his cousin die, then?"

"Perhaps he realizes that the dead cousin's funeral is a little worn as a method of obtaining a leave."

"I should think so; one died when the paymaster was coming to dinner the time before last, and another when the Indian agent was here, and he polished off two in anticipation of the paymaster's last trip."

"That's not all, Austin," pursued Mrs. Melville. "Generally he only slams when he has lost at faro the night before."

In pursuance of his method of warfare, Sing precipitated a chopping-bowl and knife to the floor, with a resulting noise that only the fall of those two homely utensils could possibly accomplish. Melville hit his upper lip and clenched his fist.

"I wonder if it would do any good for me to go out and speak to him quietly?" suggested his wife.

"Suppose you try it. If he takes a carving-knife to you, call out and we'll come to your rescue; but unless it's an actual carving-knife, don't get us mixed up in any domestic brawl."

Mrs. Melville patted her lace-and-ribbon breakfast-cap down securely, took a long breath, arose, walked resolutely to the kitchen door, opened it, passed through, and closed it behind her.

Melville and Ritchie listened. Melville leaned back in his pine Q. M. chair, with his ear bent toward the kitchen; Ritchie scraped salt into little ridges on the cloth with his knife. They could hear the droning of Mrs. Melville's voice, then a pause. She commenced and paused again,

and yet a third time, her voice rising a little higher at the last. But Sing was worshipping the god of silence.

After the third venture, Mrs. Melville came reluctantly out and resumed her seat.

"Well?"

"Well, I told him."

"Yes, we heard you. But what did *he* do?"

"He didn't do anything—much. He just didn't answer."

"Did he turn his back on you?"

"Well—yes."

"In short, he didn't pay any attention to you?"

"I suppose he didn't."

Melville took a biscuit, and passed the plate on to Ritchie. "What the dickens is one going to do about it?" he asked of the opposite wall.

"If we were only nearer some town or the railroad, we might get some one else. But if we let Sing go, it may be months before we can get anybody else. I wouldn't mind cooking for you and Mr. Ritchie so much, though it's pretty hard work, but I actually can't get up a dinner for the inspector-general and his staff, and serve the dinner, too."

A pan went clashing and clattering along the kitchen floor. Mrs. Melville sighed, Melville grew fiercer, and Ritchie devoted himself to the mackerel. The shattering of a china dish broke the stillness. "That's six," breathed Mrs. Melville.

This time Melville bit his under lip as he put his napkin on the table beside his plate and pushed away his chair.

"Oh, Austin, you'd better not go," ventured his wife, mildly.

He made no answer, but strode to the door and passed through. Ritchie resumed the salt scraping, and Mrs. Melville grasped both arms of her chair and held her breath.

At first there was only the rolling of Melville's deep voice, then the sound of a sudden scuffle. Mrs. Melville gave a smothered scream and started up. "Sit down," commanded Ritchie, pushing back his own chair, but keeping his seat. Mrs. Melville sat down. There was only a momentary scraping of boots and Chinese slippers in the kitchen, then a series of thumps down the back steps and the scratching of gravel, also a low, broken murmur from the yard.

"I guess," remarked Ritchie, calmly, "that I'll go and see who's underneath."

Mrs. Melville did not attempt to move again, but she watched the second lieutenant anxiously. He strolled to the window and stood there, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other stroking the moustachios.

"Well?" ventured the young woman, finally.

Ritchie turned around and came back to his chair. "I guess Melville's doing about what he said he would—breaking Sing's head."

Weak cries like those of a little child came up from the back-yard.

"Is that Sing?" asked the lady of the house.

"It doesn't sound much like Melville."

At the end of a couple of minutes, Melville went past the window and in at the side door, and a little later he came into the dining-room by the front entrance and resumed his seat. The shuffle of Sing's slippers could be heard in the kitchen. The adjutant, despite his smoothed hair and newly brushed coat, looked so ruffled as to temper that his wife wisely refrained from speech. Ritchie was holder. "Has the police party got to come around and pick up the pieces?"

"No; I guess he's whole."

"Is he a little more reasonable?"

"Oh, he's doing the lamb act now."

"Tell us about it, Austio," begged Mrs. Melville.

"I just told him he'd got to stop his — nonsense and behave himself. Of course I didn't want to say anything ugly to make him madder. He muttered that he'd go, or something like that, and he flung the dish-towel in my face. I was a little riled at that, but I don't think I'd have done anything except kick him out, if I hadn't remembered the dinner. I knew he had to be pounded into staying. So I pounded. That's all."

Mrs. Melville flew into the sitting-room a few hours later.

"Austin, he's *vamoosed*!"

Melville stood up, put down his newspaper, and knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I'll go get him back," he said.

"How?"

"Send a detachment out for him and *bring* him back."

So Mrs. Melville watched and waited for half an hour, and at the end of that time heard the shuffle of feet and the tramping of boots on the porch. Sing glided into the room, followed by his master. There was a guard at the door. "Here he is. Try the force of gentle persuasion, Matty."

Mrs. Melville was a coaxing little body; she could have moved any one but a Chinaman. Sing remained obdurate.

"No," he grunted, "me no come back."

"Just to get dinner, Sing; you can go afterwards."

"No."

She looked appealingly at her husband.

"Then you won't come back and get dinner to-night, Sing?" asked Melville.

"No."

"Guard, take this man and put him to chopping wood in the sun." It was rather a stretch of official and military authority, but even the commanding officer, who was to dine with the general, realized the urgency of the case.

An hour of wood-chopping under guard, under all the untamed glory of an Arizona sun, brought Sing into subjection. He appeared, downcast, perspiring, gasping, and penitent, at the door of Melville's quarters. "Missa Melville. Me wantee slee Mis' Melville."

"No; you can't see her; she's lying down."

"Yes. Me wantee slee Mis' Melville. Me tellee Mis' Melville me come back."

"She no want you back, Sing."

"Oh! you go tellee."

"All right. I go tellee her. She no come, I think."

Melville disappeared and brought back his wife. Her face was contorted into an unrelenting frown.

"Well, Sing?" she demanded, severely.

"Mis' Melville, me come back."

"No. I no want you come back."

"Me cookee good dinner. Allee samee heap good. Sun heap hot, makee my head hurt," moaned the child of the Orient. "No break plates no more."

"All right," she consented, reluctantly, "I keep you today, maybe."

"Really, Mrs. Melville," said the grizzled inspector-general, as he sat beside his brilliant little hostess at the table, and looked its length at the goodly array of yet unbroken dishes, "I can't see what you all make such a fuss about these Western stations for. Of course they're a little far from the railroad, but you have pretty good society, you dress—well, exactly as they do in Washington, so far as my masculine eyes can tell; you live on the fat of the land, to judge from what I see before me; and you certainly have excellent domestic service."

Mrs. Melville blessed the happy thought which had made her place the general so that he could not see the guard standing over the Celestial cook out in the kitchen, as the door swung to and fro. "Yes," she assented, "still there are some inconveniences."

"You seem to have overcome them."

"We have—temporarily," she answered.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1896.

The bicycle-brake problem seems to have been solved by an invention shown at a recent cycle show. The objections of weight, incumbrance, and wear on tires are said to be overcome by it, and it does not apply to the front wheel, but behind it, on the crank axle, where the weight and power are. It consists of a steel coil that goes spirally about the crank axle, inside the bottom bracket. One end of the coil is fastened inside the crank hanger and the free end is caught by a light steel chain which runs up through the lower tube, through the head tube and the handle-bar to the grip. Inside the grip is a steel jacket, provided with a groove worm, and by slightly twisting the handle the wheel may be checked as gradually as desired. When brought to a full stop a two-hundred-pound man can stand on the pedals without being able to budge it. Nothing of the device can be seen on the wheel, and only its effect is apparent.

An ordinance passed by the Chicago City Council last December required street-cars to stop on the "near" side of street intersections. It was argued that such a measure would diminish the number of accidents at the crossings, and that to adopt it would be to follow the example of a number of the best-regulated Eastern cities. In Chicago the streets are as filthy as in Constantinople, and street-cars are linked together in trains of three and four. People who were compelled to wade through half a block of slush to board the cars, or who were dumped into seas of mud from three to six inches deep, soon began to remonstrate, and an angry chorus of appeal for relief made life a burden to each and every one of the city fathers. As there was no "hoodle" in the affair, taken either way, the ordinance was repealed as easily as it had been passed.

Of a class of madmen, against whom, only too often, no precautions are taken for the public safety, James Payn says: "If a person has property and shows signs of aberration, his friends are very willing not only to put him into a lunatic asylum, but to keep him there; whereas, if he is a poor man, there is a great readiness to let him out of confinement in order to save the money of the rate-payers. He accordingly emerges before he is perfectly cured, and at once proceeds to commit a murder, for which, however, he can not be punished. It is true that from convenience he generally selects a member of his own family, but he may turn his attention to more important victims."

Boston has at last acknowledged the unwisdom of having a cow for city surveyor, if one may so express the fact that some of the streets there are laid out so as to follow the cow-paths of the original hamlet. The inconvenience of the streets and their narrowness have led to a most expensive congestion of traffic. The daily amount of freight carried through the city is estimated at 100,000 tons. The unreasonable delay for each team under present circumstances is one hour out of the ten which constitutes a working-day, or a loss of 10,000 tons daily. At a cost of sixty cents a ton, there is a loss of \$6,000 a day, or \$1,800,000 per annum.

Mr. Balfour must be a very reckless bicyclist. Not long ago he was knocked over by collision with a country haker's cart, and he made his appearance in the House of Commons, a few nights ago, with his arm in a sling and one foot in a slipper. This time it was a carriage. He had been riding behind it, and it suddenly turoed around, producing a collision which proved very disastrous to the statesman.

On a recent Monday morning, nine of the prisoners in a New York police court owed their capture to the police bicycle squad. Five were bicyclists, two were driving, and two were on foot, but all were caught. The usefulness of the bicycle squad has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated in the past few weeks.

The new photography has made its appearance in the courts. An English actress who sued for damages for a broken ankle, demonstrated the injury by producing a cathodograph in court, and woo her suit on its evidence.

"Where are all the wicked people buried?" asked a small boy who had been reading the inscriptions in a church-yard.

THE DRAYTON DIVORCE.

Chancellor McGill's Decision in this Famous Case—He Gives the Wife the Divorce on the Ground of Desertion, but Smirches Her Fair Fame.

The bitter quarrel which has so long existed between J. Coleman Drayton and Charlotte Augusta Astor Drayton has been terminated. Yesterday Chancellor McGill, of New Jersey, broke their matrimonial chains.

The decision is rather a peculiar one. Mrs. Drayton had brought suit against her husband for divorce on the ground of desertion, and Mr. Drayton had brought suit against his wife for divorce on the ground of infidelity. The chancellor has granted the divorce to Mrs. Drayton on the ground of desertion; but, none the less, the lady's reputation has received a blow in his decision from which it never will recover.

In the bill of complaint made by Drayton he made specifications of his wife's infidelities on different days of January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, and September, 1891, and he gave as the places where the offenses took place "The Palette," a well-known restaurant much frequented by the fast set in New York some years ago, but now closed; 374 Fifth Avenue, New York city; at Bernardville, N. J.; and also at the Terminus Hotel at King's Cross, London, known as the St. Pancras Midland Hotel, between January 9 and January 20, 1892. In his bill of complaint he asks for the custody of the children, of which there are four. All of them have been in his care since the separation. The children are Caroline Astor, born October 26, 1880; Harry Coleman, born January 27, 1883; William Astor, born November 28, 1888; and Alida Livingstone, born November 28, 1890.

In his opinion Chancellor McGill says that he must grant the divorce on the ground of desertion; that "there is no decision holding that a husband may with impunity be guilty of desertion of his wife merely because of suspicion of her infidelity." Further than that, the decision says that "it was the husband's duty to act expeditiously, so that his wife should not remain longer than necessity required, if guilty, until convicted, and, if innocent, under the shadow of a scandalous and disgraceful charge." But, although the chancellor grants the divorce to Mrs. Drayton on the ground of desertion, and rebukes the husband for not having expedited his suit against his wife, none the less his language concerning the conduct of the wife is most severe. He says:

"It clearly appears that the defendant entertained grave suspicions, which, I think, convinced him that his wife had been disloyal to her marriage vows and duties; and when it is considered that his wife, rendered unhappy by her husband's suspicions of her actions with B., selected that person in preference to her father and all other kindred and friends as her supporter in the emergency that confronted her, and summoned him by telegraph from America to England, and that he promptly obeyed that summons, and, at his hotel, to which she went, counseled with her in dealing with her husband with a view to a separation from him, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the husband's grave suspicions were not destitute of foundation in questionable circumstances, at least."

Throughout the decision the chancellor uses the initial "B." and mentions no names other than those of Drayton and his wife. The initial, however, refers without question to Hallet Alsop Borrowe.

At last this famous case is settled, and the only one who comes out of it unstained is J. Coleman Drayton. The worst that can be said against him is that he made a mistake in marrying Charlotte Astor. They were married at the home of her father, William Astor, No. 350 Fifth Avenue, by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. Drayton was about twenty-five, and had just graduated from Princeton. He was of an excellent Philadelphia family. Mrs. Drayton is the third daughter of the late William Astor, and is a sister of John Jacob Astor, Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, and the late Mrs. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt. After their marriage, they lived from 1879 until 1886 at 374 Fifth Avenue, New York, and then Mr. Drayton purchased property at Bernardville, N. J. It was there that the trouble began over Borrowe. Later they went to London and established a home there, and it was common gossip in New York that Coleman Drayton took his wife away in order to get her from the evil influence of Borrowe.

It was in October, 1891, that Coleman Drayton took this step. Mrs. Coleman Drayton had returned to their country-place from New York, when, according to Chancellor McGill's words, "her husband accused her of intimacy with one B., a neighbor." This resulted in a violent quarrel, and Mrs. Drayton went to her father's house at Rhinebeck, remaining there a month, when the Astor family finally persuaded her to go to England with her husband and their four children. Coleman Drayton still believed that his wife had been unfaithful to him, and Mrs. Drayton insisted upon a legal separation. She was much disturbed in mind, and having no confidant in England, she telegraphed to New York to Borrowe, who went at once to London. She met him at his hotel, and he arranged for an interview between her and a lawyer at his hotel on a certain day at noon. Again, to use the words of the chancellor's decision:

"She went to the hotel at the appointed time, and there met B., with whom, because of the lawyer's delay, she was obliged to wait; they waited in a public parlor for a time, and then B. proposed that they should have lunch, and, upon her assenting and the lunch being prepared, they went from the parlor to another room, in which they were attended by a waiter; while they were at lunch her husband entered with two men, who evidently were detectives or were acting in that capacity, and, after calling upon them to identify her and B., with them departed."

It is upon this occurrence that the chancellor bases his belief that Coleman Drayton's "grave suspicions were not destitute of foundation." Most men will agree with him. Married ladies who go to quiet hotels in London, and lunch or dine with gentlemen in private rooms en tête-à-tête, are certainly very imprudent, even if not unfaithful.

After this domiciliary visit, if I may so term the call of Mr. Coleman Drayton upon his wife and Borrowe, the celebrated duel rumors arose. It is just about four years ago

now that a letter was sent from Coleman Drayton to Borrowe, both of them being in London, in which he said that Borrowe had "inflicted upon him (Drayton) the most grievous injury that one man may inflict upon another." It was followed by a demand for satisfaction. At first Borrowe held off. Drayton pressed him so hard, however, that Borrowe sought the advice of Harry Vane Milbank, that *rara avis*, a dueling Englishman and an authority on the code of honor. Milbank laid the matter before a "court of honor" composed of Aurelien Scholl and the Duke de Morny, two of the noted fire-eaters of France. These gentlemen carefully canvassed the situation, and decided that as Drayton had lived with his wife for several years after bringing charges against her virtue, and as he had received money from the Astor family for the maintenance of his children, he was not a person whom a gentleman could meet. Therefore, Milbank advised his principal Borrowe to decline to meet him.

It was on the heels of all these happenings that the community was paralyzed by the news that Borrowe and Drayton were both sailing for America, and by some strange accident on the same steamer. While the ship was in the middle of the ocean, speculation ran rife as to what would happen on board of her. Anticipations of hand-to-hand struggles in the dining-saloon, fights upon the cabin companion-way, steps slippery with gore, duels on the promenade deck—all these things rose before the heated imaginations of the New York reporters. But when the steamer reached her port, Mr. Drayton and Mr. Borrowe disembarked in the ordinary fashion, took commonplace cabs, and drove up our uokempt New York streets in the most unromantic fashion. Nothing whatever had taken place.

But while the duelists were on the ocean, a three-column story appeared in the New York *Sun*, giving all these particulars, together with a number of the letters exchanged between Coleman Drayton, Borrowe, and Milbank. Two of these gentlemen were much surprised to find these private matters in print when they reached this side of the Atlantic. An acrimonious controversy broke out between the various people concerned in the publication, and finally it was traced to one "Eddie" Fox, sometimes called "Modoc" Fox, an Irish-American newspaper man, who had been a friend and boon companion of Borrowe. Such was the acrimony of the quarrel that Borrowe and Fox met, or were said to have met, on the Belgian frontier, in a duel which was a bloodless one. Fox received a bullet through the skirts of his coat, while Borrowe's round form was unimpaired upon his lead. Milbank, Borrowe's ex-friend, was much disgusted at his conduct, and is said to have called him a coward and cut him in consequence. Milbank died of consumption about eighteen months ago, after having received many wounds, both from sword and pistol, upon the field of honor. Thus of the three fire-eaters only one remains—Hallet Alsop Borrowe. He is at present engaged in running a trolley line over in Jersey. What an uoromantic ending to a career as Lothario, *spadassin*, fire-eater, duelist, and disturber of families. From a Don Juan to a tram-car superintendent—from the field of honor to Hohoken—from my lady's houndoir to the dingy office of a trolley-car company! FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1896.

The razing of a chimney-stack is an interesting operation, and was seen to great advantage the other day at Salford, England, where a Lancashire steeple-jack took down a chimney two hundred and seventy feet high, with a circumference at the bottom of ninety-two feet, and estimated to weigh four thousand tons. The chimney wall was cleared for about eight feet from the ground, on the southern side, and "up-rights" of timber were driven in until the greater part of the weight of the superstructure rested on the timber, which was set on fire. Fed by petroleum, the fire in a few minutes did its work. Leaning for a moment, the whole chimney suddenly fell zigzag to the ground, exactly in the place intended. There was little noise, but the force of the fall was sufficient to sunder the jointed bricks as cleanly as though they had been detached by hand.

The Botanical Gardens authorities in London have taken their revenge upon the cyclists who converted the approach to the gardens into a school of bicycling. It now resembles a portion of sandy sea beach. Bicycling on that ground is now impossible, but the Botanical Society can not check the cycling throng without its preserves. Of course it could be done, "for in America," says the *Court Journal*, "it is the practice to strew the roads where cyclists are not wanted with tacks. The ingenious Yankee has, however, risen to the occasion, and invented a form of magnet which is suspended just above the road before the front wheel."

New Zealand is considering a draft for a bill excluding consumptives from the colony, on the same lines as her present laws against lepers, small-pox sufferers, and others afflicted with contagious disease. A clause visiting heavy penalties on ship-captains bringing consumptives to the colony will compel them to demand clean bills of health from passengers before taking them aboard.

The Pahst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, has decided to abandon the use of hoard-bills as an advertising medium. The company has been sued for damages caused by the stoppage of a city sewer in which were found twelve thousand sets of its hoobooks, which had been intrusted to a distributing concern. It will be seen that from this system of advertising the "returns were large."

A Western man has invented a thing which he is pleased to call a "saluting device." The fortunate wearer of this new invention can, by merely pressing a button, be sure that his hat will be raised six inches from his head, twisted from side to side, and restored to the head again.

AMERICANIZING ENGLAND.

The Growing British Taste for American Locomotives, American Railway Cars, American Tobacco, American Pipes, American Cigarettes, American Buggies, and American Girls.

While the cry constantly goes up that there exists in America a decided tendency to copy England in many things, it is curious to note that in a number of ways there is a strong disposition in England to imitate America.

First and foremost is the frequently expressed desire among lawyers to break down the barrier between solicitors and barristers and make them one, as is the case in the United States. It will, no doubt, take considerable time before this can be accomplished. Englishmen move slowly. Every innovation is regarded with suspicion, if not downright fear. Even so-called radicals become conservatives when any alteration is proposed which in the least interferes with individual rights vested in themselves. For instance, solicitors would not care to divest themselves of the exclusive privileges, which have been theirs for centuries, in the drawing and serving of papers and the preparation of briefs. Nor would barristers like to see solicitors arguing cases in court. The great difficulty would be in the amalgamation of the men, so long known to each other in separate callings. It would not so much signify with the new set who came into the one profession. It is the oldsters who would kick. Still, I believe the amalgamation will take place some day.

Another example of British adoption of American ideas will be found in the patterns of the railway locomotives of the present day. The adoption of "bogies" wheel-trucks, the outside piston-rods, and the cabs. I myself am old enough to remember when there was positively no protection for the driver and stoker. Then a sort of shield with two eye-holes was graciously conceded. And now—well, is there any appreciable difference between the English and American railway cab? Then there is the head-light. It is in its infancy in England, it is true, but a beginning has been made. Look, too, at the success of the Pullman cars run on the different lines. I do not despair of seeing the American checking and transfer systems in full force on all English lines. One of the chief objections is the throwing out of employment of so many railway porters. But that argument has not kept steam-laundries from inundating the country. The poor washerwomen seem to get on, notwithstanding. And so, I suppose, would the porters.

Again, look at the steam-plows that are used—hardly necessary, perhaps, in the small fields of England. Still, there they are, growl as the plowmen may. And so with the steam-harrows, threshers, and everything else that the belt on the traction engine can reach. Steam-laundries were, of course, a direct importation from the United States. All of the idea, at any rate, comes from there, if not all of the machinery. American huggies have long been a fashionable vehicle for extra smart and knowingly up-to-date swells. The samples in many cases would tax the powers of recognition of an American himself, but the intent has been genuinely sincere.

Only the other day I heard a man praising up the smoking virtues of corn-cob pipes, and wishing he could get them in England. I happened to have one which a friend had sent me, and I offered it to him. I might have given him the prize-ticket in a hundred-thousand-dollar lottery, he was so heaving with joy. "Thanks most awfully, my dear fellow," said he; "do you think you could get some more sent over?" I promised him I would see. Now and then another friend sends me a packet of American cigarette tobacco, alternating it with cigarettes of the same. There is a ruo on both when they come. Every one says: "What delicious 'baccy! What awfully good cigarettes!" and wants to know where I get them. Oddly enough, you can not get good American cigarettes in England anywhere that I have been able to discover. I believe they would make a big boom, for there is certainly a delicacy of flavor in them that is unique. These, however, are only small matters, though they go to show a growing taste for things American. It would be quite superfluous, of course, for me to mention as a tendency to imitate Americans, the habit which Englishmen of high state have got into of marrying American girls. We all know about that. Also the fondness of these same Englishmen for the American dollars of these same American girls' papas.

But perhaps the strongest instance of all this inclination on the part of England to copy the United States, and certainly the most recent, is the proposed establishment of a naval school on shore instead of on the old hulk *Britannia* at Dartmouth. This move has been long in mind, but has only just been acted upon in Mr. Goschen's speech on the naval estimates. So England has decided at last to imitate the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The addition of another year on to the ages of naval cadets is yet another step in the foot-prints of America. The United States years ago gave up her baby middies. England has gone on sending boys far too young to sea as officers. Who in American sea-ports visited from time to time by British war vessels does not know the English midshipman and wonder how his mamma could have let him come so far away from her? Not that they are not manly little chaps enough. But they start in too young. A year tacked on is not much, but it is in the right direction. From the picturesque side it may seem a pity to strike a blow at the "lilly midshipmites," and turn them into gawky, hoarse-voiced hohbledehoys. And it may grieve romantic young ladies to reflect that the dear little English middy whom she is now so fond of petting, will, ere long, be found only in "Pinafore" and Marryat's novels. But the world must move onward, and there is no better sign that this sentiment is actuating England when you find her following the lead of the United States.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 14, 1896.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are glad to see that the jingo senators have been forced to give way on the Cuban resolutions. Messrs. Sherman, Morgan, and Lodge, the Senate conferees, have acknowledged their fears of adverse action on the part of the Senate by inducing the House conferees to accept the original Senate resolutions. The House conferees were told plainly that unless the original Senate resolutions were accepted by the House, thus putting it out of the power of the Senate to revise its action, the entire jingo movement would come to nothing. This confession was a most humiliating one for Sherman and Morgan to make, for it showed plainly that the Senate had receded from the position which it had taken under the false statements made by the Committee on Foreign Relations. The jingo leaders were given to understand that if the Senate were to have another opportunity it would kill the resolutions, and therefore they besought the House to accept the original Senate resolutions, which were already passed. The House will probably accept the situation, and indorse the Senate's resolutions, which but a few weeks ago it repudiated as being too weak.

But whatever may be the result, it is well understood that President Cleveland will pay no attention whatever to the resolutions. This is as it should be. The Senate and House were encroaching upon the prerogative of the executive when they interfered in foreign affairs, more particularly as they had absolutely no information from the executive or the Department of State concerning these matters. It is the quadrennial presidential madness that has seized upon many of these "leaders" in Senate and House that has inspired them to such preposterous speeches.

Senator Lodge, who has been one of the most flamboyant of the jingo senators, has stated repeatedly that "the country was behind them" in their extraordinary action. If he so believed, he has found out his mistake. A letter has just been sent to Senators Hoar and Hale jointly, from Boston, which is a sensible document, as one would expect coming from the heart of New England. In it occurs this passage: "While we, as Americans, can not but sympathize with any people struggling for freedom, we cordially commend your course in endeavoring to obtain a calm, cool, and clear consideration of the situation in Cuba." The signatures appended to this letter have been familiar to generations of American children. Among them are the names of Eliot, Curtis, Choate, Shattuck, Warren, Bowditch, Forbes, Parkman, Hooper, Peabody, Adams, Dexter, Hale, Lowell, and others. They read like a roll-call of the passengers of the *Mayflower*. We think these gentlemen are as good Americans as Senator Sherman of Ohio, Senator Morgan of Alabama, Senator Mills of Texas, and Mr. Dana of the *New York Sun*. If they are not good enough Americans for those gentlemen, they are good enough Americans for us.

Frederick Healy, son of Captain Healy, of the revenue cutter *Bear*, has just sailed for Tahiti on the *Tropic Bird*. Young Mr. Healy did not intend to go to Tahiti, but decided to do so to escape from a newly wedded bride. Young Mr. Healy, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a law-student, but instead of wooing that jealous mistress, the law, had been devoting his attention of late to lighter ladies. While in a condition of amorous and vinous dementia, Mr. Healy committed the fatal weakness of marrying the lady who temporarily happened to be his companion. Fortunately for him, his bride happened to be an eminently practical person, and when her bridegroom got sober, she agreed to compromise. It was done. The marriage is to be annulled. But Mr. Healy's parents thought that he had better go to Tahiti for a time, and allow the South Pacific Ocean breezes to fan his fevered brow. It would seem dangerous—so susceptible a young gentleman may fall a victim to the charms of some dusky Tahitian belle.

Apropos of Mr. Healy's hasty matrimonial experience, it recalls the fact that the legal hour for the celebration of marriages in Great Britain is due to the vinous weakness of young Britons in centuries past. It was so frequently the custom for young men of good family to be intoxicated at certain hours out of the twenty-four that they were extremely apt to make ill-judged marriages while temporarily under the influence of wine. In view of this amiable weakness, the English church, which is part of the state, laid down the rule that marriages could not be celebrated except between eight A. M. and noon. These were the hours, experience showed, at which young men were most apt to be sober. As another testimonial to the wide-spread inebriety of the last century, there used to be a regulation in the British army regulations—also in those of the United States army—prohibiting the holding of court-martials after three o'clock P. M. This was due to the fact that inasmuch as midday was then the hour for dinner, nearly every officer and gentleman at three o'clock was drunk. It was considered inexpedient, by the heads of the army, to have a private tried for drunkenness by officers who at the time of trial were drunk. Therefore the regulation concerning court-martials. It is only a few years since this regulation was abolished in the American army. So as to the marriage hour. It was found that at mid-day young men, as a rule, had not yet had time to get drunk; at eight in the morning they had generally recovered from their drunk of the night before. Had the English regulation concerning the legal hour for marriages prevailed in this country, young Mr. Healy might still be happy and unmarried instead of married and unhappy.

On Monday of this week the ranch belonging to the estate of the late Senator James G. Fair, north-west of Knight's Landing in Yolo County, was completely submerged by river water. The Fair ranch is not only protected by a levee running along the river-bank, but there are inner levees separating it

from the adjoining ranches. It was supposed to be perfectly protected. But the levee broke and admitted water to the adjoining Curtis ranch. A strong north wind began to blow toward the end of the week, lasting three days. The water was then within half an inch of the top of the Curtis levee, and such was the pressure of the wind on this vast body of shallow water that it forced it over the levee, and the Fair ranch was inundated. By this means three thousand acres of wheat, promising to yield a crop estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were completely ruined. The Fair estate is a very wealthy one, but even the most wealthy of estates can not afford to lose such sums as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars without feeling it. We hope that this will enroll the heirs of that estate on the side of government aid for the Sacramento River. We notice that in the present River and Harbor Appropriation Bill there is an item of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the construction of restraining works for the protection of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers, in accordance with the recommendations of the California Debris Commission. It is not yet settled that the item will be passed upon by the committee, but it is to be hoped that it will, and we regret to see by the Washington dispatches that it is due more to the efforts of Representative Hermann, of Oregon, than to any of our own delegation, who, as usual, have been engaged in a violent wrangle over the items in the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill. Any one who has seen the vast sheets of water which cover the fertile lands of the upper Sacramento Valley can not but be struck with the necessity for work by the government. It is work that can not be done by individuals, by districts, or by counties. The streams are navigable. They are the property of the government. They should be protected by the government.

The monitor *Camanche* has been turned over by the Federal Government to the Naval Reserve of the State of California. We are very glad to hear it. Now the members of the Naval Reserve can cease playing at being toy tars and become men-o'-wars-men. They can learn the drill and discipline of a man-of-war, and they ought to have some target practice firing the monitor's guns. The guns are only smooth-bores, but the North did a good deal of work with smooth-bore guns during the Civil War. If the Naval Reserve boys make good sailor-men, perhaps the government will let them have some rifled cannon after awhile. At present, we fancy that with smooth-bores they can shoot fully as well—or as ill—as with rifled guns. Apropos, we have a suggestion to offer. We observe that the officers of the Naval Reserve are perplexed about assigning the crew of the *Camanche*. Only forty are required, and two hundred want the billets. Let us suggest to the officers that they assign hammocks first of all to the men who went up to Mare Island Navy Yard and brought the ship down. They are the right sort. They worked like genuine blue-jackets, and their work in getting up the mushroom anchor and the moorings and putting them in place again in San Francisco Bay was no easy job. As for the men who "missed the boat" that morning, and those others who tried to board the *Camanche* from a tug, and gave it up, they are better suited to stay in the shore quarters. Let them be the "reserve" of the Naval Reserve.

THE NAVY
OF
CALIFORNIA.

It has often been a cause of complaint throughout the press of the country that New York should exercise a species of censorship over news dispatches. The head-quarters of the Associated Press has always been at New York, although the Chicago office of late years has assumed much importance. But the head-quarters of the United Press is still at New York. The newspapers of the country have often lamented the fact that the news centres were not divided, instead of all being concentrated in one city. But during the past few months a number of dispatches concerning Cuban affairs have been coming from other points, notably from Boston and Philadelphia. It is unusual. Most of the dispatches with those date-lines at their heads are purely local to those cities. It is odd to see foreign dispatches coming from those sources. But judging from the nature of their dispatches, a transfer from New York would not be desirable. Such masses of contradictory rubbish as have been telegraphed from Boston and Philadelphia about Cuban matters have never before afflicted the country. In short, to use the language of the weather bureau, Boston and Philadelphia would seem to be the cyclonic centres of newspaper faking.

NEWSPAPER
FAKE
CENTRES.

If anything were needed to show how irresistible is the McKinley boom, it is the action of the New Hampshire convention this week. That convention indorsed both Reed and McKinley. Senator Chandler is a leader in New England, and, in fact, is the "boss" of New Hampshire politics. He was committed to Reed. The fact that his convention indorsed McKinley as well, showed that it ran away from him. In fact, he was forced to follow and acquiesce. When the States of New England—where Reed's principal strength lies—are thus invaded by McKinley, there is evidently not much chance left for the Maine man.

A lively debate took place in the House of Representatives on Wednesday of this week, in which Bowers, of California, took first honors. We do not agree with his advanced views on the free and unlimited coinage of silver, but even the most ardent advocates of a single gold standard could not fail to be amused at the sarcastic resolutions introduced by Bowers, in which he advocated the "instant expulsion" of all members seeking to aid silver, and the "earnest support" of all members aiding the national hankers and the gold men. When he was twitted with the fact that his con-

stituents might not understand the sarcasm in his resolutions, he replied that he "was willing to take chances with his California constituents," and closed by saying: "I have got a little tired of this talk about 'silver cranks' as 'men who threaten the business interests of the country.' You have not got any 'business interests.' They went to the devil long ago under your 'sound money system.' There can be no doubt that the Democrats' tariff and the Democrats' financial policy—if they have any—have nearly finished the country's 'business interests.'"

If any Democrat thinks that the Republican wave of last year is weakening, he must be a Bourbon, living in the mountains of Kentucky or Tennessee. The election which has just taken place in Rhode Island shows that the Democrats are still taking the bitter medicine of defeat. The election there on Wednesday of this week resulted in a clean sweep for the Republican ticket. Governor Lippett was reelected by a plurality of over ten thousand. Not a Democrat was elected. The Republican chariot is still rolling on.

REPUBLICAN
VICTORY IN
RHODE ISLAND.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S POEM.

"The Three Musicians."

In noticing the new English magazine, *The Savoy*, in a recent issue, we quoted a single stanza of the poem, "The Three Musicians," by that weird artist, Aubrey Beardsley, who has recently turned his attention to prose and verse. It has attracted so much attention that we reproduce it here in full:

"Along the path that skirts the wood,
The three musicians wend their way,
Pleased with their thoughts, each other's mood,
Franz Himmel's latest roundelay,
The morning's work, a new-found theme, their
breakfast, and the summer day.

"One's a soprano, lightly frocked
In cool white muslin, that just shows
Her brown silk stockings, gayly clocked,
Plump arms and elbows tipped with rose,
And frills of petticoats and things, and
outlines as the warm wind blows.

"Beside her a slim, gracious boy
Hastens to mend her tresses' fall,
And dies her favor to enjoy,
And dies for *réclame* and recall
At Paris and St. Petersburg, Vienna and St. James's
Hall.

"The third's a Polish pianist
With big engagements everywhere,
A light heart and an iron wrist,
And shocks and shoals of yellow hair
And fingers that can trill on sixths and fill beginners
with despair.

"The three musicians stroll along
And pluck the ears of ripened corn,
Break into odds and ends of song,
And mock the wood with Siegfried's horn,
And fill the air with Glück, and fill the tweeded tour-
ist's soul with scorn.

"The Polish genius lags behind,
And, with some poppies in his hand,
Picks out the strings and wood and wind
Of an imaginary band:
Enchanted that for once his men obey his beat and
understand.

"The charming cantatrice reclines
And rests a moment where she sees
Her château's roof that hotly shines
Amid the dusky summer trees,
And fans herself, half shuts her eyes, and smooths
the frock about her knees.

"The gracious boy is at her feet,
And weighs his courage with his chance;
His fears soon melt in noonday heat;
The tourist gives a furious glance,
Red as his guide-book grows, moves on, and offers
up a prayer for France."

One instance of the gallantry of the Japanese medical corps is noted at Wei-hai-wei, where, as a regiment exposed to the sudden action of the quick-firing guns of seven vessels had many men killed and wounded in a very few seconds and was obliged to fall to the ground and crawl to shelter to escape annihilation, the medical officers, separately and accompanied by stretchers and attendants, walked across the beach in the face of an incessant hail of bullets, "and," says a recorder of the event, "in twenty minutes stretcher-bearers, attendants, and medical officers, walking quietly and coolly away, had removed every dead and wounded officer and man from the beach, the Chinese ships having kept up a continuous and terrific fire upon them all the time." Their special addition to the *armamentarium chirurgicum* appears to be the use of straw ash, which, free from grit and inclosed in antiseptic gauze hags as devised by Dr. Kikuchi, was applied as pads to the wounds and was very serviceable.

Dr. Dover, the man for whom Dover's powders were named, was the finder of Alexander Selkirk on his lonely isle. He was a physician, but his practice not proving lucrative, early in the eighteenth century he took to privateering, not to say piracy, and retired in a few years with a profit of about two hundred thousand dollars, a much larger sum one hundred and fifty years ago than it is to-day. He subsequently practiced his profession—of medicine—in London for many years.

A New Yorker at Old Point Comfort recently fell into conversation with a stranger who proved so pleasant a companion that they spent the entire day together. Before they separated the stranger said: "You probably are familiar with my name. It is Deacon." "Not Edward Parker Deacon?" said the New Yorker. "Yes," said the gentleman who shot and killed Emil Abeille four years ago in France, "that is my name, and it is better known than I wish it were."

RUINED RANCHES
ON THE
SACRAMENTO.

THE NEUROTIC WOMAN.

Studies of the Inner Life of Eleonora Duse, Sonia Kovalevsky, Marie Bashkirtseff, "George Egerton," and Others—Feminine Types of Genius.

"Six Modern Women," a translation from the German of Laura Marholm Hansson, consists of a series of psychological sketches, of which the subjects are Sonia Kovalevsky, Marie Bashkirtseff, Eleonora Duse, "George Egerton"—four names well known to English readers—Amalie Skram, a Norwegian novelist, and Anne Charlotte Edgren-Leffler, who is known chiefly as the biographer of Sonia Kovalevsky. The hook does not profess to be biographical in character, nor to discuss the intellectual life of these "six types of womanhood." It aims to lay bare their individualities and, above all, as the author says in her preface, "to emphasize the manifestation of their womanly feelings."

Mrs. Hansson has apparently written her hook to apply certain theories which are expressed freely many times, and are epitomized thus:

A woman has no destiny of her own; she can not have one, because she can not exist alone. Neither can she become a destiny, except indirectly and through the man. The more womanly she is, and the more richly endowed, all the more surely will her destiny be shaped by the man who takes her to be his wife. If, then, even in the case of the average woman, everything depends upon the man whom she marries, how much more true must this be in the case of the woman of genius, in whom not only her womanhood, but also her genius, needs calling to life by the embrace of a man.

But these "womanly feelings" as described are of the unbalanced and hysterical order which modern fiction deals out in such generous measure; and the portrayal of Marie Bashkirtseff, Sonia Kovalevsky, and the rest, sympathetic as it is all meant to be, serves only to heighten the conviction that they are departures from a sane and healthy type. The yearnings which consumed Sonia Kovalevsky during the latter portion of her life, as shown in the following extract, present her in a decidedly unattractive light:

She yearned for sympathy, for excitement, for her native land—for everything, in fact, which was denied her.

She also longed for something else, which was the very thing that she could not have. She was seized with an eager, nervous longing to be loved. She wanted to be a woman, to possess a woman's charm. She had lived like a widow for years during her husband's life-time, and for years after his death as well. As long as her mathematical studies produced a tension in her mind, she asked for nothing better, but buried herself in her work, and was perfectly contented. When she started being an authoress, a change came over her character. The development of the imagination created a need for love, and because this devouring need could not be satisfied, she became exacting, discontented, and mistrustful of the amount of affection which was accorded her. In her younger days, she had asked for nothing more than that curious kind of mystic love, known only to Russians, which had run its course in mutual enthusiasm of a purely intellectual and spiritual character. It was otherwise now. She lamented her lost youth, and the time wasted in study; she regretted the unfortunate talent which had deprived her womanhood of its attractiveness. She wanted to be a woman, and enjoy life as a woman.

She had also another wish, just as passionate in its way and as difficult of fulfillment as the former one, and this was her wish to receive an appointment in Paris. It was to a certain extent fulfilled when she was awarded the *Prix Bordin* on Christmas Eve, 1888, on the occasion of a solemn session of the French Academy of Science, in an assembly which was largely composed of learned men. It was the highest scientific distinction which had ever been accorded to a woman, and from henceforth she was an European celebrity, with a place in history. But it gave her no pleasure. She was as completely knocked up as she had been after receiving her doctor's degree. She had worked day and night for days beforehand, and during the weeks that followed she took part in the social functions which were given in her honor. She left no pleasure untasted, and yet she was not satisfied, for by this time her yearning for love had reached its highest pitch.

And this pen-picture also fails to arouse feelings of admiration:

Sonia's powerful head, with the short hair, massive forehead, and short-sighted eyes of the color of "green gooseberries in syrup" was placed on a delicate, child-like body. Her chief charm lay in her extraordinary liveliness and habit of giving herself up entirely to the interest of the moment; but she was completely unversed in the art of dress, and did not know how to appear at her best; she never gave any thought to the subject at all until she was thirty; and although she paid more attention to it then, she never learned the secret. She aged early, and a celebrated poet has described her to me as being a withered little old woman at the age of thirty. These external circumstances stood more in her way in Sweden, among a tall, fair people, than would have been possible either in Russia or in Paris. Between herself and the Swedish type there was a wide gulf fixed, which allowed no encouragement to the finer erotic emotions to which she was very strongly disposed; she felt crushed, and her impressionable, unattractive nature suffered acutely from being so unlike the ordinary victorious type of beauty. . . . Sonia Kovalevsky was a true Russian genius, with an elastic nature. She was lavish and careless in her ways, and she thrived best upon a torn sofa in an atmosphere of tea, cigarettes, and profusion of all kinds—intellectual, spiritual, and pecuniary; she needed to be surrounded by people like herself, who were in sympathy with her.

Another woman of this same type, who combines vigor of intellect with a morbid and self-conscious egotism, is "George Egerton," the ultra-neurotic writer who has, it seems, "struck the fundamental chord of woman's nature." She, we are told, belongs to "a new race of women." They have highly developed nerves, with which they perceive instead of with their understanding; and for the sake of other people's nerves, it is to be hoped that the race will soon be extinct, if this be an accurate description:

The tone of bitter disappointment which pervades "Discords" is the expression of woman's disappointment in man. Man and man's love are not a joy to her; they are a torment. He is inconsiderate in his demands, brutal in his caresses, and unsympathetic with those sides of her nature which are not there for his satisfaction. He is no longer the great comic animal of "Keynotes," whom the woman teases and plays with—he is a nightmare which smother her during horrible nights, a hangman who tortures her body and soul during days and years for his pleasure; a despot who demands admiration, caresses, and devotion, while her every nerve quivers with an opposite emotion; a man born blind, whose clumsy fingers press the spot where the pain is, and, when she moans, replies with coarse, unfeeling laughter, "Absurd nonsense!"

In the analysis of Eleonora Duse's art, Mrs. Hansson finds so much wistfulness, and weariness, and nerves, so much "erotic yearning for the fullness of life," that we are inclined to distrust her intuitions. But the portrait she draws is interesting:

A lean figure, peculiarly attractive, though scarcely to be called beautiful; a melancholy face with a strangely sweet expression, no

longer young, yet possessed of a pale, wistful charm; *la femme de trente ans*, who has lived and suffered, and who knows that life is full of suffering; a woman without any aggressive self-confidence, yet queenly, gentle, and subdued in manner, with a pathetic voice—such is Eleonora Duse as she appeared in the parts which she created for herself out of modern pieces. . . . Her own face was the only mask she wore when I saw her act. The expression of her features, the deep lines on her cheeks, the melancholy mouth, the sunken eyes with their large, heavy lids, were all characteristic of the part. She always had the same black, broad, arched eyebrows, the same way, shiny black Italian hair, which was always done up to a modest knot, sometimes high, sometimes a little lower, from which two curls always escaped during the course of her acting, because she had a habit of brushing her forehead with a white and rather bony hand, as though every violent emotion made her head ache.

No Jew glittered against her shallow skin, and she wore no ornament on her dress; there was something pathetic in the uncoincidental thinness of her neck and throat. She was of medium height, a slender body, with broad hips, without any signs of the rounded waist which belongs to the fashionable figure of the drama. She wore no stays, and there was nothing to hinder the slow, graceful, musical movements of her somewhat scatty figure. She made frequent gestures with her arms which were perfectly natural in her, although her Italian vivacity sometimes gave them a grotesque appearance. But it was the grace of her form, rather than her gestures, which called attention to the natural stateliness of her person. As to her dresses, they were not in the least fashionable, there was nothing of the French fashion-plate style about them; but, then, she over made any attempt to follow the fashion—she set it. There was an antique look about the long, soft folds of her dress, also something suggestive of the Renaissance in the velvet bodices and low lace collars.

The remaining sketches, like those already quoted, are pervaded by much theorizing on the part of the author, who has a way of taking herself very seriously. But in spite of her admiration of all that is unadmirable in the women she writes of, and her persistency in regarding a woman as a psychological study instead of as a reasoning member of the human family, the hook is interesting and the style agreeably fluent. It is translated by Hermione Ramsden, who also writes an introduction to the volume.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

THE LADY AND HER BRAVO.

A Journalistic Collaboration of the Pen and the Sword—Mme. Séverine, the Woman Journalist of the Lebaudy Black-Mailing Case, and her Champion—Her Career and Methods.

[In our issue of March 2d we printed, under the heading "A Female Black-Mailer," a letter from one of our Paris correspondents, describing Mme. Séverine, the famous woman journalist who is mixed up in the Lebaudy black-mailing scandal in Paris. The following letter from another correspondent discusses the same person, but from another point of view.—E.N.S.]

It was a gay, a very gay, staff, that of the first important socialist journal that appeared in Paris some twenty years ago—the *Cri du Peuple*, now defunct. The merry life its collaborators led was but little in accordance with the tone of the hooks of its editor and founder, Jules Vallès, the author of bitter and furious diatribes against hard-hearted society, which would not give him fifty thousand francs a year income for doing nothing. But these so-called "friends of the people" understood wonderfully well how to make money and how to spend it in a lavish and merry manner. Such was the case of the ex-Communist Vallès and his associate, Mme. Séverine. Almost every evening, as soon as the journal was compiled, the staff would hurry into cabs—these good democrats despising omnibuses—and would repair to the house of their master and mistress—the two lived together—where they would sup merrily, tossing down champagne and drinking death and destruction to the *bourgeois* "grown fat by the sweat of the people."

At this epoch Mme. Séverine was young, and, if not pretty, at least she was a fresh, healthy, appetizing blonde, with tendencies to a pleasing *embonpoint*, loving fun and not prudish, a good comrade, and without prejudices regarding morals or manners. Married to a Dr. Gebhardt, she had left him, abandoning her son, to live openly with Jules Vallès, setting marriage and virtue at defiance according to the socialist doctrine.

Her partner in journalism and in private life then died, and she was broken-hearted at his loss, so her friends of that time affirmed. But as the amusing epitaph, so often quoted, said, "His inconsolable widow continues the business," Séverine, while continuing to pilot the *Cri du Peuple*, judged it wise to console herself besides. She made a choice among her comrades of a very handsome fellow, with brown hair, a bristling mustache, black eyes, and as strong as Hercules, and the merry, free life began again.

The death of the paper, the *Cri du Peuple*, far from being disastrous to her, opened to Séverine the doors of fortune. Very intelligent, very shrewd, possessing a facile and supple pen, knowing both which way the wind was blowing and how to flatter the tastes of the general public, she carried her "copy" to divers journals of the most opposite opinions, and signed her articles under various pseudonyms, but always feminine ones. In the Royalist and Catholic *Gaulois*, "Renée" wrote on Christian socialism; in the Radical papers, "Séverine" upheld those singular socialist theories which consist in villifying and wishing to ruin the rich in order to exalt and enrich the poor, and in crying: "Death to the *bourgeois*" in the name of fraternal charity. In the *Figaro*, a Conservative and society organ, but priding itself on skeptical eclecticism, she wrote well-turned and measured articles. Soon her name was to be seen everywhere, and the honest *bourgeois* took pleasure in perusing her grand, sentimental, and humanitarian phrases which gave the most selfish among them the illusion of a platonic magnanimity.

However, the violence with which Séverine expressed her opinion and the audacity with which she took sides in private affairs, brought to the knowledge of the public by scandals and lawsuits, caused her some disagreeable experiences. The moment she saw a good subject for an article in her style, she sharpened her pen, she criticised, vilified, and defamed without caring how much she wounded honor, delicacy, or reputation. She has the unenviable fame of being the first female pamphleteer who has taken advantage of her sex to shelter herself from the dangers of her profession, for, in French journalism, where the counterpoise of

a virulent pen is a sword ready to make reparation, what could one do against a woman? Where the author of a defamatory article is incapable of fighting a duel by reason of old age or ill-health, it is customary for the editor of the paper to replace him on the field, and those who employed Séverine incurred a heavy responsibility. So this ingenious person devised a way to arrange it all: her "friend," M. Georges de Lahryère, was remarkably clever at fencing. Every time that an article of Mme. Séverine gave rise to a protest, this fierce swordsman would draw himself up and say: "I am madame's collaborator. You can send me your seconds."

Besides this delectable trade of a paid bravo—for he lived with Séverine, and is said, rightly or wrongly, to have earned much less money than she—they say that he did aid her in her work, however. Very intelligent himself, and possessing to an eminent degree the intuition necessary for daily journalism, he rose early, read all the morning papers, and when his associate got up herself, very late, he pointed out to her the up-to-date article to do, the which she wrote with extreme facility, with her vigorous style, her sentimental rhetoric, her emphatic feeling, a certain triviality mingled with coarseness, in a word, with all the elements of her curious manner, cleverly dosed out in different proportions to suit the journal for which she was writing. Whatever may be the truth of this secret collaboration, Séverine openly held the pen and De Lahryère the sword, the honest public naively accepting this immoral association. Naive, certainly, the Parisian public has been, to which, in a most serious manner, Mme. Séverine—a woman separated from a husband still living, mother of a child whom she has abandoned, living openly with a man who has replaced another lover, an anarchist, a declared scoundrel of all morality—related the circumstances of a private interview she averred to have had with the Pope, and—the public believed her like gospel truth.

Though holding to revolutionary doctrines, Séverine does not disdain the society of the high and mighty who wish to see her out of curiosity, as, for instance, the Princesse de Monaco, who served her up as a rare dish to her guests at the palace, which, by the way, provoked some surprise among the strait-laced *entourage* of the princess. As to Séverine's "companions and brothers," who accused her after this event of being an "aristo," she calmed them by insulting on the morrow those whose head she had eaten the day before.

But her popularity had declined for some time past, and the recent Max Lebaudy affair, which is soon to be tried before the Paris courts, has been a serious blow to her. The fact is well known that the unfortunate "Petit Sucrier" Max Lebaudy died at the hospital lately a victim to his millions, for it was through fear of seeming to do him a favor that the authorities did not release him from military service when he was known to be hopelessly ill from consumption. The attacks, the menaces of certain journals were the cause of this harrowing treatment, and Séverine, the gentle, the good, the kind-hearted Séverine, the lay sister of charity—chastity and poverty apart—had led the pack by her virulent articles against the poor young fellow, and public feeling, being touched by his lamentable death, took up arms against her.

At this juncture, and while she was endeavoring to exculpate herself, the facts of the attempts at black-mailing Max Lebaudy came out, and M. de Lahryère was arrested along with a certain number of other men accused of endeavoring to extort money from the poor young millionaire. "Oh! *tiens!*" says the public, "this explains Mme. Séverine's vehement attacks against him. The young soldier, robbed by a pack of hungry hounds crying at his heels, had finally refused to pay more, and he was attacked by that pen supposed to be consecrated to celebrating charity and brotherly love."

Mme. Séverine has just hastened to declare that there was no journalistic association between herself and the prisoner of Magas. Therefore, in case M. de Lahryère should be found guilty, he will again gallantly pay the debt and serve his time in prison, as he has before risked the danger of sword-thrusts.

However, the blow to Séverine's reputation is a severe one. Moreover, she who is so adroit has committed the blunder of quarrelling with Rochefort, the redoubtable pamphleteer. He has not hesitated to show her up with a master hand, and it is to be feared she will never quite recover, in spite of her valiant defiance, from the wounds he has inflicted upon her. If Lahryère gets out of prison soon, Rochefort will probably have to settle an account with him on the dueling-field.

Meanwhile, her titled bravo being shut up, Séverine will doubtless continue to write, but editors are showing her the cold shoulder. The comical side of this shabby affair is shown by people who swore by her three months ago and who now throw her over to the best of their ability. It is because in France ridicule kills, and Rochefort has baptized her with a derisive hurlesque name, very characteristic of her professional tender-heartedness: "Our Lady of the Tearful Eye." This will stick to her and cause merriment for a long while.

PARIS, March 9, 1896.

DORSEY.

Accident insurance companies are contemplating putting an extra charge for policies on those who are bicycle-riders, but the necessity for such action is not apparent, in view of the statistics on this point gathered by *The Wheel*, which has examined a list of 2,000 claims allowed by one of the largest companies, and finds that the cause was falls on pavements in 531 cases; carriage and wagon accidents number 243; there were 117 cut with tools and glass; in 96 cases, a weight of some sort fell on the person injured; the bicycle accidents are 76. Thus it seems that a person is seven times as liable to hurts while walking on the sidewalk as when riding a bicycle on the street, more than three times as likely to be hurt in a wagon, and almost twice as likely to be hurt by glass or tools.

LITERARY NOTES.

Scientific Breeding of Humans.

Some well-sounding theories for the improvement of the human race, which will probably never be carried out, are to be found in the little book called "Ye Thoroughbred," whose author chooses to style himself "Novus Homo." Taking as a text the perfection obtained by men in the breeding of the lower animals, it points out that the human species is equally capable of animal perfection. "As no people would tolerate the letting loose of multitudinous rattlesnakes upon the community," he says, "so the day can not be far distant when human society will no longer tolerate the known multitudinous procreation of radically diseased, imbecile, or worthless and injurious low-grade human animals."

"Man as an Electro-Telegraphic Machine" is another subject discussed, and to this chapter the writer disposes to his own satisfaction of all descriptions of psychic manifestations.

In conclusion, after putting forth some novel theories on race development and offering the United States sound advice on her laws of naturalization and immigration, a plea is made for "a commercial and defensive federation of amity among all English-speaking people . . . which may happily lead to the friendly federation of the world." Decidedly, "Novus Homo" is an optimist. Published by the Health Culture Company, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first volume of J. B. Bury's edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is about ready in London. The edition will comprise seven volumes, with exhaustive notes and appendices. Full fifty years have intervened between the publication of two in any way adequately edited editions of the great classic history. It was in 1839 that Dean Milman edited Gibbon, and although the book was in some measure re-edited by Dr. William Smith in 1854, Dr. Smith can scarcely be commended as superior in any way to the other worthy hacks who have tried their skill upon the masterpiece.

An event of some literary importance will be the publication shortly by D. Appleton & Co. of a new volume of poems by Rudyard Kipling.

The late Alexander Macmillan left a personal estate of some nine hundred thousand dollars. A certain portion of this money he left in trust for his son, Malcolm Macmillan, who disappeared some years ago, and of whom nothing has been heard since.

The most interesting book of the coming season will undoubtedly be "The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes," which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to publish in the spring. Mr. Morse, the well-known biographer and editor of the American Statesman Series, is the author, and has enjoyed the hearty aid of Dr. Holmes's family.

Writing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Clement Scott says:

"Turning back to old books and plays to verify the titles of 'True Blue' and 'The Post Captain,' I have ascertained the fact that the plot of 'East Lynne' has existed on the English stage for nearly sixty years. The strong incident of 'The Post Captain' is that of a wife leaving her husband, who fights a duel with the man who ruined her, and, from the effects of the duel, loses his sight. In the third act, the wife returns to her home, and is engaged as governess to look after her own children and husband, and dies penitent and forgiven. Here we have 'East Lynne' as well as 'Miss Merton,' and the plot dates back to 1836."

The *Lark* has followed the example of the *Chap Book*, and announces that hereafter the price of single copies will be ten cents, and that advertisements will be accepted. The April number, concluding the First Book of the *Lark*, contains a table of contents for the year which is, perhaps, the most naïve thing it has published, devoting a page, "In Memoriam," to the various pen-names of its contributors, now for the first time unmasked.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish shortly a new story by Miss F. F. Montresor, entitled "False Coin or True." It is a little longer than "The One who Looked On," but will be bound in uniform style.

Mrs. Dorothea Lummis-Moore writes from Tongaloo, Miss., to correct the statement that to Henry James is due the credit of originating the phrase, "The Amazing Hardy and Meredith the Obscure." She says that J. Zangwill uses it over his own signature in his "Without Prejudice" causerie in the February *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing for publication next fall an entirely new Riverside edition of the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It will comprise, probably, sixteen 12mo volumes, with bibliographical introductions and notes. It will contain portraits of Mrs. Stowe and engraved title-pages. A limited large-paper edition will contain as a special feature Mrs. Stowe's autograph, which she has written for each copy.

Félix Régamey is to publish an album of twelve drawings—most of them caricatures—which Paul Verlaine made in England twenty years ago. Ver-

laine's effects, which have, by the way, been put under a judicial seal in the little room where he died, consist of some papers in a table-drawer, a bundle of manuscripts in a hand-bag, another—the work he was engaged on last—in the portmanteau which was presented to him the day before he went to London, and which was probably the only article of the kind he ever possessed; half a dozen of his clay pipes, and one of his pet cigarette-holders in the same unpretentious material, two pairs of eyeglasses, a hat, and a night-cap.

A Chicago man has published a book entitled "Chimmie Fadden Out West," in which Chimmie, Miss Fanny, Mr. Paul, and the rest of Mr. Townsend's creations figure. In a preface addressed to Mr. Townsend, he says:

"Think not, I most earnestly request, that this little booklet is designed in any way as a plagiarism. . . . Let this explanation, friend Townsend, cause peace and good fellowship between thee and me."

In spite of his profound respect for the man's nerve, Mr. Townsend has placed the matter in the hands of his lawyers.

The Messrs. Appleton are about to publish a new book by Miss Kate Sanborn, with the title "My Literary Zoo," giving an account of the pets of famous persons, as she says, "from Homer to Bernhard."

The home of the late Henry C. Bowen, editor of the *Independent*, in Brooklyn, is unique in its decorations:

As one enters the hall, he finds himself surrounded by birds of every variety. On the ceiling there is a representation of a congress of birds to settle the question which was the best bird. The library table, the chairs, book-cases, piano, curtains, and all the other articles of furniture and decoration were made to his order. When the decorators came to the ceiling, they proposed to put ideal pictures in the corners, but Mr. Bowen desired to have the faces of his wife and three daughters ever before him. The dresses are ideal, but the faces are real. From the ceiling of the parlor, the faces of Mr. Bowen's fourteen grandchildren look down upon the visitor. On the floor above, in one of the rooms, are the heads of the father and his seven sons carved in the furniture. The historical chamber has groups representing the landing of Columbus, Washington at Valley Forge, Miles Standish, and Lincoln signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, while in the corners are the portraits of Standish, Washington, Columbus, and Lincoln.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's new volume, "Four-Handed Folk," soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is devoted to various pets—the kinkajou, lemur, marmoset, "living balls," the ocelot, and several kinds of monkeys.

Italian publishers retain the copyright on the works they print for eighty years, after which the works become public property. The government has just published a decree, however, that after the expiration of the copyright, the works shall revert to the state, which will tax reproductions. The first important work to come under the new law is Rossini's "Barbiere de Siviglia," first produced in February, 1816, the rights in which were given by the composer to the musical academy he founded at Pesaro. Instead of becoming public property, the proceeds from the opera will go to the government, which will use them for the support of Rossini's academy.

Justin McCarthy is writing a popular biography of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. He will also publish this year a three-volume novel and a collection of short stories.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* records the following notable facts:

"In 1892 an *édition de luxe* of the 'Writings and Speeches of the Hon. Grover Cleveland' was published by the Cassell Company, simultaneously in London and New York, limited to two hundred copies; each copy numbered and guaranteed as being strictly according to representation. It was, and is, a beautiful book; original price, \$12.50. No doubt the Hon. Grover Cleveland acquired some copies, as probably did also each of the several members of the Cabinet and sundry of our foreign ministers; but the melancholy fact is that the book had no 'go' in it. Within a fortnight, the remainder of this *édition de luxe*, from No. 100 to No. 200, inclusive, was put up at auction in this city, and fetched \$1.60 per copy!—a fall of six hundred and eighty-seven and one-half per cent. in three years, as compared with the present selling price."

This is odd—as is also the fact that the *Sun* should think that anything could fall more than one hundred per cent.

Stephen Crane's great success, "The Red Badge of Courage," is now in its sixth edition. The Messrs. Appleton say the date of his next book "is not fixed upon definitely, but he has been re-writing his story of 'Maggie,' which will be given to the public perhaps in the early summer, and there will also be a volume dealing with war experiences, complementary, as it were, to 'The Red Badge of Courage.'"

Bradford Torrey's new book, "Spring Notes from Tennessee," will be issued about the middle of April by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Another new book from the pen of the late Eugene Field is to be published at an early date. It will be called "The House: An Episode in the Lives of Reuben Baker, Astronomer, and of his Wife Alice." The *Nation*, by the way, in reviewing "The Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," says:

"Some of the humor is overdone, and part of the success of the volume is due, no doubt, to the fact that Chicago is as yet still proud with the pride of an overgrown village, in the fact that it counts among its inhabit-

ants persons who can write something which other people call literature, and which will be 'written up' in the newspapers, and, best of all, he sold at wholesale and retail, just as pork is. The pride of locality has puffed out the sails of many a reputation less deserving than that of Mr. Field."

F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale) breaks a long silence with his new novel, "Pirate Gold," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly publish. It is a Boston story of the middle of the century.

Richard Harding Davis has in press a new volume of stories, to be published under the title of "Cinderella, and Other Stories." Among these is a new Van Bibber story.

The London *Spectator* says that Stephen Crane's realistic treatment of a battle in "The Red Badge of Courage" is more effective than Tolstoy's efforts to the same line.

Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" and Mrs. Cotes's (Sara Jeannette Duncan) "His Honour and a Lady," which have both been running serially, will soon be published in book-form by D. Appleton & Co.

In the retirement of Georges Charpeotier, the French book trade will lose its most public-spirited and disinterested friend. Eugène Fasquelle has succeeded to the management of the firm.

VERSES FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Prisoner.

A man's skull is his life-long jail;
Behind its prison bars,
From its eye-windows, doth the soul
Peep at the earth and stars;
But unlike jails of wood or stone,
Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed gales
Are blown from glens of gladness,
And through its back doors music strains
Roll in in waves of madness,
And though he hear and heed each tone,
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

Though past the windows of the jail
Sweep scenes of solemn splendor,
And through the doors float hymns of joy,
Or dirges deep and tender,
The prisoner hears the mirth and moan,
But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the soul!

He loves in all its sweetness;
The fullest love, however strong,
Is marred by incompleteness;
No heart is ever fully known,
The prisoner ever dwells alone.

—Sam W. Foss in "Whiffs from Wild Meadows."

The Moon-Trail.

The moon-trail shineth across the sea,
And stretcheth off to a far countree
In the realms of the old romantic moon,
Where evening is morning, and midnight noon!
Then lovers away on the bright moon-trail,
Each happy two with a tiny sail,
In a silver waste with stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The great kind moon like a sphere of light
Swings down to the rim of the sea each night,
Finding ever some bark with a happy crew,
Bringing all the world though it brings but two.
Then lovers away on the bright moon-trail;
Soft breezes are sighing to fill your sail;
There are stars beneath and stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The moon-trail lighteth the sea of life
For lover and maiden, lover and wife,
And it's joy to sail down its shimmering way,
Just two together, forever and aye.
Then lovers away on the bright moon-trail,
Each happy twain with a tiny sail,
For there's naught so sweet in heaven above
Or the earth beneath as to love and love.
—George Horton in "In Unknown Seas."

Off Georges Banks.

Off Georges Banks the sun went down
In crimson splendor gleaming,
As past the bar a vessel sailed
With graceful pennant streaming;
And in her wake across the blue
A stormy petrel flew.

Then from their ambush crept the winds
To wake each sweeping billow;
And in their grasp the strong masts shook
Like slender twigs of willow,
And struck by whips of foaming spray
The good ship bore away.

Through darkling clouds the lightning clove
A jagged path asunder;
And in the gloomy vaults o'erhead
Deep rolled the snellen thunder;
While high above unnumbered graves
Up leaped the hungry waves.

Gray rose the dawn, and dreamily,
As though 'twixt sleep and waking;
Low lapped the waves, as on the rocks
Their long, green lines were breaking;
And in the changing sky afar,
Paled out a single star.

Then seaward from the lonely reefs
The sun came up all slowly,
His first beams touched a white, white face,
Among the sea-weed lowly,
A dead face lashed to floating planks
Drowned there—off Georges Banks.

—Ernest McGaffey in "Poems."

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IT FLOATS

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LITERARY NOTES.

Lafcadio Hearn's New Book on Japan.

Japan has bewitched Lafcadio Hearn. The fact is more apparent than ever in his latest book, "Kokoro," a word which he translates as "the heart of things," and whose meaning he reaches still more closely in the sub-title, "Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life." It is curious, and it is disheartening, too, to find how completely he is identifying himself with these Oriental people. Essentially a dreamer and an emotionalist, he is developing in only one direction, and in thus deliberately making an alien of himself, he is cutting himself off from sympathy with his own race.

The book, which is made up of scattered papers, contains some vivid sketches of real incidents; many old tales told with the inimitable art of which he has the mastery, yet lacking the power to stir, because of their tendency toward Japanese modes of feeling, and in addition to these, a number of studies on the sources of the national development.

Two of these latter, "The Genius of Japanese Civilization" and "A Glimpse of Tendencies," contain some striking paragraphs on the growth of Japanese power, its causes and future results. The superiority of the Japanese workman over his Western competitor is elaborately maintained. The facility with which Japan has learned of the foreigner who came seeking fortune at her shores is dwelt on at length. There is much that goes to prove that things are drifting toward "the realization of the national ideal—Japan only for the Japanese."

The absorption of the author into the country of his adoption, though apparent throughout, is nowhere more manifest than in his essays on the Shinto forms of belief. It is in such passages as these that his fancy wanders farthest afield and is most difficult to follow:

"The real theory of spontaneous generation (not the theory of organized life beginning in hotted infusions, but of the life primordial arising upon a planetary surface) has enormous—nay, infinite spiritual significance. It requires the belief that all potentialities of life, and thought, and emotion pass from nebula to universe, from system to system, from star to planet or moon, and again back to cyclonic storms of atomicity; it means that tendencies survive sun-burnings—survive all cosmic evolutions and disintegrations. The elements are evolutionary products only; and the difference of universe from universe must be the creation of tendencies—of a form of heredity too vast and complex for imagination."

Surely it is not in such polysyllabic mysticism as this that we are to look for Lafcadio Hearn's highest development.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The South Before the War.

"Southern Sidelights," by Edward Ingle, the latest volume of the Library of Economics and Politics edited by Richard T. Ely, aims to give a picture of life in the South during the generation before the war, and is a valuable contribution to the history of that period. The picturesque adjuncts often used to stir the imagination are not resorted to, a sober and accurate outline being given of the condition of the people of each class and of the influences that molded them. The distribution and character of the population, the educational facilities, and the reasons which brought about many conditions which varied from the North are entered into; and commerce, agriculture, and other phases of industry are considered.

The institution of slavery and the trend of feeling which brought about the secession of the Southern States is also discussed, though of these the author has made secondary topics.

Numerous statistics are given, the value of figures being specially emphasized. The appendix contains many tables where information on the various topics discussed in the volume is put into a concise form. The work is of a solid character, and will be useful to those looking for accurate information rather than to the seeker after popular history.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell, New York; price, \$1.75.

Modern Methods of Flirtation.

"The Light that Lies," by Cockburn Harvey, relates the difficulties experienced by an engaged young man who is at the same time carrying on a flirtation with a married woman and with a widow. The story is told almost entirely in the form of dialogue, the scene shifting rapidly from one charmer to another, and it is apparently intended as a satire on modern methods of flirtation. The idea, though not new, might make a readable book if well handled. But the transcript of the vapid inanities exchanged during seaside and steamer-chair flirtations is altogether too literal, and has neither sparkle nor liveliness. The frequent "dams" with which the young man interlards his conversation form a trick too hoary with age to raise a laugh, and make a very feeble substitute for vivacity.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

Japan's History, Literature, and Art.

An American and a Japanese writer, Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi, are the joint authors of a decided addition to books on Japan,

called "Sunrise Stories." The aim of the work is to give an insight into Japanese literature, from its beginnings in myths and legends, down to the close of feudalism in 1867. The authors disclaim any desire at solid instruction in their work, professing to deal "more with fancy than with fact, with the brilliant and amusing surface, all foam and glitter, rather than with what may lie below, whether weeds or pearls."

But though only a glance over a wide expanse, the book is a very satisfying one. Its plan of construction is clear and well arranged. Dividing the history of the country into four great periods, the literature which naturally accompanies each epoch is described, and examples given without stint. Myths and legends, poems, dramas, and novels are each dwelt on in turn. "It is a literature of form without much substance," says the preface, "and when pressed into the mold of a foreign language, its peculiar beauties are apt to disappear like the opal tints from a squeezed jelly-fish." But in spite of these elusive qualities, the translations are rendered with delicacy and grace and are imbued with the true Japanese spirit.

The literature and art of Japan belong essentially together, and the former has heretofore been disproportionately neglected. "Sunrise Stories" should be a pleasant and popular source of enlightenment.

The concluding chapter, which contains a general survey of the nation at its present stage of development, is interesting as giving an insight, from the point of view of a native, into the national character and modes of thought.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

An Inconvenient Husband.

"Phyllis of Philistia," by Frank Frankfort Moore, begins with a *partie cartée*. Phyllis is engaged to a controversial clergyman, and Ella and Herbert are two worldly people who love one another madly with only a husband as an impediment in the way of their happiness. The story devotes itself to swinging things around, so that in the end the parts are reversed. Phyllis rejects her clergyman, because he has written a book tending toward the disestablishment of the church, and she falls in love with Herbert, who reciprocates. The inconvenient husband dies, leaving his wife and the clergyman joint trustees of a new church, and they decide that their position will be immeasurably strengthened by marriage.

All the turns of fate are decidedly cut and dried, and the hands of the author pulling the strings which regulate the affections of his puppets are plainly discernible. But the story is amusing enough in a light way, though it is well to turn the pages rapidly when the clergyman enters. His speech of protest when Phyllis rejects him covers four solid pages of very hard reading.

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

The interesting series of studies of "Types of American Character" which Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., has been contributing to one of the magazines, have been collected and are issued in a handy little volume; they include "The American Pessimist," "The American Idealist," "The American Epicurean," "The American Philanthropist," "The American Man of Letters," "The American Out of Doors," and "The Scholar." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Old Stories of the East," by James Baldwin, a little book designed for supplementary school reading, is something which has long been needed. It consists of twelve stories taken from the Old Testament and put, as far as possible, into the form of a continuous narrative. The English is good, and the plan of early familiarizing children with Bible stories as literature is an excellent one. The frequent omission of the well-known Hebrew names and the substitution of the English equivalents is a mistake, however. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 45 cents.

"At the Sign of the Guillotine," by Harold Spender, is a semi-historical romance of French revolutionary times. It relates the story of Bertrand Louvier, a fervent Jacobin who voted for the execution of the king, and Elise Duplay. They are separated by the decree of Robespierre, who himself wants to marry Elise and secure her promise on condition that he will save Louvier from the guillotine. The book bears a resemblance to scenes and incidents to the many tales which have been written of these troubled times, and has not originality or force enough to give it individuality. The attempted pen-picture of Robespierre is but faintly outlined, and the estrangement of the lovers after his fall seems out of keeping with their characters. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Dundonald," by the Hon. John W. Fortescue, one of the English Men of Action series, is a brief but admirable biography of Admiral Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald. The work makes clear the causes which rendered his life a comparative failure, in spite of his fame as a seaman. A man of honor, a naval genius second only to Nel-

son, with a long list of brilliant exploits recorded against his name, he was yet dismissed from the service and only recalled after a lapse of years. In a clear and temperate narrative, which relates the events of his life, the peculiarities of character and the combative spirit which brought about his reverses are forcibly portrayed. In addition to its interest as biography, the work forms a chapter of English naval history during the earlier part of the century. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

"A Rich Man's Daughter," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, has rather a bitter flavor. The hero is an irascible and pessimistic young doctor whose practice is confined to "shilling patients," and who has ambitious dreams which are never realized. He secretly marries a procrastinating and feeble-willed girl, hoping that her wealthy father will advance his fortunes. But she is too timorous to break the news to her father, and an estrangement follows between husband and wife. It is impossible to sympathize with either, for though they are human enough in their weaknesses, neither is likeable. Everybody in the book, in fact, is depressingly weak or selfish except one, and he is insipidly good. The book is not without skill in character study, but the story is loosely hung together, and is hardly exhilarating reading. Published by the International News Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The enormous amount of wood now used for making paper every year may be judged from the fact that a Paris newspaper, the *Petit Journal*, which has a circulation of over a million copies a day and is printed on wood-pulp paper, consumes in a twelvemonth 120,000 fir-trees of an average height of 66 feet. This is said to be equivalent to the annual thinning of 25,000 acres of forest.

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Few plays adapted from popular books survive their first few seasons. They enjoy a *succès d'occasion* and are then laid away on the shelf, with the other toys of which the public has tired. There are two great exceptions to this rule, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Camille." The former is beginning to show the wear and tear of nearly forty years upon the boards. Its hold upon the public is explained by the fact that it had great merit as a drama, and it presented the main features of a book that was one of the most splendid outbursts of righteous indignation that light literature has given to the world.

Very few of the other popular novelists have seen the creatures of their imagination strut and fret their hour upon the stage. Bulwer, with all his dramatic talent, never dramatized his own books. Adaptations of "Bleak House" and "David Copperfield" were once played, but are now dead. Charles Reade, with all his passion for the stage, has created only one figure that has kept its place beyond the footlights. "Camille" still reigns where she has reigned since her author transplanted her from the pages of a novel to the centre of a play. With all her fragility and delicacy, she has lots of life in her yet, and will continue to cough and weep and die well into the next century.

The drama of Dumas *fits* entirely outshone the story from which it was adapted. People no more read "La Dame aux Camélias" now than they do "Evelina" or "Sir Charles Grandison." To Dumas *père* has been awarded the glory of a post-humous fame and popularity, if not what it was in the roaring forties, at least as great as that of his illustrious contemporary and master, Sir Walter Scott. The Wizard of the North and the elder Dumas are to-day the recognized masters of romantic narrative. While romance lives in the human heart their hooks will stand on the library shelves, free of dust, ragged and worn, and the soul of the real reader—he who reads for the story—will rejoice in the opulence and splendor of their genius.

It is through his hooks, not his dramas, that Dumas *père* is known to us here. The wild vogue once enjoyed by "Antony" and "Teresa" is gone with the crinoline and the shirt-frill. The Byronic hero, whose code of morals, according to Macaulay, was to love his neighbor's wife and hate his neighbor, is no more to our modern taste than his sweet-heart, that languishing creature with the drooping shoulders, whose limpid blue eyes "liked what e'er they looked on and her looks went everywhere." They were great plays in their day, those early Dumas dramas, legitimate forerunners of "Camille" and "Denise." But we know nothing of them here—and nothing, also, of the sparkling, exquisite comedies that came from that same brilliant pen. Antony, with the shadow of all sorts of injustices and lights darkening his lofty brow, is a bore; but the Duc de Richelieu, with all the wit, and polish, and brilliance of the great noble of the eighteenth century, is as haughtily convincing, in his *insouciant* charm and his elegant *ennui*, as the courtiers whom Watteau painted.

Only two dramas of the elder Dumas are played in this country. These are the dramatizations of "The Three Guardsmen" and "Monte Cristo." While the two books they purport to reproduce are still read eagerly and joyously by all true romance lovers—who, indifferent to style and manner, read for the narrative, and nothing but the narrative—the plays only exist because they offer star parts to two popular romantic actors. When Alexander Salvini has had enough of D'Artagnan, that irresistible creature will go from the boards may be for years, and may be forever. When Mr. O'Neill feels that the time has come when he can play "Monte Cristo" no longer, that offensive, purse-proud being will make his bow for the last time, and the stage will know him no more. Certain actors are responsible for keeping certain plays alive. Henry Irving has "The Bells" on his conscience, and Edwin Booth had "The Fool's Revenge."

The O'Neill company have played "Monte Cristo" so much that they rattle it off at a hand-gallop and much of it is lost. This is not so deplorable as it might be, because almost everybody knows it, and because the dialogue is so bald. Dumas the Great wrote a superb dialogue, sparkling, witty, deliciously spontaneous, passionate, dramatic. He had the art by instinct. Wit ran off the end of his pen with the ink, humor bubbled up in him like an ever-sparkling spring. It was said of him, as it was of Dickens, that when he was writing the humorous scenes of his books, his deep, full laughter rolled through the house, like the rich and splendid mirth of some genial old

demigod who knew and felt the joys and the failings of men.

Even with its bald dialogue the play of "Monte Cristo" is exciting. It gives one at least the skeleton of that greatest of romances. It has a stage reproduction of the scene in Caderousse's inn, the scene where the warm, slow-oozing rain dripped through the floor of the murdered traveler's room on to the man crouching in the shed below. It has the scene outside the Château d'If, where Dantes is flung into the sea. Like the hook, as soon as Monte Cristo appears as the mysterious millionaire, it loses its purely romantic flavor, and grows lurid and flashy. The way Monte Cristo comports himself in the salon of the Morcerfs is really painful. He ought to have bought a hand-hook on etiquette. He may have been the avenger of wrong, but he ought not to have fought with everybody he met upon that eventful evening. And the way he bragged about his money! The Abbé Faria must have taught him better than that.

The Parisian part of the book showed the same unreal and sensational extravagance. Dumas was not a depicter of the modern man and woman. His father, the soldier of the Revolution, and his grandfather, the French officer of San Domingo, the impassioned lover of Louise Dumas, had bequeathed to him the tumultuous fullness of life, the sense of freedom and adventure, that had been theirs. They had lived the wild romances that their descendant wrote. With the personal traits of the African—the woolly hair, the thick lips, the strong, widely separated teeth—that his grandmother had given him, came also those mental traits, that splendor of life, that vivid instinct of adventure and a wild liberty that his soldier sires had transmitted to him. His heroes quailed before no peril, were astonished at no risk, however unheard of or prodigious. They were the lineal descendants of the Marquis de la Paillaterie and General Dumas, officer of the Revolution.

The African was always strong in Dumas. From dark ancestors of the Gold Coast came his semi-tropical love of luxury, of gorgeousness, his prodigality, his utter disregard of the value of money. His emotions were as easily stirred, as openly expressed, as quickly forgotten, as one may imagine were those of the dusky forebears of Louise Dumas. At a story of hardship or suffering, his face would crumple into an expression of misery, like a child's, and he would begin to weep. He would give money to anybody to do anything with. In his apartments in the Rue Amsterdam, impecunious heats would collect a score strong and live upon his bounty. Often, as they left the table, he would ask who they were. When they got too numerous and too aggressive, he would shake them off by taking a journey. But as soon as he came back they collected like flies round a honey-pot.

Though for a long period he made about forty thousand dollars a year, his furniture was always being sold, and, indeed, one of his secretaries was appointed expressly for the purpose of dealing with the process-servers. Dumas could not keep money. Not that he himself was extravagant. The divinity that ruled his heart and hearth—and there were a battalion of them—took most of his earnings, and the crowd that lived upon him took the rest. At Monte Cristo, his beautiful country-place, he practiced the same sort of horronal hospitality that his great peer, Sir Walter, dispensed at Abhotsford. Any one came there and stayed as long, and ate as often, and horrified as much as he wanted. At one time, twenty musicians came and settled upon him, and begged and borrowed and ate and drank, till even Dumas's patience gave way, and he fled from them. Of animals he had a menagerie. Of these, Pritchard, an old setter-dog, had the same hospitable instincts as his master. He used to sit in the road and invite stray dogs in to partake of the cheer of "Monte Cristo." At one time Pritchard had as many as thirteen, which was not so bad as his master's twenty musicians.

The verdict of time upon this and other great writers' work is curious to study. Sir Walter and Alexandre Dumas are to-day cited as the romance writers of the world. George Sand, whose vogue was at one time enormous, is dropping out of sight. Did you ever try to read "Consuelo"? Eugene Sue was the rage in those wonderful forties when the romanticists walked the earth. The paper in which "The Wandering Jew" appeared was impossible to buy, and at the reading-rooms where it was kept copies were rented out for ten sous each for half an hour. Yet are there many now who read "The Wandering Jew" or "The Mysteries of Paris"? Balzac, on the other hand, was turning out hook after hook, working through his enormous culture and out of the crabbed tightness of his style into the fluent and easy suppleness that afterward distinguished it. Yet his contemporaries called him "the most prolific of our novelists," and thought they had paid him his due. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the largest regular church choir in the world, was organized by Brigham Young nearly half a century ago, and its membership is constantly between four hundred and five hundred. It has been connected with all the notable musical events in Salt Lake City, and at the World's Fair it was awarded a cash prize of one thousand dollars. One hundred and seventy-five members of the organization are now on their way to California on a pleasure trip, but they will give eight concerts during their sojourn in the State, five of them in San Francisco. Fifteen solo singers and six instrumentalists are with them, and their repertoire includes thirty oratorios, operas, and cantatas.

Pauline Joran, one of the young Joran sisters who left San Francisco five or six years ago to study music in Europe, is now a full-fledged *prima donna assoluta* in Italy. She is singing the title rôle in "Carmen," Santuzza in "Cavalleria," and Nedda in "Pagliacci," and the Italian press praises her highly.

Evan Stephens, the young Welsh-American under whose direction the Mormon Tabernacle Choir won the thousand-dollar prize at the World's Fair, has been invited to act as head adjudicator at the great Pennsylvania Eisteddfod for 1896.

Mr. William H. Keith, the baritone, will return to San Francisco within a month for a brief visit, and in all probability his voice will be heard in concert during his stay here.

Mme. Modjeska's little grandchild, Charles Modjeski, was baptized last Sunday in Chicago, and had for his sponsors Jean de Reszké and Emma Calvé. He is the child of Mme. Modjeska's son, Ralph Modjeski, a civil engineer. The Polish actress could not be present at the ceremony, as it was necessary for her to leave a few days earlier for her California ranch, where she hopes soon to regain her health.

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Next Week, Monday, April 6th, Second and Last Week of

MR. JAMES O'NEILL

Repertoire—Monday and Friday, "Virginus." Tuesday and Sunday, "Courier of Lyons." Wednesday and Saturday, "Monte Cristo." Thursday, "Hamlet." Saturday Matinee, "Richelieu."

Monday, April 13th....RICHARD MANSFIELD

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (INCORPORATED)...PROPRIETORS

Monday, April 6th, The Creative Comedian,

—PETER F. DAILEY—

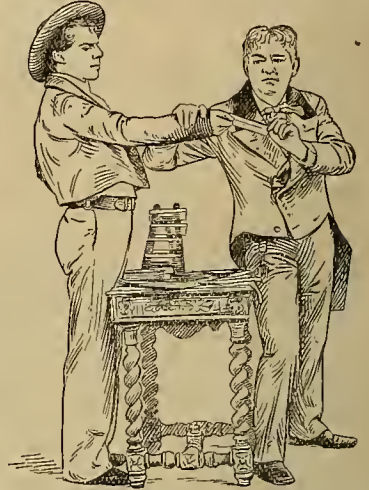
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Legitimate Drama at the Baldwin.

James O'Neill will conclude the first week of his engagement at the Baldwin Theatre with performances of "Virginius" this (Saturday) afternoon and "Monte Cristo" this and to-morrow evenings.

His list of plays for his second and last week is an interesting one. "Virginius" will begin the week, and it will be repeated on Friday night. "The Courier of Lyons," taken from the same French source as Henry Irving's "Lyons Mail," will be given on Tuesday and again on Sunday night. "Monte Cristo" will be repeated on Wednesday and Saturday nights. On Thursday night we shall have our only chance to see Mr. O'Neill in "Hamlet," and on Saturday afternoon "Richelieu" will be given its sole representation.

The Tivoli's New Burlesque.

Stahl's "Said Pasha" is in its last nights at the Tivoli Opera House, and, on Monday evening, the long promised spectacular burlesque, "Blue Beard," will be presented.

Preparations have been going forward for this production since the run of the Christmas extravaganza, "Ixion," and the management promises a lot of novelties. The scenery will be new and beautiful, the costumes fresh and after new designs; pretty, characteristic ballets will be introduced, and up-to-date songs will be sung; and one of the features of the last act will be a "terpsichorean novelty," called Rays of Light, which is, presumably, something in the line of Loie Fuller's butterfly dancing.

The cast will include Ferris Hartman in the comedy rôle of Ibrahim, a poverty-stricken restaurant-keeper; Carrie Roma as his scolding wife, Morgiana; Gertrude Aylward, the new English soprano, as Fatima, their daughter; W. H. West as her step-sister, Sister Anne; John J. Raffael as the uxorious Blue Beard; Thomas C. Leary as his valet, O'Shacabac; Kate Marchi as his sweetheart, Bada; and Fannie Liddiard as the gallant lover, Selina, with Ray Lynwood and Anna Schnabel as his two companions, Sadi and Abdallah, and Jennie Stockmeyer and Hannah Davis as their sweethearts, Meda and Freda. The ballets will be led by Mlle. Adele Vercellessi and M. de Filippi.

A Mark Twain Story on the Stage.

Henderson's American Extravaganza Company has enjoyed excellent patronage with "Sinbad" at the Columbia Theatre, but its two weeks' engagement will come to an end with Sunday night's performance.

Frank Mayo, the famous impersonator of Davy Crockett, will present his own dramatization of Mark Twain's *Century* story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," at the Columbia on Monday night. The play is of the quietly realistic order to which belong "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres," and presents excellent character-sketches of Missouri types. Mark Twain spent his boyhood among such people, and reproduced them with dry humor and tender pathos in his story, and Mr. Mayo has retained these characteristics in his dramatic version.

Peter Dailey in "The Night Clerk."

Peter F. Dailey, who may be a modest and retiring gentleman in private life, but who is distinguished from his professional confrères as "the cheeky comedian," comes to the California Theatre next week with a new farce-comedy entitled, "The Night Clerk." In it he has the rôle of a man-about-town in New York, the three acts representing his bachelor apartment, a police-station in the Tenderloin, where he acts as sergeant, and the Hotel Blasé, where he is the night clerk. The piece ran for one hundred nights in New York, and has been well received in the other large cities.

Mr. Dailey is the life of the piece, but there are other clever persons in the company, which includes Jennie Yeamans, John Sparks, Gertrude Fort, Raymond Hitchcock, Reta Emerson, Freda Depew, William Keough, Peter Randall, Bertie Dyer, Ida Rock, Nellie V. Parker, Eva Butler, Hugh Mack, Charles Sturgis, and the Olympian Quartet.

New Players at Morosco's.

"The Red Pocket Book" has been giving the spectators at Morosco's Grand Opera House an abundance of thrill during the past week. It is a melodrama of the old school, in five acts and a prologue, with a fire at sea, ending in an explosion, as early as the second act, and other scenes almost as sensational occurring in quick succession until the curtain falls on the defeat of villainy, the establishment of innocence, and the union of the faithful lovers.

It will be continued until Monday night, when several new members will be added to the company. The most prominent of these are Miss Lisle Leigh, an emotional actress from the East, and Hugh Ward. They will make their first appearance in Robert Drouet's drama, "Doris," in which Effie Ellsler played for some years. It turns upon the remarriage of a divorced woman who believes her husband dead; but he reappears alive and

creates a series of difficult complications. The cast of characters, as the play will be presented at Morosco's Grand Opera House, is as follows:

Doris Vane, Lisle Leigh; Alice Merrigood, Sarah Stevens; Martha Crawley, Julia Blanc; Mary Bisbee, Fanny Warren; Jeannette, Minna Ferry; Kenneth Ashleigh, Darrell Vinton; Brian O'Neill, M. D. Hugh Ward; Stephen Brand, Fred Butler; Simon Crawley, Frank Hatch; Mr. Merrigood, J. Harry Benrimo; Mr. Beetle, Charles W. Swain; Jackson, William Gihson, Jr.

A San Franciscan's Success in London.

"Nealy"—or, as he is now known, Dennis O'Sullivan—has made a great success in the titular rôle of a new Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," which has just been produced at the Opera Comique, in London. The libretto is the work of another former San Franciscan, George H. Jessop, and the music was composed by Professor Villiers Stanford. The London correspondent of an Eastern paper says:

"Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, who plays the principal part, is Irish born and bred, and a fine, impressive figure he makes as the hero of the opera. He is tall, bluff, and handsome, with quite 'the grand manner,' a magnificent voice, and a lively sense of dramatic force and action. For some time he has been known upon the concert stage, but this is his first appearance in opera, and he has achieved instant success."

It is almost unnecessary to correct the statement here that Mr. O'Sullivan is an Irishman born and bred. He was born in San Francisco.

Notes.

One of the features of Primrose and West's minstrel show, soon to be seen at the California Theatre, is the Miller Brothers' diorama.

Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown" goes to Australia in the latter part of May. It will be seen here before its departure. Frank Lawton, recently with "A Milk White Flag," will be in the company.

It is a curious fact that the first performance of Schonthau's play, "The Countess Gucki," was the English version produced by the Daly Company. It antedated the performance in German by some three months. It will be the opening play of the Daly season at the Baldwin next month.

Miss Portia Knight, an Oakland amateur, has been engaged by Frederick Warde to take the place of Miss Gillette, who has withdrawn from his company. It is an unusual compliment for an amateur to be so suddenly elevated to playing leading parts with an actor of Mr. Warde's standing.

The announcement that Richard Mansfield is to appear at the Baldwin Theatre after James O'Neill's engagement is most welcome. Mr. Mansfield is one of the most interesting actors on the American stage, and in his stay of three weeks he will present a remarkably long list of plays—almost a new one every night. His supporting company includes Beatrice Cameron, Rose Eyttinge, Johnstone Bennett, Jenny Eustice, Nora Lamison, Dan Harkins, E. D. Lyons, Orine Johnson, and others.

That the "kicker" is a blessing in disguise was made apparent at one of the Chicago theatres a few nights ago. A gentleman found that his view of the stage was entirely shut off by the hat worn by the woman in front of him, and as the play was "Don Quixote," with Irving in the title-rôle, he requested the woman to remove her hat. She turned on him a glance that would have withered a less persistent man, but he stood by his guns and kept at her till she had to remove the offending head-gear.

An interesting programme has been prepared by the students of the Columbia Theatre of Art for next Thursday afternoon, April 9th, at the Columbia Theatre. Besides the first appearance of a number of students, there will be an overture by the Mascagni Mandolin Club of fourteen young ladies, directed by Professor Piccinillo. The comedies, entitled "Parents' Tribulations," "An Oak in the Storm," and the New York *Herald* prize play, "Hearts," will be presented. There will also be songs by Mr. Frank Coffin and Miss Noah Malloy. Some of the students will be heard in an original opera, by Mr. Rohrer, and the garden scene from "Marie Stuart" will be acted by Miss Gallick and Miss Colby. For the first time, also, some of the classes will show their progress in fencing and dancing.

The Spanish-American Idea of a Republic..

SAN DIEGO, March 26, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos of your magnificent article on the Cuban situation, in the issue of March 16th, the soundness of which those of us who have lived in Spanish-American countries can justly appreciate, I have the following almost incredible incident to relate. It shows how far are Mexican and, therefore, Spanish-American minds (for they are all cast in the same peculiarly humptious mold) from appreciating the first principles of a genuine republic:

One morning in the port of —, in Mexico, after the arrival of the mail, the collector of the port, the postmaster, the captain of the port, and I were discussing the questions of the day. The collector had been glancing over his Mexican newspaper and reading parts of it to us, when suddenly he exclaimed: "Cleveland is elected; I wonder if he will have any trouble to get his seat."

"Certainly not," I replied.
"Who is President now?" asked the captain.
"Harrison, is it not?" answered the postmaster, with a smile of superiority over his neighbor.
"Then I suppose Cleveland is a friend of Harrison,

and they have everything fixed between them, like Diaz and Gonzales?" continued the collector.

"No," I replied, "quite the contrary. They are of different political parties, and have absolutely nothing in common."

"You don't mean to say that Harrison will give up his position and power without fighting?" said the postmaster.

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"And there won't be even a little revolution—moh, you call it?"

I had begun to think that they were poking fun at me, and I gave them a dissertation on republics. They were still skeptical, however, and could not understand the case at all. How any man with the power of the President of the United States should be so foolish as to surrender peacefully the reins of government just because the other fellow got the most votes, they could not see.

I did not believe it possible that men of their intelligence and standing could be so ignorant of our system of government. The more I thought of it, the more I came to the conclusion that they had been "guying" me. To make sure, I asked my partner, who had lived a long time with them and knew the people thoroughly. He assured me that their ignorance was not simulated. Each of these men had received an education above the average; they were all conversant with French and German, besides their own Spanish. The collector handled large sums of money, and had a large force of men under him (about thirty), while the captain of the port had a national reputation as an amateur astronomer, and passed many nights gazing through a fine five-inch refractor of his own. Yours very truly,

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* Ye most novel and ye most unique designs of ye present year.
* Ye frames of ye chairs and rockers are made of harde wood, and covered with a coatyng of snowy-whiteness.
* Ye place for sittynge down in ye chairs, and ye backs and arms, are made beautiful with hand-paintyngs of ye finest sorte.
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VANITY FAIR.

The question of tipping servants in private houses is beginning to loom up before the young men and women who expect to visit friends at their country-places during the coming summer. In England, the custom is so universal that its observance is a necessity, and the person who makes one of a house-party is heavily taxed before he has gone through the list from butler and housekeeper to the under-grooms. In the East, the custom is growing more general every year; and here the guest is always in a quandary between his wish to reward servants for the extra trouble he causes them, on the one hand, and a lively fear of running up against a sturdy American hospitality that would be insulted at the idea of having one's servants tipped by a guest. It is a difficult question to decide, and each case must be decided by its own circumstances. The Gordian knot might be cut for guests by the device an American bride has introduced in her German husband's castle. She has had a receptacle like a poor-box put up in some inconspicuous place in her home, and the guest can give or not, as much or as little, as he chooses. Once in six months the box is opened, and the "take" is divided among the servants in due proportion.

An interesting question is being discussed by the readers of an Eastern contemporary. It is: "To what extent may a married man with propriety pay honorable attentions to a married woman?" One correspondent would have the question answered by a long speech John Drew makes in "The Squire of Dames." Mr. Drew is addressing a young man who is in love with a young married woman, but proposes to keep the affair purely idyllic, and Mr. Drew suggests travel to China as the only possible method of keeping in this exalted programme. Another says that the degree of attention must be determined by locality, that what would be quite allowable in New York would be compromising in Omaha—which seems to be one on the New York code. A third thinks it would be "a great deal better for the married man to sacrifice his friendliness for the particular woman than to be a subject for scandal." A fourth goes to the Scriptures for counsel and brings forth: "Abstain from all appearance of evil"—1. Thess., v., 22, and "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend"—1. Corin., viii., 13. From all of which it would seem that a civilized man would best go to China.

We get so many of our social laws from England that it is interesting to see how Queen Victoria acts when she has a company of actors up to give a performance at Balmoral or Windsor. She has a stage in each castle, and the entertainment is made to be almost an exact reproduction of the public performance. Once in a while the little old lady admonishes a performer: "Not so loud! Not so loud!" and the person addressed is apt to get badly "rattled." But otherwise the plays are presented just as they are at the London theatres. But our present interest is in her treatment of the players after the representation. They are allowed ten minutes to change their costumes, and then they go to supper. Presently an attendant appears and expresses her majesty's gratification at the performance, and tells the principals to follow him. He brings them into the presence of her most gracious majesty, who addresses her observations to each one, praising or censuring just as she sees fit. She tells them all just how to do it; and when she is particularly pleased with an actor, she makes him sign his name in her album. Then she resolves herself into a sort of queenly Santa Claus, and distributes souvenirs, scarf-pins, brooches, and rings. At ten o'clock in the evening she dismisses her guests. The next morning, when they get up, each one receives a message which reads as follows: "Her majesty desires to know how you are and if you have recovered fully from the fatigue of traveling."

There is an artist in Abazia, in Istria, who is now plunged in the blackest depths of despair after having basked for a brief while in the sunshine of royalty's favor. It seems that he was commissioned by the town authorities to execute a statue of the "Virgin, Star of the Sea," to adorn one of the public squares, and as the Archduchess Stephanie of Austria is a regular visitor there every winter, the sculptor conceived the brilliant idea of giving to his Madonna the features of this royal visitor. It was a great success, the archduchess was pleased, and when it was decided to erect a monument to the railway magnate who had developed the place, the same sculptor was chosen for the work. The design selected represented a bust of the railway magnate being crowned by a nude female figure. When the work was finished, Stephanie was requested to unveil the monument, and gladly consented to do so. Fortunately, however, before the public ceremony, she had a private view of the group, and her horror may be imagined when she discovered that the sculptor, wishing to repeat his courtly success, had again reproduced her features in those of the nude female. Having no desire to

gn down to posterity in company with Pauline Bonaparte, whom Canova reproduced in marble as "Venus Victrix," Stephanie was so indignant that the group had to be changed.

With the approach of summer and its bicycle riding, a word of advice to wheelwomen on the care of their complexions is opportune. Physicians have long been advocating outdoor exercise for women, but they look only in the general health and give no thought to the rose-leaf complexion that is my lady's pride. Wind and sun are excellent health-restorers and health-preservers, but they bring wrinkles, roughness, freckles, and a host of minor disfigurements that make a woman's life a burden. The direct action of wind and sun on the skin dries it and makes it coarse and wrinkled. Applying vaseline or some other non-absorbent unguent both before and after the ride decreases this effect, but the best protection is afforded by wearing a veil. The ordinary little spotted lace veil is worse than none at all, for it is very injurious to the eyes, already strained by the glare of the white country road or asphalt, and causes a contraction of the muscles around the eyes that soon brings deep wrinkles. But a veil of brown grenadine is found to answer all requirements. It is quite easy to see through, and affords admirable protection for both eyes and skin.

A Parsee of Bombay has published a pamphlet attacking the Native Girls' English Institution (educational), in which he makes the charge that "in matters of dress it is no uncommon sight to see some of our prominent ladies hedecking themselves in gaudy-colored draperies, and of such light texture as exposes the wearers to unpleasant remarks. Some of them are no strangers to the use of rouge, enamel, and powder to beautify themselves. They do their hair à la grissette, and are by no means averse to the use of bones and steels to give aid to their gait and form." Considering that these Persians have always been among the healthiest and most beautiful part of the native population, the complaint is treated with merited gravity by the vernacular press.

There is a pretty row being made in the ladies' cabin of the ferry-boats that ply between Brooklyn and New York. In the men's cabin there is a boot-black stand. The blacking used smells in heaven, but no particular objection is made to it because the odor of pipes and cigars drowns all lesser evils. But the Brooklyn woman, who has emancipated herself to the extent of occasionally having her calf-skin boots blacked at a stand and at first used to go timidly into the men's cabin for that purpose, has taken to calling the bootblack into the ladies' cabin to do his work. Other ladies object to the intolerable odor, and have about persuaded the company to put up signs reading, "Ladies who want a shine must go to the gents' cabin for it." We are not aware that the Oakland woman has penetrated to the lower deck for a shine as yet, but it is not very extraordinary to see a pair of feminine bottles being cleaned on a bootblack stand in some obscure corner near the shopping districts. There is a Kearny Street bootmaker, too, who has his customers' boots shined free of charge, and the boy is kept pretty busy with fair shoppers.

A well-known Londoner has been giving the *St. James's Gazette* an account of the fashions that will prevail among well-dressed men during the coming year. He bases his information on an interview with the tailor who makes coats and trousers for the Prince of Wales and his august son, the Duke of York, tempering the ideas of the knight of the garter and shears with the wisdom of his own experience. The cutaway coat, it seems, will be much more worn by Englishmen than it has been heretofore, and both it and the frock-coat will be worn open, with silk facings. Beyond this there will be no notable change in men's fashions.

Poughkeepsie society has been shaken to its foundations. Some days ago, a series of gaudy posters appeared in prominent shop-windows, announcing an entertainment for two men who had been hurt in a railway accident. The startling part of it was that several highly respected residents were announced to appear in the programme, including "two well-known society belles," mentioned by name, who were set down for skirt-dances. Their friends' horror at the announcement was only exceeded by their own, and investigation developed the fact that the whole affair had been conceived and announced in this glaring way by a lunatic. He was released as harmless about two years ago, but this prank is likely to put him back in the asylum.

It was generally supposed that the Salvation Army lassies had abjured the pimps of this wicked world, and were quite indifferent to their outward appearance. Their shapeless gowns and unsightly bonnets favor such an opinion. But it seems that the spark of vanity still glows in their breasts and is capable of blazing up on occasion. Such an occasion was the attempt to put the women of the new American organization, God's American Volunteers, into brown uniform. They rose as one

woman and rebelled. It was unserviceable, they declared, and added: "We can save just as many souls in any other color as we can in brown." Evidently brown is not a becoming color to most women.

A "trolley progressive euchre-party" is the latest scheme in Brooklyn, N. Y. A few nights ago a young matron invited some twosome friends to such an affair, and took them in two parlor-cars of an electric line from Brooklyn to Jamaica. They played progressive euchre during the nine-mile ride to Jamaica, had supper and a dance there, and returned home at an early hour in the morning. This is the first time the handsomely fitted cars have been used for such a purpose, though they have often conveyed parties to and from the theatre. The trolley car is not likely to be used for such social purposes in San Francisco, on account of the many hills over which their routes lie, but the idea might be utilized in San José.

The following effusion has been called forth from a New York *Sun* bard by a recent dictum of the President:

- "The ladies of the Cabinet
Are weeping briny tears,
And sounds like those of martyrs' cries
Fall on the nation's ears.
"A shadow as of blasted hopes
Has fallen on their lives,
And they regret with might and main
That they are statesmen's wives:
"Because, forsooth, the President
Has stated that he feels
It's not the proper thing for them
To fly around on wheels.
"They do not raise a hand to strike!
There courage is a clam!
Ye gods! and do our women think
Sic semper is a sham?
"It must be so. We only hear
These ladies weep and wail,
And every woman tamely hangs
Her bloomers on a nail."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scotch minister announced from the pulpit: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as I have failed to get money honestly, I will have to see what a bazaar can do for me."

Appropos of the celebration of Rossini's birthday on February 29th, it is recalled that Prince Poniatowski came to Rossini with two operas to ask which of them should be produced at the Theatre Italiano. The prince played through one work. "Choose the other for performance," advised Rossini, with a sigh of fatigue.

Sir Francis Scott, the British commander of the Ashantee expedition, in a speech which he made in his troops when he reviewed them the other day in England, said that they were, no doubt, disappointed because they had not a chance to fight, "but if there had been any fighting," he added, "there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

It is recorded of Louis Napoleon that, having announced in the Emperor of Russia that he was seated on the throne of France, and having received from Czar Nicolas a reply addressed not to "Mon frere," as is usual between crowned heads, but "Mon ami," Napoleon the Third remarked: "This is most flattering. We choose our friends; we can not choose our relations."

"Max O'Rell" relates that, while he was teaching in an English school, a lady wrote to the headmaster: "DEAR SIR: It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we should like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the headmaster replied: "DEAR MADAM: So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

The old Duke of Argyll has been thrice married, and has had, in all, twelve children. Despite these statistics, he lately addressed a humbly to his teacup on the immoderate size of their families, saying that they could not expect to be prosperous when they had so many children to support. This excited the anger of some ninth century dame, who promptly retorted: "We may have done well for our country, but hardly so well as your grace."

A young woman of Hartford, Conn., was telling her Sunday-school class of small boys the other Sunday about the "Shut In Society," whose members are persons confined with sickness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "who would have had great sympathy for those who are so shut in?" "I know," said a little boy, "some one in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes, and when, Johnnie?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.

A lady, en route to the last drawing-room, found herself blocked in a line of carriages containing people who had not the entrée to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed, she leaned out of the carriage window and said, to a policeman on duty there, in imperious tones: "Perhaps you don't know that I am the wife of a cabinet minister?" "I couldn't let you pass, ma'am," he calmly replied, "even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

When Congressman Cannon, of Illinois, strenuously objected in Congress, the other day, to an appropriation for officers' residences on the grounds of the Naval Observatory, Robinson, of Pennsylvania, who was an Annapolis man, defended the proposition and poked fun at Cannon in this wise: "Soon after Mr. Cannon came here from his prairie home in Illinois for service," said Robinson, "he embarked on a steamer on the Potomac River. While pacing the deck, he suddenly started back to amazement from an open hatchway. 'My God,' he exclaimed, 'she's hollow!'"

Shelley called on Southey one afternoon and found the latter and his wife at tea. Southey evinced such an appetite for huttered cakes that Shelley was shocked, and at last broke out with: "Southey, I'm ashamed of you! It's horrible to see a man like you greedily devouring this oasty stuff!" Mrs. Southey came to her husband's defense with a long tirade, during which Shelley, abashed, put down his face and curiously scanned the cakes. He broke off a bit and ventured to taste it; then he began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. When he went home, his verdict on the cakes was summed up in the report of Harriet Westbrook, to whom he was engaged: "We were to have had tea-cakes every evening 'forever.' I was to make them myself, and Mrs. Southey was to teach me."

A Washington correspondent, some time ago, started a story about Prohibitionist Hull, of Iowa, to the effect that he once admired a knife of Representative Chickering's which had in it a hook, "designed," Chickering said, "to remove stones

which might become fastened in a horse's hoof on a rocky road." Hull admired it so much that Chickering gave it to him, and Hull took it home to show to his wife. Mrs. Hull looked at the knife and then at her husband. "John," said she, "any man who has served three terms as secretary of the State senate, been twice lieutenant-governor, and served two terms in Congress, must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne-opener from a hoof-cleaner." The story was copied all over the State, and commented on in a variety of ways. Then the congressman met the correspondent who first published the story. He was smiling all over. "You did me a great service," Hull said, wringing his hand affectionately; "all the Prohibitionists are taking my wife's view of my ignorance, and all the 'antis' are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife. It works in my behalf whichever way you take it."

Some weeks ago we reprinted in our "Storyettes" an anecdote then floating about the press, narrating the mistake of a colored butler in a Washington house who was cautioned to address a titled English guest as "my lord," and, confused by the latter's refusal of a cherished dish, exclaimed: "But it's terrapin, my God!" It was a variant of the ancient English tale of the bishop and the embarrassed "buttons" who brought up his shaving-water. But *Vanity*, a New York society journal, took us severely to task for "stealing" from its columns, declaring that it had been the original publisher of the story in its issue a few weeks earlier. Then arose the *Columbia Spectator* with the announcement that the story had appeared in its Christmas issue for 1888. We can cap them both with the statement that it appeared in the *Argonaut* in 1881. It may strike our two contemporaries as strange that the *Argonaut* should reprint matter which had already appeared in its columns. Such is the fact, however. That there is nothing new under the sun is especially true of anecdotes, and, in view of the fact that the *Argonaut* has been printing about two a week, or five hundred a year, for about fifteen years, making a total of seven thousand five hundred anecdotes, it would be wonderful indeed if we did not sometimes repeat.

The famous rebel yell was heard last week at Chickering Hall, New York, where Major-General Thomas L. Rosser, C. S. A., delivered his war lecture, "Hilt to Hilt." There were about two hundred persons present, of whom (says the *Sun*) half were veterans of Stonewall Jackson's command, if their part in the performance can be taken as evidence. No sooner had the heroic Southern leader's features been flashed upon the sheet than they leaped to their feet and let out that rebel yell as if it had been fighting to get out for years. It sounds more like "Yi-yi-yi" than anything else, but any adequate description of it is impossible. There is a sort of snail-shaking cadence about it that strikes to the deep. The best tribute to the effect with which it was given that night is that a policeman who had stepped into the lobby came up the stairs four steps at a time when he heard it.

In October, 1876, one W. H. Nugen, of Iowa, bought a horse of John Cadner, giving in payment a promissory note for sixty-five dollars, to be paid "when Hayes and Wheeler is (sic) President of the United States." Nugen refused to pay the note when due, maintaining that Hayes had never been elected President of the United States. The case went from one court to another, and now, twenty years later, is being pressed for decision by Codner's heirs and administrators. Almost everybody involved in the original transaction, even to the horse, is dead.

The Princeton students who had a procession and bonfire on the night of March 5th in honor of Cuba, and especially the tall student who trailed a Spanish flag in the dirt, and finally burned it, may be thankful they do not live in Spain. At Madrid, the universities have been closed because of the incendiary demonstrations against the United States, and one student who burned an American flag will lose a year's schooling and be criminally prosecuted.

General Sherman once said that if the army killed half as many Indians as the New York Herald, there would not be enough of them left to go round.

Saved from Destruction.

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MAGAZINE VERSE.

What the Angels Think.

My dear Clairette, gowned all in white,
Kneels where the fading evening light
Steals in to see so pure a sight.

My dear Clairette lifts tearful eyes
In supplication to the far-off skies,
And for forgiveness softly cries.

My dear Clairette prays that she be
Forgiven for the sins that she
Feels rest upon her weightily.

My dear Clairette, so pure and fair!
The angels smile to see her there,
And wonder at the needless prayer.

—W. J. Lampton in April Cosmopolitan.

Life.

"What is life but what a man is thinking of all day?"
—EMERSON.

If life were only what a man
Thinks daily of—his little care;
His petty ill; his trivial plan;
His sordid scheme to horde and spare;
His meagre ministry; his small
Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret—repentance small;
His poor, unrealized dream—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod;
Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
Is daily thinking of for man.

—Julie M. Lippmann in April Harper's.

The Bargain of Faust.

"Shall a man, then, not own his own soul? why,
If I choose wreck, may I not wreck my own,
Counting the cost?" Brave Faust! without a groan
To hold no price too cruel or too high
For a rich joy! Choose thy fate mayst thou, aye!
But thy soul was so paltry, that alone
Mephisto wished it not; well hast thou known
That, with thine, Marguerite's soul, too, must die.
Bargain for thine own ruin as thou wilt!
But sign no compact that another soul
Must witness and consent to; have art thou?
A coward rather; for a darling guilt
Thy reckless soul another's hithright stole;
For this think not to be forgiven now.

Nor canst thou offer even this poor plea:
That thou didst sin for love of Marguerite—
Thou hadst not seen the maiden on the street
When thou didst promise Satan his high fee.
"Some woman's soul for toy, and mine for thee,
Mephisto, later!"—Passion, deadly sweet,
The flower of love that else were incomplete,
Angels may pity, if not pardon; she
Did sin for love, but thou didst love for sin;
Her passion was the flower of love; but thine,
Only the seed; then thou didst not compel
Her sacrifice? Love's victim had she been,
Not thine? Ay, both must pay the heavy fine;
She hers in heaven, but thou thine in hell.

—Alice W. Rollins in April Cosmopolitan.

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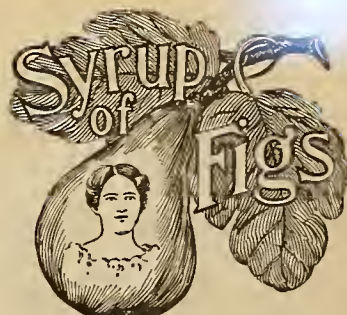
Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to tell about 'it'?"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMIEKE sends 'em to him."

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SOCIETY.

The Hager Entertainment.

It has been definitely settled that the entertainment to be given by Mrs. Hager will take place at Native Sons Hall on Monday evening, April 13th. The entertainment will commence promptly at nine o'clock, and will end at midnight. Guests who arrive late will be obliged to wait in the lobby until there is a favorable opportunity for them to enter the main hall. This rule will be enforced in order that the participants may not be disturbed. A large frame containing photographs of the participants will be placed in the lobby and theatrical posters will grace the walls. Mr. Leo Cooper is rehearsing the players, and Mr. J. F. J. Archibald will act as prompter. The performance will commence with a series of living pictures.

The pictures will be followed by a farce-comedy in three acts, entitled "A Modern Ananias." The various casts published heretofore have been incorrect and incomplete. The correct cast of characters will be as follows:

Lysander Lyon, M. D. (with a vivid imagination).....Mr. Frank Mathieu
Colonel Lyon (an uncle with a forgiving disposition).....Mr. A. H. Roshborough
Derby Dashwood (with a Piccadilly accent).....Mr. Edgar C. Peixotto
Don Francisco (with an elastic conscience).....Mr. George E. de Long
Baby.....Mr. Frank L. Owen
Nellie Golden Gate (Colonel Lyon's ward).....Miss Minnie Houghton
Prudence Mayflower (Nellie's friend).....Miss Ella Goodall
Kitty (Baby's maid).....Miss Rose Hooper

The performance will terminate at midnight, and then a supper will be served in the banquet hall down-stairs. Afterward there will be dancing until about four o'clock in the morning.

The Art Association.

The annual election of the San Francisco Art Association took place last Tuesday, and the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing term: Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. J. C. Johnson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Charles R. Bishop, Mr. William G. Stafford, and Mr. Joseph D. Grant.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Millie Marie Siebe, daughter of Mr. Frederick C. Siebe, will be married to Mr. Frederick J. McWilliams at St. Paul's Lutheran Church next Wednesday evening.

Mr. George Almer Newhall gave a dinner-party at the University Club last Monday evening, afterward taking the party to the California Theatre to witness the performance of "Friends." His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Emma Spreckels, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels gave a concert-party at the Auditorium on the evening of the final appearance here of the Materna-Ondricek company, and afterward entertained their guests at supper at the University Club. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. J. B. Lippincott and the Misses Lippincott, of Philadelphia, who are making a prolonged visit to this coast. The others in the party were Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, and Mr. Henry Redington.

The managers of the Woman's Exchange will give a marguerite tea in the rooms of the Exchange next Thursday for the purpose of inaugurating the regular afternoon tea to be served every day thereafter between the hours of three and five o'clock. The public is invited to attend.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

In the event of war, it is certain that Emperor William would be the commander-in-chief of the German army. He has seen no real war, but in peace manoeuvres he has proved over and over again his practical skill and knowledge of warfare as regards both strategy and tactics.

If they had followed the career of their fathers, Verdi, the composer, would have been an innkeeper; Gérôme, the painter, a jeweler; Pailleron, author of "A Scrap of Paper," a butcher; Jules Simon, a draper; Renan, a corner grocer; and Dennery, author of "The Two Orphans," an old-clothes man.

General the Marquis de Gallifet is about to publish his memoirs, and many people in Paris and elsewhere are beginning to feel nervous. The marquis calls a spade a spade, and he is one of the most expert duelists living. He has been wounded many times in single combat, as well as in the battle-field, and a part of his side covering one lung, which was torn away in Mexico by a shell, is fitted with a silver plate.

President Cleveland is growing stouter, how much stouter even he does not know; he said to his tailor last week, "I gave up weighing a long time ago, and," he added, dryly, "I recently gave up guessing." But the tailor says that, while Mr. Cleveland's chest measure has not changed since a year ago, his thigh has grown an inch in girth, and he measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches more around the waist and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches around the hips. Mr. Cleveland's chest measure is $50\frac{1}{2}$ inches and his girth is $53\frac{1}{4}$.

The wonderful strength of Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, which we mentioned recently, is due to two things—her early training and her regular exercise. Her father, Dom Miguel of Portugal, brought her up to be a sturdy woman, rather than a petted beauty, and her childhood was spent in the open air, hunting, riding, walking, and running. At the present time she devotes two hours a day to exercise in her private gymnasium, using dumb-bells, lifting graduated weights, and fencing.

Miss Lily Hall Caine, a younger sister of the novelist, was married last month at St. George's, Hanover Square, to George D. Day, who, like herself, is very much interested in the theatre. She owes her introduction to the stage, which took place three years ago, to her brother the novelist's acquaintance with Wilson Barrett, and she walked on in "Claudian." Then she got a part in "The Ben-my-Chree," the adaptation of "The Deemster." The part was originally three lines, but for his sister's sake, Mr. Hall Caine added two more.

If Turkey should be involved in war, the chief command would doubtless be intrusted to Gazi Osman Pasha, the famous defender of Plevna, now in his fifty-eighth year. His first campaign was in the Crimea; he served during the Syrian war of 1860, in the Cretan insurrection of 1866, and in the Yemen campaign of 1871-72. In the Serbian war of 1876 he was victorious in the pitched battles of Isvor and Zaitschar, and he occupied the Plevna position on July 20, 1877, holding it against vastly superior numbers in three great battles and during five long months.

The commander-in-chief of the French army, General Saussier, is in his sixty-eighth year—about five feet eleven inches, very unhealthy-looking, enormously stout, mounts his horse with difficulty, driving, when possible, in an omnibus horsed by the artillery. During an action he remains sitting on the ground. To the casual observer he appears physically incapable of commanding in the field; and, in spite of good antecedents and undoubted ability, reasons of health, in any other army, would have shelved him long ago. Nevertheless, the indomitable Saussier, in the manoeuvres of last autumn, exercised the chief command of the two armies in the field, with a united total of one hundred and twenty thousand men.

A great historic name has become extinct in France with the death of Maurice César, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, the last of his race, in his eighty-seventh year. An exchange says of him:

"The family could trace an undisputed descent back to the thirteenth century, and asserted that it sprang from Godfrey of Bonillon, King of Jerusalem. Its principality of Sedan was the last feudal sovereign state in France to be surrendered to the crown. Marshal Turenne was a member of the family, and so was 'the first grenadier of France,' though descended from an illegitimate branch. The prince's father was a general of Napoleon. The story is told of him that he seized the bridle of the emperor's horse in the Champs-Élysées one day, and asked him for a commission. 'How old are you?' asked Napoleon. 'Sixteen,' was the answer. 'What is your name?' 'Godefroi de la Tour d'Auvergne.' 'These are the men I need,' said the emperor, and he gave him a lieutenantancy."

Field-Marshal von Blumenthal, the senior German officer in active service, is in his eightieth year. He has a quasi-sinecure as chief of the Berlin army inspection district, and considers himself on important duty. He was an elderly man when, near the end of the Franco-German War, he replied to a question as to Garibaldi's immediate future, in the grim words: "If he is caught, he will be shot."

Again, when, as he was riding about one day along the "Hog's Back," during the Aldershot autumn manoeuvres of 1871, a busybody ventured to ask him what he thought of the British performance, the old gentleman replied: "It was a very fine day, sir," as he wheeled his horse with a grunt in which was no amiability. But, rugged person as he was, Blumenthal has been known to place a knapsack under the head of a wounded soldier on the battle-field.

THE EASTER BONNET.

On Easter-Day.

Shall it be a song or sonnet?
Sooth! it must be something gay:
Bess has got a stunning bonnet
She will don on Easter-day.
I can see her in my fancy
As she marches up the aisle,
With a nameless necromancy
In the sunshine of her smile.

She's the loveliest of lasses
Ever winged a Cupid-dart;
Every gallant, when she passes,
Will have failure of the heart;
Every helle—my word upon it—
Will with jealousy grow gray,
When sweet Bessie in her bonnet
Treads the aisle on Easter-day.

I would give a feudal castle—
(All my castles are in Spain!)
And the wealth of lord and vassal—
(All my wealth is in my brain!)
If I might—to think upon it
Fairly takes my breath away!—
March with Bessie and her bonnet
Up the aisle on Easter-day.

—Irving Gilmore in *Life*.

Wise Priscilla.

Within the pew Priscilla kneels
And bows her head in prayer.
I wonder how Priscilla feels
As she is kneeling there?

Oh, who can tell? I do not know
And yet, this much I'll say,
She does not how her head too low
Upon this Easter-day.

For should Priscilla dear do that
As she kneels in the pew,
Her glorious, gorgeous Easter hat
Might then be lost to view.—*Truth*.

An Easter Thought.

O Pegasus, why don't you go?
Do lift your heels, I pray!
Like me, you're tired, cross, and slow,
But please go on to-day.

You've been to me a faithful friend
In a financial way.
Now won't you, Peg, your presence lend,
To write a merry lay?

I want a V, come, get along,
Do trot me off a sonnet;
I want the price, the merest song,
To huy an Easter bonnet.

—Marion M. Wanless in *the Bazar*.

His Penance.

At Lent's beginning, his little wife,
Ahjuring sinning and worldly strife,
Goes in for penance, and day by day,
For his repentance he hears her pray.

A hardened sinner, of earthly bent,
He likes his dinner, straight on, thro' Lent!
Nor songs, nor dances his feelings jar;
He takes his chances with his cigar.

This is the rascal she tries to mend—
Her victim paschal—and in the end
Gets what she prays for. Depend upon it,
The poor man pays for her Easter bonnet.

—Madeline S. Bridges in *Puck*.

Easter.

A screen of murky clouds hedims the morn—
Aurora's fingers wear a glove of gray—
And leaden skies delay the coming day.
Down press the clouds—a storm seems almost horn;
To forming huds upon the maple trees
A humid touch is carried by the breeze.
No sun rides high above the aging day;
The birds are mute beneath the faded light;
The church-bell's tone is saddened by the blight.
In tear-touched tones I hear a maiden say,
"Plague take the clouds! I can't tell where I'm at:
To wear or not to wear my Easter hat."

—Wood Levette Wilson in *Puck*.

—MR. HIRSCHMAN REPORTS FAIR BUSINESS but is anxious to close out in the shortest possible time, and offers additional inducements. His stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., as well as complicated watches, silverware, and novelties in great variety, of first quality only—there is not an article in his entire stock that is not first-class. 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

—AN ADDITION TO CALIFORNIA'S RESOURCES is "Bytbinia," Santa Barbara's natural medicinal water. Leading physicians use it in their practice with excellent results for the cure of constipation, rheumatism, and gout. It is effective, yet mild, and tones up the system. 25 cents a bottle. Ask your physician or druggist.

—RACE-GLASSES WITH LARGE FIELD OF VIEW and as light as a feather. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS, CORRECT FORMS, ARTISTICALLY ENGRAVED. Cooper & Co., 746 Market St.

THE PRIZE KANSAS
BABY CITY
OF MO.
Cured of Disfiguring
By the CUTICURA
ECZEMA REMEDIES



Our baby was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, and limbs were raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them one week some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and blemishes, and to-day has as lovely skin as any child. She was shown at the Grange Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby. MR. & MRS. PARK, 1609 Bellevue Ave., Kan. City. Sold everywhere. FOTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.

Broken down in health? Got the rheumatism or Gripe? Dyspepsia or blood diseases? Then you should go to

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

that Italy in California. The Hot Mineral Waters and the Hot Mud Baths, together with the perfect climate, will build you up in short order. Contra Costa Co.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

PERUVIAN BITTERS

Strainers

patent pots and processes are not needed, and there are no secrets about making a cup of Ghirardelli's Cocoa. Just pour boiling milk on it, boil slowly a couple of minutes, and add sugar to suit. No waiting or fussing. Make it instantly, any time, as desired; neither too much nor too little. The most nourishing, invigorating and refreshing form of liquid food is

Ghirardelli's COCOA

Sold by all Grocers
32 Cups for 25c.

From Delmonico's Kitchen.



NEW YORK,
February 11.

In my use of the Royal Baking Powder I have found it superior to all others.



I recommend it as of the first quality.

C. GORJU,
Late Chef de cuisine,
Delmonico's, N. Y.



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Romietta Wallace has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, at New Orleans.

Mr. J. W. Byrne has returned from a prolonged visit at Los Angeles. His brother, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, will arrive here early in May. Their mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, who has been seriously ill in Los Angeles recently, is convalescent, and is expected here in a fortnight.

Mr. A. G. Fletcher, of Los Angeles, is staying at The Colonial.

Mrs. Albert W. Scutt will be at home on Wednesdays in April, May, and June, at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Perkins have rooms at The Colonial.

Mr. John C. Klein, of New York city, has been passing a fortnight at Byron Hot Springs.

Among the Eastern guests at The Colonial are Mr. and Mrs. J. Fuller, of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Robinson, of Cincinnati, O., Mr. Frank Crnwell and family, of Minneapolis, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pardee, of Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. D. L. Powers, of Coldwater, Mich., and Mrs. L. Logan, of Grand Forks, N. D.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool is at the Hotel Richelieu. She will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber will leave early in May to pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Mr. Monroe Salisbury and the Misses Salisbury are at the Palace Hotel during the absence of Mrs. Salisbury in the East.

Mr. Charles R. Haveu and family are residing at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hart, accompanied by Miss Carrie Callahan, left for Paris last Tuesday.

Miss Ardella Mills has been visiting friends in Sacramento during the past week.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox has returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, of Huntington, will receive on Fridays in April at Holladay Heights, corner of Clay and Octavia Streets.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, who are now in Paris, will return to this city in July.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook is seriously ill at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Florence Breckenridge will leave about the middle of June to pass a couple of months at Santa Monica.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. William L. Gerstle returned to the city last Tuesday after a prolonged absence in the Eastern States, Canada, and British Columbia. They will leave soon for Unalaksa.

Mrs. L. R. Mead and Miss Birdie Collins will return to Byroo Hot Springs to-day after passing the week in this city.

Mr. James D. Phelan visited San José last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has entirely recovered from the effects of her recent severe illness.

Mrs. James M. Wilson will arrive here from Belfast, Ireland, accompanied by her son and daughter, about May 21st, and soon afterward will sail for St. Michael's Station, Alaska, to join her husband.

Mr. F. L. Unger has arrived in San Francisco, and will remain for a few days.

Mr. George E. P. Hall has returned from Europe.

Mrs. Arthur E. Banks is here from her home in Butte County on a month's visit to her parents, Captain and Mrs. Haolon, at their residence, 1627 Jackson Street.

Miss Laura Gashwiler is visiting Mrs. William Forsyth and her cousin, Mrs. Gray, at Fresno. She will return in about two weeks.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Frank M. Cox, Paymaster, U. S. N., has been promoted to be deputy paymaster-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Moale, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is president of a court-martial now being held at Fort Keogh.

Lieutenant Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been elected a member of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

First-Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis, U. S. R. C. S., and First-Assistant Engineer H. U. Butler, U. S. R. C. S., have been ordered to duty on the Bear.

Chief-Engineer Joseph Tritley, U. S. N., now on leave of absence, is at 7 Brown Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for six months on surgeon's certificate, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant James E. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to be captain.

Lieutenant G. H. Prestou, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Ninth Cavalry, Troop A, at Fort Robinson, Neb.

The preparations for the coming Fiesta de Los Angeles are now well along. The opening ceremony, Tuesday, April 21st, will be an attack on the city, in the name of the queen, the storming of the City Hall, capture of the mayor and city officials, and the creation of a Fiesta régime. After the capture of the city authorities, the queen's advance guard will parade through the principal streets. On Tuesday evening, a grand reception will be given to the queen and her court at the Pavilion, and the identity of the queen, now a closely guarded state secret, will be revealed to her guests.

A handsome lot of Easter cards and art publications have been issued by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. They are for sale at the book and art stores.

She—"They say that man Chatterton was a double." He—"Yes; you know misfortunes never come single."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

—EYE-GLASSES WHICH FIT THE FACE PERFECTLY and are almost invisible. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Marital Infidelity" Again.

S. E. LIVINGSTON, COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BENNETT BUILDING, 93 NASSAU STREET.
New York, March 17, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The discussion in your paper on marital infidelity has interested me not only on account of the vigorous presentation of the truth in a needed point, but also as it was germane to a subject on which I am preparing a paper for a society of doctors and lawyers here. The discussion has brought out some striking points. Yours very sincerely, S. E. LIVINGSTON.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, March 13, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have read your answer of February 24th, and again we say we feel with you that no punishment is too severe for adulterous wives. But the question asked was this: "What chaste wives should do in the case of adulterous husbands?"

Do you think you have answered the question when you have told us "there can be no equality in the matter of chastity between men and women"? How did God symbolize all goodness and chastity? Was it in man or woman, when he sent Jesus Christ to earth to be our example? You would not repudiate this, since you yourself refer to Christian countries. If to man has been given this exalted distinction, why should a woman be required to live nearer to this example than a man? You say, and most truly, that "the whole system of our civilization is based on the sacredness of the family relation." Can that relation be sacred and pure when the begetter of that family lives a lustful life? Sons and daughters alike are inheritors of good and evil passions, and is not a man's responsibility as great as a woman's in laying the foundation of virtuous offspring?

You believe in heredity. If you have no examples of the transmission of lust through adulterous fathers in San Francisco, come to Salt Lake, where many men have given themselves over to unbridled license under cover of religion, and note the effect on the children of such fathers. Will you not lend the aid of your powerful, far-reaching journal to teach at least equal responsibility in the uplifting of the moral standard of humanity?

You would not stifle the hopes of mothers, and make harder the way to rear pure sons by saying "Nature has decreed a different way for men to live," would you?

Still most sincerely,
MARGARET RUTLEDGE,
CATHERINE CRAIG.

The Case of Theodore Durrant.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, March 23, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Noticing in recent dispatches that Theodore Durrant has a lease of life which may keep him on earth until the end of this year, prompts this letter.

The fact of his having this time allotted him (pending the decision of the supreme court of your State as to whether or no he should have a new trial) is in a measure satisfactory. At the time of the ghastly discoveries in the Emmanuel Church of San Francisco, the greatest excitement existed throughout the United States over the terrible crimes supposed to have been committed by H. H. Holmes and Harry Hayward; and on top of these came the finding of the bodies of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, with the subsequent arrest of Theodore Durrant. No wonder that the people of your city wished to take the law into their own hands, and hang Durrant. But there are times when it is impossible for communities to reason with their better natures.

In the evidence introduced in the case, there seems to have been this one fact: Durrant tried to establish an *alibi*, and the only way he had of doing this was to prove that he attended a lecture, given at the medical college, on the afternoon of the day the murder of Blanche Lamont was said to have been committed. By bringing in the records of the medical college, it is proved that "present" was answered to his name at roll-call; among some sixty or seventy students, there was not one to swear that he (Durrant) was not there on that eventful afternoon; and there was not one to swear that he had answered to the roll-call for Durrant. Should not these facts, alone, constitute grounds for a doubt as to his guilt? In justice, a man on trial for his life should be accorded a new trial on the grounds above cited.

Truly yours, ALLAN W. SKINNER.

Colonel Raum's Excavations.

S. S. "FÜRST BISMARCK," OFF ALEXANDRIA,
February 29, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Thinking the many readers of your paper might be interested in the excavations being done in Egypt by a fellow-countryman, I inclose some late Cairo newspaper cuttings which describe Colonel George E. Raum's work.

The stone crown, of which Colonel Raum discovered a portion on February 26th, originally was probably ten feet thick, and as high again, with a stone stem seven feet long, which fitted into the perpendicular hole in the head of the Sphinx to keep it on.

[More detailed accounts of Colonel Raum's discovery have already come to hand, and Eastern archaeologists of high standing are inclined to be skeptical of its value. Inasmuch as excavations in the same ground have been made many times in recent years, by Maspero and others, the shifting sands of the desert soon filling them up again, we are inclined to think that, instead of a Sphinx's cap, Colonel Raum has discovered a mare's nest.—Eds.]

Wool-Growers and the Bolting Silver Senators.

J. M. KEEN & CO., INVESTMENT BROKERS,
VANDERBILT BUILDING,
TACOMA, WASH., March 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Relative to your very able editorial, in issue of the ninth, on Senator Carter, et al., I inclose a letter sent out by Justice, Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia, which is well worth reading. The standing of this firm in regard to protection and other Republican policies is so well known as to need no comment. Truly the seed sown through the columns of your valuable paper should bring forth good fruit this political year.

Yours very appreciatively, W. E. HACKER.

[The letter inclosed is one written by the firm to Senator Carter, in which they point out that his action in joining the three bolting silver senators was in opposition to the interests of his wool-growing constituents.—Eds.]

Professor Röntgen's Nationality.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Professor Röntgen, the discoverer of the X-rays, is neither a Hollander nor a Swiss, as variously reported by the papers, but a German. *Ueber Land und Meer*, at the conclusion of a comprehensive article on the subject of his discovery, in No. 20, page 327, says:

"... Professor Röntgen is a Rhinelander, being descended from an old Rhenish family. One of his ances-

tors, David Röntgen, was a noted manufacturer of artistic furniture, whose wares were much in demand at all the courts of Europe. Wilhelm Conrad Röntgen (the discoverer of the new rays) was born at Lennep, in the Department of Düsseldorf (Rhenish Prussia), on March 27, 1845," etc. Respectfully, H. W.

Some Appreciative Subscribers.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., February 21, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please continue the *Argonaut* to my address until the amount in inclosed draft on New York Chemical Bank shall have been canceled. The *Argonaut's* head is level. Yours truly, J. E. DAVIS.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., February 13, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I herewith inclose order for renewal of my subscription for the *Argonaut*. Wishing success and long life to your remarkably able journal. I am, most truly yours, L. ASHCRAFT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 26, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You have furnished me for a long time with information and entertainment, but hardly anything that amused me more than the article headed, "The Chronicle and St. Patrick." I read it to my friend, the captain, and then we yelled and held our sides in unison. May your success equal your merit, vigor, and genuine American patriotism.

Sincerely yours, A. A.

MANNEHIM, GERMANY, February 12, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The subscription to your paper expiring this month, I should like to renew it. Once, while living East, we concluded to give up the *Argonaut*, to which we have subscribed since 1873, but, when six weeks had passed without it, we simply could not stand the louseness, but recalled our old friend, who has, ever since, been faithful to us, and will, I hope and trust, remain faithful to us and our children for many years to come. Long life and prosperity for the *Argonaut* is the sincere wish of its old friend,

KATE K. BOHRMANN.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS, CORRECT FORMS, ARTISTICALLY ENGRAVED. Cooper & Co., 746 Market St.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

TWO FAMOUS FORMULAS

that positively make the Hair grow and curl, will be sent to any one upon receipt of two cents postage. IMPERIAL CHEMICAL MFG CO., 292 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ITO, SOTOMI & COMPANY,
JAPANESE RUGS

Art Pottery and Curios

A SPECIALTY.

116 SUTTER STREET,

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The Colonial,
THE SELECT FAMILY HOTEL
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. S. B. JOHNSON,
S. E. COR. PINE AND JONES.

We've had years and years of experience doing the best engraving we know how to, and none at all in second-class work.

Don't ask us, then, how much it'll cost to make you a card like the one you got somewhere else. Ask us what it'll cost to do it on Crocker's paper in Crocker's way. Less than you suppose.

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Universally Acknowledged by Connoisseurs the HIGHEST GRADE of Champagne. Tourists to the Continent of Europe observe that POMMERY SEC Commands the Highest Price at all Better Hotels and Resorts. At the English Wine Sales, POMMERY SEC invariably Realizes the Highest Values.

Exclusively served at the Banquet in Atlanta, tendered to PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.

—Atlanta "Constitution."

Selected for the Banquet in Hamburg given to the GERMAN EMPEROR and GERMAN PRINCES.—New York "Times."

Selected for the Banquet in Bordeaux given to the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC.—New York "Tribune."

POMMERY SEC, favored by H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and by ROYALTY IN ENGLAND.—New York "Mail and Express."

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
327-329 Market St.

CAPTIVE SWEETS

HARUM-SCARUM
CIRCUS ADVERTISING
AND NOISY TALK

Do not make high grade wheels. Buy a Bicycle as you would any fine piece of machinery.

Investigate the quality and workmanship of all wheels; buy the one that, in your judgment, shows the finest work and our wheels will undoubtedly determine your '96 mount.

TRIBUNE. WINTON. FEATHERSTONE.

BAKER & HAMILTON
COAST AGENTS.

—THE—
LADIES' GRILL ROOM
—OF THE—
Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

TAVERN OF
CASTLE CRAG
QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive, and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHÖNEWALD, Manager,
Room 59, Union Trust Building,
San Francisco.

Rose Carnivals

— AND —

Venetian Water Carnival

Will swell the great tide of merrymaking to sweep over the State this season.

Santa Rosa Carnival

is programmed for April 30, May 1 and 2.

The charming City of Roses is very much at home with this favored flower, and her pride in its exhibition is surpassed only by her amazing wealth of roses.

San Mateo County's Rose Carnival

is to be held at Redwood City on the dates named above, and it will be abundantly proven that San Mateo knows all about roses.

Santa Cruz Venetian Water Carnival

is announced for June 17 to 20 inclusive. Mere mention brings vivid recollections of last season's brilliant event, to be completely eclipsed this year, it is said. Thousands will wonder how.

Reduced Rates

will be made by the Southern Pacific Company for all these brilliant events. Arrange your vacation programmes accordingly and call on the Agents for particulars.



do not ride Rambler Bicycles—THEY cost \$100.
Beautiful book of Rambler details free at Rambler agencies or by mail.
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Office and School FURNITURE.
Church and Opera Chairs.
C. F. WEBER & CO.
Post and Stockton Streets, San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jimson—"Brownkins has bought a bicycle." Simpkins—"Ah! that's why he is coming to the office nowadays in a hack."—Puck.

Miss Goodly—"What's the matter, my poor man, you look ill." Tramp—"Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me."—Truth.

She—"The doctor says that you mustn't call any more." He—"Did he say that?" She—"Well, he said that I needed eight hours' sleep."—Truth.

Judge—"Budger, have you ridden in a horseless carriage yet?" Budger—"No; but I think we are patronizing a cowless milk-wagon."—Puck.

She—"Since Folsome took to bicycling, I suppose he is often seen on the road?" He—"Yes; I saw him there five times within a mile, the other day."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Flying-machines," said the inventor, picking himself up and surveying the wreck of the flying-apparatus, "come a thundering sight higher than they go."—Chicago Tribune.

"Jones and Grymes are threatening to kill Ukerdek, and then murder each other." "What is all the trouble about?" "Ukerdek met Grymes and called him Jones."—Truth.

Algy—"Now—now, Miss Giddy, suppose I should try—try to kiss you?" Miss Giddy—"Don't think of it, Mr. Gosling; you're so agitated that I'm sure you would scream!"—Truth.

"Blykins is doing some good dialect work." "Blykins? I didn't know he wrote. I thought he was an artist." "So he is, but he is making a specialty of dialect pictures—he draws posters."—Washington Times.

Ragged Haggard (at the door)—"Maddim, may I trouble you for suthin' to eat?" Lady of the house (threateningly)—"I'll call the dog if—"
Ragged Haggard (with dignity)—"Thank ye, but I never eat dogs."—Truth.

"After that," remarked the young slim who had been telling an insane ghost story, "my mind was a blank." "That accounts for it," commented a sharp young woman, and there was an interregnum of profound silence.—Truth.

"I do not see," she said, with great severity, "how it would be possible to add to the unsightliness of bloomers." And the little wheelwoman contented herself with innocently remarking: "Perhaps you are prejudiced. Did you ever try them on?"—Washington Star.

"Judge," pleaded the culprit, "I think you orter be easy on me. I only got fifty-four cents from the bloke." "For that reason," said the judge, "I mean to give you the limit. With a man of your woeful lack of discrimination at large, nobody would be safe."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bond—"Do you suppose anybody will believe you when you say you are looking for work?" Trotters—"Not believe me! Say, boss, do you suppose I could 'a' dodged every kin' o' work fer more'n thutty-three year, ef I hadn't b'en lukin' out fer it every ternal minute?"—Truth.

Mr. O'Hoolihan (proprietor of the restaurant)—"Miss Flanagan, take that shamrock off yer throat!" Cashier—"What for? Ain't it St. Patrick's Day, sir?" Mr. O'Hoolihan—"Yes, but yer head's red and the shamrock's green, an' ye're wearin' the red above the green. Take it off!"—Chicago Tribune.

"I fear my wife does not love me," said the young man, moodily; "last week, when I had such a cold, she didn't offer to do a thing for me." "Young man," said the elderly one, with the camphorodorous flannel around his neck, "you don't appreciate what a treasure you have wop."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What's that?" asked Derringer Dan, as he paused in astonishment to listen to the efforts of the parlor quartet. "That's something taken from Wagner. What do you think of it?" "Well," was the carefully considered reply, "whatever it is, Wagner seems to be givin' it up mighty hard."—Washington Star.

"It ought to be the easiest thing in the world to get rich nowadays," said Mr. Harley, as he read the advertisements in the newspapers; "you can buy so many things that are worth eight dollars for three dollars and twenty-nine cents. I wish I had a million to invest in shirt-waists and galvanized Saratoga trunks."—Bazar.

FOR BRONCHIAL AND ASTHMATIC COMPLAINTS, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

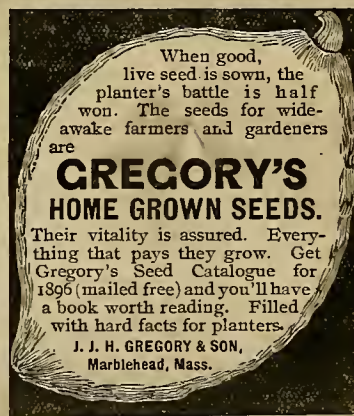
DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.



Mr. W. C. Lewis, who is connected with the artistic advertising department of the *Youth's Companion*, and resides at 33 Dwight Street, Boston, relates that he had his attention called to Ripans Tabules by a business acquaintance who expressed a high opinion of them. Mr. Lewis was a good deal troubled with what he describes as a nervous, bilious condition that appeared to be brought on from time to time by high pressure work or special mental activity or excitement, such as would be common at periods of unusual nervous tension. It has become his practice at such times to take a Tabule—just one—at the moment that he observes the difficulty approaching. It makes no difference when it is. A favorable result is invariably apparent within twenty minutes. The only noticeable effect is that he feels all right in twenty minutes if he takes the Tabule; while if he does not the nervous, uncomfortable feeling intensifies and leads to a bad afternoon and tired evening. He carries one of the little vials with him all the time now, but doesn't have occasion to apply to it anything like as often as he did at first. Nowadays there are frequent periods of from a week to ten days or even two weeks during which he finds that he has no occasion whatever to make use of the Tabules, but still carries them in his pocket, just the same, so that they may be ready if an occasion occurs.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.



Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

Goodyear Welt

Shoes are made just as hand-sewed shoes are made, only they are better and cost less. "Foot Comfort," a booklet we send free, tells you why.

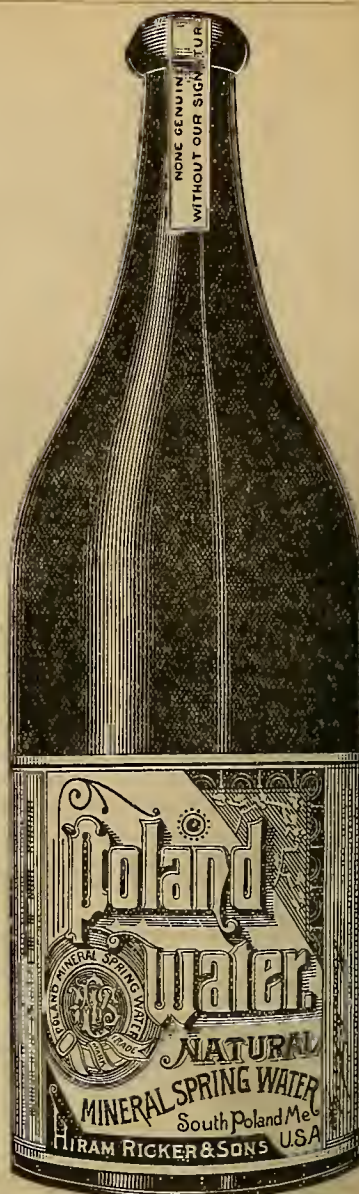
They're leather shoes, not rubber.

GOODYEAR SHOE MACH'Y CO., BOSTON.

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Poland, in competition, received the highest and only World's Fair Award for "Purity" and "Great Medicinal Power."—N. Y. Tribune.

CELEBRATED AND RECOMMENDED FOR ITS WONDERFUL CURATIVE PROPERTIES.

Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, and Kidney Diseases.

Sold in Half-Gallon Bottles, - \$4.75 per Doz.

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is Five Years in Wood before Bottling.

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GERMEA The Monarch of Breakfast Foods THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENT

The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 13, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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all through this Cuban talk in House and Senate, we have never believed that the sentiment of the American people was in favor of intervening in behalf of the negro insurgents of Cuba. We do not believe it now, despite the overwhelming vote in Senate and House. That it is "American" to go to war over the domestic quarrels of a people who are black, and who are Roman Catholic, has

never commended itself to us. This belief has been corroborated by a circular issued by W. H. J. Traynor, Supreme President of the American Protective Association, which document is summarized in the Associated Press dispatches. He declares to the members of the order that "the Venezuela war scare was a misleading campaign dodge," and that these foreign agitations, "while advocated by some who are sincere, are mere subterfuges to kill time until after the Presidential election and distract the attention of the people from proposed and much-needed reforms."

Whatever opinion its opponents may entertain of the American Protective Association, there is no doubt of its Americanism. Its members are all Americans, and strongly American in their ideas. That such a declaration should be issued by their president is most significant. It would seem to show that the inspiration of this clamor for American intervention does not come from Americans.

The population of the United States at the last census included 9,249,527 foreigners, and, according to the claims of that church, it embraced 7,493,613 Roman Catholics.* It is not improbable that the incitement to intervention in favor of Roman Catholic countries, like Cuba and Venezuela, comes largely from the foreign element, and particularly from the Irish and Roman Catholic foreign element.

As we have said, we suspect the leaders in this Cuban movement in House and Senate of "playing to the gallery." We can see no possible reason why this white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant country should fight the battles of mulatto, Latin, and Roman Catholic peoples.

We advise the American Protective Association to make a note of the names of all these high-minded patriots who are so eager to plunge this country into war in order to assist these Roman Catholic countries. *They will bear watching.*

We observe that the United States Court of Appeals has affirmed Judge McKenna's decision awarding to Mrs. Nannie S. McWhirter, widow of Louis B. McWhirter, the sum of sixteen thousand dollars life insurance. McWhirter was killed at night in the yard of his residence at Fresno on August 29, 1892. The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, which issued the policies on McWhirter's life, contended that he had committed suicide; that he knew that his life had been threatened; that he had expressed a belief to friends that he would be made away with; that he had not stated this to the company; that therefore he had vitiated his policy. The long fight of the life-insurance company against paying the policy has been based on these insincere allegations. Judge Knowles, of Montana, read the opinion, which was concurred in by Judges Bellingher and Morrow. The judge brushes away these disingenuous claims of the insurance company. As to the charge of suicide, that has been scouted by every one. There was nothing in McWhirter's life to impel him to commit suicide. In regard to the question as to threats against his life, the judge says: "The presentiments of death that are said to come now and then to the mind of a well person are at times said to have made impressions upon strong men; but would an insurance company consider such matters important when taking the application of a person seeking a life insurance? If so, then such companies had better enlarge their long list of exhausting questions."

Judge Knowles's decision is based upon sound sense as well as upon sound law. If every man who feared that he was going to die were to vitiate his life-insurance policy because he did not confide his fears to the insurance company, few wives would ever get any money from their husbands' policies. Dangers surround us all. A man walking on the streets of a large city is said to be in greater danger than he who is traveling on a railway train. Objects falling from buildings, runaway horses, accidents on trolley cars—such things as these threaten dwellers in cities all the time. Every sensible man knows that he is exposed to such accidents, and, so knowing, he would be forced to declare to in-

surance companies that he was daily threatened with death—or else he would "vitiate his policy," according to the peculiar theory of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

This is only another one of the many cases which show how stoutly life-insurance companies battle against paying the claims of their policy-holders. When it is considered how much money these companies make, the large sums they give in commissions to their solicitors, the munificent salaries they pay to their agents, the fine buildings they erect, and the large surplus they have for investing in securities, it would seem as though they ought to pay the just claims made against them by the heirs of the men who insure with them. But it is a very common thing to see widows fighting a claim for years in the courts, as in this McWhirter case. When one reflects how much money a man pays in for insurance premiums, and how his widow generally gets back barely what he paid, sometimes not even with the accumulated interest, it would be only decent for the insurance companies to pay her that. But it would seem as if they were not even willing to let her have what he paid in.

The presence of Chauncey Depew in San Francisco makes it appropriate to note the fact that about the last experience he had before leaving New York was with a woman reporter.

Mr. Depew is a very busy man, but he has a national fame for his obliging disposition where the press is concerned. Consequently, he seldom suffers misrepresentation in print, for the flattered young men of the press try to do him justice in return for his good nature and condescension. They swear by Dr. Depew in the newspaper offices. True, he may have for his extreme affability some motive other than love of reporters—such as Presidential axes to grind, and things—but that does not affect his popularity among newspaper men. It is therefore the more remarkable that he should have been the victim of an imposition at the hands of a reporter, and of a very mean imposition at that.

One day recently a well-dressed young woman called upon Mr. Depew at his office. He was up to his ears in business, but he admitted her. Notwithstanding her tailor-made clothes and natty air, she averred that she was an orphan in distress. What she wanted, she said, was not money, but information as to how she could make a living in New York. She was just down from the interior of New Hampshire, and could neither write short-hand, work a type-writer, give music-lessons, or do anything else by which girls ordinarily earn a livelihood out of the kitchen. Couldn't Mr. Depew give her a place?

Mr. Depew abandoned his work, kindly asked questions, sought to find if his visitor had any useful knowledge, and learned that she seemed to be thoroughly inexperienced and incompetent. Then he gave her the best possible advice, which was to get out of dangerous New York as soon as might be, and return to her safe home in New Hampshire.

The pretended orphan was a female reporter in search of a Sunday article for the *Journal*—one of the "Kitty Keeneys," "Dottie Dimple," "Nellie Bly," and "Giddy Gladys" variety of reporters which the New Womanhood has contributed to the modern press. For the sake of her item, she stole nearly an hour of a hard-working, care-burdened man's time, lied to him—in short, was an impostor. From the sprightly manner in which the reporter wrote up her experience, and the glee with which the *Journal* placed facetious head-lines over it, the morals of both the writer and the publisher may infallibly be inferred. It crossed the mind of neither that anybody could find fault with so amusing a bit of enterprise. To discover that Mr. Depew was incensed at the trick and that decent newspapers were disgusted, must have been a surprise to "Giddy Gladys" and to Mr. Hearst, her employer.

To make news when news does not make itself is considered not only allowable, but praiseworthy by such newspapers as the New York *Journal* and *World*. It will be remembered that shortly after the mob of student-

Barcelona and other places in Spain had testified their disapproval of the attitude of Congress toward the Cuban insurgents by trampling on the American flag, it was widely published that the students of Princeton had retaliated by insulting the Spanish colors. We do not in this country take seriously the political opinioos or performances of college boys, but it occasioned surprise that there should be so much misdirected patriotism in an American university. The surprise was well grounded. A Princeton student writes to the *New York Tribune* to tell how the pretended demonstration against Spain originated. A reporter on a New York paper took the train for Princeton and carried a Spanish flag with him. The boys, ready for a lark, fell in with his proposal, got out the drum corps, and, marching in mock procession, trailed the flag on the ground. The reporter, like "Giddy Gladys," created his item, and no doubt has had his salary raised.

The species of journalism that naturally breeds work of this kind is exasperating the better sort of newspapers everywhere. Time was when Chicago led the way in sensationalism and indecency, but the *World* and *Journal* make the *Times*, as it was under Wilbur F. Storey, seem, in the retrospect, timid and amateurish by comparison. The strictures of the Chicago press on the "foul and frantic" journalism of Pulitzer and Hearst have stung New York. The papers themselves are hard enough to bear, but that they should bring down on the metropolis the deserved scorn of Chicago is too much. Boston, too, pitches in. The *Record* of that city, speaking of the previous Sunday's issues of the *World* and *Journal*, says:

"They were screwed up to the top notch of horror on the first page, and that key-note was kept up from beginning to end. A more ghastly collection of greswome, nauseating, terrifying, blood-curdling, hair-lifting, miserable 'special articles' it would have been impossible to find elsewhere on the globe; for which let us be thankful."

Though New York is the head-quarters of frantic and filthy journalism, the press nearly everywhere else is more or less affected. The desire to be thrilling is pervasive, and leads to grave consequences. In the debate which took place on the floor of the House of Representatives on April 3d, on the Cuban question, Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, according to the Associated Press dispatches, attributed, and truly, much of the feeling for war to the sensationalism of the press. The newspapers, he pointed out, are constantly seeking pretexts for inflaming the public mind.

All sense of responsibility seems to be departing from the management of the "up-to-date" press. The publishers, apparently, are devoid of every motive except the sordid one of increasing their sales. The depravity of the thing is impressing itself on newspapers of the soberer order, and that is encouraging. They may in time influence advertisers as well as readers to take a stand that will make unpopular the mendacity and nastiness which now are the distinguishing characteristics of the "great daily."

From East and West, from North and South, from every quarter there come indications of the irresistible progress of the McKinley boom.

The most iron-bouod bosses are unable to hold their forces together. We noted last week the fact that Senator Chandler, the Republican boss of New Hampshire, was utterly unable to hold his convention for Tom Reed, to whom he was pledged. The convention polled a divided vote—in fact, made only a left-handed indorsement of Reed. Their statement that the "pure and able statesman, William McKinley, of Ohio, would be as satisfactory a Presidential candidate as the able and pure statesman, Tom Reed, of Maine," has amused the country. A quarrel has broken out between Reed and Chandler over the failure of Chandler to deliver the goods. The other New England bosses, including Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, whose convention was solid for Reed, are also in a highly nervous state. The other candidates, who had entered into a plot with Reed to defeat McKinley, now threaten the abandonment of Reed. They state that the agreement was that Reed should hold New England solid, which he has not been able to do. But Reed says, and with much truth, that candidates like Cullom and Allison are not carrying out their agreement, either. States in the West and North-West, which were supposed to be solid for their "favorite sons," are booming for McKinley.

The latest that we have noticed in the direction of defection from the bosses is the failure of Senator Quay to secure a solid vote last week in the primaries of the eighth legislative district in Pennsylvania. The Quay men found that they were not going to elect all the delegates, so they bolted the convention, left the head-quarters, and started a rump convention, which elected delegates with instructions to vote for Senator Quay. The remainder of the convention elected William Flinn and C. L. Magee as national delegates, with instructions to vote for McKinley.

At Washington, which is the head-quarters of "favorite

sons" and their managers, the friends of Reed, viewing his daily fading chances, are growing bitter. They complain that the Allison boom is flattening out. There was an understanding that Reed was to hold New England, Platt New York, and Quay Pennsylvania, while Allison and his friends were to hold Iowa, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, and most of the Pacific Coast. It is entirely safe for us here to say that Allison has not captured the Pacific Coast. There will not be a solid Allison delegation sent from here. There will probably be a divided delegation with a strong McKinley minority. If the slate is broken, it might even be a McKinley delegation.

In Washington, there is much sympathy felt for Reed. His candidacy, which a year ago seemed a bud of much promise, is dying in the nipping and the eager air of the McKinley boom. There are a number of causes which led to this. Reed's campaign has been badly managed from the start. Most of his friends think that he made a fatal error in refusing to permit a general tariff bill to be submitted at this session of Congress. Reed feared to fall with the tariff. He was under the impression that it was bad politics. Although a shrewd politician, he apparently did not know how profound was the sentiment of the American people in favor of abolishing the iniquitous and swindling Democratic law known as the Wilson Tariff Bill. He has occupied a weak and shifty position, and it is believed that even the Emergency Tariff Bill, so called, had no help from him. Further than that, it has not seemed as if striking hands with Platt and Quay to "down" McKinley was altogether fair fighting. But while Reed's "boss" friends have not injured McKinley, they have ruined Reed. A year ago he was one of the foremost politicians in America. To-day he is only a reminiscence.

The latest summing up of McKinley's chances from disinterested sources—to wit, Democratic papers—show that he will have a big lead over all other candidates. When the Republican National Convention convenes in St. Louis, on June 16th, it is the belief of the correspondents of leading Democratic papers that McKinley will poll more than double the vote of any other candidate, and that he will fall only 62 votes short of the nomination. The total number of delegates will be 909, and 455 will be required to nominate. McKinley will go into the convention with at least 393 votes on the first ballot. Reed will be second with 152 votes. Morton will stand third with 69, and Allison will have 38. There are 163 votes put down as doubtful. Of these, McKinley will probably get the 16 which were pledged to Senator Davis, in Minnesota, before his letter of withdrawal. He will also probably get the 30 votes of Indiana in case General Harrison does not mean to be a candidate under any circumstances. He will probably have a majority of the 30 delegates from Missouri, and he may get a portion of the doubtful 32 votes from Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Montana. Nevada, however, seems to be against McKinley. The combined opposition against McKinley at present writing is only 353 votes.

Altogether there never has been a time when a candidate had so much strength two months before the convention. This very strength is looked upon by many as an element of possible weakness. But it is impossible to make the "favorite sons" unite against McKinley, for there will always be traitors in any such camp. Therefore, unless some entirely unforeseen and unexpected complication occurs, McKinley will secure the prize. McKinley is already second choice in many of the States with "favorite sons," and this also works in his favor.

A few days ago the *Chronicle* published a long and astounding yarn about an attempt to "kidnap" Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey Depew.

The story came from George E. Gard, who, up to a recent period, has filled the position of chief detective of the Southern Pacific Company. In view of the fact that several of the *Examiner's* pets, like Evans and Sontag and other gentlemen, have been forced to go out of the train-robbing business by reason of being placed behind the bars, the bandit industry has flagged. Consequently the railway detectives had little to do, and Mr. Gard was relieved from duty by the Southern Pacific Company and opened a detective bureau of his own. It may be for this reason that Mr. Gard has discovered this plot—because business is bad. The kidnapping fairy tale has not impressed any of the railroad officials, and General Manager Kruttschnitt pooh-poohed the matter. He accompanied the Vanderbilt party all the way from New Orleans to San Francisco, and his first news of the contemplated "kidnapping" came from the *Chronicle*. He said that the general superintendent and the general manager's assistant had received the alarming news from Detective Gard, but had not considered it of sufficient importance to wire Manager Kruttschnitt and his party. Therefore Cornelius Vanderbilt and his faithful umbra, Depew, went out of the State in blissful ignorance that they were in such imminent danger. We imagine that

Manager Kruttschnitt's calmness was based upon a judicious distrust of Gard's yarn. If Detective Gard believed the extraordinary letter which he states aroused his suspicions, it is more than the public did. He ought to go and tell his story to marines instead of general managers. It is our opinion that the *Chronicle*, instead of discovering a story of kidnapping, has discovered a story of a cock and a bull.

It is not known to many that there exists in the United States a monastery of the Brotherhood of Our Lady of Lourdes. The fame of the grotto is world-wide because of the miracles worked by its blessed waters, but there is no country which has so little faith in these miracles as this. The atmosphere of the Anglo-Saxon republic is not favorable to faith in modern wonders of the supernatural sort. Neither does it conduce to the production of the kind of men whose heads fit them for the monastic life.

The Brotherhood of Lourdes had its origin nearly a century ago, and the American monastery is twenty-five years old, but the latter has not done very well. It is situated at South Park, close to Seattle, Wash., and up to a few weeks ago there were only eleven brothers. We learn from a Seattle newspaper that these eleven are "all foreigners, who speak English imperfectly." The round dozen has been completed by the admission of a new postulant, one Thomas C. Plant, born in New York. His admission was made the occasion of solemn ceremonies and great joy. "The altar of the chapel was bright with many candles and decorated with ferns and artificial flowers. Father Philip Mary, the superior of the college, conducted the services, and Father Rosenbauer, of the Sacred Heart, Seattle, was the celebrant and preacher." When Plaut, the American, had knelt, and produced the required letter from the bishop of the diocese, and answered "Yes, by the grace of God" to the question touching his willingness to try and be a good Brother of Lourdes, the following impressive scene occurred:

"Two brothers removed from the kneeling postulant his check coat, his vest, his collar, cuffs, and necktie. A black stock on a white celluloid collar was passed under his chin, and two long ribbons attached to it were crossed over his back, brought round in front and tied. Then the black habit was passed over his head and hooked up in front, a brother meantime repeating texts."

Then, instead of being dropped through the trap, Mr. Plant, the American, was christened "Brother Crucifix Mary," told to stand up, and endowed with a skull cap. Thereupon Father Rosenbauer proceeded to pronounce an oration, telling the late Mr. Plant, of New York, how worthy he was, how deserving of salvation, in having abandoned all the pomps, pleasures, and ambitions of the world. "If you had remained in the world, Brother Crucifix," said Father Rosenbauer, "you might have become a great statesman, even President of the United States, and then what would have been your end? The Lord would have said: 'Depart from me into everlasting fire.'"

Why Mr. Plant, of New York, should have been thought to have made a narrow escape of the White House and eternal condemnation does not clearly appear. Our Seattle contemporary gives this description of him and his place in secular life:

"Some four years ago he came to Tacoma without either money or friends, and, being taken seriously sick, was sent to St. Joseph's Hospital. When he recovered, he was employed as a servant at the institution. Plant seems strong and fairly healthy, but he has a small head, a pinched face, and a retiring manner."

The chances are that neither of the great political parties of the country will feel that it has become bankrupt in Presidential timber, Father Rosenbauer to the contrary, because Mr. Plant has retired from political life and taken the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. We should say that, considering his head and other things, he has done pretty well to exchange his prospect of the Presidency for a certainty of board and clothes.

It is noted in the report from which we quote that the brother superior of the monastery read all the questions to the American postulant in English, "but he stammered badly over it, as if the language were unfamiliar." That is a peculiarity noticeable in most of the Roman Catholic institutions of the same general kind in the United States. They are in the hands of foreigners, and depend on foreign recruits to keep them filled. It is not to be wondered at that Americans much above the grade of tramps in their material condition, or of imbeciles in their intellectual parts, should find the air of such retreats hard to breathe. Father Rosenbauer is probably up to the mental stature of the priesthood, and his oration to the much-sacrificing Brother Crucifix Mary would pass muster in the average monastery. But fancy any ordinary American, with honesty enough to work for a living and a common-school education, listening to it reverently:

"But you may say, 'Well, well, well, what are you driving at this afternoon? Ain't you fooling yourself? You want us to forsake

REED WEAKENING, MCKINLEY BOOMING.

THE VANDERBILT-DEPEW KIDNAPING YARN.

homes and families, a beautiful wife, a fine husband, all my children, and give up all to be a brother, a nun? . . . Few men in the world get salvation, and those few do so by struggle and hard labor. Scarcely you can walk across the street without being tempted to take the name of God in vain, because everything is just determined to ruin your soul."

It ought not to cause one many pangs to forsake a world that presents these sordid attractions, but it seems that even after one has become a Brother of Lourdes, there is temptation to return to a life which provokes to profane swearing whenever a street is crossed. "I congratulate you," said the erudite and tasteful priest, addressing Mr. Plant, of New York, "in despoiling and throwing away with disgust your worldly clothes." But, though habited in the garb of the monk, there is still the possibility that Brother Crucifix Mary may long for the sunny gayety, the riotous freedom of life as a roustabout at St. Joseph's Hospital, Tacoma, and permit Presidential dreams to recur and disturb his serene and holy calm. "For," warned Father Rosenbauer, "there are Judas, and Luther, and others, and," he added, with vicious vehemence, "if we can think of any damned souls in hell, they are the souls of Judas and Luther."

Mr. Plant is the only American the Brothers of Lourdes have been able to capture in the twenty-five years of their bors in Washington, and he, it may be said, has been used for the market. The American community will not suffer under a sense of weakening and discouragement because of the loss. It is not likely, either, that his defection will induce others to put on the monk's habit and stagger through what remains of existence under such oases as Crucifix Mary. Father Rosenbauer's oration, having been intended, is alone a reasonably good insurance against any American youth who reads it from being inclined to associate himself with a body of men who put forward as their spokesman a priest whose mind and education would have made the career of a street-car driver beyond his powers.

An incident like the reception of the unhappy Plant into the Washington monastery does good. It serves to give an insight into these establishments and let the American public know how nearly they resemble on their intellectual side the homes for the Feeble Minded, which the charity of American States maintains for younger unfortunates. Not only is it well that they should remain exclusively foreign, but, while we have our public-school system, it is inevitable.

Why does the Fair will case make it more apparent that if elderly gentlemen with large fortunes want their money to go where they intend it, they had better give it away before they do. The Fair will case has now become involved in such a tangle that it may take two decades to untangle it.

After having opposed the testamentary trust of September 21, 1894, the Fair children concluded tentatively to pursue the cause of the so-called "pencil will" of September 24, 1894—a document produced some time after Fair's death by one Mrs. Nettie Craven, a friend of Fair's. This document, while not satisfactory to the children, was a later than the testamentary trust, and therefore annulled that. Since the production of the "pencil will," disagreements have broken out between the backers of that will and the children. The amount required to compromise with the "pencil will" people has been slowly growing, and it is said to have reached half a million of dollars. In addition to that, there are rumors of deeds in existence, coming to Mrs. Craveo large blocks of Fair's choicest property. There are also disquieting rumors of contracts of marriage between her and the dead millionaire, widows' portions, and all sorts of unpleasant things—that is, unpleasant to the Fair children.

At this juncture, Charles Fair has thrown down the gauntlet, and challenged the "pencil will." In his petition to the court, he indirectly declares that he believes the "pencil will" to be a forgery. This will make a direct issue, which will be tried before a jury. The "pencil-will" case, of whom Dr. Livingston is nominal leader, being executed in that document—at present hold the "pencil will" in the deal, and express themselves as perfectly willing to let the case be tried on its merits.

The other Fair heirs, Mrs. Hermano Oelrichs and Miss Maria Fair, have not shown themselves as pugnacious as their brother. They have shown throughout a disposition to compromise. In fact, Russell Wilson, their attorney, is said as having labored ineffectually for many weeks to bring about a compromise. He is noted for his skill in this line, and, if he has failed, it is not probable that any attorney could succeed. But the Fair children will wait for years to come that he did not succeed. They will hold out and gray before the case is finished. They had already compromised for fifty cents on the dollar rather than fight. Seven millions in hand is worth fourteen millions in *futuro*. There are already twenty-six lawyers in the case. The other day a few of them drew down their first

installment of thirty thousand dollars. When once the tiger has tasted blood, he never lets go. Every one of those twenty-six attorneys is interested in seeing that there is no compromise in the Fair will case. They will probably succeed. The devil's dance is now fairly begun.

We note with regret that Congressman Hermann, of Oregon, has failed to receive the renomination in his congressional district convention. He has been supplanted by a gentleman named Tongue. Ominous cognomen! While Congressman Hermann has not been foremost in the ranks of gab, as have our wild-eyed Cuban congressmen, he has done much good work in committee. We are not of those who believe that great countries are governed and wars waged by gab. If so, Candidate Tongue would be an eminently fitting member of the present windy Congress. The loss of Hermano will be keenly felt, for he has been an invaluable member of the Pacific Coast delegation. He is a broad-gauge man, and, unlike our California delegation, has worked for the coast as well as for his State. It was admitted by the California delegation that the comparatively liberal treatment of this State in the present River and Harbor Bill was due to Hermann. It is true that we have broken out into our usual squalid rows in California over that bill, and are engaged in turning away some millions of money because the government will not spend it the way we want it. But that is not Hermann's fault. He did all he could for us. Oregon does not appreciate him. We would advise Congressman Hermano to shake the mud of the Webfoot State from his shoes, and come to California. After he had been here long enough, we could send him to Congress, and he might show some of our California congressmen how to work for their State. As it is, Oregon, a State much inferior in population, receives more Federal money than does California. This is largely due to the practical and hard-headed Hermann. Let us see how Oregon will fare under the rule of Tongue.

For a number of years the workmen of San Francisco have been ruled by a star-chamber body known as the "Council of Federated Trades." Carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, craftsmen of all descriptions, have dropped their tools and walked out like slaves at the bidding of "walking delegates" controlled by the Federated Trades. It was the Federated Trades that practically inspired the long strikes which prevailed in this city in the Union Iron Works and other industrial establishments, many of them resulting in violence, and some of them culminating in murder. It is, therefore, with unfeigned gladness that we learn that there has been a division in the labor ranks, and that a new organization, known as the "Trades and Labor Alliance," has been organized. It is stated that the ends of the new alliance are political. However that may be, already several unions have declined to affiliate with it. One of the most intelligent bodies of men among the labor unions is the Typographical Union. By reason of their calling, compositors are men of unusual intelligence. It is unfortunate that their intelligence does not always direct them aright, for although they have a strong and compact union, being shrewd enough to make it an international one, they at times have precipitated strikes by demands made upon employers based upon the most unreasonable claims. But, as we have said, the Typographical Union is one of the most intelligent among the labor unions, and finding themselves confronted with the fact that many of their members are thrown out of employment by the almost universal employment of the linotype machines, they realize that the times are unpropitious for them to participate in any high-handed action on the part of the other labor unions. Therefore they have declined to affiliate themselves with the Labor Alliance. This action is significant, coming from the Typographical Union. But whatever may be the success of the Labor Alliance, the split in the labor ranks will do much, we hope, to break up the tyranny with which the Federated Trades have ruled workmen, contractors, and employers in San Francisco.

An Eastern newspaper records that swarthy, furtive men are going around New York city selling Cuban bonds—the same kind of men who skulk about San Francisco offering lottery tickets. The paper to which we refer gives an account of one of these financial agents of the insurgents who penetrated to the dressing-room of a theatre and met with a great success there. His securities went to Frederick de Belleville and some other speculative actors at the seductive price of eight cents for one-hundred-dollar bonds. He left the play-house as much as \$20 ahead.

This recalls the fact that the *Argonaut* some weeks ago

asked why the people in this country who are so much impressed with the "duty" of the United States to help the Cuban rebels do not buy their bonds. All the insurgents require to win their cause is men, munitions of war, and money—especially money. Let them but have enough of that, and the rest will be easy. There are in the United States many gentlemen who have gone conspicuously on record as sympathizers who are amply able to buy Cuban bonds by the barrel. It would give to the eloquence of these gentlemen an impressively solid emphasis were they to accompany their silver speech with a shower of gold coin. It must have been an oversight on their part that this sordid detail has not been attended to, for it is not permitted to doubt that such Cuban patriots as Senator Morgan, Senator Lodge, Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, Mr. Hearst, of the New York *Journal* and San Francisco *Examiner*, Mr. de Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Mr. Shortridge, of the San Francisco *Call*, are willing to support with their fortunes their passionate appeals in behalf of the colored heroes of the Queen of the Antilles. It is really remarkable that they have not invested in bonds.

Mr. de Young and Mr. Hearst, friends and co-workers in a common cause, are both millionaires. They would scarcely feel such a sum as thirty, or forty, or fifty thousand dollars. The latter sum, invested at the New York market rate of eight cents for \$100, would give a holding of no less than \$62,500,000, which, on the mere face of it, is princely, and pales the dreams of ordinary avarice. Aside from the satisfaction that the possession of such a glittering treasure would in itself afford, Mr. de Young and Mr. Hearst owe it as a tribute to their own reputation as prophets each to put at least \$50,000 into Cuban bonds. If their own frequently repeated predictions of Cuban success come true, this enormous fortune of \$62,500,000 would be worth \$100 on the \$100, instead of eight cents as now. We do not urge this as a compelling reason, yet, though both gentlemen are pure-minded patriots and above financial considerations editorially, they are not, we take it, above making a turn.

Those people who heartily dislike Adolph Sutro—and there are many in San Francisco—were silent some time ago when he offered a piece of land for the affiliated colleges to the regents of California. Some of us were convinced that there was a string on it, that there was a oigger in the wood-pile, that there was something to it for Sutro, that it was a flim-flam—that something, in short, was wrong. Sutro never in his life did anything unselfish; he never yet did an act in which he did not expect to make something; he never gave away a dollar in which he did not expect to get back two. He has the soul of a pawnbroker. Therefore it is that those of us who dislike him bided our time when the press were blowing brazen blasts over his generosity in giving this land to the board of regents.

It looks now as if the regents would have pretty hard work in getting Sutro to deed the land. He is taking refuge in his usual corner, and is shrieking that "the octopus" controls the board of regents. He is making his usual wild accusations of fraud, and declaring that everybody who differs with him is a rogue. He says that he will not deed the land to the library and the board of regents, "because it is a political institution" and that "the octopus, acting through the governor, is packing the board with its own men." The board of regents say that, in view of Mr. Sutro's age, his heirs should be bound to carry out his expressed intentions, and that a contract binding him and his heirs to fulfill his promise relative to the library should be signed. Sutro, while continually affirming his willingness to sign the contract, has carefully refrained from doing so during the past six months, and now absolutely refuses. It is perfectly apparent now how much genuine generosity was shown by this old charlatan in his offer, and we think the matter is briefly summed up by Regent Reinstein, who says concerning him: "What Sutro is after is to force the board of regents to build the library at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to get a little credit for the gift of his books, and to enhance the value of his adjacent cheap laod."

We think Regent Reinstein is right. Sutro wants to make all he can out of his laod. He is defiling the face of Nature out on Point Lobos with all kinds of freak-shows. The junk of the Midwinter Fair has been hauled out there, and merry-go-rounds, revolving lavatories, mirror mazes, and magic swigs offend old Neptune as he dashes against the gray cliffs on the shore. We wish a tidal wave would come and wash the ginger-bread moonstruck called the Cliff House, and all the Sutro freak-shows, off the rocks into the sea. All that remains to carry out the scheme of this aged fake-philanthropist, and fully to typify his character, would be to erect on Sutro Heights three gigantic golden

ANTONIO'S MARY.

An Episode of Winter Life at Santa Barbara.

Dora England was standing in the garden, bareheaded, holding her baby in her arms. She leaned against the balustrade, and her little son kicked his feet against the pink blossoms of the passion-vine running a race up the side of the house with a climbing rose that was a wonder even among the roses of Santa Barbara. Dora looked at the little feet and at the rosy flowers and then laughed, and, pulling off the shoes and socks, held the bare feet up by the flowers and matched pinkness. Then, being a mother, she began to fondle the little things in a most unreasonable way, and it was then that she saw Mary for the first time—saw her come through the gate and into the garden, not walking, but running—running as though that, and not walking, were the natural human gait, a girl of seventeen, a Mexican, dark and tall, and with a tuneful voice when she began to speak.

"I am Mary, Antonio's Mary," she said, "not Maria, but Mary, just like American girls are named. I looked from the house there over to the house here, and I knew that you were the one I had come to seek. I am happy, ah, happy, if this is the little angel I am to take care of. I have so many, many little brothers and sisters, and I beg my mother to let me stay and take care of them. But my mother says: 'Mary, you are a woman now, and must make money.' And so, as for me, until now it is in a laundry that I have worked. But how can one love a laundry? When José, the waiter in the big hotel, came to get me, I knew that you would let me come to you, for I will love the baby, and when one loves, one does well, is it not so?" And then, without waiting: "It is a good thing, dear lady, that you are not in the big hotel now. My mother is a careful woman—you do not know what a careful woman—and the big hotel is a bad place for a girl like me."

"A prudent mother," was what Dora thought.

Mary had taken the baby and was looking hard at the mother with big, affectionate eyes. Dora's imagination was making a picture: "She shall wear a dark gown, a large white apron, and an enormous black hat, and there must be some red about her, and then on the beach with the baby, with his yellow hair, in her arms, she will be lovely."

"And so," Robert England said to the Sedgeleys, next day, "the little Mexican is to become the caretaker of my son, because she has a skin like satin, a low brow, and a mouthful of glistening teeth." But he did not say this to his wife. He could not have said that he understood women, but he might have said that he understood one woman. He was never a better lawyer than when he was in his own house, and that high-strung little wife of his was as complex a body as twelve men ever were.

So Mary came, and Dora, and her husband, and the Sedgeleys watched her every morning when she sat in the sun on the sand with the baby on her lap. She would take a handful of sand, and, holding it as high as she could reach, she would let it slip through her fingers, and when the child laughed, she would laugh, too, and clap her hands. She became a feature of the beach life of Santa Barbara. Every one watched for the coming of the tall young savage and the fair-haired child. The young men from New York, who are the stars in the play-life that goes on in the place every winter—an existence that is no more like real life than the Santa Barbara winter is like real winter—and who are very pretty *éditions de luxe* of the Mexican *vagueros*, their very broad *sombreros*, their silver-trimmed saddles, their raw-hide bridles and diabolical Mexican hits, and their spurs weighed down with silver chains—even they looked at her as they rode up and down on the beach.

"Niva and I have been looking at the most beautiful creature in Santa Barbara," said Dora, as her husband and Niva's came up to her high cart.

"Now, I know you are talking about Dora's fad," Robert said. "A month ago, 'the most beautiful thing' would have signified the most wonderful baby in the world, but now—the truth is, Dora enjoys being on a pedestal. Perhaps she has never been on one before, except for the short time that she occupied one of my making a great many years ago, before we were married. But now she has become a sort of supernatural being in Mary's eyes. I assure you, she is father, mother, and father-confessor all in one. There are no bounds to her devotion. I am sure she would slay one of her small brothers without a pang if Dora ordered the sacrifice."

"An uncomfortable sort of responsibility," muttered Niva.

"Yes," Dora said, "and I hate that. I hate responsibility and I abhor posing, and my part in this is a deadly pose."

"She is undeniably pretty," said Niva's quiet husband, "and that New York fellow, your friend Dulaney over there, seems to think so, too."

"She is beautiful," insisted Dora.

"She is," muttered Niva again, "dangerously beautiful."

What Robert England said was all true. Mary gave Dora her worship, and there was jealousy in the adobe home of Mary's mother and hot battles for Mary.

"It is for the American woman and her one child that you desert your mother," stormed Carmen. "We are nothing to you now," with a sweep of her hand including half a dozen very frightened-looking little rats of children. Mary was thinking all the time that she did not like scolding mothers, and brothers and sisters who were unpleasant and very dirty.

"Antonio," insisted Carmen to the big Mexican, her husband, who sat smoking his pipe with great calmness, "tell the girl that she can not leave the house, that she shall never see the American woman's face again."

"I am going now," Mary said. "I shall never leave my sweet lady until she tells me to go. She needs me; she has told me that she needs me."

You shall not go. It is my right, the obedience of my children!" screamed Carmen.

But by this time Mary was running down the street, laughing. The big Antonio went on smoking, and the neighbors came out of their houses to see Carmen and her unruly child.

"Come back!" shouted the mother.

But Mary always turned her laughing head, and cried: "No, no!"

"May I tell you all about it?" Mary said one morning. "All about what?" asked Dora, and Mary cried: "Oh, the most wonderful thing has happened, the most magnificent thing. My cousin, who is a widow, mourns no longer. Her house is a fine place, as big as these two rooms. The floor of her house is not like the earth floor of the house of my father. It is a floor of boards, all smooth planks. Last night my cousin came out of her mourning. A great dance she gave to us all. If you could see our Spanish dances! We have egg-shells—hollow, gilded egg-shells. And, you see, we are to break the shells on the head of the one that is most dear to us. The girls are to break them on the heads of the men, and the men on the heads of the girls. And all the men have broken their shells on my head. And the American man, he, too, has covered my hair with gold, see, see," and, blushing cruelly, she held down her head, which sparkled with fine gilt-dust.

There were more dances, and this was not the last time that the gold glittered in the girl's hair.

"It is ominous," Dora said to her husband; "I am afraid that Mary has discovered that she is beautiful."

"What is she going to do when we go away?" asked Robert. "What is going to become of her?"

"How serious you are," laughed Dora. "I suppose she will go back to her laundry."

At the end of the season, when the Englands went north again, Dora gave Mary many pretty gifts. When she got into the train, she held the baby up for Mary to kiss, and was quite frightened at the look on the girl's face.

"It seems a pity," Robert said. "A good deal might have been done with her, poor little pitiful thing," and the train moved off, and Mary went out of the station. But she did not go back to the adobe home of Antonio and Carmen.

When Mrs. England heard of it, she cried a little, and she did not look in her husband's face that day, or the next day. Niva Sedgeley told her. Niva was not surprised. And, in the meantime, Horace Dulaney stayed on at the big hotel until the hot weather drove him away.

ETTA RAMSDALL GOODWIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

James Payn tells this remarkable story of a person who was lost in London:

"A poor old countrywoman was found one evening in the Edgware Road, without a bonnet and with a bar of soap in her hand, who had not the least notion (except that it was No. 3) where her home was situated. She had come from Devonshire only the night before to her daughter's house, to stay a few weeks with her, and had made herself useful during the day at the family washing. The soap had been used, and she had offered to fetch a bar from the grocer's. As given out, and she had been there for some time, she felt sure she could easily find it—and, indeed, had done so; but now that the shops were shut up and everything looked different, she could not find it, nor could she get back to her Sally at No. 3. She, of old it again, nor could she get back to her Sally at No. 3. She, of course, appealed to the policeman; but he could give her no assistance. If she had been a lost child, he would have asked her: 'Where does your father get his beer from?' and out would have come, quite naturally, the name of the public house. He walked her up and down a few streets; but the streets in the Edgware Road are very much alike, and she identified them all. She wouldn't go to the police station, and she wouldn't go to the work-house (she would die first), and how was he to get her to No. 3? At last a plan was hit upon. The daughter had met her at the railway station; she had Sally's directions, it appeared, in her soubri-box in Devonshire. So the policeman took her to Paddington, and the railway authorities gave her a free return ticket, and she came back after forty-eight hours, with the bar of soap in her hand, and Sally's directions, and reached Sally's at last, after a circumlocution of about five hundred miles."

Jimmie McFadden, a nine-year-old New York hoy, played peek-a-hoo with his little sister, one afternoon last week, while his parents were away. Once he ran into a clothes-closet; she pushed the door to and locked him in. Then she saw him peep out at the transom, and finally thrust his head through the small opening. The transom closed down upon his neck. He moved his head a little, but did not laugh. Then he cried out strangely. The little sister stood there, not understanding it at all. She watched and waved her hands, and cried, "Peek-a-hoo, Johnnie!" The face with which she played peek-a-hoo was the face of the dead.

An Englishman recently received a postal-card saying: "DEAR R.: Have you seen the March number of the Argonaut? Is it true? I sincerely hope so. Yours, E." He at once smelt a rat, so he sat down and indited this reply, which he mailed to the editor of the magazine in a sealed, but unstamped envelope: "DEAR E.: I have seen one previous number of the Argonaut, and I hope never to see another. This is quite true. Yours, R." This precious missive cost the enterprising editor who had evolved this cheap advertising trick just four cents, on account of unpaid postage.

An interesting point in heredity is shown in the conduct of the young King Alexander of Serbia. The founder of the family was a swineherd. The young monarch, who is now only nineteen, reverts to his ancestor, not only in his phenomenal strength, but also in his sense of humor, both of which he exhibits by a playful trick of knocking his courtiers' heads together.

Another use of the Röntgen rays is to examine a suspected parcel to see if it is an infernal machine. Such an application of the new discovery was tried in Paris recently, and revealed nails, screws, a revolver cartridge, and even grains of powder.

THE MARCH OF THE "MAD COW."

A Mid-Lent Frolic of the Bohemians of Paris—Their Procession of "La Vache Enragée," Symbol of the Imaginary Dinner of Struggling Genius.

The revival of the old pageant of the Bœuf Gras, on Shrove Tuesday last, suggested to some choice spirits of Montmartre the idea of getting up a rival procession on Mi-Carême, in which the fatted ox would be replaced by *La Vache Enragée*. In idiomatic French, "to have eaten of the mad cow" ("avoir mangé de la vache enragée") is to have suffered hardship and hunger. Now, Montmartre is always more or less hard up, and, as you may suppose, the suggestion was hailed with delight. Its authors forthwith commenced to put things in train, and for weeks nothing else was talked of on and about the "Sacred Mount" but the proposed procession, which by a very natural crystallization of words became the "Vachalade." Even the boulevard grew interested. The laundresses, to whom the day of Mid-Lent had hitherto been sacred, and even their hoon companions, the students of the schools, who have of late joined forces with them, were very soon overtaken and beaten in the race for popularity.

Men who are in the habit of tightening their girths on an empty stomach do not generally have any spare cash to spend on their amusements—over and above beer, which is a necessity—and so the prime movers in the matter were those who still retained a lively remembrance of having partaken liberally of "mad cow" feasts, but who have now something more succulent wherewith to satisfy the cravings of their appetites—the successful Bohemians, in a word. Among these, Willette stands out the prominent figure; indeed, the whole idea is said to have originated with him. He is, as you know, a most successful draughtsman, the contributor of the full-page illustrations in the *Courrier Français*—his own paper, *Le Pierrot*, having died an early death. Also Emile Gandeau, a jolly southerner with a squint and comical wryness of expression, poet and song writer, who was elected honorary president on account of having written a novel called "La Vache Enragée"; and Brandonbourg, likewise poet and novelist. Naturally, a subscription was set on foot, to which the vendors of beer and the keepers of restaurants contributed for the most part, as the affair was sure to bring them plenty of custom.

The serio-comic vein of every one was taxed in providing designs for the different "numbers" of the "Vachalade," which was to be symbolic enough to please all the *symboliques* of the latest school. To open the march, there was a phalanx of waiters who for once would not wait, but march in the van. Then came a battalion of *les jeunes*, led by a stunning female in tights, and following them the members of the anti-Lancelotti League—a party of masked brigands laden with household furniture.

The hed on wheels, in which sit, comfortably tucked, two old parties in peaked night-caps, a huge wooden hell suspended over their heads, needs explanation. To remove *la cloche de bois* is a midnight flitting; a wooden bell lacks sonority, and people who flit do it as quietly as possible. The gallant Pegasus, led by a couple of halflit's of cers, preceded the triumphal chariot of Poesy, with the Nine Muses represented by as many nice-looking female lightly draped.

Jehan Ricters, the eccentric proprietor of the "Quart'z-Arts" tavern on Montmartre, exhales some of his mellow choly in the building up of a chariot dedicated to *la belle étoile*—to sleep under the stars is to be a houseless vagabond. Von Lug, Montmartre's favorite hard, appears in a show, leading by the bridle a lean donkey which drags little house on wheels, containing the poet's wife and children.

I pass over some of the groups—one of the best hel Willette's Pierrots—to arrive at the grand car of the Sacred Heart, the *butte* of Montmartre, with a model of the votive church on the top, the hill beneath alive with full-grown angels, and, sitting among the front rank, a singer of Quart'z-Arts—Michel Legay. The heroine of the day, "vache enragée," stands on a low chariot attended by honny milkmaids; its frenzied eyes roll, while Honoré Glory make way for it. Place Pigalle, which is the thresh of Montmartre, is symbolized on another car, and the eff of the once gay resort of Parisians, the Moulin de la Gale is drawn by a pair of miller's grays, with the miller ast one of them. Then, here is "ma tante," the French substitute for "my uncle," a sort of Sarah Gamp perched on safe, dragged along by an out-at-elbows community, and lowed by the myrmidons of the law and an animated cl face. Finally, the hated *bourgeois* and Pharisees generally are represented by a grotesque monster with a bull's head and a dragon's tail, out of whose foaming jaws ever anon a leech pulls a tooth with a huge pair of forceps.

As may well be imagined, thousands gathered to see show, which, starting from the *butte*, made the round of principal thoroughfares, followed by the applause of multitude. It was rather a grewsome jest, and provoked more curiosity than amusement. But it will increase fame of Montmartre and its *cabarets* and *brasseries*, that it may not put a crust in the way of those who are too to sup off "mad cow" until such a time as they shall made a name and a position in the world, got published their books, theatres to enact their pieces, *amateurs* to buy their pictures, or have perished in the struggle existence—the latter being, perhaps, the more likely way of the two.

PARISIN

PARIS, March 13, 1896.

Chile has just placed a contract, through her Parisister, with a European firm for the construction of a iron-clad and powerful artillery. The government proposes to have fifty thousand men under arms before end of May.

A JAMESON TROOPER'S TALE.

Captain Thatcher's Account of "Jameson's Dash into the Transvaal"—He was One of the Expedition, and Carried the News to the Uitlanders at Johannesburg.

Captain Frank Thatcher, the member of Dr. Jameson's command who escaped from the battle-field at Doornkop and carried the news of the defeat of the expedition to the Uitlanders at Johannesburg, has written an account of the raid, which has just been published as a booklet in London, under the title, "Dr. Jameson's Dash into the Transvaal." It is an intensely partisan account, Captain Thatcher losing no opportunity to say or insinuate something detrimental to the Boers; but some parts of it are quite graphic. As a whole, when due allowance is made for the author's bias, it is the most complete narrative of the raid yet published.

Captain Thatcher first sets forth the motive that prompted him and the others of Jameson's band. Speaking of the Boers, he writes:

In some of their habits they are primitive savages; their religion does not make them humane, except when humanity is obviously politic. In their wars with the aboriginal natives, they have never hesitated to employ the most cruel methods of warfare: blowing up with dynamite caves full of women has never troubled the Boer's Biblical conscience. He smote the natives with as little mercy as the ancient Jews showed to the Amorites. In dealing with his white foes he has shown restraint; but I am aware of nothing in his character which should have convinced us that the women of Johannesburg would have been perfectly safe in his hands, had a rising in that town been suppressed in blood. The Boer is not remarkable for fastidiously delicate scruples, and every man who was with Jameson on the border could recall stories of Boer morality which made it impossible to sit with folded hands when that appeal from Johannesburg was read.

Here is his description of Dr. Jameson's force:

On Monday morning, December 30th, Dr. Jameson crossed the border from Pitsani to Ottershoop, a distance of thirty miles, with six hundred and fifty men, the Bechuanaland police wearing their khaki kit of brown cloth, and the Rhodesia Horse being clad in gray, and all of them in the well-known *terai* felt hats turned up at the side. The officer in military command was Sir John Willoughby, a short, soldierly looking man, with the pluck of twenty. With him were Colonel White, tall, handsome, the ideal of a cavalry leader; Captain White, staff officer, a thorough soldier, and one of the kindest of men; Colonel Scott, Captain Kincaid Smith, Captain Coventry, and others. It must be understood that of this small force only three hundred were available for actual fighting, the rest being employed as scouts and on escort duty with the guns and wagons. Of the scouting, which was directed by an American of great experience in this class of work, I can not speak too highly. The men were armed with magazine rifles, and we had three field-pieces—one of twelve pounds and two of seven—and eight Maxims, not the ordinary Maxims, with the long beam and plates that shelter only a couple of men, but the short-beamed guns with large plates. These were carried in Cape carts—light vehicles with two wheels and large hoods. Of provisions we had tinned meats and biscuits for four days.

Dr. Jameson's men had a slight brush with the Boers near Ottershoop, but the "battle of Doornkop," as Captain Thatcher grandiloquently calls it, was the only real fighting they had. On Wednesday, the Boers were awaiting the coming of the raiders near Krugersdorp. Captain Thatcher says:

It was between four and five in the afternoon that they opened fire from the *skuits*, or intrenchments—little ditches carefully dug to afford them ample cover. They were not disposed, however, to hold this position, for they retired over the ridge and the intervening valley, rallying their strength on a second ridge, which was the actual out-kirt of Krugersdorp. On the summit was a large iron house, full of armed men, and not far away rose some woodwork which proclaimed the shaft of a mine. The miners, in considerable numbers, took up a safe position to witness the encounter, for all the world as if it were a sham fight, organized exclusively for their entertainment. In some ways it was not undeserving of that description. Dr. Jim's dominant idea was to spare life as much as possible, not merely on his own side, but on the enemy's. He had a morbid dread that shells would drop into Krugersdorp. Had we been making war according to established precedents, I have no doubt that Krugersdorp would have been accidentally set on fire, and that the Boers, with this blaze in their rear, would have retreated. Does anybody suppose that had German troops attacked a ridge, with a town behind it, they would have been so desperately concerned not to annoy the enemy by firing at his household gods? I venture to say there is not a military tactician in Europe who would not condemn Dr. Jim for his excessive scruple in this business; and now that the Boers have profited by the example, we have people here who first proclaim Jameson as a lawless ruffian, and then taunt him with the failure that was really due to his humanity.

After prating at this length of the reason Dr. Jameson's field-pieces did so little execution, our historian discusses the Boers' "poor marksmanship," attributing a similar result to a very different reason. He says:

It is a common belief, no doubt, that the Boer is a prodigious marksman. You still hear legends of Laing's Nek and Majuba, and unquestionably the Boers shot far better in those historic actions than they did at Krugersdorp. If they had really retained all their ancient skill with the rifle, how many of us would have been left alive or unwounded? It is well known that they used up all their ammunition, and that a fresh supply was brought by special train. But this famous marksmanship of the Boer has declined. The men who shot straight at Krugersdorp were the old Doppers and Rustenburg farmers, the remnant of the warriors who fought against us in 1838. Most of their comrades belonged to the new generation, which does not shoot nearly so well. In this respect a change has come over the Boers. They have no longer, as in the days of trekking, to depend for their staple food on game. Big game is disappearing from the Transvaal toward the Zambesi, and opportunities of the Boer sportsman grow scantier. As the necessity for shooting straight declines, so does the aptitude; and he stories of the infant Boer turned out of doors by a disciplinary parent to shoot his dinner are mythical. No doubt the taste for good rifle practice may be found still sturdy here and there, but in the main it is rapidly waning. Had it been maintained in all its pristine vigor, I do not see how Jameson's force could have come out of thirty-six hours' fighting with so small a loss, or how I should have been alive or well enough to tell this story.

Yet this impartial historian records the facts that "the Boers were better shots at the horses than at the men," and that "all our killed and wounded, with one notable exception"—a dare-devil, who persisted in standing up to shoot, was picked off with a bullet through his throat—"were hit in the side. The Boers shot a good many of our Kaffirs, too." These do not seem to be evidences of bad marksmanship. If Dr. Jameson spared the corrugated iron roofs of Krugersdorp, the Boers, perhaps actuated by motives less humane than politic, reduced their enemies to surrender by hooting off horses and Kaffirs rather than by killing Englishmen.

Here is Captain Thatcher's narrative of the "battle of Doornkop":

The position of Jameson's force in the Doornkop Valley might be roughly described as that of tea in a saucer, with rifles bristling all round the rim. The Langlaate Road runs over the kopje, which was strongly held by the Boers, especially on the right front, where they were chiefly concentrated behind the round boulders. Against this position was directed the main line of our Maxims. On the left of the road we held two little farm-houses. In the rear of the houses was an irregular pool of muddy water, and behind that, higher up the slope, a furrowed field. Lower down the road on the left lay our wounded, and a number of dead horses. The Boers were better shots at the horses than they were at our men. When we opened fire with the first Maxim, the four horses attached to the Cape cart on which the gun was carried were killed. I do not blame these tactics of the enemy. Without horses we were crippled, and they had a perfect right to scatter destruction among the unfortunate beasts. It was about ten o'clock on the Thursday morning that the final struggle began. We shelled the kopje with shrapnel, and the rifle fire of the Boers raised little puffs of dust from the short green grass of the *veldt*. When they brought their artillery up, consisting of two Krupps and two Maxims, they blazed away with the simple zeal of men who had never fired a gun before. . . .

At half-past eleven the night was over. Exhausted by want of food and sleep, we could do no more. There was no water for the wounded; even the muddy pool was not available, for we could not carry water under the ceaseless fire from the ridge. The Maxims were jammed for the same reason, as the heated tubes could not be cooled. The slaughter of the horses made it impossible to bring up ammunition from the wagons. Desperate as the situation was, I believe that Dr. Jameson could still have fought his way through the enemy with a mere remnant of his force. We could have rallied for a rush, and a handful of us would in all probability have dashed over the kopje; but what advantage would that have brought to Johannesburg? The arrival of fifty demoralized horsemen would scarcely have put heart into the Reform Committee. . . .

The first signal of yielding was made with a torn shirt tied to the muzzle of a rifle. Another white flag was hoisted on one of the little houses, and after the Boers had continued pounding for nearly a quarter of an hour longer, they raised a white flag too, and three men rode down the hill. Just before this my horse had been shot under me, an incident which is curious only because it did not happen sooner, as the duties of a volunteer aid-de-camp to Sir John Willoughby kept me in constant movement throughout the engagement. The three Boers brought a demand for an unconditional surrender, which Dr. Jim refused, asking for a safe conduct for his whole force across the border. The Boers replied that this was impossible, but they promised to spare the lives of the officers and men. "For you," they said to Jameson, "we can make no conditions; your case must be referred to the authorities at Pretoria." Dr. Jim said simply that his own life mattered nothing to him; all he cared for was the safety of those under his command. At that moment none of us had any very keen interest in the present issue, so far as it concerned ourselves. The men threw down their rifles, and lay scattered on the ground scarcely able to keep awake, and almost too weary to eat the food which the Boers gave us without grudging.

During the confusion of the surrender, Captain Thatcher made his escape to carry the news to the Reform Committee at Johannesburg; he says:

In the very few moments I had for calculation, it occurred to me that I might, for a time at least, pass myself off as a Boer. This was not quite so difficult as may appear at first sight. The Boers did not see me in the midst of the disarmament. I galloped about among them, returning salutations with all the geniality of one of the victors. They said "Good-morning; we have had a fine fight," and I knew enough of their language to acquiesce cheerfully in this gratification. I watched them stripping the excellent saddles off our horses, and strapping these behind the indifferent saddles on their own nags. Our rifles, too, were much appreciated; I saw one Boer ride joyously off with three. Another circumstance gave me at least a chance of escaping detection. The Boers had been commanded from all quarters, and many of them did not know one another. This method of mobilization is effective, but primitive. As soon as trouble is afoot, the district commandant sends out the field-cornets to summon the farmers to arms. It is a rough-and-ready form of conscription. The burgher has no uniform; he does not stop to make any little change in his attire for a public appearance; he is not concerned even about a hasty use of the razor, shaving being evidently regarded as contrary to Scripture. The habitual use of soap is disapproved, probably on the same authority. He slings his rifle over his shoulder, dons his handkerchief with seventy rounds of ammunition, pockets a strip of hill-tongue—which is smoked meat—mounts his horse, and rides off to the point of concentration. In so large a country, with a thin and scattered population, two or three families here, half a dozen there, divided by great distances, and not eager for social intercourse outside their own immediate circles, it is not surprising that most of the men under Cronje's command at Doornkop were not on terms of ordinary acquaintance.

But Captain Thatcher did not long escape detection:

As the prisoners moved off under escort, the eye of the redoubtable Cronje fell on me. He must have seen at once that I was not riding as the Boers ride, with long stirrups, and he demanded very brusquely why I did not accompany the others. His humor just then was not very amiable, in spite of his triumph, for he had lost his son, who was killed at his side just before the white flag was waved. Cronje is a man about fifty years of age, a typical Boer, in no respect different from his fellows; but he looked very white and stern as he sat stiffly on his horse, glaring at my little piece of harmless imposture. The Boers who were near him also showed an unpleasant interest in my case, and I could tell from the indicators of their rifles that the weapons were loaded. It was touch and go; at the slightest sign from Cronje they would have shot me on the spot. I explained hastily that I was just about to rejoin my companions in misfortune, who were now about six hundred yards away, and I started off at a gallop, with an uncomfortable expectation of a bullet through the back every moment.

But chance, even at this critical juncture, again befriended me. I had not gone three hundred yards when I met the Pretoria artillery, and heard the officer in command shout something in English. I rode up to him at once, and, at a venture, said: "I am the correspondent of the *Times*, just arrived. Tell me what has happened."

I never saw such a communicative man. He was simply bursting with victorious loquacity. The prospect of having his great deeds chronicled in the *Times* appealed irresistibly to his simple heart. "All right; I'll tell you everything," he said. "I am going to see the wounded now; you had better come with me."

I knew my only hope was in sticking to him; so we rode off together.

Captain Thatcher did stick to the Pretorian. After the visit to the wounded, he started for Krugersdorp, and Captain Thatcher, anxious to get away in any direction from the scene of the conflict, accompanied him. They started off after the prisoners, and Thatcher had another close call:

Once more I was confronted by the inevitable Cronje, and I thought the game was up indeed; but he took it for granted that I was in the custody of the artillery officer, and simply stared at me without remark. These incidents show that there was a delightful lack of severe military regulation in the conduct of the Boers after their triumph; but it is not for me to criticize that.

Presently we overtook the prisoners, and again I was in grave peril, for any one of them might have hailed me.

"Can your horse gallop?" I said desperately to my artilleryman. He did not think the question at all strange. Never was there such a genial and unsuspecting hero.

"Gallop?" he echoed. "I should think so!"

"Well, let us have a spin into Krugersdorp," I suggested, with child-like artfulness.

So we dashed past the column at such a pace that nobody noticed me.

In Krugersdorp, Captain Thatcher obtained one of the Pretorian artilleryman's cards, on which he inscribed the word "Press," and then, with the aid of an English resident who lent him another suit of clothes, he took train for Johannesburg. His adventures were out over, however. He writes:

At the Krugersdorp station there were no signs of a search for me, and I took my seat in the train with a moderate serenity. Scarcely had we started when a voice at my elbow put me in a violent commotion. The man sitting opposite quietly said, "How did you escape?"

This was an unexpected blow. Here was a stranger who coolly took it for granted that I was a fugitive. I fingered Klonowski's pasteboard nervously, debating with the lightning activity born of emergency whether I should exhibit it to my new inquirer and start a yarn of the prodigious valor and skill of the Pretoria artillery which I had telegraphed to the *Times*. There was something in the man's eye which told me that here, at all events, "Press" was useless. It might be a harlequin's wand, turning Frank Thatcher, late of the "Guides," later of the Ottershoop gold-fields, latest of Jameson's luckless command, into a full-blown war correspondent, fresh from chronicling the Marathon of the Transvaal; but, on the other hand, it might be a mere word of five letters on a card, making no impression whatever on that quiet, keen-looking person who sat over against me.

"Escape from what?" I stammered.

"Oh, I saw you yesterday," he replied, with a smile, "riding with Sir John Willoughby. You are one of Jameson's officers."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm a government detective!"

The game really was up this time! I have always heard that when you are "copped," as the criminal classes say, for any offense by a gentleman in plain clothes who offers his society without giving you the option of declining it, you expect to hear the click of handcuffs. There was no click. The detective did not discompose himself in any way, but sat placidly smiling at my consternation. "Don't alarm yourself," he said, "I'll see you through."

My friendly Sherlock Holmes was an Englishman, of course, and he did not consider it any part of his duty to betray another Englishman in a foreign country.

Finally Captain Thatcher reached Johannesburg in safety and delivered his message to the Reform Committee. Here is his account of the town on his arrival there:

The aspect of the town was a unique illustration of the general confusion. With biting irony somebody had put in a window the placard, "Wanted a Cromwell." There was certainly nothing Cromwellian about the sixty gentlemen who composed the Reform Committee. One of the Reformers told me he did not think there were fifty men in the place who could be relied upon for any action whatever. That may have been unjust, but it testified to the utter lack of organization. There was plenty of ferment in the streets. Some people rushed about with tartan ribbons in the lapels of their coats. I was told they were called the Scots Brigade, and they certainly gave picturesque touches of color to the community. Then there were bodies of men marching to the music of bands; though why they marched, and why the hands played, with Jameson betrayed and in captivity, I could not divine. In Commissioner Street, in front of the Stock Exchange, there was a huge crowd, harangued by a man on horseback, who seemed to have nothing particular to say. The canteens, as hotels are called in Johannesburg, were closed, and the shops barricaded with boards. Some men moved about with white ribbons bound on their arms; they were policemen. The jail, or *trunk*, to use the Boer word, was full of armed men; pickets surrounded the town; and horsemen galloped through the streets with belated news.

All this would have given a perfectly unsophisticated stranger the idea that Johannesburg was at war; that its troops were gallantly fighting somewhere; that martial bands were keeping up the spirits of the people, or even celebrating triumphs reported every hour; that cool, steadfast men sat in council, receiving news from skillful and indomitable commanders in the field. I could have laughed at the grim humor of such a spectacle. But at the railway station it was no laughing matter. There was a tremendous scramble for the trains leaving for the Cape. The panic among the women and children was terrible to see.

After two days in Johannesburg, Captain Thatcher took train to Cape Town, but even there he does not seem to have thought himself safe, for he says:

The night before I sailed in the *Moer*, I was awakened by a man in the hotel, who said detectives were searching for me, and I changed my quarters at once. There was another act of disinterested kindness on the steamer next day, for, as I sat watching people coming on board, a lady I did not know, and whose name I have not even heard, said, in a low voice, as she brushed past me: "Go below!" I went below, and remained there till we were well out at sea; but I had first the felicity of seeing Mr. Rhodes, accompanied by Mr. Beit, come off in a tender to the ship, where they did not appear to be entirely free from uneasiness. After what I had gone through, the visible disturbance of these eminent personages was somehow rather sustaining.

Captain Thatcher follows this with some pages on the political aspects of the movement, and even essays to pierce the future and read the fate of the Boers; but here we do not care to follow him. In the meantime, the publication of his narrative has resulted in its author being forced to join Jameson and the other prisoners in the dock at Bow Street Police Court.

Professor Salvioni recently exhibited in Perugia an apparatus, which he calls a cryptoscope, which serves the same purpose as Edison's fluoroscope, enabling the person using it to distinguish metallic objects through opaque substances. He describes his apparatus thus:

"The cryptoscope consists of a small cardboard tube about eight centimetres big. One end is closed by a sheet of black paper, on which is spread a layer of fish-glue and calcium sulphide; this substance I have found to be very phosphorescent under the action of Röntgen rays. Within the cardboard tube, at the other end, at which the eye is placed, is fixed a lens, giving a clear image of the phosphorescent paper. On looking through this cryptoscope one can see, even in a light room, the shape and position of metallic bodies inclosed in boxes of cardboard, wood, aluminum, and within the flesh. Its action is obvious; the fluorescent paper under the action of the rays is illuminated only in those portions which receive rays, consequently the silhouettes of the objects intercepting the rays appear dark."

This apparatus, when brought to a higher state of perfection, will be of immense value in surgery. A Scotch physician, by the way, recently used a Röntgen photograph to demonstrate the condition of a gravid woman.

The fastest vessel ever built is the torpedo-boat destroyer *Desperate*, now being tried for the British Government. She measures 210 feet loog, 19½ feet beam, and 7 feet draught, and she has covered 4 consecutive miles at a speed of 31 knots, or 35 miles, an hour. The contract requires that she shall maintain an average speed of 30 knots for 3 consecutive hours. She will carry 6 quick-firing guns, and 5 more boats of the same class are under construction.

TWO RIVAL ACTRESSES.

Duse and Bernhardt—A Modern Roxana and Statira—The Story of Mistress Bracegirdle and Mistress Oldfield All Over Again.

News comes from Chicago that the advance sale of seats for Eleonora Duse's engagement is a decided frost.

This is amusing as well as interesting. There have been for a number of weeks two factions in New York, the Duse faction and the Bernhardt faction. But while the partisan fury of these factions has run high, as such comic passions always do, it has not interfered with the success of either of the artists. Chicago is a village. Chicago therefore takes a village view of matters artistic as well as matters municipal. Chicago is determined to "boom" Bernhardt and to "turn down" Duse. The motive for it is not hard to find. When Eleonora Duse was here a year ago, she went as far west as Chicago to play an engagement there. But she was so repelled by the sights and sounds of Chicago, its dirty streets, its clanging cable-cars, its dirty cable-car conductors, its dirty cigar-smoking policemen, and its shabby millionaires eating their lunches in buggies at the kerbstone, that Chicago made her ill. It has a similar effect on many other people. She said that Chicago made her tired—or whatever is the Italian correlative for that expressive phrase—and returned to New York.

Chicago never forgave her. Chicago never will. Chicago never forgave Matthew Arnold, because a malicious New York newspaper man wrote a fake interview with him in which Matthew said that Chicago was not a city of "sweetness and light." It is true that Matthew subsequently remarked that he never had said that Chicago was not a city of "sweetness and light." He also refrained from saying whether he believed she was. But Chicago felt injured. The mere fact that Arnold had been reported as having disapproved of Chicago was enough. So Chicago "turned him down." In the great Chicago Newbery Library, Arnold's works are never called for. In the great hook-houses of Raod & McNally, Griggs, McClurg, and others, Arnold's books are never sold. Chicago has "turned him down."

So will it be with Duse. The sale of seats for her season opened in Chicago the day before yesterday, but the first two days' sale netted only five hundred dollars. Therefore her advance agent, L. L. Sharpe, telegraphed to Henry C. Mier and Joseph Brooks, Duse's managers, advising them not to play in Chicago.

Only twenty-eight persons inscribed their names on the Duse subscription books. These persons, we learn by the dispatches, find their names printed in large type in the Chicago daily newspapers. They are by no means those whom the dailies delight to honor. On the contrary, they seem to be looked upon as unpatriotic Chicagoese. They are persons who are willing to pay their good Chicago money to see an actress who had spoken spitefully of Chicago. While the papers did not actually abuse them, still the mere printing of their names showed that there was a silent disapproval of their course. Why should they desire to go and see Eleonora Duse when she had abused Chicago? Why should they desire to go and see an actress whom Chicago had "turned down"?

Here in the East the population remains unaffected by this slight tiff between Chicago and Duse. It is believed that the actress will survive. She played to large houses in New York, and is now playing to large houses in Boston. Her managers here say philosophically that Chicago knows more about pork than it does about Italian. These may be taken as the remarks of malicious managers, or they may not. It is evident, however, that they are perfectly true. Chicago knows very little about Italian and a great deal about pork. But Bernhardt has been a success in Chicago, and yet Chicago does not know much about French. Why is this? The reason given by the managers is that Bernhardt is better known than Duse in Chicago. Bernhardt has been well advertised and thoroughly hoomed. Like Beers's soap and Peckham's pills, Bernhardt is as familiar to the mouths of Chicago as household words. Bernhardt's booming suits the Chicagoese. In short, she "hits them where they live."

The date set for the opening of Duse's engagement was May 4th, and Bernhardt is to open on the same day. But by this frost Bernhardt will have a clear field. The Bernhardt faction in New York are rejoicing greatly, but really the judgment of Chicago (except in pork) is of very little value. There is no doubt that Eleonora Duse has created the most marked impression of any actress seen here for many years. It is all the more striking because most of her hearers do not understand Italian. Yet many who did not understand her went to see her simply for the purpose of watching her play of face and feature. As showing how striking she was, there was scarcely an evening that did not see actors and actresses closely watching the gifted Italian. Maud Harrison has been a regular attendant during the Duse engagement. Evenings and afternoons she has been seen there, and always near the stage. Maud Harrison thinks that Duse possesses a more marked power over her audience than Bernhardt does, but she thinks that it is a purely personal power, and not one that can be imitated by another. "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, one of the oldest actresses in New York, who has been familiar with all the prominent artists for fifty years, has also been going to see Duse at every possible opportunity. She also is struck by the wonderful power of Duse. "When her seducer comes to her in 'Magda,'" says Aunt Louisa, "and she puts her head down on the table, being unable to look him in the eyes, her face gets crimson. No one can imitate that blush." Minnie Madden Fiske, Cora Potter, and many other actresses were to be seen at Duse's performances when they could attend at matinees.

Duse is evidently entirely honest in her peculiarities. She does not like to be photographed, she does not like to be painted, and she does not like to be interviewed. These

three peculiarities are most unusual in an actress, but that she is sincere is shown by the fact that an American portrait-painter, who saw her in London last spring, was especially anxious to paint the famous Italian artist, and begged for permission. She declined. At last a friend of both prevailed upon her to grant the painter a sitting, and she consented, but named no time. Finally, one day, she appeared at the artist's studio just before leaving London, and told him that she would give him two hours. She dropped into a chair as indifferently as though she were alone. When the two hours were over, she left the studio, and the picture has remained unfinished ever since. As to photography, she has, of course, been photographed, but she does not care, apparently, how she looks, and is photographed in rôles in which she wears trying costumes, rather than in those which bring out her beauty. For Duse has a strange beauty of her own. As to interviews, she would, apparently, rather meet a mad dog than a reporter. Many other people share her dislike for reporters, but actors and actresses generally fawn upon them. Duse will not. She has not been interviewed in either of her visits to New York, and probably never will be. She declares that the public are entitled to her time during stage hours, but that they have no business with her outside of those hours.

Sarah Bernhardt has made her reputation largely by her adroit advertising—her ascents in a balloon, the coffin she keeps in her boudoir, her mania for tigers, lion cubs, and other fauna, her job-lot lovers, her escapades, and, above all, her numerous interviews accorded to reporters. All these things have kept her ever in the press. But it would seem as if Duse's diametrically opposite action, that of refusing to have anything to do with reporters, is having the effect of advertising her almost as much as Bernhardt.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1896.

FLANEUR.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ever since the Union League Club entertained Chauncey M. Depew last week, there has been much discussion in San Francisco concerning the speeches at that banquet. There were five speakers—Dr. Depew, W. H. L. Barnes, Irving Scott, M. M. Estee, and Horace G. Platt. Depew's fame as a speaker had preceded him, and there was naturally much interest in comparing him with local speakers. In the comparison, two of them may as well be eliminated—Irving Scott and M. M. Estee. Mr. Scott is an excellent speaker, but generally confines himself to his specialty, and does not aspire to be considered a Demosthenes. Mr. Estee is a political speaker purely, and not a very good one. The three remaining gentlemen, while all political speakers, are also noted as post-prandial orators. It is true that the fame of General Barnes and Mr. Platt is local, but if they lived in New York, it might be wider. Those who heard the speakers, while admitting Depew's cleverness, did not think that he was as far superior to the local speakers as they had expected. Horace Platt struck a dissonant chord in the oratorical orchestra by making a speech which was a humorous arraignment of Depew. It was about all he could do, for the tone of the speeches was political, and Platt, being a Democrat, could scarcely make a Republican speech. He made the hit of the evening, inasmuch as his speech was less serious than those which preceded him, and two of his remarks in particular caused laughter. In referring to the discordant views on silver which prevailed among the Republican orators, he said that if the Republican party at this banquet was divided, the Democratic was at least a unit. (He was the only Democrat there.) Again, in referring to Depew, he said that his oratorical reputation was like the New York sky-scrapers—it was built up story after story.

Platt was largely right. Many who have heard Depew are surprised at his fame as a speaker. Depew is a keen-witted railroad manager, he is used to bandying men, he is a clever politician, and has most of the attributes which go with a man of the world. But he scarcely can be called a great orator. His speeches are clever, but they are reminiscent, and he has a way of making them up out of stories of more or less antiquity, looked together with a thread of comment. He tells them very well, it is true, but story-telling is scarcely oratory. Barnes, on the other hand, is a man who possesses the gift of eloquence in a marked degree. His speeches always have a dominant idea running through them, and even when extemporaneous they are well-rounded and homogeneous. Depew's speeches, even when prepared, are heterogeneous. As for Depew's extemporaneous speeches, they are lamentable when read in cold type. On his way up the coast he stopped at Palo Alto and spoke for an hour to the Stanford students. The big "Gym" was crowded with boys and girls to listen to the famous speaker, but they were sorely disappointed. They are used to the clear-cut speeches of President Jordan, who never says anything that does not set ideas to germinating in the brains of those who hear him—when they have brains in which ideas can germinate. Dr. Jordan's delivery does not compare with that of Depew's, but if the manner of his speeches is not equal to that of the New York speaker, the matter is incomparably superior. It is the opinion of many that Depew is very much overrated as a speaker, and that if he and General Horace Porter, another famous post-prandial orator of New York, are the stars of Gotham, that the stars of that city must be all of the sixth magnitude.

The writer of these lines once heard speeches at a dinner in New York by both Chauncey Depew and Daniel Dougherty, the famous Philadelphia orator who nominated Grover Cleveland at the Democratic convention eight years ago. There was no comparison between them. Dougherty was infinitely superior. And that is reminiscent of the fact that another orator on a Cleveland holiday was Bourke Cockran. He made a speech at the last nomination of Cleveland, at an advanced hour in the night, after a fatiguing day, in a feverish convention, in the middle of

midsummer. It was necessarily extemporaneous, but it was one of the most fiery philippics, one of the most vigorous types of invective, one of the most striking political speeches, ever made in a national convention. It was a speech the equal of which could never have been made by Chauncey M. Depew.

We referred briefly last week to the fact that a Republican victory had been won in Rhode Island. We may add these particulars: Six years ago the Democrats carried Rhode Island by 1,560 plurality. Five years ago they carried it by 1,254 plurality; in 1893, they carried it by 185 plurality; in 1894, the Republicans carried it by 6,507 plurality; in 1895, the Republicans carried it by 10,809 plurality. Last week the Republicans carried it by 11,278 plurality in a total vote of about 50,000. It will be interesting to speculate as to what the plurality will be at the election this fall. This steady decline of the Democratic plurality and steady growth of the Republican plurality fairly reflect the sentiment of the people of the United States. This is the first State election occurring this year. Two other States hold elections before the national convention, Louisiana on April 20th and Oregon on June 1st. Neither of these, however, is a doubtful State, as Rhode Island is. Louisiana will, of course, go Democratic and Oregon Republican. But this election in Rhode Island, coming as it does in the opening days of the campaign, is most significant.

The New York *Tribune* recently made a canvass in Brooklyn to test the preference of the people there for the Presidential nomination. It has been said that business men—excluding manufacturers—are opposed to McKinley, fearing that his election might result in tariff changes. The *Tribune*, in order to test this, made its canvass almost entirely among merchants and tradesmen, avoiding manufacturers. Although New York is a Morton State, 59 out of the 97 business men spoke for McKinley for first choice. Morton was second with 21, Reed with 10, and Harrison with 7. It was made apparent by the *Tribune* test that business men are for protection as well as manufacturers.

Those who shout for Cuban intervention should pause and reflect. Behind intervention is always the shadow of annexation, and it would be a bad day for this republic when Cuba should be annexed. We have too many foreigners in our population now, and where they are concentrated they prove to be utterly indigestible. Witness New Mexico, the result of our last annexation. The people of that Territory are dominated by the Roman Catholic Church, which is to say that they are priest-ridden, ignorant, and too low in the scale of civilization for American citizenship. This the country recognizes, for, though New Mexico knocks at the door of the Union for admission, she knocks in vain. Cuba would be worse than New Mexico, since the population is largely negro as well as Roman Catholic. Our intervention would mean independence for Cuba, and nothing can be more certain than that independence would result in ultimate annexation. The United States has no room for more Roman Catholic additions.

The Army and Navy Republican League of the State of California held its annual meeting in San Francisco on Wednesday, April 8th. A resolution was introduced favoring the nomination of William McKinley for President. It caused a heated debate. But although the discussion was prolonged, it resulted in the passage of the resolution, which spoke in high terms of McKinley's character, and closed by saying: "He is the logical leader of the Republican party, and through him the country may be restored to that state of prosperity which was so long secured by the protective policy of the Republican party." The League will support the Republican nominee in any event. But that its preference for McKinley is marked is shown by this action.

Our recent remark to the effect that the American Line Steamship Company had better put wheels on its liors is again in order. Both the *New York* and the *St. Louis* have run aground in New York harbor in the last six weeks, and on Monday, the thirtieth of March, the steamship *Paris* ran aground a few hundred yards from the spot where her sister ship the *New York* was stranded some weeks ago. She remained aground all day, but was finally floated by wrecking-tugs, after discharging most of her coal and nearly all of her water ballast. The steamers of this line have met with all kinds of accidents during the last few years, from blowing out the cylinder-head and knocking a hole in the hull to losing the rudder. The latter accident has happened twice, in each case the steamer coming into port under steerage of her twin screws. Just previous to these steamers running ashore, they had an explosion aboard of one of them, killing several men. While not strictly believers in luck in seafaring matters, these continual accidents to the American Steamship Line seem not so much like bad luck as had discipline and bad management. A company which runs its steamers aground three times in six weeks is playing it a little too hard luck to be a good lior to travel on.

Another McKinley straw is shown by the action of the Republican State Convention of Oregon which met on the eighth of April. As we write, the convention has not agreed to regard to the currency question, although it is evident that Oregon sentiment leans much further toward a gold standard than California, which is rather odd, considering that California is a gold State and has a specific contract law or her hooks making gold the standard. But in regard to the Presidential office the convention is solid. The delegates will work and vote for William McKinley.

A BABBLING DOCTOR.

The Kitson-Playfair Slander Case—A Married Woman Sues a London Physician for Libel—He is Universally Condemned—Sixty Thousand Dollars' Damages.

No trial has excited so much attention for many years as the Kitson-Playfair slander case, which has just been decided in favor of Mrs. Kitson. The Court of the Queen's Bench Division has been crowded every day, and it is rarely that Mr. Justice Hawkins has had such a brilliant gathering in his court-room.

The action was brought for libel and slander. The plaintiff is Mrs. Arthur Kitson, sister-in-law of Sir James Kitson. The defendant is Dr. Playfair, a leading London physician, who is one of the West End favorites and a "big gun" in the medical profession. He is an obstetric specialist. With him is associated as defendant his wife, who is a sister to the plaintiff's husband.

The plaintiff's case briefly is this: She came from Australia in 1892, leaving her husband at Port Darwin. She became very ill, and her physician, Dr. Williams, called in consultation Dr. Playfair, the obstetric specialist. Mrs. Kitson submitted to an examination and also to an operation. The surgeon was Dr. Playfair. This was fourteen months after being apart from her husband. As a result of his examination, he became convinced that Mrs. Kitson was an unfaithful wife. She protested her innocence, and begged him to withdraw his charges. Dr. Playfair refused to do so unless she would say that her husband had been in England within a certain date. She was unable to do this. Thereupon Dr. Playfair denounced her to his wife as an adulteress. Sir James Kitson, her brother-in-law, at once cut off an allowance of five hundred pounds a year that he had made to her. She was socially ostracized, and in addition to her suffering from her illness, the poor woman was driven almost mad by the treatment of her former friends.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Kitson testified. She was very weak, and was allowed to be seated, remaining in the witness-box for about three hours. The ordeal was most painful, and her agitation was pitiable. Once or twice she was on the point of fainting, but was brought to by restoratives. She testified that she was married to Arthur Kitson in 1881; that her first child was born in June, 1882, her second child in 1884; and that she then became ill and was attended by a number of doctors. She left Australia on October 26, 1892, arriving in England on December 2, 1892. She suffered during all these months from the same complaint, and in January, 1894, she sent for Dr. Williams. He suggested that Dr. Playfair be consulted. Dr. Playfair suggested an operation, which took place on February 23, 1894. She testified that while she was partially recovering from the effects of chloroform, she heard a conversation between the doctors in which Dr. Playfair made accusations against her faithfulness as a wife. A correspondence then followed between Mrs. Kitson and Mrs. Playfair, in which the plaintiff begged for a suspension of judgment, but Mrs. Playfair adhered to her husband's opinion, and treated the unfortunate woman with the utmost scorn. It came out in the evidence that Arthur Kitson, the husband, was in financial straits in Australia, and was unable to help his wife, or even to come to England until quite recently, and that in order to bring this suit for the purpose of clearing her character, she had pawned her jewelry.

Arthur Kitson, the husband, stanchly upheld his wife in the suit, and believes in her entire innocence.

The defense of Dr. Playfair was peculiar. He did not plead the truth of his allegations against Mrs. Kitson's character, but maintained that his divulgence of the alleged facts to his wife was based upon his belief, and that he had a right to inform the members of his family of this belief in order to protect them from associating with a woman whom he considered to be an adulteress. Incidentally some expert evidence was given. Dr. Spencer, professor of midwifery and obstetric surgery, said he had made a special study of complaints peculiar to women. He had examined the plaintiff, and was of the opinion that the condition which necessitated the operation might have been due to other causes than those suggested by Dr. Playfair. Dr. Spencer's testimony, however, while going markedly in favor of Mrs. Kitson, did not form the pivot on which the issue directly revolved. The question was rather one of medical ethics than the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Kitson.

When the case was submitted, Mr. Justice Hawkins in his charge to the jury made plain what he thought of medical ethics. A number of prominent physicians had testified in Dr. Playfair's favor, among them Sir John Williams, one of the physicians to the royal family, and these gentlemen all declared that it was entirely within the discretion of any of the twenty thousand medical men in England to reveal professional secrets if they deemed it a duty for the protection of a wife or family. Justice Hawkins caustically reviewed the testimony of these physicians, and remarked that if such was their idea of medical ethics, it was necessary for people to be very careful in selecting their medical men. "Even," he said, "if a physician found it necessary to protect his family against a woman whom he knew to be unchaste instead of simply believing her to be so, there were many courses open other than that of betraying her to the world." The jury retired, and presently brought in the heaviest verdict ever rendered in England in a slander case. They awarded the plaintiff twelve thousand pounds, or sixty thousand dollars, in damages. The verdict was received with cheers in the court-room, which the judge did not attempt to suppress.

The case has attracted much attention in society owing to the high professional and social standing of Dr. Playfair, and the fact that all the parties are well known. But no one upholds him. The verdict of the jury was unanimous, and so is the verdict of the press and of the people. The verdict is accepted as showing the general opinion that a doctor

has no right to reveal a professional secret except for the purpose of preventing the commission of a serious crime. The assumption by physicians of the rôle of moral censor does not please the community. A doctor who has suspicions that a female patient has been unchaste must keep his inferences to himself. Even if they are not suspicions, but confirmations strong as holy writ, he had better keep them to himself. If he does not, judging from this verdict, it means—at least in England—social and professional ruin.

It is interesting to note how the jury arrived at the sum of twelve thousand pounds. They simply took the allowance of five hundred pounds, of which Dr. Playfair deprived Mrs. Kitson by his loose tongue, and capitalized it at three and one-half per cent., thereby giving the lump sum of twelve thousand pounds. While the verdict of the jury does not hinge upon the question of Mrs. Kitson's fidelity, it practically clears her of that charge. Dr. Playfair was being tried for a violation of medical ethics rather than Mrs. Kitson for a breach of the marriage bond. But the verdict has cleared Mrs. Kitson and ruined Dr. Playfair. It has been shown that English families have no use for babbling doctors.

LONDON, March 27, 1896.

OLD FAVORITES.

Brandy and Soda—After Swinburne.

To be read the day after.

Mine eyes to mine eyelids cling thickly;
My tongue feels a mouthful and more;
My senses are sluggish and sickly;
To live and to breathe is a bore.
My head weighs a ton and a quarter,
By pains and by pangs ever split,
Which manifold washings with water
Relieve not a bit.

My longings of thirst are unlawful,
And vain to console or control,
The aroma of coffee is awful,
Repulsive the sight of the roll.
I take my maternal journal,
And strive my dull wits to engage,
But can not endure the infernal
Sharp crack of its page.

What had luck my soul had bedeviled,
What demon of spleen and of spite,
That I rashly went forth, and I reveled
In riotous living last night?
Had the fumes of the goblet no odor
That well might repulse or restrain?
O insidious brandy-and-soda,
Our Lady of Pain.

Thou art golden of gleam as the summer
That smiled o'er a tropical sod,
O daughter of Bacchus, the hummer,
A foamer, a volatile tod!
But thy froth is a serpent that hisses,
And thy gold as a balefire doth shine,
And the lovers who rise from thy kisses
Can't walk a straight line.

I recall, with a flush and a flutter,
That orgie whose end is unknown;
Did they bear me to bed on a shutter,
Or did I reel home all alone?
Was I frequent in screams and in screeches?
Did I swear with a forced affright?
Did I perpetrate numerous speeches?
Did I get in a fight?

Of the secrets I treasure and prize most
Did I empty my bacchanal breast?
Did I button-hole men I despise most,
And frown upon those I like best?
Did I play the low farmer and funkey
With people I always ignore?
Did I caracole round like a monkey?
Did I sit on the floor?

O longing no research may satiate—
No aim to exhume what is hid!
For falsehood were vain to expatiate
On deeds more depraved than I did;
And though friendly faith I would flout not
On this it were rash to rely,
Since the friends who beheld me, I doubt not,
Were drunker than I.

Thou hast lured me to passionate pastime,
Dread goddess, whose smile is a snare!
Yet I swear thou dost tempt me the last time—
I swear it; I mean what I swear!
And thy beaker shall always forebode a
Disgust 'twere not wise to disdain,
O luxurious brandy-and-soda!
Our Lady of Pain.—Hugh Howard.

A correspondent of the New York Herald does not think much of "the terrible *machete*" as a weapon. He says that, according to official reports, not as many as three hundred Spaniards have been killed in the war in Cuba, and that, "with true bravery, a club would do better work." He also asserts that a few companies of Spanish cavalry use the *machete*, but that Spaniards, as a rule, prefer the sabre.

Hicksville, on Long Island, is protesting vigorously against an attempt to change its name to Waldorf—a new title, complimentary to William Waldorf Astor, suggested by a summer resident. The village gets its name from Elias Hicks, founder of the Hicksville branch of the Society of Friends and a descendant of the Hicks who settled on Long Island in 1642.

An old lady has just passed away in Paris who ascribes her remarkable longevity—she was in her one hundred and fourth year—to the fact that she scarcely ever touched solid meat, having lived chiefly on soup, dry toast, and wine. She was the Comtesse de Bar (*née* Louhens de Verdalle), and she was the oldest matron in Parisian society.

The death is recorded of "Old Hoss" McHenry, a celebrated Mississippi River steamboat mate, whose methods of dealing with roustabouts were such in the palmy days that the Tennessee Legislature is said to have enacted a special statute forbidding "Old Hoss" to strike a roustabout with his fist.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Commissioner Eva Booth's baptismal name is Evangeline. She was named after Loogfellow's heroine.

The late Lord Leighton's personal estate, appraised at two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, goes by will to his two sisters.

The Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn recently had four grandchildren born in one day. One of her daughters had a son, then another had a daughter, and finally a third had twins.

The Ameer of Afghanistan recently sent to Queen Victoria gifts valued at six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Miss Hamilton, the Englishwoman who became his court physician, assisted him in selecting the articles.

Dr. Jameson is still attracting much attention in London. Publishers' agents are on his track all the time, trying to get him to write a book, and an enterprising museum-manager has offered him a princely sum to exhibit for a week.

If Abdul Hamid Kahn, Sultan of Turkey, should lose his job, he could probably get work as a cowboy. He has a stable of two thousand horses, and he can break a dozen glass vases with a revolver while galloping past them.

Major-General A. D. McCook, retired, who is now in Paris, and Major George P. Scriven, Signal Corps, at present military *attaché* at the United States Legation in Rome, have been appointed by the Secretary of War to represent the United States at the coronation of the Czar.

Prince Krapotkin, revolutionary exile and nihilist, leads a patriarchal existence among the Kentish laborers with whom he has made his home. He has a kindly, thoughtful, bearded face, a figure bent with the "literary stoop," thin, nervous hands, and the courtesy to be found only in the best class of Russian society.

Worthington C. Ford, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Treasury, has been elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain. The only other Americans who have received a like honor are Messrs. Francis A. Walker, David A. Wells, Carroll D. Wright, Richmond Mayo Smith, and John S. Billings.

When Paderewski was a struggling music-teacher and got his first engagement to play in a fashionable salon for a fee of twenty dollars, the hostess, who was delighted at his playing, said to him, as he was about to leave: "You must allow me to send you home in my carriage." But Paderewski would stand no patronizing. "Madame," he replied, "my carriage is at the door."

It is said that the attentions of King Leopold of Belgium to Emilienne d'Aleçon and Mlle. de Merode, two notorious Parisian beauties whom he has sumptuously established in Brussels, drove his unhappy queen to attempt suicide. Moreover, she is terribly distressed by the knowledge that her husband has squandered in his Congo enterprise the entire fortune of his demented sister, ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico.

Dr. Carl Peters, whose name is prominent in Berlin just now, is a little knock-kneed man, with a gold *pin-nez* and a lisp. His father was a country pastor. He pretends to be a rabid anglophobe in all political questions; but he is fond of aping the English, especially in dress. Unquestionably he was the founder of German East Africa, and Bismarck treated him very badly. This was because Peters ventured to think himself a greater man than the chancellor's eldest son, Count Herbert.

Victor Hugo had an insane daughter, Adèle, who is still living in Paris. She eloped to India with an English officer, and was there married without the French legal formalities. Her wedded life was unhappy, and her mind gave way under her misfortunes. The husband died at Singapore about fifteen years ago. A family gathering was recently held in Paris to appoint a guardian for her in place of the late Auguste Vacquerie. The trust fell upon Victor Hugo's next surviving intimate, Paul Meurice, and at his death, Georges Hugo will succeed him.

The Duc d'Aumale the other day, in talking of the coming marriage of the second daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the son of Marshal MacMahon, said: "We have been forbidden to give our sons to the army, so we give our daughters." Marshal MacMahon, it is recalled, retired from the presidency so financially crippled that he had to sell half his town house; yet there was ninety thousand dollars then lying to his credit in the state treasury. He said Gambetta had got the money appropriated for presidential tours in the provinces merely as a sop, and as he had never toured the provinces except to fight the Republicans, he had no right to the money. A special enactment has been made to return the sum to the state.

The late Lady Burtoot, widow of the famous Orientalist and diplomat, Sir Richard Burtoot, had a most unhappy life. She was a very devout woman and adored her husband, but his translation of the "Arahian Nights' Entertainment" in all its original obscenity was a great sorrow to her. She herself made an expurgated edition of the work, and, after his death, which left her practically penniless, she would allow no more editions of the original to be printed. Among his effects, too, she found a translation of the "Garden of Iraj," a Persian book of stories similar to those of the "Arahian Nights," for which English publishers are said to have offered her from \$25,000 to \$50,000; but she resolutely burned the manuscripts. In her later years she lived on a pension of \$500 from the British civil list. She wrote a biography of her husband that has been compared to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and she successfully conducted a subscription to erect a suitable monument to him.

LITERARY NOTES.

Interesting Relics of Poe.

A remarkable collection of literary autographs and manuscripts is to be sold at auction in New York to-day. Its most attractive pieces are manuscripts of Poe—for Poe's manuscripts (says the *New York Times*) are scarce, and excite international competition; are full of strange revelations, and inflame the curiosity of psychologists; are artistic, and make invaluable pictures in frames under glass in book-lovers' libraries.

There are in this collection of Poe's caligraphy, in two quarto pages, a criticism of the work of William Gilmore Simms, which may be summarized in the line, "There is in his literary outputs a decided touch of the shabby gentler," vividly captivating to those who remember that in the "Literati" Simms is a man of genius; in one quarto page extracts of prose and verse from Bulwer's works, indorsed with pen-and-ink sketches; in two quarto pages an essay, "The Nucleus of Our Planet in a State of Igneous Liquefaction," the conclusion of which is as follows:

"The heat of the sun falling upon the surface is transmitted inward in virtue of the conducting power of the ground, and thus each summer a thin layer of elevated temperature moves inward, which heat accumulating at the centre has resulted in the igneous liquefaction of our nucleus, and which will result ultimately in the melting of the elements and in the passing away of the earth as a scroll."

Then comes, in eight pages quarto, a manuscript entitled "For *Graham's Magazine*. A Reviewer Reviewed." By Walter G. Bowen. It is a critical review of Poe's works, and praises them immensely by force of undeserved charges of plagiarism. The poet intended that Graham should publish this subtle laudation of his most valuable collaborator, but Graham returned it as unavailable.

Then there is, in eight stanzas, on both sides of one quarto page, a parody on "The Raven," which is more than a parody. As it is a poem by Poe which has never been printed, here it is, with its fanciful title:

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN,"

By Miss Harriet Winslow,
Author of "To the Unsatisfied"—"Why thus longing,
For forever sighing—for the far-off unattained and dim?"
Leave us not so dark uncertain! Lift again the fallen curtain!
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore!
Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visitor (sic) nocturnal.
Earnestly we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore.
Oh, then tell us something more!
Doth his shade thy floor still darken?—doth thou still despairing hearken
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting, when he answers "Nevermore?"
Tell me truly, I implore!
Knows he not the littlenesses that poor human nature presses?
Knows he never need of slumber fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating-drinking? Is he never caught in winking
When his demon eyes are sinking, deep into thy bosom's core.
Tell me this, if nothing more!
Is he, after all, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil"?
Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friends' meaning bore?
When thy sad tones were revealing, all the loneliness o'er thee stealing,
Did he not with fellow-feeling vow to leave thee nevermore?
Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He, too, may he inly praying—vainly, earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate beloved yet lost for evermore.
He hath dooned a suit of mourning, and all earthly comforts scorning,
Broods alone from night till morning. By the memories of Lenore,
Oh, renounce him nevermore.
Though he be a sahle brother, treat him kindly as another!
Ah, perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless hue he wore.
No such narrow prejudices, can he know whom love possesses.
Whom one spark of freedom blesses. Do not spurn him from thy door,
Lest Love enter nevermore.

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he brings some message
From that much-mourned matchless maiden—from that loved and lost Lenore.
In a pügrim's garb disguised, angels are hut seldom prized.
Of this fact at length advised, were it strange if he foresees
The false world for evermore!

Oh, thou ill-starred midnight ranger! dark, forlorn, mysterious stranger.
'Wildered wanderer from the eternal lightning on Time's stormy shore,
Tell us of that world of wonder—of that famed, unfading yonder.
Read—oh, read the veil asunder! Let our doubts and fears be o'er!
Doth he answer "Nevermore"?

There are the prospectus and memoranda for "The Living Writers of America," in eight quarto and folio pages, with observations like this, about magicians: "Tempted by high prices, men of genius contribute—good articles rejected—instance myself, Gold B., Raven, Vald. Case"; a criticism

of Thomas's books; a pathetic expression of pleasure at the prospect of obtaining a custom-house appointment: "I repeat that I would ask for nothing farther or better than a situation such as you mention. If the salary will barely enable me to live, I shall be content." There is a letter to a friend, as follows:

"I have left Philadelphia, and am living at present about five miles out of New York. For the last seven or eight months I have been playing hermit in earnest—nor have I seen a living soul out of my family—who are well and desire to be kindly remembered. When I say 'Well,' I only mean (as regards Virginia) as well as usual. Her health remains excessively precarious. . . . Thank God! Richard, whom you know, is himself again. Tell Dow so—that he won't believe it. . . . You believed Robert Tyler really wished to give me the post in the custom-house. This I also really think, and I am confirmed in the opinion that he could not at all time do as he wished in such matters by seeing Dann English at the head of the 'Aurora,' a bullet-headed and malicious villain who has brought more odium upon the administration than any fellow (of equal littleness)."

Poena, in this collection, consists of letters of Rosalie, his sister; of Neilson, his cousin; of a power of attorney for the publication of the poet's works by Maria Clemm; and of several other documents found in Poe's boxes after his death.

The Poet Laureate Once More.

As a labor of love, Alfred Austin has indited these lines to be put upon the tomb-stone of Capern, "the postmao poet":

O lark-like Poet! carol on,
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill!
We, in the heaven where you are gone,
Find you no more, but hear you still.

Even these pitiful lines have not escaped the jibes of the critics. They are described as a poor paraphrase of William Watson's homage to Tennyson at his death:

Who, far beyond our vision and our hail,
Is heard forever and is seen no more.

And they are compared with the laureate's predecessor's lines for the cenotaph of Sir John Franklin:

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
We, in the heaven where you are gone,
Find you no more, but hear you still.

The response of *Truth* to Austin's feeble quatrain is this:

TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

O lark-like Poet! said to state
Your muse has not "an unseen trill,"
Though you have soared so high of late,
'Tis our sad lot to hear you still.

An American Beauty in London.

Elizabeth Phipps Traio has followed up her novelette, "A Social Highwayman," which has been so successfully dramatized, by another and decidedly inferior work called "A Professional Beauty." The beauty is an American girl who is launched into London society by her worldly and scheming mother, and achieves a success. Titles are flung at her feet in profusion, but she loves an American lawyer, and says them all nay.

As in the other story, hypnotism plays a part—a robbery of valuable jewels being effected by its aid. The heroine is made to accomplish the theft while in a mesmeric trance, unconscious of her act. The story is badly constructed, this episode being thrust in without bearing or consequences. All the other incidents, as well as the characters, are of the most hackneyed description. The knowledge of English society displayed is of the kind to be derived from a persevering perusal of novels, and the book altogether is of a sensational order, aimed at those who relish a profuse supply of dukes, earls, barons, countesses, and ladyships.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Fraok Bailey Millard, literary editor of the *Sao Francisco Examiner*, has collected a number of short stories which he has contributed to the *Argonaut* and other journals, and they are to be issued in a volume entitled "A Pretty Boadit," simultaneously in New York and London, about the fifteenth of this month.

The rumor is bobbing up to the press that Rudyard Kipling is tiring of his Vermont home and contemplates going to England to live.

William Astor Chaoler, the young New Yorker of whose exploring expedition to north-eastern Africa Richard Harding Davis wrote in *Harper's* some three years ago, has completed his own narrative of his adventures. It will be published immediately by Macmillan & Co., under the title, "Through Jungle and Desert."

Mrs. E. Lyno Lyntoo, the novelist, gives the following contrast between the friendships of Dickens and Thackeray when a service was required of them:

"Dickens would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you, and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling, indecision, and hesitation in writing a two-line testimonial, but he would put his hand in his pocket, and give you a handful of gold and bank-notes if you wanted them."

To R. D. Blackmore is ascribed the story that "Lorna Doone" was offered unsuccessfully to eighteen publishers, and that when the nineteenth

brought it out, the book fell flat; but the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne at about this time gave the book a strange lift into popular favor. People thought "Lorna" might have something to do with "Lorne," bought the book, and liked it so well that they recommended it to their friends.

Under the title "An Ambassador of the Vanquished," the Macmillans will publish a translation of the work by Le Duc de Broglie on M. de Gontaut-Biron's mission to Berlin, translated, with notes, by Albert D. Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris."

There were eight hundred and sixteen works entered for the Chicago *Record's* prize competition, in which \$30,000 were to be awarded for "Stories of Mystery." The twelve successful competitors are:

Harry Stillwell Edwards, Macon, Ga., \$10,000; Bernard Edward Joseph Capes (English), \$3,000; Bert Leston Taylor and Alvin T. Thoits (collaborators), Manchester, N. H., \$1,500; William Augustine Leahy, Boston, \$1,000; Edward S. Ellis, \$300; Edith Bland (English) and Jesse C. Cowdrick, Odensburg, N. J., \$500 each; Thomas H. A. McGill, Denver, Col., \$500; John D. Parsons, Newburyport, Mass., and Frederick R. Burton, Yonkers, N. Y. (collaborators), \$500; Charlotte E. Abbott (English), Mary Lmlay Taylor, Washington, D. C., and Crittenden Marriott, Shelbyville, Ky., \$500 each.

Others whose stories are accepted at space rates, \$500 each, are:

William Sands Laurie, B. A. (English); Blanche Simmonds, Louisville, Ky.; Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley, Mass.; Belle Moses, New York city; Frederick W. Davis, Chelsea, Mass.; Edgar Pickering (English); E. H. Clough, Oakland, Cal.; Bessie E. Duffett (English); Jeanette H. Walworth, New York city; Amy Skene (English).

Mr. Clough, the only Californian on the list, is well known to the readers of the *Argonaut*, to which he has contributed a number of clever short stories.

Edward King, war correspondent and author of many books and poems, died at his home in New York a few days ago. Mr. King lived for many years in Paris, and his most notable works were on French topics and the characteristics and present condition of the Southern States.

Macmillan & Co. have just issued "Brother and Sister," comprising the letters that passed between Ernest Renan and his sister Henriette during the crucial period of Renan's life. The correspondence is preceded by an exact reproduction of the memoir of Henriette Renan, written by her brother for private distribution just after her death. Both memoir and letters are translated by Lady Mary Loyd.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe's second novel, "Robert Atterbury," has been issued in book-form by an Eastern publishing house. It oow appears as it was originally written, the serial publication in *Munsey's* having been materially curtailed.

Georg Ebers, who is one of the world's most profound Orientalists, besides being a celebrated novelist, is a recent convert to Buddhism.

The death of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," recalls the fact that to him in great measure Chicago owes her present public library. After the great fire of 1871, Mr. Hughes (who had visited Chicago the year before), by personal solicitation of English authors and the English universities, secured some seven thousand volumes, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, to form the nucleus of a public library for Chicago, and from that the present great institution has grown.

Macmillan & Co. have published the first volume of their new edition of Gibbo's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The work, which will be completed in seven volumes, is edited, with introduction, notes, appendices and index, by J. B. Bury, of Dublin University.

Mr. Lecky's new book, "Democracy and Liberty," contains a discussion of American democracy, and pays attention also to nationality as it is illustrated by this country.

We shall soon have a chance to see what the Scotch novelist can do off his native heath. The Rev. S. R. Crockett is going to write a novel about Holland, and has gone to that country to study local color.

Victor Hugo's unpublished correspondence, which is now being prepared for publication this summer, will be divided into five sections:

The first includes the letters written to the elder Hugo at Blois in 1820; the second is devoted to the poet's love-letters, those written before and just after his marriage; and the third will be filled with epistles to the "Academy of Floral Games." In the fourth section is the bulk of the correspondence referring to "Hernani," "Marion Delorme," and "Le Roi s'Amuse." Lastly, there are some letters to Lacretelle and Victor Pavie, with about fifty addressed to Sainte-Beuve.

It is asserted that the series "reads like a novel." An English translation will be published not long after the French edition.

A ninth volume will be added to the new edition of "Peppy's Diary," which Macmillan & Co. are publishing under the editorship of H. B. Wheatley, containing various appendices, additional illustrations, and a copious index. The seventh volume has just been issued.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"The Evolution of Woman."

A pretty Easter gift-book is called "The Evolution of Woman," and is illustrated by Harry Whitney McKivkar. It bears upon its cover and upon the title-page a triangular coat of arms something similar to that of the Isle of Man, but composed instead of three feminine legs with their trimmings. It is divided into skirt, bloomer, and breeches, and typifies apparently the three stages of feminine evolution. The book contains a number of illustrations by McKivkar, in the style which he has made familiar to us in the pages of *Life* and *Vogue*. These pictures are principally in black and white, but a number of them are in color, and they are quite clever. The illustrations are accompanied by some "verses," which are most certainly *vers d'occasion*. That they were written to order is very apparent, and one can almost see the writhing verse-writer upon the rack. They are of such extreme mediocrity that it is not surprising that the poet's name does not appear. He modestly hides his identity, and upon the title-page there figures only the name of the artist. We commend the poet for his modesty. As for the artist, he has done his work well. The book is amusing, and the illustrations are cleverly done.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

The Welsh Rabbit and the Gargoyle.

The little boy who hegged far

"A tale of animals and boys,
With guns, and fights, and lots of noise,"

must have been enchanted when the wonders of "Tommy Toddlers" were unrolled to his vision. The book, which is by Albert Lee, gives him all he asks for, with unnumbered joys besides, and is a most amusing bit of juvenile literature. It belongs to the school founded by Lewis Carroll, and has some of the delightful inconsequence of "Alice in Wonderland." The jokes, too, awaken slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory, as Julia Mills would say, and the Welsh Rabbit and the Gargoyle, the Thingumbob and It are very near of kin to the March Hare and the Cheshire Cat. But it is not given to every one to be entirely original, and the story is all the better for having a good model. It is very captivating in its drollery, and the little boys are to be envied who accompany Tommy on his travels with the woolly Sheep and the ex-Pirate, or who go on that strange journey with the animals in the ark. The numerous and clever illustrations by Peter S. Newell add not a little fun to the tale.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Brisk and Puzzling Romance.

In "Irralie's Bushranger," E. W. Hornung has contrived such a series of surprises that the most astute reader will find himself quite out of his reckoning. It is a very readable story of life in New South Wales, and it has an unconventional but very charming heroine who passes through some exciting adventures. These are concerned with Stingaree, the daring bushranger who plays Chopin and Mendelssohn divinely and boasts an Oxford career, and the new owner of the Arran Downs sheep station, the younger son of an earl and a recent arrival in Australia. Which is Fullarton and which is Stingaree—that is the question. When it is settled, well on into the story, we are hurried on, gasping with surprise, to new excitements.

The narrative is brisk, the little love idyl most romantic, and the touches of human nature deftly put in. So it is only a cavalier who will stop during the progress of the tale to question its probability.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

A Distasteful Book.

"The New Virtue," by Mrs. Oscar Berringer, is a book which is, from beginning to end, unwholesome in its tendencies and disingenuous in its aims. The theme is a young girl's development, and, like Sarah Grand, the author has much to say of the ignorance of girls, which is miscalculated innocence, and of the "barter of body and soul sanctioned by society." But the real purpose of the book is less to declaim against wrongs than to dwell on sickly emotions, impossible situations, and topics that are better left undiscussed. The peculiar situations in which this emotional mother and daughter find themselves are absurd and unnatural, and make very distasteful reading. Altogether, the book adds one more to the increasing number of those which had better never have been written.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Middle-Aged Lover.

"The Second Opportunity of Mr. Stapleburst," by W. Pett Ridge, is a clever little tale which calls to mind some of Mr. Anstey's whimsical fancies. Mr. Stapleburst is a successful novelist, a man in middle life who, in a moment of depression and discontent, sighs to be young again. His opportunity comes when the gods grant his request, and the story is given up to his second set of experi-

ences as a youth in the early twenties. Health and high spirits are his, together with the exhilaration of new-found youth. But the knowledge he has acquired of the pitfalls of life is of little use to him, and, with two love-affairs on his hands, he gets things into a sad muddle. In spite of pretty Kitty, so charming a girl that one regrets she is but the baseless fabric of a vision, he is glad to take up once more the burden of his years and his proper complement of legitimate cares. The story is brightly told, with many humorous touches, and the bits of characteristic London scenes are lightly sketched.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Miss Stuart's Legacy," an excellent story of Anglo-Indian life, by Mrs. F. A. Steel, has been issued in the Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Höher als die Kirche," by Wilhelmine von Hillern, edited for school use by F. A. Dauer, and, in the Germania Texts, edited by A. W. Spanhoof, Goethe's "Die Krönung Jusefs II.," Khull's "Meier Helmbrecht," and similar German essays, have been published by the American Book Company, New York.

The recent death of Bill Nye makes timely the appearance of "Bill Nye's Sparks" and "Nye and Riley's Wit and Humor" in Neely's Popular Library; in the same series are also issued "The Captain's Romance and Tales of the Backwoods," by Opie Read; and "The Spider of Truxillo," and other tales by Richard Henry Savage. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 25 cents each.

The latest issue in the Classics for Children Series is a Persian romance called "The Adventures of Hatim Tai," translated by Duncan Forbes and edited by William Rounseville Alger. It consists of seven connected tales similar in character to those in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and it makes an interesting volume for children as well as for students of Mohammedan literature. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

A brochure that will interest college men, especially those who claim Harvard as their *alma mater*, contains the "Lines Read at the Centennial Celebration of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard College" last year. The lines are by John T. Wheelwright, '76, and the illustrations are by F. G. Atwood, '78, together with earlier designs by Washington Allston, 1800, and J. G. Curtis, 1866. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Law's Lumber Room," by Francis Watt, is a book that will interest many who are not members of the legal profession. It contains a quantity of curious information regarding obsolete forms and customs of the English law, dug out of musty tomes and here held up for our inspection, with an occasional whimsically humorous comment. Among the topics which the author considers are benefit of clergy, *peine forte et dure*, fines and recoveries, the custom of the manor, deodands, the law of the forest, John Doe and Richard Roe, sanctuary, trial by ordeal, wager of battle, the press-gang, and sumptuary laws. Imported by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"The Jewish Scriptures," by Amos K. Fiske, is a consideration of the books of the Old Testament in the light of their origin and history. The author does not lay claim to profound erudition or original research; he aims simply to present to the general reader the results of the last thirty years' study by the great scholars of Europe on this subject. The topic is treated under two heads: first, considering "The Background of the Jewish Scriptures," he follows the history of the Jews and of Hebrew literature from legendary times to the Christian era; and then he takes up in turn each book of the Old Testament, and details its origin and mutations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"An Artist in the Himalayas," by A. D. McCormick, is a book written by a young Englishman who, after an unsuccessful attempt to live by his brush in London, accepted an offer to accompany an expedition into the Himalayas in the capacity of artist. The scientific history of the expedition has been written by others. Mr. McCormick has contented himself with recording with pen and pencil his impressions of the grand and beautiful scenes he saw on "the roof of the world," supplementing this with occasional entertaining narratives of adventures and encounters with the natives and incidents of camp life. The book contains more than one hundred illustrations after sketches made on the journey. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

Katharine Elwes Thomas, who has some years' experience as a newspaper correspondent in the national capital, has written a hand-book on "Official, Diplomatic, and Social Etiquette in Washington," for which Mrs. John A. Logan has written a brief introduction. If a princess of the English royal family has found it necessary to compile a book of instruction in matters of court

etiquette for the benefit of the New Peerage, surely such a book as this will be very useful to the wives and daughters of some backwoods Senators in Congress. The lady who writes it has had opportunity to learn the peculiar conventions of society in Washington, and she gives her readers the benefit of her knowledge on calls, cards, dinners, introductions, polite correspondence, official rank, forms of address, receptions, and the like. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

VERSES FROM NEW BOOKS.

Hereditry.

Why bowest thou, O soul of mine,
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers
As blossomed Aaron's rod.
No legacy of sin annals
Hereditry from God.

—Lydia Ann Cooley's "Under the Pines."

The Scarlet Tanager.

A flame, a wandering fire,
With wavering desire
From hough to bough,
Thou winged, wondrous thing!
Of glad, of golden spring
The soul art thou,
A flame, a wandering fire.

Thy strange, thy scarlet gleam
Will glisten through my dream
The living year;
O pure, O holy May!
O blithe, O blessed way
I travel here!

A flame, a wandering fire.

—William W. Newell's "Words for Music."

Eros in May.

Maybloom foameth pink and white
Applebloom hath purple light,
Butterflies have fairy flight,
Leaves dally in their young delight.

Goldencups with burnished boat
On billowy verdure blithely float,
In labyrinth's under, dim, remote,
Daisy and speedwell blend their fine
Trebles in the joy divine,
While yellow-dusted bees ham over
Honied purple of the clover.

Soft, fertile gold fills every flower,
Birds warble and pair in every bower;
We yield to Life's abounding power!
Now, or never, Love's full hour!

Laburnum burned in burning blue,
Windwaves o'er sheeny grasses flew;
No blossom was more fair than you;
Longing lips together grew!

—Hon. Roden Noel's "My Sea, and Other Poems."

Be Ye In Love With April-Tide.

Be ye in love with April-tide?

I' faith, in love am I!

For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis frost, and now 'tis flower,
And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed,
And now 'tis Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, O slower glide!

Still smile and frown, O sky!

Some beauty unforeseen I trace

In every change of Laura's face;—

Be ye in love with April-tide?

I' faith, in love am I!

—Clinton Scollard's "Hills of Song."

The Last Ditch.

Love, through your varied views on Art
Untiring have I followed you,
Content to know I had your heart
And was your Art-ideal, too;

As, dear, I was when first we met.

("Twas at the time you worshiped Leighton,
And were attempting to forget
Your Foster and your Noel Paton.)

"Loves rhymes with Art," said your dear voice,

And at my crude, uncultured age,
I could but blinshingly rejoice
That you had passed the Rubens stage.

When Madox Brown and Morris swayed
Your taste, did I not dress and look
Like any Middle Ages maid
In an illuminated book?

I wore strange garments, without shame,
Of formless form and toneless tones,
I might have stepped out of the frame
Of a Rossetti or Burne-Jones.

I stole soft frills from Marcus Stone,
My waist wore Herkomer's disguise,
My slender purse was strained, I own,
But—my silk lay as Sargent's lies.

And when you were abroad—in Prague—

'Mid Cheret's I had shone, a star;
Then for your sake I grew as vague
As Mr. Whistler's ladies are.

But now at last you sue in vain,

For here a life's submission ends;
Not e'en for you will I grow plain
As Ambrey Beardsley's "lady friends."

Here I renounce your hand—unless

You find your Art-ideal elsewhere;
I will not wear the kind of dress

That Laurence Housman's people wear!

—E. Nesbit's "A Remander of Verses."

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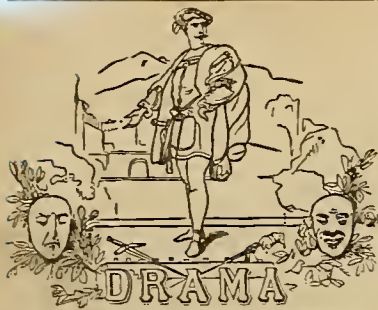
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There have been some severe things said lately in this column about the drama in New York. This embittering of natural affection and admiration rose from the fact that New York has been dumping out upon the unprotected West its dramatic refuse. Shows that the gorge of the Bowery would once have risen at, came out here and were panned off upon us as first-class. When we protested, we were told that this was the sort of thing they liked in New York; and did we here, clinging to the edge of all things by our teeth and finger-nails, pretend to know more than they did in the metropolis?

It is hard to have opinions anyway, and it is particularly hard to have them all by one's self. Most of the people in the world are the dumb, driven cattle variety, and think what they are told to think. To have an opinion is to be somebody. To have an opinion which is the direct opposite of the prevailing opinion is to be remarkable. Hence when everybody was saying that the shows that came from New York were approved there by the highest intelligences, one could only say to one's self in a dejected aside: "Am I losing my powers of discrimination living out here, or are they losing theirs living back there? There is something rotten in the state of Denmark somewhere."

Mr. Mayo and his play came like a ray of illuminating light. They do like good things in New York, and they can now add them send us one. They have not lost the art of making plays and growing actors there. There are still people who know a drama when they see it, and can tell a player from a trick-monkey. It is a great relief to feel sure of these things. And we ought to tell Mr. Mayo in advance that the shock of joyous surprise at seeing him as Pudd'nhead Wilson may make us go too far in our admiration, and hail him as an American Salvini and a modern Shakespeare.

But it is so good to see a real play with a real actor in it! And, still further, it is so good to know that both the play and the actor are American. Mr. Mayo may not know it, but the combination of so much that is good is so rare out here that we feel it to be a sort of gala occasion and that they ought to have put up some arches on Market Street and flung out a few banners across Kearny Street. If they only knew, back there in the cultured East, how we have hungered and thirsted for something of this kind!—a story to engross our interest and appeal to our sympathies, an actor who can speak our language as we are accustomed to hearing it spoken, and who can portray to our understanding a type from that vast gallery of ours, that stretches from ocean to ocean, from Mexico to Canada.

If "Pudd'nhead Wilson" were not half so interesting as it happens to be, it would still engross by reason of its racy Americanism. This is what we want on the stage—our country, our people, our life. We are sick to death of these English plays, with their allusions to a life we know nothing of, and their plots turning on a condition of society and a point of view that are alien to ours. We are growing to abhor the French drama, with its ever droning repetition on the old three-cornered love-story. We want our own people—our kin, who, born under the shadow of the same flag, are yet strange to us. We want to know the other members of the great family to which we belong, the brothers we have never seen.

When it does raise its head, timidly and warily, from its seclusion, the American play is a product worthy of its home. Such drama as has been produced is an honest drama, animated by an honest spirit. The native play is clean and wholesome. It is a truthful play, trying to paint truthfully life as it is. It gives us no overdrawn, overcolored representation. Its main lack is, in fact, a paucity of imagination, a sort of dryness of idea. In Europe a man like Harrigan, showing the talent he has shown for representing a phase of local life, would have been encouraged and trained and fostered into a dramatic liminary. It was the fault of the people, who were not sufficiently advanced and intelligent to realize the talent of Harrigan, that his promise as a playwright was never fulfilled, and that he expended his rich and splendid endowment on the writing of humorous fragments.

Until lately the American people have been apathetic about native plays. The managers, who preferred taking a drama that had been "tried on the dog" in Europe, told their audiences that it was the foreign pieces that suited their taste, and, like submissive, well-trained children, the audiences acquiesced. Now they have had a little taste, and a very nice one, of the domestic article, and they are slowly waking to the realization that they like

it better than the other. But the manager, who is naturally a careful creature and looks well to his own purse, is afraid to take the risk of the untold play, and still adheres to his old plan of buying the article that has already suffered the test of French or English approval. But he overlooks the fact that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison, and that we on this side of the pond do not always think on the same lines as our cousins on the other. In consequence of which error, one of the Frohman companies in New York—a company which rarely produces an American play—has this season registered five failures.

Besides its honest Americanism, "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has that most fascinating attribute, a good story. Plays on problems and plays with great characters for stars are all very well in their way, but to the person who takes his theatre in the right spirit, who looks at the stage as William Shakespeare did, the real thing is a play with a story, a plot that gets unwound, and when it is unwound, stops. This is emphatically possessed by "Pudd'nhead Wilson." The story is exciting, unusual—and, oh, rare and radiant attribute!—keeps its climax to the close. The heart is only pulled out of its mystery a moment before the drop falls. In its fresh, spontaneous realism, one feels sure that the rascally Tom is to be punished, and the down-trodden, but virtuous Chambers uplifted. The audience are in the secret. They, and they only, saw Roxy change the coral necklace, which made so vast a difference in the destinies of the two babies. They know all along that Tom is the base-born offspring of degradation and sin, inheriting from forebears, in whom the dusky strain grew fainter and fainter with each generation's acquiescence in a brutalizing system, all the mean and despicable qualities bred by slavery. They see in Chambers the ingrained fineness of those who come "of a Kent house," albeit obscured by the spiritless humility of the slave.

But the real character of the piece is Pudd'nhead himself. It is the man as Mark Twain drew him, but made living by the skill of the actor. That Mr. Mayo, at his age, could so infuse life and color into the novelist's hero is proof of the theory that the brain which is constantly in use is the brain which retains its healthful vigor to the end of life. Pudd'nhead was a clever creation in the hands of Mark Twain; in the hands of Mark Twain and Frank Mayo, he becomes a human being. He is a complex one, too. It would have been a simple matter to make him the dry, crisp-witted, slow-tongued philosopher of a Missouri country town. It would also have been easy to accentuate the child-like, simple, sweet-humored side of him, make a kind, lovable, foolish, old dear of him. But he was not all that either, though a leaven of the sort was strong in him.

Mr. Mayo has shown the complexities of a real character. He is the old man with his fad for the thumb impressions, a fad which has become a passion. He is the old man with a shrewd philosophy that breaks out in dryly humorous comment. He is the old man whose sad and disappointed eyes have seen into the heart of many things; in their clear-sighted, quiet honesty have penetrated to the root of shams; have looked through the husk of hypocrisy to the dark soul working within. He is, too, the old man who is sensitive, timid about himself, has felt—though no one ever guessed it—the keen realization of his failure, of how the world has called him "Pudd'nhead," and he has never been able to show it that it has valued him wroogly. He is the old man with a kind and trusting nature, who can hardly believe that Tom Driscoll is the scoundrel he fears him to be, and yet the clear brain hidden behind the slow-voiced phlegm of Pudd'nhead's general address has pierced the mystery that baffles the wise men of Dawson's Landing.

Roxy is the most prominent of the women. There was about her in the book a sort of barbaric majesty. She was a splendid, semi-tropical creature, with the ferocious maternal instinct of a feline. The play makes her a less dominating personality, but a figure of importance, nevertheless. Miss Moretti's idea of a one-sixteenth negress, a woman who might have been yellow-haired and ivory-skinned, is the general public's idea of a mulatto. Roxy was probably dark, but her negro dialect and her negro walk would have done credit to an "auntie" as black as the ace of spades. It is all the more incongruous when, in the prologue, she comes on in a modish yellow muslin gown, with her waist laced down to a size that would create a sensation on Kearny Street.

As "Pudd'nhead" is to stay at the Columbia for two weeks, one is not too late to urge and beg and beseech of the company to speak more clearly. Either the acoustics of the Columbia Theatre are as bad as possible, or the members of Mr. Mayo's company articulate horribly. Certainly, on Monday night, those sitting in the dress-circle just under the edge of the balcony lost almost every word of the prologue, and only began to hear comfortably in the second act. The Southern accent and the negro dialect seem to be too much for the company. They are worsted in the struggle with these unfamiliar vagaries of the American tongue, and until they get more at home with them, the audience are advised to buy seats in the front.



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STAGE GOSSIP.

Richard Mansfield at the Baldwin.

James O'Neill will repeat "Monte Cristo" at the Baldwin Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and this afternoon and to-morrow night he will present "The Courier of Lyons," his version of the French play from which Henry Irving took his "Lyons Mail."

Richard Mansfield begins a three weeks' engagement at this theatre on Monday night. He will appear in "Beau Brummell" all the first week. He has such an extended repertoire of plays that it may seem an undue proportion to give one-third of his time to this exquisite of the eighteenth century; but the receipts at the box-office are a safe gauge of a play's popularity, and "Beau Brummell's" success is Mr. Mansfield's reason for giving it such prominence.

In his second week, Mr. Mansfield will present three plays—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Prince Karl," and "The Story of Rodion, the Student." This last is new to us and has been highly commended as a strong play, with a rôle particularly suited to Mr. Mansfield. It is a dramatization of the powerful Russian novel, "Crime and Punishment," in which is shown the growing remorse of a poor student who murders an old woman for her money.

The New Spectacle at the Tivoli.

"Blue Beard," the new burlesque at the Tivoli Opera House, is produced on a very lavish scale. In point of scenery and costumes, the management has outdone any of its previous efforts, and the dialogue is crisp, if slangy, and the music, consisting largely of the popular songs of the day, lively and catching. The list of specialties is unusually long. Gilbert and Goldie have an Irish-team scene; Carrie Roma and Ferris Hartman do a lightning-change act, and Miss Roma sings a song as the male half of a "tough couple"; there are a number of ballets; and between the second and third acts a graceful young woman dances *à la Loie Fuller* on a darkened stage, her whirling draperies describing beautiful curves in multi-colored lights.

Ferris Hartman is the leading comedian of the cast, and Thomas C. Leary, W. H. West as Sister Anne, and even Raffael in the title-rôle contribute to the fun. The new soprano, Gertrude Aylward, is very English: she has a small voice, which she handles fairly well, and she perpetually wears the smile of a pleased child, such as invariably settles on the faces of English burlesque actresses after a certain period. These two qualities enable her to fill the rôle of Fatima to the entire satisfaction of her new auditors.

"Blue Beard" will be continued next week, and apparently for some time longer. The next piece will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with music by Harrison Millard.

Crowded Houses at the Columbia.

Frank Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has brought a constant line of ticket-buyers to the Columbia Theatre box-office this week that must have been very gratifying to the management. There is something in the Californian's nature that puts him in thorough sympathy with the Missourian Mark Twain has created, and it is safe to predict crowded houses for all of next week—the second and last of Mr. Mayo's engagement at the Columbia.

Following him comes Ezra Kendall, a comedian who is well-known throughout the country. His engagement is for one week only.

The New People at the Grand.

Two notable acquisitions to the stock company at Morosco's Grand Opera House have been made in the persons of Miss Lisle Leigh and Hugh Ward. They made their first appearance this week in "Doris," an emotional drama in which Effie Ellsler followed her great success in "Hazel Kirke." The leading rôle, Doris Vane, calls for much the same qualities in an actress as did Hazel, and these Miss Leigh possesses in a notable degree, the expression of repressed emotion being her forte. Mr. Ward has the part of a quick-witted, warm-hearted Irish doctor, and his impersonation of it has insured his popularity with the patrons of the house.

Next week the dramatic version of Jules Verne's romantic story, "Michael Strogoff," will be revived. It has not been seen here in many years, but it was very successful all over the country, a dozen years ago, and it has the same claims for lasting popularity as "Monte Cristo."

Dailey in "The Night Clerk."

"The Night Clerk," Peter F. Dailey's new farce-comedy, now at the California Theatre, has even less story than most of its kind, but it keeps the noted "jollier" on the stage almost all the time, and that is what the patrons of farce-comedy want. He is the scapegoat son of a wealthy man, and spends his time "buncoing" John Sparks out of fabulous sums, having fun with his chum, a dude of the type that exists only in the comic weeklies, and generally enjoying life as it is conceived by the class who call themselves men-about-town. The scenes are laid in his bachelor apartment, in a "tenderloin" police station, and in the office of a

new hotel. Other members of the company are John Sparks as a shrewd Irishman who has made money; Jennie Yeamans as an actress—rather vulgar in her dancing, but clever in her impersonation of a debutante; Raymond Hitchcock as Lord Willie Wilt; the Olympic Quartet in their perennial drill and "Annie Laurie"; and a lot of minor persons, chiefly singing and dancing young women.

"The Night Clerk" will be continued all next week, and on Monday, April 20th, Roland Reed begins a fortnight's engagement.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

The five concerts of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, of Salt Lake City, will be given at Metropolitan Temple next week, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, the last being a sacred concert. The choir consists of one hundred and seventy-five voices, including fifty sopranos, forty altos, forty tenors, and forty-five basses, and there are fifteen solo singers and six instrumentalists with them. The leader is Evan Stephens, a young Welsh-American, who has just been honored with an invitation to act as head adjudicator at the great Pennsylvania Eisteddfod this year. The choir has accumulated a very large repertoire during the forty-odd years of its organization, and these concerts have proved extremely popular wherever they have been given.

Notes.

Sydney Grundy's new play, "The Late Mr. Costello," will be in the repertoire of the Empire Theatre Stock Company when it comes to the Baldwin.

After "The Night Clerk" at the California Theatre come Roland Reed, Primrose and West's Minstrels, "A Trip to Chinatown" on its way to Australia, and Robert Mantell.

The company of amateurs consisting of Stanford students, who are to give "Said Pasha" at Palo Alto next week, may repeat the performance at the Columbia later in the season.

Edith Kingsley, who comes to the Columbia with Ezra Kendall, week after next, not only sings ballads, but composes them. She tried her penitence hand at such work by writing political songs in the last Presidential excitement.

There are a number of actors and actresses well known to San Franciscans in Richard Mansfield's company, including Beatrice Cameron, Eleanor Carey, Johnstone Bennett, Jennie Eustace, D. H. Harkins, and Orrin Johnson.

Roland Reed, in his new play, "The Politician; or, The Woman's Plank," has the rôle of a peaceable man who is plunged into the political caldron through the machinations of a political worker, aided by the ambitions of his womenfolk. The late David L. Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld wrote the play.

It is announced that Kathryn Kidder will commence her annual tour next fall at the Baldwin. She will appear in "Mme. Sans-Gêne." The play came out on the crest of the Napoleonic wave, and to that fact and to Réjane's clever creation of the washerwoman duchess, it owed much of the popularity that brought it from Paris to London and New York. But Sardou wrote it, and it can not be bad.

A testimonial concert will be given to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr by her many friends on April 30th at 8:15 P. M., in Golden Gate Hall. The tickets are on sale at Sherman & Clay's. The programme will be a varied one, as many of Mrs. Carr's colleagues have come forward and offered their services—among others, a double quartet from the Loring Club, Mr. Willis E. Batchelder, Mr. Beel, Mr. Jaulus, and many others.

The new slang phrase, "just tell them that you saw me," owes its origin to a song one of the girls in "The Night Clerk" is singing at the California. In the song, it is the message a sinning sister sends to the old folks in her country home, but the song grew so familiar that the phrase got into the slang of the day, and is now used in taunting farewell by one who has vanquished another in a fight, at poker, and so on.

Miss Carrie Bowes, who left San Francisco when thirteen years old to study the piano in Germany, will give a concert at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 16th. She was the youngest of ten pupils selected out of seventy applicants for admission to the Royal High School, and she studied there under Professor Heinrich Barth, securing a free scholarship. She has since appeared successfully in concert in Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and other German musical centres. A notable number of the programme for Thursday's concert will be Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," with full orchestral accompaniment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday on Friday, April 4th, and all day long she was constantly receiving congratulations and expressions of good-will, personally from her friends in San Francisco and by mail and telegraph from those in distant lands. She was an actress by inheritance, and made her first appearance on the stage while yet a child. She played with Macready and the clover Booth, and her first appearance in

California was in 1854, at the old Metropolitan. Later she was a member of the famous old California stock company, but for many years she has lived in retirement. One of her most noted impersonations was that of the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet."

The sale at public auction of thirty-seven lots constituting the entire block bounded by McAllister, Baker, and Lyon Streets and Golden Gate Avenue, will afford an unusually good opportunity for investment. The property is admirably located, the streets are sewered, and the sidewalks are laid in stone. The sale will be conducted by Messrs. Baldwin & Hammond, acting under instructions of the owner, Mr. A. B. McCreery, and will take place next Thursday, April 16th, at twelve o'clock, noon. The terms are one-quarter cash, and the remainder in one, two, and three years.

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VANITY FAIR.

There is going to be a vast influx of strangers into Russia this year, many of them Americans, to attend the coronation of the Czar. It is going to be gorgeous. The coronation ceremonies of Alexander the Second cost \$12,000,000. Alexander the Third spent \$10,000,000. Czar Nicholas the Second expects to spend in the five hours' ceremony \$20,000,000, or more than \$1,000 a second for placing two crowns on the heads of two young persons. One hundred and fifty thousand troops will be mobilized for the ceremony; fifty thousand soldiers will be used to guard the railway route of the emperor and empress from their winter home to the Moscow citadel. The remaining one hundred thousand soldiers will be concentrated in and around Moscow, guarding every highway, watching every street, and forming double walls of armed men between which the Czar and Czarina and their glittering pageant will proceed through the Gate of the Redeemer to the Empress Katharine apartments in the Kremlin. A procession of grand dukes and grand duchesses, generals, and admirals will march to the throne-room to see the Czar and Czarina ascend the throne, which has just been re-cannopied at an expense of \$750,000. The imperial pair will leave the throne escorted by a guard of generals, and will go to the cathedral, where they will take their places on the newly gemmed throne. The Metropolitans of Novgorod, Moscow, and Kieff will attend them. Members of the diplomatic corps will have seats provided at a respectful distance, while foreign royal princes and members of the imperial Russian family will gather at a balustrade which sets off the throne from the rest of the church. After the religious ceremonies, which will last an hour, the high court officials will assist the Czar to put on his ermine mantle and his great chain with the cross of St. Andrew, and will hand him the sceptre and the imperial sphere. The Czar will take his crown and place it on his head, and then will place the Czarina's crown on her head. He will be anointed by the Metropolitan of Moscow, will kiss the Bible, and will take communion. Immediately after the ceremony the imperial banquet will begin. This will cost \$2,500,000, much of it for new gold table service. There are to be two hundred cooks, with fifteen hundred assistants. There will be no waiters; the imperial couple will be waited upon by generals of the army, while the high clergy and imperial princes will be served by officers of lesser rank. The delegations from foreign countries will number two thousand five hundred members. The delegations from all parts of Russia will number fifty thousand. The foreign princes, royal and otherwise, will number about two hundred. Moscow will be crowded. The hotels have had no rooms to let since the first of January. The number of visitors will exceed three hundred thousand, and some think half a million. It is said in the New York papers that Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are going to Moscow for the imperial coronation. They have wealth at their command, but they will require powerful influence as well to secure favorable views of the gorgeous ceremonial at Moscow. People of wealth will be very numerous there, and even the possessors of both titles and wealth will find it difficult to gain admittance to some of the desired places.

Among the notabilities in Paris recently was the Prince of Wales, who called upon President and Mme. Faure, and who showed a marked interest in the horseless carriages. Another was the Grand Duke Alexis, who also visited the president. Two notable visitors are the Archduke and Archduchess of Austria. The archduke is an elder brother of the Queen-Regent of Spain. He has a large family—nine children—all girls. His wife, the archduchess, is not of royal rank, and the emperor for a long time hesitated to consent to the marriage. She is the daughter of a mere Belgian nobleman, the Prince of Croÿ-Dulmen. The family is an old one, and related to many of the highest of the French aristocracy. But they would not permit the match to take place until Princess Isabella obtained full recognition as an archduchess, and so at length the emperor gave his permission. She is a very beautiful woman, and attracts much attention in Paris.

Members of ladies' clubs in this country will be interested in some of the details of a London ladies' club which is called the "Green Park Club." It is in its third year, and is situated at No. 10 Grafton Street, near Bond Street, two doors from the Grafton Galleries. The qualifications for membership are peculiar. The club-book says: "No lady is eligible who has been, or would probably be, excluded from attending her majesty's drawing-rooms." Upon the form for admission there is not only a blank for the name of the candidate, but a blank stating whose daughter she is and what her father's profession was, and, if married, whose wife she is and what her husband's profession. The daughter of a father who was a tradesman cannot be admitted. Among other items of interest in the rules, we note that "any member who has, in the opinion of the committee, willfully given

a wrong impression as to her place of residence, must be forced to resign." This apparently dark threat is in reality quite innocent. It means that ladies residing within the four-mile cab radius who put themselves down as living outside that radius are admitted on half subscription as country members. Another regulation which will strike some club members as odd is this: "No member shall, on any account, permit a friend she introduces to the club to pay for anything that is supplied in the club premises." There is some doubt as to the members' credit, as is evident from this rule: "Members shall pay their bills for every expense which they incur in the club-house before they leave the premises, and no accounts shall be opened or credit allowed to any member." In men's clubs, as a rule, everything is supplied on credit.

As to charges in this lady's club, we note that "tea and cake, bread and butter, and cream are supplied at sixpence"; a table d'hôte dinner at three and six, or say eighty-seven cents, and luncheon at two shillings, or say fifty cents. There are also meals à la carte. "The charge for bedrooms will be five shillings per night; eight shillings for a room with two beds." This also is unusual. We do not suppose there are two beds in any man's club in the world. "These charges will be increased two and six pence per night during the months of May, June, and July," which is the height of the London season. Another rule is: "Neither children nor dogs may be taken into the club-rooms." But the rule which will attract the most attention is: "No smoking is allowed in the club; cards and other games allowed, but no playing for money." This gives an idea of how "advanced" the London ladies are. There is no doubt as to the swell character of the membership, for we note that the president is Lady Augusta Spencer Churchill, while on the committee of governors—do they call them "governesses"?—are Lady Alfred Fitzroy, the Viscountess Glenworth, Lady Barnby, Lady Blomfield, and H. H. The Ranees of Sarawak. Among other notable members are H. R. H. Princess Christian, H. H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Florence Duncombe, and the Countess of Radnor. The despised male sex are not allowed in the club except under certain conditions. In the coffee-room, "members may receive gentlemen guests at luncheon, tea, or dinner." There are entertainments given every fortnight during the season, at which members "have the privilege of inviting one gentleman free of charge."

For a number of months the New York Herald has been publishing letters in response to the question "How far may a woman go to encourage a man to propose marriage?" A prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best letter. Over four thousand letters were received. The Herald has just awarded the prize to a letter signed "Becky Sharp," who turned out to be Mrs. James Gilmour, of Brooklyn. The chief points in her letter are as follows: "Select the man on whom you intend to bestow the privilege of your attention. In your after companionship with him never compromise yourself by any indecorousness. Seek his society in such a manner that he is not cognizant of being sought after; be bright and cheerful in his presence, sympathize with him in his troubles, stimulate him to best efforts in his business affairs. Dress becomingly for him, but never gaudily. When he is absent from you, write him a few interesting, chatty letters. Above all, prove yourself a good listener. Do not always agree with him; it is sometimes wiser to agree to disagree. Draw the line at promiscuous osculation. You might vouchsafe him just one kiss—some night at parting. But if he attempts to return it, do not permit it. If you have a spark of wit in your nature, you ought by this time to have made yourself so necessary to his existence that he will miss you sadly when absent." Mrs. Gilmour, who, much to her astonishment, won the prize, vigorously resents the accusation that she proposed to her husband. She says that she was wooed and won in the usual manner.

On the Mediterranean shores this winter, there are four empresses—Eugénie, ex-Empress of France, Elizabeth of Austria, Victoria of Great Britain, and the widowed Empress of Russia. The Emperor of Austria is also there. He has been hobnobbing with President Faure at Nice, where he gave the ex-tanner the order of St. Stephen. Russian grand dukes, Austrian archdukes, German, Swedish, and Spanish princes and princesses of the blood are as thick as flies along the Riviera. The German emperor is also cruising along the coast, and is expected to appear at Nice, although his arrival is not looked forward to with any great degree of pleasure, as his peculiarities are such that he is a very disagreeable imperial personage. One of the most unhappy princes there is the husband of the Queen of Madagascar, who differs from the rest in that he went to France against his will, and is going to spend the rest of his days in Algeria in captivity.

There is a club in Philadelphia called the "Clover Club," which is noted all over the country for its banquets, and for the fact that members are

constantly interrupting oratorical guests by remarks of a more or less witty nature. We have never looked upon the Clover Club as being quite worthy of all the fame which it has acquired, and judging from a paragraph we find in the Philadelphia Times, we are inclined to think that we are right. This paper says that at the Clover Club, recently, they had been putting labels on the champagne bottles, such as "Keep off," or "Don't touch this champagne," for prudential reasons. It seems that every man is expected to order his own wine, but strangers not being familiar with this rule have frequently seized upon adjacent bottles and helped themselves. There are many men in San Francisco who will recall similar experiences in certain clubs here. There are clubs where the wine is made part of the dinner subscription, and there are others where only the dinner itself is put down in the subscription, and wine is ordered as a separate affair. At such dinners as these it has not been uncommon for a man to order a bottle of champagne for himself and the friend or guest seated next him, and has found, through the stupidity of the waiters, that his wine has been passed down the table, sometimes to be consumed by total strangers. The feelings of a man who has had a tablespoonful from his own bottle poured into his glass, then served to his friend upon his right, and then seen the bottle take up a voyage down the table to that bourn from which no bottle ever returns—these feelings would be difficult to set down in black and white.

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STORYTELLERS.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some years ago, a lawyer at Chillicothe, Mo., received a collection from Iowa against a man who had been dead for some time. He returned the collection with the following advice: "— is dead and in h—l, and as Iowa is nearer that place than Missouri, you had better bring suit in Iowa."

Some visitors going through a country jail, under the escort of the chief warden, came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly responded the chief warden.

The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, was a sculptor, musician, orator, society man, and he spoke four languages, but he had excellent reason to dislike Whistler. It seems the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" had listened patiently to a friend's recital of all Leighton's gifts and accomplishments, and capped the list with the remark, in his inimitable, strident drawl: "Ye-es; he paints a little, too, doesn't he?"

"Max O'Rell" tells this story in the course of a paper on "Peculiar Children": "A boy, translating at sight in class, came across the phrase, 'Calmevous, monsieur.' He naturally translated this by 'Calm yourself, sir.' I said to him: 'Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial? For instance, what would you say yourself in a like case?' The boy reflected a few seconds and said: 'Keep your hair on, old man.'"

Count d'Orsay one morning met Major Crauford, who made a dismal disclosure of his financial embarrassments and announced his intention of selling his commission and using the proceeds to pay his debts. The count interrupted him with the seemingly heartless request: "Then lend me ten pounds out of it." The major complied sullenly, but next morning the count burst into his rooms, and emptied out from his pockets upon the table seven hundred and fifty pounds in notes and gold. "I staked your ten pounds at Crockford's," he explained, "and won this, which is justly yours, for if I had lost, you never would have got back your loan."

In an Indianapolis church, the reading platform is adorned by a remarkably beautiful pulpit, which is almost the "graven image" in the eyes of the association of church-women who earned and purchased the pulpit furnishings. Recently a new minister came into charge of the congregation. He was a little fellow, and one day casually remarked to one of his feminine church members: "Mrs. Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high for me; I think it had better be cut down a trifle." "Cut down?" the horrified woman exclaimed; "cut that pulpit down? No, indeed; it would ruin it; it would be much easier to get a taller preacher."

Governor Mattox, of Vermont, was at one time chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia County. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him. "Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge. "I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox. "Important question," said the judge; "and what was his reply?" "He made it without the least hesitation," said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye; "of course that fact is in his favor." "Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, with some impatience. "He said," returned the chairman, "that he didn't know."

A Chicago minister recently preached a sermon on God's tender wisdom in caring for all, and illustrated his point by saying that He knows which of us grows best in the sunlight and which must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," he said, "and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up to him, her face glowing with pleasure. "Oh, doctor, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. His heart glowed for a moment—only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."

A highwayman, named Boulter, who was hanged in 1778, once met a young woman weeping as he was riding on horseback. Learning that her distress was caused by the presence of a creditor and a bailiff in a neighboring house to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas, the highwayman gave her money to pay the debt. Then when the creditor came along the road, he took back the thirty guineas and rode off, much pleased with his inexpensive charity. On another

occasion this same highwayman was "bluffed" by an imperious, rough nobleman, who was also deaf. Lord O—, the nobleman, while traveling in his post-chaise, was roused from a nap by the stopping of the carriage. Seeing a man on horseback, pistol in hand, the nobleman angrily asked: "What do you want?" "Money, my lord," answered the man. "What money? Are you the rascal who has just awoke me so suddenly?" "Be quick, my lord! I've no time to lose; hand over your purse." "My purse! You shall not have it. You carry on a fine trade, don't you?" Lord O— then quietly pulled out a full purse, and with his finger and thumb deliberately took out three guineas, which he handed to the highwayman, saying, "There, that's enough for a scoundrel like you. I hope I may live to see you hanged." The robber was so surprised by the nobleman's indifference that he did not insist in this demand of the purse.

BUILT FOR TWO.

A Tale of a Tandem.

ANNETTE—I'm sure, this machine does not run as easily as it used to do!

FRANCIS—That's because we are married. [Remembers, after they were engaged, how he used to exhaust himself to the point of death going up-hill, lest she should tire, because she was so pretty.]

ANNETTE—What do you mean?

FRANCIS—Why, we don't work so hard. [Remembers, before they were engaged, how he used to take her flying for hours that she might think him strong, because she was so pretty.]

ANNETTE—No, I think you don't; but I do. [Remembers how when she formerly forgot to work it did not matter.]

FRANCIS—No, Netty.

ANNETTE—How rude you are. I—

FRANCIS—Don't try and look round; you'll have us over.

ANNETTE—Good gracious, shouting like that, and I know how to balance as well as you; I've been on a tandem more often than you have.

FRANCIS—That's good, considering I have always taken you.

ANNETTE—Oh, have you?

FRANCIS takes no notice, though he wants badly to know what she means; sees her waist and her neck, and her pretty hair before him; thinks she is not so pretty as she was; thinks she does not do her hair the same; notices wrinkles across the back of her bodice; is sure she never used to put on her jacket so.]

ANNETTE [after a short pause]—No, you didn't always take me out; some one else did. Ha-ha!

FRANCIS—Yes, before—

ANNETTE—No, afterward.

FRANCIS—Do you mean that you let that howling brute, Spencer—

ANNETTE—He's not a brute, and he doesn't howl. Now you're angry.

FRANCIS—No, I'm not; I don't believe it.

ANNETTE [beginning to like him again]—No? Well, don't.

FRANCIS—Anyhow, that does not affect the point. I was often out with—I'd better not say who.

ANNETTE—Oh, well, before—

FRANCIS—No, not before.

ANNETTE—Now you're talking.

FRANCIS—Am I? Did no one ever tell you about May Fletton?

ANNETTE [knowing a great deal of May Fletton, but not enough]—Frank, you never took her out!

FRANCIS—Be careful; you'll have us over.

ANNETTE—Frank, you didn't? [Tries to look round at him again.]

FRANCIS—Be careful, silly; yes, I did.

ANNETTE—You shan't speak like that; I'll get off.

FRANCIS [making up the pace with a few hard strokes]—That's what little May said: "I'll get off," once, when I— But she didn't mean it. [Tandem goes at the rate of twelve miles an hour.]

ANNETTE [sighing in vexation]—Oh! How dare you! "Little May": you know she weighs tons! Oh, I wish mamma could hear you. I'll never come out again, never!

FRANCIS [to himself, working hard]—Dear, dear,

little thing. [Sees a stray curl and her little ear; is awfully sorry; wishes he had not vexed her; tries to see by her back whether she is going to cry or not; thinks she is.] Netty, you know I don't mean anything. [She does not answer; he leans forward, his face over her shoulder, instinctively by practice.]

ANNETTE—Don't. [Swings suddenly aside. Tandem lurches violently.]

FRANCIS [bracing up and recovering]—By Jove! you nearly did it that time. It's a foolish trick. Do you want to break both our necks? [Slows down.]

ANNETTE—Now you've called me a fool—yes, you did, you called me a fool—you did—yes, you did—I don't want to hear—don't—don't speak to me—you said I was a fool—you called me—I'll tell mam—I'll nev—I'll g— [Sobs; he sees her hand come round for her handkerchief; tandem goes very slowly.]

FRANCIS—My own dear little girl, you must not, really; you know I did not call you any such thing, nor ever could—you know it. Netty, I was hasty, but don't, don't; I know it was wrong, I should not—oh, my dear little girl—don't cry like that, you'll make me—

ANNETTE—G—go—on; I want to get home.

FRANCIS—No, no; we must make it up. I can't bear this [in her ear], dearest—all you are to me—remember—Netty—come. [He leans over and kisses her; she tries to turn to him; tandem up-sets.]—Black and White.

Lord Rayleigh, the discoverer of argon, succeeds Professor Tyndall, who himself succeeded Faraday, in the appointment as scientific adviser to the Trinity House, the English pilotage, and the light-house board. The post is one of honor and dignity.

Marie—"Is that Chollie's sister?" Louise—"No. He hasn't proposed yet."—Sketch.

Saved from Destruction.

This is what happens when the kidneys are rescued from inactivity by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If they continue inactive they are threatened with Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other malady which works their destruction. Malarial, bilious and rheumatic ailment and dyspepsia are also conquered by the Bitters, which is thorough and effective.

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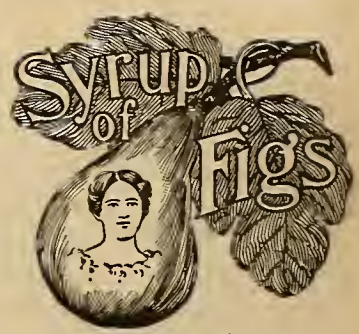
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Steamer.....Wednesday, April 8
Capitola.....Saturday, April 26
Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 12
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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. April 14, 20, May 14, 20.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, at 2 P. M. April 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. April 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, April 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer Orizaba, 10 A. M. April 6th. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Fanny Crocker, daughter of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, and Mr. Robert Clark McCreary, of Sacramento, will take place at the home of the bride's mother, 1609 Sutter Street, at half-past eight o'clock on Saturday evening, April 18th. Only relatives and very intimate friends will be present.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Bessie Crabb and Lieutenant George G. Gately, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. Miss Crabb is the daughter of Captain George W. Crabb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Anna E. S. Long, daughter of Mrs. Rebecca B. Long, of Berkeley, to Mr. Louis William Brehm, will take place at St. Mark's Church, in Berkeley, next Tuesday evening.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Paula Ehrenberg and Mr. O. Richter. Miss Ehrenberg is the daughter of Dr. A. T. Ehrenberg, of this city, and Mr. Richter is a prominent merchant of Tacoma and Seattle.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hattie Samuel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Samuel, to Mr. I. Despres, of Chicago. They will receive their friends at the home of the bride's parents on Sunday afternoon, April 12th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gussie Jacobs and Mr. Julius Heyman. Miss Jacobs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Jacobs, and Mr. Heyman is a member of the firm of Heyman & Mayer and a brother of Mr. Henry Heyman, the well-known violinist. They will receive their friends from two until five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, April 12th, at 309 Van Ness Avenue.

The arrangements are now completed for the entertainment that Mrs. Hager will give at Native Sons' Hall next Monday evening. Commencing at nine o'clock, three living pictures will be given, the subjects being "The Summer Moon," after Leighton, and "Reveries" and "La Tosca," after Harbury. They will be followed by the production of the farce-comedy, "A Modern Ananias," the correct cast of which we published last week. At midnight supper will be served, after which there will be dancing until four o'clock in the morning. Early attendance is requested, so that the action of the play may not be disturbed.

Mrs. John Garber, the Misses Garber, and Miss Canavan will hold a reception at the Garber mansion, "Bellerose," Claremont Avenue, Berkeley, from four until seven o'clock this afternoon.

Mrs. William Willis will give an "at home" this afternoon at her residence on California Street, at which her niece, Miss India Willis Scott, will make her social debut.

The final assembly of the Friday Night Club will be held next Friday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Sorosis Club met in its rooms, 424 Pine Street, last Monday afternoon, and were entertained by Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, who read a most interesting paper on "Portia, the Perfect Woman." The subject was well handled and was interspersed with readings from "The Merchant of Venice." There were also some musical numbers by Mrs. Frank Sumner, Mr. Frederick M. Biggerstaff, and Dr. Gilbert P. Graham. The affair ended with the service of tea.

Mrs. John A. Darling, wife of Major Darling, U. S. A., gave a lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, *nee* Huntington. Covers were laid for eight, and the table was ornate with Bride roses. The others present were Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. M. H. de Young, and Mrs. Frazier.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a dance in the hop-room there last Tuesday evening.

Being the first affair of the kind after Lent, it was very largely attended. The room was decorated with the national and regimental colors, and the post band played for the dancing, which was enjoyed until midnight.

Miss Mollie Thomas entertained thirteen young ladies at luncheon last Tuesday at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foote, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. L. H. Coit, and Mr. H. Carrington Wilson.

Mrs. William Willis gave a box-party at the Columbia Theatre last Monday evening in honor of her cousins, the Misses Godfrey, of New York city.

The University of California Cotillion Club gave a german on Friday evening in the Harmon Gymnasium at Berkeley. There was a large attendance, and the affair was very successful. The patronesses were Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. John R. Glascock, Mrs. Ben Morgan, and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor will leave for Europe in a couple of weeks; they intend to be absent several months.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins is traveling in Egypt. When she returns, she will reside in New York city, as she has sold her residence in this city.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard sailed for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamship *Australia*. He will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been residing in Arizona during the winter months, are expected to arrive here in May, to pass the summer at Millbrae with Mr. D. O. Mills.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has been entertaining the Misses Florence and Coralie Selby, of Oakland, at her residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan are to have a cottage erected for them soon at Burlingame at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. It will be a gift from Mrs. Carolan's father, Mr. George M. Pullman. Mrs. Carolan has gone to Chicago to attend the wedding of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiothrop Elwyn Lester, Miss Ella Hohart, and Miss Vassault expect to leave New York next week to return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Vassault have removed from their former residence on Sacramento Street to 1513 Washington Street.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sailed from New York last Wednesday for Europe. She will be followed later in the season by Miss Virginia Fair.

Mr. Harry E. Hall left last Thursday for New York, and will be away about six weeks. Mrs. Hall will remain at her cottage in Sausalito during his absence.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde came down from St. Helena last Monday, and visited his relatives here for a few days.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, of Oakland, has gone East to attend the wedding of her son, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, and Miss Mollie Hunter, which will take place this month at Newport, R. I. Miss Maud Howard is at the Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge have returned from a month's visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is occupying her cottage on Beach Hill, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are making preparations to leave late in April to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. Selden W. Hooper has returned to the city after a visit to Australia.

Miss Clara McChesney, the artist, is expected here from New York this month on a visit.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle were traveling in Italy at last accounts.

Mrs. James G. Gauld left last Saturday for her home in Portland, accompanied by Miss Annie Harrison, daughter of Mr. William Greer Harrison, who will be her guest for several weeks. Mrs. Gauld has been here during the past four months on a visit to her mother, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle.

The homes of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, *nee* Simpkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, *nee* Decker, have been brightened by the advent of sons.

Mrs. Peter Donahue has recovered from a recent attack of nervous prostration which confined her to her residence for some time.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott and the Misses Elliott, who have been passing the winter in Southern California, have returned to the city, and are residing at 1827 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Master Harold Casey, Miss Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave sailed from New York last Wednesday on the steamer *St. Paul* for Southampton, and will pass several months in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille left for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamship *Australia*.

Mr. Alfred S. Gump left last week for an extended visit to the art centres of the Eastern States and Europe. He will be absent about three months.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Goad are passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Girvin have returned to their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have returned to San Rafael.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre have returned to Meolo Park.

Mrs. William H. Howard has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Whittell, at her home in Boston.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from a visit to Paso Robles.

Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier and Miss Maraquita Collier are the guests of Mr. Edward H. Sheldon at his residence, 2413 Pierce Street.

Mrs. W. E. Bond, of Anaconda, Mont., is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. E. Dore, at her residence, 2009 Pacific Avenue.

Miss Ernestine Giffard has returned from a month's visit to the country, and is residing at 1009 Pine Street.

Among the recent arrivals at The Colonial are Mr. and Mrs. John G. Coleman of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bichowsky of San Gabriel, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fuller of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rogers of Fresno, and Mrs. L. R. Mead and Miss Birdie Collios of Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Randolph Neumann and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will

leave on April 20th for Unalaska, where they will remain until next September.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Heilbronner will leave here early in May to occupy their cottage in San Rafael, where they will reside during the summer.

A notable art sale will be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday afternoon and evening and Thursday afternoon, when a collection of sixty oil paintings by Edwin Deakin will be sold at auction by Easton, Eldridge & Co. The collection comprises some of Mr. Deakin's best work, including the "Dent du Midi," "Lake Geneva," "Eagle Falls near Tahoe," "The Old Château," "Pont Neuf, Paris," and other landscapes, still-life studies, and *genres*. This will be the last presentation by Mr. Deakin of his works at public auction.

FAMOUS PAINTER DEAD.

A Frequent Contributor to the French Salon.

PARIS, April 5.—Duez, the painter, is dead. Ernest Ange Duez was born in Paris in 1843 and studied in the Atelier of Pils. He made his appearance in the salon in 1868 with a "Mater Dolorosa." Since that time scarcely a year has passed without some important work from his brush. In 1890 he sent to the Dissident Salon au Champs de Mars a portrait, and has since contributed to that society.

M. Duez obtained a medal of the third class in 1874, and one of the first class in 1879, when one of his finest paintings, "St. Cuthbert," was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum. He received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1880 and was made an officer in 1889.

One work by this famous artist is in San Francisco and has been much admired. It is now in the well-known art-gallery of S. & G. Gump, and is entitled "An Interesting Story." It is a splendid example of this artist's brush. Many painters of repute who have inspected this picture are very liberal in the praise of it.

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Wednesday, April 15th, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Wednesday, April 15th, at 7:45 o'clock, evening.
Thursday, April 16th, at 12 o'clock, noon.

FREE EXHIBITION Commencing Monday, April 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M., continuing day and evening until closing auction sale.

The sale comprises architectural subjects, old buildings, mountains, mountain lakes, studies of fruit, and sketches of Paris Rue. In the collection are his premium paintings—"Dent du Midi," "Lake Geneva," "Westminster Abbey," "Scene of Gray's Elegy," "Light in the Window," "Eagle Falls near Taboe," "The Old Chateau," "Point Neuf, Paris." This will be the last presentation by Mr. Deakin of his works at public auction.

Do not forget the days and hours of auction sales. Catalogues at Maple Hall, Palace Hotel, and at our office.

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SOCIETY.

The McWilliams-Siebe Wedding.

At St. Paul's German Lutheran Church last Wednesday evening, Miss Millie Marie Siebe was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick J. McWilliams. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Frederick C. Siebe, and the groom, who is in the employ of Mr. George W. McNear, is the son of Mr. James McWilliams, of Hongkong, who arrived here from the Orient just one day too late to witness the wedding.

Miss Lily Snowgrass was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Chrissie and Freda Siebe, Miss Hattie Hug, and Miss Ida Westerfeld. Mr. Charles Fay, of San José, was the best man, and the ushers comprised Dr. W. F. Dohrmann, Mr. E. T. Kruse, Mr. Arthur V. Callaban, and Mr. Frederick A. Houseworth. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Buehler. Afterward there was a reception at the residence of the bride's father, 1119 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams left on Thursday to make a southern trip, and will be away a couple of weeks. When they return they will reside at 1119 Bush Street.

The Jewett Dinner and Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 931 Bush Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, of Huntington. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Huntington, and Dr. George Chismore.

After dinner a number of friends of the host and hostess called, and there were musical selections by Mr. B. Mollenbauer, Miss Withrow, and Miss Ardella Mills. Among the callers were:

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Judge and Mrs. John Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Miss Ardella Mills, Misses Withrow, Mr. William H. Mills, Mr. N. T. Messersmith, Mr. McCann, and Mr. McAfee.

While the initial affair connected with La Fiesta de Los Angeles occurs on Tuesday, April 21st, the real opening ceremony, the procession in honor of the Queen, occurs on Wednesday afternoon, April 22d. Special features to be elaborated in this parade are bands of Indians; the Chinese parade, which attracted so much attention two years ago, repeated on a much larger scale; the military parade, including, possibly, several companies of United States Marines from some of the battle-ships; the Spanish riders; the Los Angeles Fire Department; and a large number of bands, including the famous Park Band, of San Francisco.

Rivarde, the young Spanish violinist, was to have come here as one of the soloists of Seidl's orchestra, but it has been arranged that he shall come before the others, and make his first appearance at a concert to be given at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, April 27th. He will have the assistance, on that occasion, of Lachaupe, the pianist who played here last season with Ysaye, and of William H. Keith, the baritone. The latter is the well-known San Franciscan, who has been studying abroad for some time; his last American appearance was at the Worcester Festival.

The following paragraph appeared in the New York World of recent date:

"Another multi-millionaire—Mr. George Crocker, of San Francisco—is about to build a residence on Fifth Avenue. He is looking for a lot big enough to give him the desired space. He wants a corner, and on a certain section of upper Fifth Avenue. It is, therefore, not easy to find just the right thing. Mr. Crocker, two seasons ago, at the Waldorf, married a pretty widow, Mrs. Rutherford, also from the Golden Gate. The couple have since lived abroad and in California. They are at present at No. 18 West Fifty-Fourth Street."

—MR. HIRSCHMAN REPORTS FAIR BUSINESS, but is anxious to close out in the shortest possible time, and offers additional inducements. His stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., as well as complicated watches, silverware, and novelties in great variety, of first quality only—there is not an article in his entire stock that is not first-class. 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., left last Monday to inspect the military post at San Diego. He was accompanied by Major A. E. Bates, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, U. S. A., Mrs. C. G. Treat, wife of Lieutenant Treat, U. S. A., and Mrs. E. C. Bumpus, of Boston. They will be away ten days, and will also visit Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Captain Charles C. de Rudio, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to his home at San Diego to await retirement.

Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego, and is now stationed at Benicia Barracks.

That popular resort, El Campo, is now open for the summer season, and the steamer *Ukiah* carries excursions there and back every Sunday. Among the pleasures the place affords are music, dancing, bowling, boating, and fishing.

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and the like, will be the delight of California for the next two or three months.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival,

the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15**. Queen Flora will reign 3 days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles,

now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22**, and the riot of fun will spread over 4 days.

The Carnival of Roses,

to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th**, inclusive, though a more recent candidate for favors of the fun-loving world, yet because of the limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, is quite as full of promise.

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will be made by the **Southern Pacific Company** for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Not a dull moment: "Is Miss Searum an agreeable girl to take to the theatre?" "Well, rather. Every other word she said last night was, 'I smell fire.'"—*Chicago Record*.

In the Orient: *Dusty Al Rhodi*—"And why are they arresting Weary Al Ragged?" *Rushi Ben Growli*—"For singing 'Only one Girl in the World for Me,' in front of the royal seraglio."—*Puck*.

Alkali Ike—"Thar was a pound party over at Mose Meek's house last night." *Dr. Slade*—"That so? Who was there?" *Alkali Ike*—"Only Meeks, Mrs. Meeks, an' a club."—*Bazar*.

"Here's a letter from Isabelle. She says she's going to be married." "Well, it's about time. If she did not change her last name, it would be necessary to change the first to Wasabelle."—*Vogue*.

"I noticed that you inclosed most of the sentences in your psychology exam. in quotation marks; you must have read a great deal on the subject." "Yes; I quoted the man next to me."—*Yale Record*.

"Did your new play have a long run?" asked the manager's friend. "No," he replied, as a far-away, anxious look crept into his eyes, "the play didn't have a long run, but the company did."—*Washington Star*.

Mother (looking over her son's college expenses)—"I don't see why William's expenses should be so much more this year than last." *Father* (a former collegian)—"Well, you see, the police fines are higher after the first offense."—*Puck*.

At the masquerade: *Lottie*—"From this time on I shall believe in ghosts." *Tottie*—"Why so?" *Lottie*—"You know that 'widower' who has been devoting himself to me all the evening? Well, his dead wife appeared just now and took him home."—*Life*.

Mr. Umbell—"Even the worm will turn." *His wife* (scornfully)—"You are scarcely a worm." *Mr. Umbell* (reminiscently)—"Possibly not now, my dear, but I can remember away back yonder, hearing folks say something about an early bird when you got me."—*Ex*.

"Your excellency," said the great Thurber, "it may interest you to know that a newspaper has stirred up a good deal of interest on the question: 'Who are the three greatest Americans?' " "Who are ahead for second and third place?" asked Mr. Cleveland, with languid interest.—*New York Sun*.

"Confound those cable cars!" The Living Picture shrugged her shoulders in a pet. "They have made me late again; and here—" She hurriedly reached for the rouge. "It takes me fully an hour to undress for my part!" However, despite the hastened preparations, everybody said her lines were perfect.—*Puck*.

"By gad," said the colonel, "in spite of all they kin say agin Cunnel Brackinridge, he's got this to his credit: He nevah failed to acquit his client in a murder case." "I think," said the major, "that if you will look the mattah up, sah, you will find that all of his clients have been of the fust families, sah, and why should they not be acquitted, sah?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Farmer—"You said if I gave you a breakfast you'd put in an hour's work on that wood-pile, and you've done nothing." *Hungry Hoke* (deeply injured)—"Nothin', mum? I've bin a-calckerlatin' how many horse-power it 'ud require ter saw dat bull pile, countin' two hundred teef' ter de saw an' each toot' wid a muscular resistance uv one chawergramme. Mebbe yer don't know it, but brain-work's de hardes' kind uv work, lady."—*Judge*.

The superannuated base-ball pitcher stood forth and asked for a divorce from his wife on the ground that for the past fourteen years she had been in the habit of throwing dishes at him. "How is it that you complain of it now, after having endured it in silence for fourteen years?" asked the judge. "Why, you see, your honor," replied the petitioner, "I find that I am getting old and clumsy, and unable to catch them as I used to, and of late a good many of them have got broken against the wall or my head."—*Bazar*.

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RIPANS TABULES

Mr. A. P. St. John, a citizen of Oregon, Wisconsin, in an interview had with D. E. Williams, of the *Oregon Observer*, on the 6th day of May, 1895, said: "For a long time I have been more or less troubled with dyspepsia. Having considerable hard work to do, if I followed the cravings of my appetite it was sure to result in those terrible distressing pains of the stomach. When in the most agony I would endeavor to obtain partial relief by some 'grandmother' treatment, which, if of any benefit, was to strengthen the imagination that the distress was a trifle less. At times I have suffered intensely. While visiting my sister Cora I was recommended to try Ripans Tabules, which I soon discovered were a blessing to mankind. Now I am never without them, and am pleased to recommend them as a Godsend to those troubled with dyspepsia."

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 20, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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On the tenth of April the San Francisco *Chronicle* published a voting coupon, requesting its readers to express their preference for a Presidential candidate, and also on the "paramount political issue." This coupon was printed without any preliminary announcement, in order to prevent stuffing the ballot in favor of any candidate. It was printed only for one day. The resultant ballot is notable in many regards. That it is an honest ballot is shown by the fact that one of the *Chronicle's* pet theories, free silver, is distanced by the tariff in the race.

The *Chronicle* has expressed no particular preference as

yet for a Presidential nominee. It might be suspected of leaning toward McKinley, for the reason that its business and political rival, the *Call*, is the organ of the Allison boom. But if so, the *Chronicle* has made no expression of opinion, and certainly has not hoomed McKinley. Therefore, the ballot may be taken as an honest one, and so we believe it to be. It represents and reflects the opinion of the Republicans of the Pacific Slope, because the *Chronicle* is indisputably the leading Republican paper on the coast.

As we write, the result of the ballot is as follows: McKinley, 672; Allison, 41; Reed, 25; Cullom, 13; Morton, 7; scattering, 19—total, 777. From this it is apparent that McKinley is far and away in advance of all the others. All of them put together poll only about one-ninth of McKioley's vote. When it is considered, as we have before remarked, that there is no McKinley bureau here, no McKinley organ, and no McKinley managers, it may be seen how spontaneous this popular feeling is. There is no McKinley bureau in California—there is nothing but a McKinley boom.

The other phase of the *Chronicle* ballot was also striking. That paper has, in season and out of season, clung to the free-silver idea. The *Chronicle* has been a high-protection paper, it is true, but it has differed from the *Argonaut* in putting the free-silver issue ahead of the tariff issue. While we are politically in line with the *Chronicle* upon many issues, we have believed and persistently advocated in these columns that protection is infinitely more important than silver, not only to the United States, but to California as well. The *Argonaut* has been the friend of silver from the first—more so than many of the gentlemen of the West who shout incessantly for silver and never use it, but confine themselves to greasy greenbacks. But, none the less, we have believed and maintained that protection is of far more importance to the country than is a free-silver issue. We have even gone so far as to state that if a high protective tariff were again in force throughout this country, the money question would settle itself.

When the *Argonaut* was printing the long series of indictments against the Democratic party, after that party of ill-omen came into power, and the crash of '93 was followed by the panic, the penury, and the long depression which still endures, the *Chronicle* took a somewhat optimistic view of the situation, and talked brightly of free silver as a panacea for our ills. The *Argonaut* has believed all along that the *Chronicle* was in error as to the belief of the people upon this question, and the ballot which it has taken among its own readers shows its error. According to its figures on the "paramount political issue," the result is as follows: Tariff, 578; Tariff and Silver, 15; Money, 110—total, 703. From this it is apparent that less than one-fifth of the *Chronicle's* readers attach as much importance to silver as a paramount issue as they do to the tariff. We are glad to note this. We agree with the *Chronicle's* readers. It is apparent from the ballot that the readers of the *Chronicle* are better informed than its editors.

A dispatch states that ex-King Milan of Serbia will arrive in the United States next month in search of a rich wife for his son Alexander, the reigning monarch. The news comes through the New York *Journal*, which is not a very trustworthy channel, but the intelligence may be true for all that. There is nothing inherently improbable about it. Let it be confirmed, and the flutter among the American plutocracy will extend from Manhattan Island to the golden shores of the Pacific.

It is entirely natural that this scheme for replenishing the family treasure-chest should occur to King Milan. The whole world knows that a foreigner has but to bring a title to this title-contemning republic in order to enrich himself, with the single condition that he marry one of the republic's daughters. Since dukes, earls, and even counts and barons have sold themselves at millions a head in this market, what may not a king reasonably expect to fetch? It is true that no young woman in her senses would care, under ordinary circumstances, to have such a man as Milan for a father-in-law, or his son for a husband, but when it comes to titles all

ON THE FIRST OF MAY THE ARGONAUT WILL REMOVE FROM THE OLD OFFICES WHICH IT HAS OCCUPIED FOR SO MANY YEARS—EVER SINCE 1881—TO NEW QUARTERS, ON THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF GRANT AVENUE AND SUTTER STREET, A FEW DOORS NORTH OF OUR PRESENT LOCATION. THERE WE HAVE TAKEN THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR OF THE NEW "CALIFORNIA BUILDING" ERECTED BY THE MACDONOUGH ESTATE. THIS IS A HANDSOME MODERN BUILDING, WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. THE FLOOR WHICH WE SHALL OCCUPY CONTAINS SOME SIXTEEN ROOMS, ALL OF WHICH WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE EDITORIAL ROOMS, LIBRARY, AND BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ordinary social and matrimonial rules are suspended. Hence the doors of the plutocracy will be thrown open to his ex-majesty of Serbia, should he appear, and the marriageable females of the mansions of Mammon will be paraded before him for his royal inspection and choice. He is a blackguard, to be sure, who, if a private person, would be refused admission to any respectable American's house. When on the throne, he revived the liveliest traditions of royal immorality. The money of his subjects he squandered on his own fleshly pleasures, and his people, as well as his wife, revolted. The subjects paid him to lay down the crown, and his wife left him. For years he has been leading the life of a debauchee and gambler in Paris, supported by his former queen on condition that he shall keep away from her. There is not a more disreputable man in Europe.

So much for the prospective father-in-law of some American millionaire's daughter. Alexander, the son, is, by all accounts, a younger edition of his father. "His majesty of Serbia," we are told, "is one of the most displeasing youths that could be found anywhere from the Bosphorus to the banks of the Tagus. His manners are coarse and brutal in the extreme." Yet are his manners not out of harmony with his personal charms, since he possesses "beetling brows, a low forehead, and an almost bestial nose and jaw." The inner man is reflected by the outward, for "the opinions which he vouchsafes with regard to women in general are characterized by an affectation of cynicism and disillusion that is revolting." It is hardly necessary to say that could Alexander get a noble wife with money on the other side of the Atlantic, he would not turn toward the plebeian American bargain-counter the porcine eyes with which nature, deficient in respect for majesty, has endowed him. The cablegrams record that his proposals have been rejected in turn by the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, by the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, by the Princess Sybil of Hesse, by the German empress's sister Feodora, by ex-Queen Mercedes of Spain, and by every lady of rank to whom he has applied. The Russian Government did its best to bring about a match with Princess Anna of Montenegro. His mother, Queen Natalie, seconded these efforts by selling her estates in the Crimea and Bessarabia to strengthen her son financially, as Milan had managed to extort from Alexander all the accumulations of his minority; but Princess Anna, when it came to the point, could not stomach the alliance. "Indeed," say the dispatches, "the advances of King Alexander, when not treated with contempt, have been received almost as an insult, and, to the dismay of his people, he has had to give up all idea of consolidating his throne and dynasty by wedding a royal princess."

Clearly, America is the field for Alexander to come wooing in. His majesty will not be particular so long as the bride is rich. It will be provided that the king shall have absolute control of the money brought by the lady, of course, and to conciliate European prejudice, she will be required to

purchase a title of nobility before wedding Alexander and ascending the throne with him as Queen of Servia.

Is it, in the light of innumerable international marriages, to be thought that, should Milan come, he will find difficulty in bagging a wife and a harrel of American dollars for his son? Would it astonish anybody to see the wealthiest families of the republic indecently shouldering one another in the competitive rush for the privilege of purchasing the goods offered? The desire to wear a title, irrespective of the character of the man by whom it is borne and placed on the auction-block, is usually imputed to the vanity of our girls. That has its part, of course, but the girls are commonly no more eager for the distinction than are their parents. Socially there is nothing republican about American wealth. In prohibiting native titles, we have denied to the ambition of the ostentatious rich access to social summits which Europe, with a better knowledge of human nature, provides. It is inevitable, therefore, that when the rich, who crave the triumphs to be won in society, have climbed all the heights in the United States, they should yearn to scale the peaks of the Old World. A title is a title. Miss Gould and Miss Vanderhilt excited no particular attention; but when one became a countess and the other a duchess, the streets of the American metropolis were jammed with the mobs that strove to get a sight of them. Man is horn a snob, and so is woman. The virus runs low as well as high. Were King Alexander blind of an eye and short a leg, and imbecile besides, instead of being only a depraved young man with a simian forehead, a prognathous jaw, of no morals, with bad manners, and a member of a penniless and profligate family, he still could marry a fortune in this republic. And her majesty, the happy wife of this husband, would be envied and admired by countless other American girls, and throw the press of her elated country into spasms of pride and joy over the nuptials.

It is a stage in the process of social evolution. We are still raw, still carrying on our republican pin-feathers bits of the European shell from which we were hatched. When evolution does its complete work and Americans grow to be proud of being Americans, a future King Milan who may venture over on a wife-hunting expedition for a royal son will not only excite a continental smile, but incur serious risk of being run in as a vagrant.

We observe that Senator Call, of Florida, has introduced into the United States Senate a bill (S. B. 1032) entitled "A bill to regulate the natural laws of supply and demand. This has excited no little comment. The United States Senate is powerful, but is it powerful enough to "regulate the laws of supply and demand"? It would seem that Senator Call thinks so.

But it is evident that no pent-up Utica can contract the Senate's powers. We note in the current dispatches that Senator Call has laid a resolution before the Senate calling upon the United States Government to intervene in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman convicted of poisoning her husband in England in order to get rid of him and live with her paramour. This will at once strike the most casual reader as eminently within the jurisdiction of the United States Senate. Intervention in criminal trials in foreign countries is part of the duties of the United States Senate.

We would suggest that another good subject for the United States Senate to settle would be the recent quarrels in Berlin over the sending of anonymous letters, together with the series of duels in which Count von Kotze has already killed two men. It might be well for the Senate of the United States to appoint a committee with power to summon witnesses, to administer oaths, and to investigate the question as to who sent the anonymous letters to the members of the Berlin court, and ascertain whether Von Kotze had any right to kill Von Schrader, and if so, why.

Another matter into which the United States Senate might profitably inquire is the baptism of Baby Boris of Bulgaria. It is believed that Prince Ferdinand has had the baby baptized by a Greek Catholic thaumaturgical theologian after the rite had first been performed by a Roman Catholic theological thaumaturgist. Mrs. Ferdinand, who was born a Roman Catholic, objects to this. She thinks that the original Roman Catholic theological thaumaturgy might be injured in some way by the subsequent Greek Catholic thaumaturgical theology. This does not seem probable to us. Would not the effects of the first rite soak in, thereby preventing the second from having more than a purely cutaneous effect? But this is an open question.

However, a wrong has been done to some one, possibly to Mrs. Ferdinand, possibly to Baby Boris, perhaps to the Roman Catholic Church. In the latter event, it is particularly and peculiarly the province of the United States Senate to settle it. That body is so much interested in protecting Roman Catholic countries with the hodies of Protestant United States citizens and the money of other Protestant United States citizens—anybody's hodies and anybody's

mooney except their own—that it naturally would resent any insult to the Roman Catholic Church in the de-baptism of Prince Boris of Bulgaria. We suggest, therefore, that the United States Senate take up this question, and investigate the right of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to baptize or de-baptize his own baby. If, after a Baptism Commission has been appointed, it has been found that Baby Boris's Greek baptism is against the Monroe doctrine, we suggest that an American fleet be sent to Bulgaria to see that the baby is baptized over again according to the Roman Catholic ritual. Bulgaria is an inland country, but that makes no difference. Let us send a fleet, any way. May he it will do some good.

After these and a few other questions are settled, perhaps the United States Senate can find a little time to pay some attention to our own tariff, our own currency, and our own immigration problems. Perhaps, then, the United States Senate may find time so to regulate the laws that the present depressed condition of business, the present disordered condition of the finances, and the present repulsive flood of immigrants may be checked. After it has done all these things, that profound philosopher, Senator Call, and the United States Senate, can then take up the question of "regulating the natural laws of supply and demand" by Senate hills.

Nothing more clearly demonstrates the existence of Satan and his malign power to blind his victims to the truth than the obstinate disbelief of the educated in the supernatural. "Miracles," wrote Renan, "are things which never happen," and that atrocious definition is doubtless accepted as satisfactory by the great multitudes of modern men who have fallen under the influence of science, which is not from on high. "Only credulous people," Renan added, "think they see miracles; you can not cite a single one which has taken place in the presence of witnesses competent to give a clear account of it." No doubt, President Jordan, of Stanford, Professor Le Conte, of Berkeley, and all the hordes of learned men to whom the higher education of the young in this country is intrusted, will subscribe to this destructive dictum, and concur with the French rationalist when he proceeds:

"In the very fact that one admits the supernatural, he is so far outside the province of science; he accepts an explanation which is non-scientific, an explanation which is set aside by the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, the geologist, the physiologist—one which the historian also must set aside. We reject the supernatural for the same reason that we reject the existence of centaurs and hippogriffs; and this reason is that nobody has ever seen them."

Fortunately for the spiritual interests of mankind, it is easy to sweep aside this specious reasoning, this crafty appeal to common sense, and properly to rebuke the gross presumption of the carnal mind. The *Argonaut* has been put in possession of irrefragable proof of the reality of at least one miracle. It comes in the shape of a pamphlet from the press of Eusèbe Senècal & Fils, printers, 20 St. Vincent Street, Montreal, the same being issued at the instance and under the official approval of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. The title of this equally precious and timely pamphlet is "The Miraculous Translation of the House of the Holy Virgin from Nazareth to Loretto, in 1294." The immediate purpose of the publication is to let the faithful of Canada know that a fac-simile of the former residence of the Holy Family is now on exhibition, for a small fee, "in the aerial chapel of the Church of Our Lady of Bonsecours," Montreal. We learn from the pamphlet facts not to have been acquainted with which was disgraceful in a scholar of Ernest Renan's pretensions. That he should have been ignorant of them is the more remarkable since everybody who has dipped into the copious literature of the miracle department of the church has been put in possession of them.

The miracle which the Montreal pamphlet re-celebrates occurred in 1291. The house of the Holy Family was exposed to the danger of being destroyed by the Saracen infidels, and on the night of May 10th (observe the definite date) "it was miraculously raised from its foundations and transported by angels into Dalmatia." Now for the witnesses: "Early in the morning some peasants of that place discovered on a small hill a house without foundations, which they knew had not been there before." Though neither the names nor reputations for veracity of these peasants have come down to us, it is manifestly preposterous to say that they imagined they saw so substantial an object as a house. Q. E. D. Demonstration is piled on demonstration: "The astonishment of the peasants was increased upon beholding the next day their venerable bishop, who had come to visit the wonder, and who had been confined to his bed for the space of three years with an incurable malady. To prove the truth of this apparition, Our Lady had appeared to him and restored him to health." It is not surprising to learn that these details "produced the liveliest emotions of gratitude in Dalmatia." To cut the last inch of

ground from beneath the feet of the possible doubter, "the governor of Dalmatia, Nicolas Frangipanni," after whom, on the principle of contraries, a sweet perfume has been named, "and the Emperor Rodolph de Habsbourg ordained that a committee of wise and prudent men should visit the site of the Holy House in Palestine," and there institute inquiries. As any one familiar with sacred history might have anticipated, they found that "the house had been missed on the very morning it had appeared in Dalmatia." The angels had not finished their job of house-moving, however, but only paused in Dalmatia to take a rest, for, "on the night of December 10, 1294" (once more observe the convincing particularity of the date), "the house again disappeared. Transported by angels across the Adriatic Sea, it was deposited in the woods, near the city of Recanati." Some Italian shepherds were the witnesses this time, and the series of prodigies that ensued in and about the Holy House served to confound the skeptic utterly. On the seventh of September, 1295, the hard-worked angels completed their contract by raising the structure again and carrying it through the air to Loretto, Italy. There it has remained ever since. "It is placed upon the ground without foundations, just as the angels set it there six hundred years ago." And it has not decayed a particle.

In the face of history such as this—history authenticated by the solemn authority of the Church of Rome—it is hard to square with the hypothesis of their sanity the refusal of modern rationalists to admit the reality of miracles. *A priori* argumentation like that of Renan will not answer. We have here a plain question of historic fact to deal with.

One of the depressing indications of the end of depression is the revival of foreign immigration. We note by the dispatches that immigrants by the thousands are arriving at New York from Southern Europe. In two days of last week, over 2,500 Italian immigrants arrived, and more than 15,000 have arrived in the last few weeks. The United States Immigration Commissioner states that he has information that 15,000 more are hooked to sail from Naples. The steamer *Bolivia*, which arrived on April 12th, brought 1,376 Italian immigrants, 600 of whom were detained at Ellis Island as being practically penniless and liable to become a charge upon the community. The steamer *Alesia* arrived on the same day with 1,064 Italian immigrants; these also are mostly paupers. Dr. Senner, the physician in charge, says that the condition of the immigrants is appalling, and that, under the law, only a small percentage may land. But it is difficult for him to enforce the law. Only last week a score of Sicilian ruffians, who were detained on Ellis Island, made an attack upon the attendants. Fortunately they were restrained, but there is not an adequate force for the detection and guarding of these half-civilized Dagos. The commissioner of immigration is discouraged, as he has not enough men for the proper carrying out of the law, and although he continues to importune the authorities at Washington for additional assistance, Congress fails to appropriate money for that purpose.

What words can be found strong enough to express scorn for the war-gahling rahhle now at Washington, which has spent three months meddling with the affairs of foreign Roman Catholic countries, while it neglects the affairs of its own; which enthusiastically engages in legislation designed to assist foreign Roman Catholic countries, while it refuses to enact legislation designed to protect this country from ignorant and vicious Roman Catholic immigrants; which will appropriate hundreds of thousands of dollars to settle the disputed boundaries of a petty Roman Catholic country like Venezuela, but will not appropriate money to pay the very hire of the warders who stand at our country's gates, trying vainly to keep out at least the lame, the blind, the halt, the diseased, the pauper, and the criminal part of the wave of squalid and filthy Roman Catholic immigration now pouring in upon us from Italy?

Perhaps the members of the present Congress think that the roll-call upon assisting these foreign Roman Catholic tribes and neglecting their own country will constitute a "roll of honor." It will not. But they may be sure of one thing—that the roll-call will be carefully preserved. The American Protective Association is already taking a marked interest in the matter. We do not think that the votes of our Cuban congressmen on these questions will be as useful in aiding their reelection this fall as they seem to think. Before the American people get through with them, this "roll of honor" may work the other way. It may yet be a "roll of dishonor."

An interesting statement has lately been made that the editorials of the London *Daily News* during the American Civil War on the subject of that conflict were written by Harriet Martineau. The *News* was about the only leading London journal which was friendly to us in those dark days. It is prob-

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able that, thirty years ago, had it been known that those strong and sympathetic articles were the work of a woman, their influence would have been greatly reduced. Appearing unsigned as the views of a prominent English newspaper, their anonymity gave them weight and force. The world, thirty years back, was not used, as it is now, to the appearance of women in fields which by tradition are masculine.

The paragraph has caused a good deal of pride to the New Woman, though it is safe to say that Harriet Martineau never thought of her when she pleaded the cause of the Union in a hostile environment. But the New Woman cares nothing for that. There is exultation because this English "woman in journalism" performed so important a part in the affairs of nations, and the inference the New Woman expects us to draw seemingly is that all females in journalism are entitled to esteem on Harriet Martineau's account.

Unfortunately, Miss Martineau was as far as possible from being typical. It is an equally strange and regrettable fact that one of the most potent instrumentalities for the degradation of modern daily journalism has been the female journalist. Merchandise has been made of her sex, and her flagrant participation in the "foul and frolic" sensationalism which makes the "great daily" revolting is a matter for shame, and not for pride. Of course there are women journalists who honor their calling, but these earn no part of their incomes by disgracing themselves. It is the sensational female reporter who signs her productions who has become disagreeably noticeable in recent years—the imitators of "Nellie Bly," of the New York World—the female who is set to do startling things that would not be startling were they done by a man. The interest in such work is obviously not cleao. A woman whose triumph in journalism is that she escapes alive with her item, her virtue, and her pencil, is scarcely a Martineau, and not, we should say, a heroine over whom even a New Woman, if at all thoughtful, can rejoice.

Most of the women in American journalism to-day can plead but one excuse that charity will accept in extenuation of the odious functions which they discharge—the excuse of necessity. For those who take a pleasure in their toil, who seem to be intoxicated by the perils they front, to be delighted with their own impudence, swagger, and brazen boldness—and these are in the majority—there may be pity felt, if one is so generously constituted as to have room for any other sentiment than aversion. The female reporter of this variety deems her skirts the equivalent of a license which privileges her to intrude where a male reporter would not, out of respect for the probability of being kicked. She is often made use of to go to places where men can not go, to report things that men would not be allowed to report. A local illustration occurs: A game of basket-ball was recently played by the girl students of the Staoford and State universities. It was intended that only ladies should be spectators. This should have shut out the newspapers, but all the dailies are supplied with "women in journalism." Female reporters and female artists crowded their way in, with the public result that on the day following the San Francisco newspapers rioted in "spirited" descriptions, which could not but have been intensely mortifying to the girl students and their families, and also in pictorial representations of the players in their bloomers and attitudes as far from maidenly as the female artists could make them. The female in journalism knows what is expected of her, and she is not squeamish about meeting the demand. She has no more regard for the modesty of other women than she has for her own. It is only the truth to say that most of the salacious stuff about women which appears in the daily press is from the pens of female reporters. Their sex seems to be forever present in their minds, which is not wonderful, considering the nature of the assignments that are given them. The editor is as acutely conscious of their sex as they are, and has a very distinct estimate of its market value in journalism. Hence it comes that much of what the female reporter produces for print has a feeble nastiness, a flabby prurience about it, which renders it odious to healthy-minded men and women.

The woman in journalism is presumably the advance guard of the woman in politics. The latter, we are assured, is, by the mysterious power of her femininity, to purify our campaigns and election methods and to elevate our public life. Just by what process this is to be done is not explained. Because woman is the highest influence of the home, it is assumed that when she is taken out of the home the influence will continue and expand so as to embrace her wider sphere. Possibly; but if this is to be true of woman in politics, why has it not been true of woman in journalism? The newspaper office instead of being brought under woman's refining power by her admission to it seems to deprive her not only of that power, but to rob her of the wish to possess it. If the tribe of "Kitty Keeney," "Nellie Bly," and "Giddy Gladys," who outnumber the Harriet Martineaus as male writers of the ordinary sort outnumber the Greeleys and

Danas, are what the New Woman has to offer us in journalism, we prefer to pause before welcoming what she is likely to give us in politics.

At last the many rumors concerning the hostility of the American Protective Association toward McKinley have crystallized into concrete form. It reminds one of the parable of the mountain in labor. The accusations formulated against McKinley are so trivial that they will produce a revulsion in the minds of most members of the American Protective Association in his favor. The accusations summed up amount to this: that McKinley, when governor of Ohio, refused to appoint one J. K. Printer, a Mason and an A. P. A., to an office held by one Cavanagh, a Roman Catholic Irishman; that McKinley, when governor, refused to appoint one W. W. Lanning as district oil inspector, although Lanning was a prominent A. P. A.; that McKinley once stated that he was not a member of the American Protective Association; and lastly, that McKinley has never, by any word or act, shown any sympathy with the American Protective Association. These charges are all formulated in a circular coming from the Ohio branch of the American Protective Association, and it is apparently fostered by the executive committee of the National Advisory Board of the American Protective Association. The circular of the Ohio State president closes with the remark that "McKinley's sins are those of omission rather than those of commission."

That is very evident. Is it possible that this is all the case the American Protective Association has against McKinley? If so, it had better never have made the accusations, or, if made, should never have tried to back them up. Whether a man belongs to the American Protective Association or not, he can not but be struck with the puerility of these accusations. There is nothing in them that could make any sensible member of the order vote against McKinley, and the evidence of hostility which impregnates it would be calculated to drive a good many Democratic and Roman Catholic voters into the Republican camp.

The Ohio branch of the American Protective Association may as well understand that the rest of the association throughout the United States does not intend to allow their petty faction fights for local patronage to affect the interests and aims of the order throughout the Union. Ohio is a big State, but it does not run the United States. Neither can the Ohio branch of the American Protective Association run the entire order. It would be as fitting for a ward club in Cincinnati to attempt to say to the Republican party of the United States how it should act in a given juncture, as for a branch of the American Protective Association in Ohio to tell the entire order whether it should or should not oppose a Presidential candidate.

Other charges made against McKinley are that his business and political friend, Mark Hanna, and his private secretary, Boyle, are Roman Catholics. Both of these charges are false. Both of these gentlemen are Methodists.

Since we have given publicity to all these dark and damning accusations against McKinley made by the American Protective Association, it is only fair to say, on the other hand, that McKinley's Americanism is beyond cavil. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his ancestors on both sides have been Protestant for generations. He is one of the trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Canton, Ohio. He is a Freemason, a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, a member of the Veteran Union of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a member of the Loyal Legion. That sounds like a pretty straight record. If McKinley is not a good enough American for the members of the American Protective Association of Ohio, we think he is a good enough American for the rest of the order throughout the Union.

The movement in favor of maintaining the present monetary standard in the United States seems to be getting further West. Minnesota declared in its recent convention against free silver coinage. Oregon declared against free silver coinage. Now we observe that North Dakota, in its convention held on the fifteenth of April, also declared against the free coinage of silver, saying: "We are unalterably opposed to any scheme that will give to the country a depreciated or debased currency. We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only and under such restrictions as its parity with gold can be maintained. We are, therefore, opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver until it can be arranged by international agreement." On the same day the Republican convention of Nebraska passed this financial plank: "We pledge ourselves in advance to the platform of the forthcoming Republican National Convention, believing that it will declare against the free and unlimited coinage of silver and for a currency

of gold, silver, and paper 'as sound as the government and as untarnished as its honor.'" There remain now only the silver-producing States which are wedded to the free and unlimited silver-coinage idea. Not an ounce of silver is produced in California. This State has always been a gold-producing State, and has had a specific contract law on its statute-books for thirty-three years, by which gold is made the standard. Nearly all the other States in the West are getting away from the free-silver idea. California is about to hold her State convention. She produces no silver. She is a gold-producing State. Does it not seem as if it were time that California were getting in out of the wet?

There is much speculation throughout the country as to what the effect of the campaign will be on business. A movement was made in favor of shortening the campaign by holding the national conventions at a later period than usual. This, however, failed. The condition of trade has been such that business men have been in a somewhat timorous frame of mind regarding the campaign.

Last fall the slight revival of trade caused the optimistic throughout the country to believe that the long depression was over and that a revival in trade might be looked for. But the Venezuelan message of Cleveland on the eighteenth of December, the consequent withdrawal of foreign capital, the subsequent slump in the New York stock market, the general disturbance of values which followed, and coming upon the heels of that the Cuban complications and the threats of war from our jingo senators—all these causes coming together crushed the slight business revival in its incipency. Everything was flattened out, and the spring trade, which had been looked forward to with much hope, is duller than that of last year.

By looking over the trade papers, it is evident that no improvement can be reported in the volume of business this spring. It is less rather than larger than that of a year ago. Collections are backward all over the country. The dry-goods market is in an unsatisfactory condition. Staple cottons accumulate in spite of lower prices. Wool shows a declining tendency, and woolen mills are suffering from lack of orders. There has been a decline in hides. Gold exports have begun again, and it is evident that the Cleveland bond accumulations will soon disappear. This also causes uneasiness. Although the Treasury reserve is now \$128,000,000 against \$98,000,000 a year ago, the gold drain has already begun, and Cleveland will have to start his bond-borrowing again. The New York stock market is dull and money rates are high, not because of lack of funds, but on account of the general want of confidence. Even government bonds, 4's of 1925, are selling on a three and one-eighth per cent. basis.

A striking feature of the present situation is the recent failure of New York city to place over \$4,000,000 of its own three-per-cent. gold bonds. Bids of only \$175,500 were received. It is interesting and instructive to note this Democratic city forced to hawk its bonds unsuccessfully, owing to a financial depression brought about by the Democratic administration which it has done so much to maintain.

The record of business failures for the first quarter of the year is not encouraging. In 1896 the failures for the first three months aggregate \$57,425,135, as against \$47,813,683 for the corresponding three months of last year. The number of failures in the first three months of 1896 was 4,031, as against 3,802 last year. This is an increase of nearly \$10,000,000 in liabilities over last year. The trade papers seem to think that the wrecks of the last two months are due to the disturbance in trade caused by the jingo congressional policy. The bank clearances in all the leading cities have decreased about ten per cent. in the last month, compared with a similar period of last year.

This is a plain statement of the business conditions prevailing throughout the country. However, everything being down to rock bottom already, it is not apparent how the Presidential campaign can hurt business. There can be no uncertainty in business circles over the outcome of the election. Even dyed-in-the-wool Democrats confess that they have not the ghost of a show. It is admitted on every hand that the Republicans will carry the day. The policy of the Republican party on the tariff is so well known that there is no reason why the result of the campaign should be doubtful. It is beyond question that the Republicans will be successful, and that if successful, they will return to a higher protective tariff than the one that now exists. Business men may look forward to such conditions with certainty. We freely confess that we do not expect to see any revival in business, however, until the Democrats are driven from power, and probably not too far for some time, because it will be impossible for the Republican party in a few months to repair the ruin that has been wrought by the Democrats in four years.

ON THE VIEJAS GRADE.

A Wild Ride and an Interrupted Elopement in Southern California.

At the foot of the Viejas grade, a small cañon pierces the rugged mountain-side and, watered by generous springs, offers some ten acres or more of perennial pasturage. Bob Jennings knew the spot when land was so plenty in Southern California that no one thought of taking up a government claim for the sake of a few fertile acres. He had lain there many a moonlight night, behind a fallen pine, waiting for a shot at one of the many deer whose sharp hoof-prints dented the soft bottom everywhere. But that was long ago, when his father was about the only settler between Julian and Campo.

Bob had knocked about the world a good deal since then with unvarying ill-luck, until at last he had been glad to get back to the Valle de las Viejas and preempt a quarter-section which included the little cañon. Not that Bob depended for his livelihood upon this limited oasis in the desert of cactus and sage-brush. The freighters, teaming machinery, and stores to the Julian mines usually made the foot of the grade about sunset and camped there over night before making the tedious ascent.

Bob, with an eye to business, ran a wire fence around the bit of pasture, inclosing the springs as well, put a watering-trough by the road-side, and built his rough shanty with a snug bar-room in front. Then he sat down and awaited developments, which were immediate and, for a time, satisfactory. The teamsters still camped at the foot of the Viejas grade, but Bob supplied the liquid refreshment of man and beast.

For a time "Bob's Hotel" prospered. He even added a small stock of merchandise, and beguiled the easy-going teamsters of many a "two-bit piece" for needless knick-knacks. But his chief source of revenue came to be a certain green-covered table which he established in a snug corner near the bar. Here he was ready to meet all comers at their own game—himself, however, giving the preference to poker.

It was this green table that ultimately proved his ruin. At its first appearance, Bob's wife, who was not so meek in those days, being a bride and not yet fallen completely under the brutal dominance of her lord and master, protested vigorously. Bob merely laughed at first, then swore, and finally struck her the first of the long series of blows that punctuated, as it were, her unhappy life. Mary Jane protested no more, but nursed a sullen anger which fast grew to hatred.

She was glad when Sim Britton opened a rival establishment half a mile farther down the valley; glad, although the growing preference for the new hostelry meant increased ill-treatment for herself. The loss of income, which was gall and worriment to Bob, did not affect her. In the flush times, Bob was never generous, even with "the boys," much less with his wife.

As his business waned, Bob took to drinking heavily and grew more and more quarrelsome. Fights were of common occurrence in the rude bar-room, and one night Bob killed a man. "Self-defense" was the verdict brought in by the coroner's jury; but men shunned the place more and more until at last only the toughest, unwelcome at the new hostelry congregated about the green cloth at Bob's place. Nothing short of the total desertion of his saloon, which seemed imminent, kept him from driving even these rude customers away by his savage bearing.

Of all the old *habitués* of the place but one remained, whose presence was not distasteful to Mary Jane. Jack Rainey, head *vaquero* on the Cutter ranch, known far and wide as "the whitest man in the county," rough rider, dead shot, and "bronco-buster," used to drop in for an occasional game of "draw." Often, too, he alighted at the dreary little saloon at odd hours of the day, and, if Bob were not at home, remained to chat with the sad-eyed woman, for whom all the boys had a tender spot in their rough hearts.

More than one man had remonstrated with Bob about his treatment of his woman. The man Bob killed had done so. Bob always resented these intrusions into his domestic affairs, often with violence, and none but Jack Rainey had ever saved the girl an iota of the rigor with which Jennings elected to govern his household.

Jack had been in the bar-room one night when, by some unfortunate slip in handing the tyrant his pipe, Mary Jane had scattered upon the table, face up, the straight flush with which he was about to capture the last dollars of a young Irishman whom he was initiating into the mysteries of "freeze-out." With an oath, Jennings rose from his seat, and made as if to strike the woman.

Jack Rainey's eyes had a bad look in them as, in his blandest tones, he said:

"Bob, ef ye strike that woman, I'll kill ye."

Bob looked at Rainey savagely, but the two men knew one another, and, with a second oath, Jennings seated himself and demanded a new deal. Mary Jane always liked Rainey after that, and looked forward to his occasional visits as the only bright spots in her dreary life. She hated Jennings with a dull, helpless bitterness; she liked Rainey in the same hopeless fashion. She was cowed, dejected, broken—and at twenty-five.

One day as she stood on the rough piazza of the saloon, gazing wistfully out over the valley, a full sense of her desolation seemed to fall upon her like a blight. The familiar country, seen through her sad, tearless eyes, seemed strange and mist-like, as in a dream. Voices shouted in her ears the loud ribaldry of the saloon, yet she knew the place was tenanted. Even Bob was gone, with rifle and dogs, having taken a hankering for fresh venison. She hoped he would not come back. She wondered why some streak of luck did not set her free—a chance shot, a snake bite, a fall into some gulch, anything to rid her of this man. But, no; luck never came her way. With the night Bob would re-

turn, and her old life of bondage run on as before. She shuddered, although the warm sun lay lovingly upon her.

"I can't stan' it," she muttered. "I've got ter end o' my rope. Bob's hit me the last lick. Life ain't been sweet ter me since I married him, an' I'm goin' ter end it all."

Fired by a sudden determination, she turned and went into the saloon. She knew there was a loaded revolver behind the bar. Bob had threatened her with it more than once, and she had dared him to shoot. Well, she would save him the trouble. She passed behind the bar and groped among the bottles on the shelf beneath. Had Bob taken the gun with him? No—her fingers touched the cold metal.

There was a sound of wheels and the quick hoof-beats of trotting horses. Some one was driving up from the valley. She must wait until they passed, for she wanted to say a bit of a prayer before she pulled the trigger.

Some one drove up to the piazza with a dash and leaped out. A man's form darkened the doorway, and Jack Rainey entered the saloon.

"Good evenin', Mis' Jennings," he said. "Bob to home?" Mary Jane shook her head.

Rainey removed his broad *sombrero* and wiped his brow. Then he leaned against the bar and meditatively rolled a cigarette. He did not look at Mary Jane.

"Bob's been goin' on ag'in, ain't he?" he asked, at length. The woman only sighed.

"I heered," said Jack, speaking with great deliberation—"I heered he was wuss than ever last night."

"He beat me," she answered, faintly.

Jack turned upon her quickly with a kind of angry pity. "Why in hell don't you give him the shake?" he cried.

Mary Jane did not answer for a minute. His query gave strength to her determination.

"I don't see how ye stan' it," Rainey went on. "Ye used ter have spunk enough—fore ye married Bob."

"I got spunk enough," she said. "I don't need no urg'in'. I made up my mind jest afore you come in—an' I'm goin' ter leave him, Mr. Rainey."

Jack looked at a trifle disappointed.

"Can't I help ye?" he asked, kindly.

"Nobody can't."

"Where ye goin' to? How'll ye git away? Bob'll foller ye an' bring ye back, without some one helps ye?"

"Bob won't foller me where I'm a-goin'," she said.

There was something in her tone at which Rainey took alarm. He walked up and stood directly in front of her.

"What you mean?" he asked, sharply. "Where you goin'?"

Mary Jane looked him straight in the eye.

"To hell, I reckon, Mr. Rainey," she said, in a hard, strained voice.

"For God's sake, don't talk like that," cried Jack. "Bob ain't worth it. Don't throw up the game that way, Mary Jane. Ef ye're goin' ter do any killin', kill Bob."

There was a long silence, during which Mary Jane began to cry silently, while Jack Rainey stood awkwardly looking on. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Mis' Jennings—Mary Jane," he began, "I knowed Bob was away when I come. That's *why* I come. There ain't a better woman 'n you in these parts, an' I reckon there ain't a meaner cuss 'n Bob. I ain't no cherub myself, Mary Jane, but I—I loved ye afore ye ever see Bob Jennings, only I warn't fixed right to tell ye. But it's the truth, Mary Jane, an' I come ter ask ye to—go away with me, an' start fresh."

An hour later, Jack Rainey drove away from "Bob's Hotel" with a woman by his side. He whistled softly to himself as one who is well pleased, but he kept a wary eye about him, and his rifle lay across his knees. Mary Jane cowered beside him in mingled hope and fear. She had yielded to Jack's entreaties because he was kind to her and because she loathed the old life. She doubted not that happiness would return if they could but succeed in eluding Bob. Yet so cowed was she by years of cruelty that hope was weak and fear predominant. She seemed to hear Bob's voice in every sound.

"Can we make it?" she asked Rainey for the twentieth time.

"Sure," he answered, heartily. "Bob won't suspect nuthin' o' this sort, an' when he does he'll look for us down to the coast. But we'll strike out over the desert for Yuma. I know the trail, an' me an' the *pineros* here have done it afore—ain't we, boys?"

The horses pricked up their ears as if in answer, and Mary Jane, reassured, nestled closer to Jack, who put an arm around her and beamed with satisfaction.

The grade was very narrow here, and the boulder-covered mountain fell away upon the right in a steep descent of a thousand feet or more, while on the left it rose sharply against the sky. The dusty roadway stretched before them just wide enough for a single team, and the next turn-out lay beyond the clump of live-oaks where the road curved sharply to the left. The horses strained at the traces with willing eagerness, and Rainey, anxious to make time, did not restrain them.

Suddenly, around the bend by the clump of oaks, a six-horse team dashed into sight, passing the turn-out on the run, the heavily loaded wagon jolting and swaying from side to side, the horses plunging madly forward down the grade. Upon the seat, half hidden by clouds of dust, two men clung for their lives, the driver urging on the frantic beasts.

"My God!" yelled Rainey, "their brake's broke!"

On they came down the straight stretch of road at ever increasing speed. The only hope of safety for the men on the box lay in the possibility of keeping the horses out from under the wagon, finding the road clear and keeping the narrow grade in their mad run.

Rainey's heart stood still for a moment. On the right lay four inches of road and the rocky slope, with the boulders of a dry creek-bed a thousand feet below. On the left the cut had left a sheer wall of at least ten feet. To turn and fly was impossible.

Then Rainey saw his game, and played it with a coolness that had brought him safely out of more than one tight place. Clapping on the brake and throwing the lines Mary Jane, who clutched them mechanically, he seized rifle and began to pump lead into the frantic leaders. was none too soon. The near horse fell when not ten yards away, his mate plunged on a few rods more, then he, too, went down; the other horses and the heavy wagon plunged upon them with a crash, and then toppled over the brink and rolled bounding and crashing to the bottom.

The driver jumped and landed under the very noses Rainey's team, but the other man went over with the wre Jack sprang to the ground and pulled the driver out from under his horses' feet. He was unconscious, and blood flowed freely from a great gash in his forehead. A quieting his team a little, Jack lifted the trembling Mary Jane to the ground, and, leaving her sitting there with injured man's head in her lap, went scrambling down slope for his companion.

"Time's scarce," said Jack, as he left the woman; "I got ter see the feller through."

Left on the lonely road, with the wounded man breath heavily and the horses trembling and snorting as they loo fearfully over the brink, Mary Jane well-nigh swooned with fright. Every moment she expected the advent of F angry and brutal. The sight of blood made her faint, Jack's absence completed her sense of desolation. seemed an hour ere he returned, and when he appeared puffing and perspiring, his face was ashen and his voice strangely solemn.

Mary Jane looked into his eyes inquiringly.

"Yes—I found him," said Rainey in answer to her look. "He's plumb dead an' bad to look at. We must git on the hosses out; I reckon I kin lead him around the way an' then you'll hev ter ride him home an' send some of boys up to help me haul 'em down the grade."

The woman's cheek blanched, and the old, dull fear came back into her eyes.

"Go home!" she cried, hoarsely.

"Ay, girl, home," said Rainey. "Ye needn't be afeared no more. Bob'll never strike ye ag'in. It's him t'lyin' dead down there in the gulch."

They are not a sentimental people in Valle de las Viejas nor do they follow closely the dictates of cultured society. Within two weeks the widow of Bob Jennings became Jack Rainey, and none but she and Jack ever knew of the elopement.

FREDERIC L. WHEELER

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW POEM.

From "The Hymn to the Sea."

Miser whose coffered recesses the spoils of eternity cumber,
Spentthrift foaming thy soul wildly in fury away—
We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudinous image
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in thee.
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite fabric of Silence
Perilous turreted hangs, trembles and dulcetly falls;
When the aerial armies engage amid orgies of music,
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds;
When, at his banquet, Summer is purple and drowsed with r
tion;
When, to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter repairs;
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of Aulu
When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of
Spring;
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a hacchante uleaping
Spills on the tresses of Night vintages golden and red;
When, as a token at parting, munificent Day, for remembrance
Gives, unto men that forget, Ophirs of fabulous ore;
When, invincibly rushing, in luminous palpitant deluge,
Hot from the summits of Life, poured is the lava of noon;
When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her mutable glow
Wise from the magical East, comes like a sorceress pale,
Ah, she comes, she rises—impassive, emotionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her ruins with pearl.
Once she was warm, she was joyous, desire in her pulses ab
ing;
Surely, thou lovest her well, then, in her conquering youth
Surely not all unimpassioned, at sound of thy rough serena
She, from the balconied night, unto her melodist leaned—
Leaned unto thee, her handsman, who keepest to-day her
mandments
All for the sake of old love, dead at thy heart though it lie.
—William Watson's "Father of the Forest and Other Poem

The city of Padua is suing the heir-apparent to the trian crown, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The latter recently inherited from the Duke of Modena a splendid ision in Padua, including a collection of priceless work art. The archduke had already moved part of the ction to Vienna, when an old will of the original owner o collection was discovered, whereby the collection, if an tempt were made to disperse it, should become the prop of the city of Padua. Hence the suit.

There is a hint for some local corporations in the r action of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company controls but a short line and a system of ferries, but i month issued an enormous edition of road maps showin the newly macadamized roads of Staten Island, distrib the maps free to wheelmen. Each map bore the leg "Bicycles carried free on all boats and cars."

The narrow Baltic seas have a worse record for w than any other portion of the globe. The annual nu of such casualties exceeds one a day, ranging from 4: 154, and in one-half of these cases all the crews were In the four years from 1877 to 1881, no less than 700 were lost there.

The chief of police in each Russian district passes all printed advertisements, as well as upon the text of p and magazines, and recently two bicycle-tire firms had advertisements returned as "not available," because one tained the words "sensational novelty" and the other "at everything."

MARY ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS.

American Actress's Recollections of Notabilities she Met Abroad—Tennyson, Bernhardt, Gladstone, and Victor Hugo—More Leaves from "A Few Memories."

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Some weeks ago we printed from advance sheets an article on Mary Anderson de Navarro's autobiography, "A Few Memories." The book is now on sale, and it contains so much that is of interest that we have been tempted to give our readers a second installment of its contents. In our first article we concerned ourselves chiefly with Miss Anderson's early career—her childhood, her youthful aspirations, her début, and the hard work that brought her American fame. In this we shall take up her life abroad, and recount enough to show the scope and character of the latter part of the book, in which she treats of her European successes and social life.

I was in 1878 that Mary Anderson made her first trip abroad—not professionally, but to rest, and she went first to Paris. Her first evening was spent at the Théâtre Français, and she admits that she was disappointed in the acting, though the cast included Bernhardt, Got, Worms, and Mounet Sully. Being accustomed to the "broad and direct effects of our early stage," the "refinement and finesse" of the French art meant little or nothing to her. But she was invited behind the scenes by Mme. Bernhardt, and thus craves her visit to the great French actress:

"I received us with charming cordiality, and afterwards asked me to go to her dressing-room. It was instructive as well as interesting to watch the mysteries of her toilet, which was almost faultless. I once dared to hint to her that she looked far better with less oil on her cheeks and lips. She followed the suggestion at once; indeed, she seemed as much of a girl as I, and had nothing of the inspiring great woman about her. One night we were going through a passage leading to the stage. She was smiling gayly, and looking remarkably youthful and attractive. In a moment her face was ugly and distorted with anger. Like a flash she ran down the stairs, and left me standing there without a word of explanation. I went around for the cause of this sudden passion, and saw a written note on the wall stating that Mme. Bernhardt was to act on such a night in a certain play. In a few seconds she came back, the fire from her eye, and taking my hand, she continued her gay conversation. Her scene over, we returned through the same passage. I observed that the notice had been changed to another play and that she threw a triumphant glance at the announcement and at which plainly said: "See what a queen I am here." "Like Clara Morris," Mme. Bernhardt had a way of turning her upon the audience to make comic remarks or grimaces to those dining in the wings. It was impossible to compliment her Doña when she constantly distracted one with amusing asides. One day she said, "I will act for you to-night. It is not good for you but you will see." After the first act—a series of triumphs—came to the death scene. I shall always remember it as the most powerfully realistic acting I have ever witnessed. When it was over there was wild enthusiasm in the house. The great actress lay on the stage like one really dead. Her maids ran to her assistance. There was a stain of blood upon the handkerchief put to her forehead. A little iced champagne restored her, though she was only able and quite still, while the audience thundered its applause. She put her hand on my shoulder on coming off the stage, and, with a smile, simply said, "Voilà!"

If Miss Anderson's first appearance in London, made in 1883 at the Lyceum, and in the part of the heroine in "Gomara," she says:

"After the applause of my first entrance (I had never before received such a long and hearty greeting), I felt that the public of London so dreaded for months before, had welcomed a stranger in the friendly spirit. The excitement of the first scenes had evidently weakened me, for in the second act, while weaving garlands of golden cups, a kindly voice from the pit called out: "Mary, speak up a bit!" This was said with so much feeling that it went to my nervousness, and from that moment the play ran smoothly to the end. Every point was received with enthusiasm, even those who had been so prejudiced against the old-fashioned method voted it a great and instant success."

But the most interesting passages in this part of the book are to the notabilities Miss Anderson met. She acknowledges a debt of gratitude to her profession for opening to her the doors of the artistic and literary world. "What a mingling and helpful world it is!" she exclaims. Among the most intimate friends in London was the late Wilkie Collins, who drank opium to relieve the pains of gout, and told her that it was under the influence of the drug that he invented the *dinwiddie* of "The Moonstone." Ruskin is noted as having said that he had never felt any enthusiasm for plastic art until he had seen her Galatea. Alma, also a personal friend, designed her Greek costume. William Black and his wife carried her off to Scotland, and the painting of G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., which is one of the six beautiful portraits reproduced in the book, their possession. Of all the great ones of the stage in she was associated with there are also many new and interesting stories.

Lord Tennyson she first met at the Deanery of West-

minster. She writes: "I had a noble head and presence; but my first feeling was one of disappointment, simply because I did not find the laureate what I expected him to be. The poet's manner at first struck me as gruff. I felt it so then; though, on knowing him better, I found him one of the kindest and most sympathetic natures. He came into the drawing-room after luncheon, for his pipe needed a necessity to him on all occasions. He sent for me before I and during our tête-à-tête his manner had so changed as to lead me to believe that his former brusqueness was only due to shyness. Most of those present kissed the bard's hand as he passed."

Miss Anderson met Lord Tennyson many times after that and visited him in his home. She says:

"I was not until then that I learned a little of the largeness and depth of his nature. His shyness or reserve during early acquaintance was concealed by a decided brusqueness of manner which misleading to those who never realized the privilege of becoming friends. He was merciless on all who made a wrong use of his name, and pulled me up severely for speaking of some trivial thing as 'wonderfully nice.' "What is to become of writers if people will upon misusing and vulgarizing words of distinctive meaning?" My confusion at his just reproof was fortunately short-lived, for, to my delight, another guest, speaking soon after of something 'wonderfully jolly,' was scathed and withered on the spot."

Subsequent visits to the laureate's homes at Haslemere and the Wight, I had the happiness of joining him in the two hours' which, rain or shine, he took daily. His tender interest in every word and flower and leaf was charming. How many pretty legends

he had about rocks, the cliffs, the sky, the sea, the shrubs, the very lumps of chalk underfoot—he had a word for them all. The things he read in Nature's book were full of the same kind of poetry as his own; and the "sunbeams of his cheerful spirit" flooded all my memories of those delightful walks. Though nearer eighty than seventy, his step was so rapid, he moved so briskly, that it was with difficulty I kept up with him. The last twenty minutes of the two hours generally ended in a kind of trot. Weather never interrupted his exercise. He scorned an umbrella. With his long dark mantle and thick boots, he defied all storms. When his large-brimmed hat became heavy with water, he would stop and give it a great shake, saying: "How much better this is than to be huddled over the fire for fear of a little weather." His great strength and general health were due to doubt to the time he spent so regularly in the open air. . . . We spoke of many poets, living and long since dead, and of all he had something appreciative to say. His conversation was often interspersed with illustrative stories, many of them comic. The number he had of these was incredible. His friend, James Russell Lowell, he said, had given him some good ones. Mr. Lowell prided himself on his quickness in seeing a point. "Nothing," he once remarked to me, "enrages me so much as to have some one tell me a good story, and then explain it. It is an open insult to my intelligence." I have never met any one more perfect with whom to exchange anecdotes than Tennyson. At one time I made it a practice to put down and remember the many good ones I heard, for the selfish pleasure of repeating them to him. His broad sympathies made him understand me in all moods, and brought to light one's truest and best meaning. He was not a faddist in any sense of the word; but saw the beauty of the field daisy as clearly as that of the rarest orchid.

While "The Foresters" was being prepared for the stage, Miss Anderson accompanied the laureate and his family on a visit to the New Forest. She writes:

Lord Tennyson, with his son and charming daughter-in-law, my mother, and I spent two days together under the "melancholy bows" of that beautiful wood. I had never seen the hard in gayer mood than during that long picnic. We lunched upon the ground, in the chequered shade, and walked and drove from morning till night through the great forest. Passing some stray streamlet, it was delightful to see the aged poet play at ducks-and-drakes and quote between whiles in his inimitable way:

"Flow on, cold rivulet, to the sea." Etc., etc.

We stopped at a small inn, where in the evening a grandson of Wordsworth came to pay his respects to the laureate, and to read to him an unpublished poem by his eminent grandfather. Not wishing to be known, we traveled *incognito*. Lord Tennyson passed as "Mr. Hood." It was "Mr. Hood" here and "Mr. Hood" there from us all, much to his amusement. Everything went well until the last morning, when the landlady asked, with a bob and a knowing look, if "His lordship would have any more toast?" We then realized how foolish we had been in imagining that Tennyson could have passed for any one but himself. He was a large, strongly-built man, with a lion-like head, splendidly poised on broad shoulders. His profile was particularly noble. His hands were large and shapely, his finger-tips square. Any one understanding the subject would have called them honest, trust-inspiring hands, capable of doing good and great things.

Back again in London, Miss Anderson sat to G. F. Watts for her portrait, and they talked so much, and he was such a delightful conversationalist, that the sittings covered a period of five years. Watts painted "with soul," in which he differed from a certain Mr. —, who painted a portrait of Lord Tennyson. The poet took Miss Anderson to see it, and was visibly pleased that she did not like it. "No wonder," said he, pointing to the portrait; "that man has neither a brain nor a soul, and I have both."

Miss Anderson was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone when the great dynamite explosion at the Admiralty buildings shook all London like an earthquake. Here is the story in her own words:

It was at a breakfast at his house in Downing Street that I first met Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister. As he came across the room, with his hands stretched out in greeting, I could not believe that the fine countenance and magnificent eyes were the same I had seen in the numerous photographs and portraits of the eminent statesman. There was a youthfulness in the face and a fire in the eyes that none of them suggested, while the expression was varying and sympathetic. Without an atom of self-consciousness, his simplicity and charm have forced even his political opponents to admit that "he can be delightful socially." His versatility in conversation was remarkable. He handled every subject with an ease born of deep knowledge. At breakfast I had the pleasure of sitting between him and the late Lord Granville.

Mr. Gladstone was speaking amiably of toys, contrasting the quaint and simple ones of his childhood with the intricate and wonderful playthings of to-day, when, to the horror of all, a loud explosion was heard, which seemed to be in the house. Happening at a time when dynamite was being freely used in London, and Victoria Station had already been partially demolished by a bomb, its effect was naturally terrifying. Mr. Gladstone was the only one of the party who did not show the slightest sign of fear, and went to the scene of the explosion at once. We soon learned that an attempt had been made to blow up the Admiralty near by. On his return, Mr. Gladstone, after expressing indignation at the cowardice of such proceedings, said nothing further on the subject. A few moments later, he was helping me with my wrap, which he put on upside down, making amusing remarks about ladies' cloaks in general and mine in particular.

Browning Miss Anderson met only in society. She says of him:

"My first impression of him was that he resembled one of our old-school Southern country gentlemen more than my ideal of England's mystic poet. There was a kind of friendly chattiness in his conversation, more agreeable, I thought, than distinguished. . . . His fearlessly enthusiastic appreciation of anything beautiful, whether famous or unknown, was one of his greatest characteristics. On one occasion I saw him stretch his hand across a luncheon table to greet a young artist who has since sprung into fame. 'Are you Mr. —?' he asked. 'Sir, you are a genius, and I am proud to shake you by the hand.'"

Leaving London for a little rest in Paris, she had the pleasure of an interview with Victor Hugo in his own house, which she thus describes:

As the door opened and he entered the room, I was greatly impressed by an atmosphere of power that seemed to surround the short, thick-set man with stubby white hair and piercing eyes. His welcome was cordial, his manner full of that charm and courtesy which mark the gentleman of the old school. Among the many subjects touched upon, he spoke enthusiastically of *les Petites Andrioles*, whom he placed beside *les Français* for grace and beauty. During our conversation he kissed my hand several times in the French fashion, and I noticed that he always brought it to his lips, never stooping to meet it. I laughingly mentioned this to an intimate friend of his. "Ah," said he, "mon ami ne baisse pas la tête même pour les Américaines." He gave me his photograph, signing his name at the bottom. It was sad to see the master hand that had written "Les Misérables" shaking so painfully over his own signature.

Many new plays were offered Miss Anderson, but none deemed to suit her exactly. Among these, W. S. Gilbert submitted "Brantingham Hall," but she realized that the chief character was not in her line, and declined it. In his usual amusing way, the author asked her whether her reason for doing so was because she found anything gross

in it: "for," said he, "I hear that you hate gross things much that you can hardly be induced to take your share of the gross receipts."

Miss Anderson, who is a Roman Catholic, writes much interest of her visit to Cardinal Newman:

At Birmingham I had the privilege of meeting Cardinal Newman. His noble head, as seen in his various portraits, led one to suppose his eminence a man of large build. I was surprised to find him very small and fragile. No picture of him lives the spiritual beauty of his face. His thick hair was so white that it looked as if some snowy powder had been thrown over it. His eyes were light in color, small, and full of expression. When he smiled, they had the youthful look of a boy of ten. His manner was pleasant, though not so winning or courtly as that of Cardinal Manning, who might have been a prince in the most brilliant of courts. Cardinal Newman had more of the reserve of the student about him. During our first interview, he startled me by saying, "So you go as far as a young lady can go—as far West, I mean," he explained in answer to my look of surprise: "I believe you were born in California." The youthful twinkle in his eyes was so irresistible that I laughed heartily. I can still see his slight, almost shriveled figure, clad in a black and red cassack, and the beautiful head and snowy hair, with the scowl-like cap. There was such a marked character about him that even a passing glance in a crowd would have stamped his personality upon one's memory.

Of him Miss Anderson tells a pleasant little anecdote.

One of his special friends was a little girl, the daughter of a convert. The mother, with her child, was called away to India to join her husband, who was stationed there. Many years passed. She died, and her daughter, then a young lady of sixteen, came back to England to stop with her aunt, Miss B—. The latter had informed the cardinal of the girl's return, and when he next came to town, they were astonished and touched to see him arrive with his pockets, as of old, filled with toys. He had forgotten the lapse of years, and only remembered with beautiful fidelity the old custom.

Cardinal Manning insisted on the danger of play-acting by boys and girls at school, the very thing that made Mary Anderson an actress. She interviewed the cardinal with this result:

I remember once, in an animated discussion on the theatre with His Eminence Cardinal Manning, citing many excellent examples to prove that his theory that all actors must eventually grow into "shams" was not true. This was after my retirement, which event, he informed me, he had prayed for, and he saw that I spoke dispassionately. He listened attentively to all I had to say upon the subject, but was not in the least convinced. His prejudice against the stage was deep-rooted. "From our cradles," he said, "we all have a tendency to act. Small boys pretend to be men, soldiers, anything but what they really are. Tiny girls play at being mothers, cradling their dolls. The so-called art of acting increases this tendency in those who witness it almost as much as those who practice it. I can not conceive how the latter can escape being led in time to an unconscious development of artificiality or exaggeration in their thought, and, as a natural result, in their speech and manner." His dislike for the theatre was so marked that he could see no good in it. To quote his own words: "His tendency is downward and pernicious." He was not to be moved from his condemnation of the effects of play-acting, and repeatedly congratulated me upon escaping the stage before age and habit had made me a slave to it. Among other things, he said that when those under his direction asked if he forbade them frequenting theatres, his invariable answer was: "I wish I could."

Of the morals of the stage Miss Anderson says:

There is a belief among certain classes that the stage and immorality are synonymous. This is so palpably blind prejudice that it needs no refutation. My observation has taught me that the greatest dangers of the theatre are a strong tendency to vanity, a certain carelessness about the great realities of life (which are principally noticed and used for gaining dramatic effects), and the feverish lack of repose that made the old age of Mrs. Siddons so pitiable. It is not good for an instrument to be strung too high, and it seems to me that the actor (an instrument of many strings) is constantly tuned up to concert pitch.

This naturally leads up to Mme. de Navarro's reasons for leaving the stage, which are here presented:

After so much kindness from the public, it seems ungrateful to confess that the *practice* of my art (not the study of it) had grown as time went on more and more distasteful to me. To quote Fanny Kemble on the same subject: "Never" (in my case for the last three years of my public life) have I presented myself before an audience without a feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unwholesome, and the personal exhibition odious." To be conscious that one's person was a target for any who paid to make it one; to live for months at a time in one groove, with ungenial surroundings and in an atmosphere seldom penetrated by the sun and air; and to be continually repeating the same passions and thoughts in the same words—that was the most part of my daily life, and became so like slavery to me that I resolved after one more season's work to cut myself free from the stage forever.

Miss Anderson's last appearance as an actress was in Washington, D. C., in March, 1880. She was really too ill to play, but in spite of the protestations of managers and physicians, she insisted. Here is the story in her own words:

The theatre was crowded. Perdita danced apparently as gayly as ever, but after the exertion felt fainting from exhaustion, and was carried off the stage. I was taken into the dressing-room, which in a few moments was filled with people from the boxes. Recovering consciousness quickly, I begged them to clear the room. Realizing then that I would probably not be able to act any more that season, though there were many weeks yet unexpired, I resolved, at any cost, to complete that night's work. Hurriedly putting on some color, I passed the groups of people discussing the incident, and, before the doctor or my brother were aware of my purpose, ordered the curtain to be rung up and walked quickly upon the stage. As I did so I heard a loud hum, which I was afterward told was a great burst of applause from the audience. The pastoral scene came to an end. There was only one more act to go through. Donning the statue-like draperies of Hermione, I mounted the pedestal. My physician, formerly an officer in the army, said that he had never, even in the midst of a battle, felt so nervous as when he saw the figure of Hermione swaying on her pedestal up that long flight of stairs. Every moment there was an hour of torture to me, for I felt myself growing fainter and fainter. All my remaining strength was put into that last effort. I descended from the pedestal, and was able to speak all but the final line. This remained unuttered, and the curtain rang down on my last appearance on the stage.

The following November (1880) I became engaged to Antonio de Navarro, whom I had known for many years, and in June of 1880, at the little Catholic church at Hampstead, London, we were married. Many and great inducements have since been frequently offered me to act again, but

"Il en coûte trop cher pour briller dans le monde.
Combien je vais aimer ma retraite profonde!
Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés."

The book is a handsome one of more than two hundred and fifty pages, clearly printed on heavy, wide-margined paper, and it is illustrated with six portraits of the author by G. F. Watts, Frank D. Millet, and G. H. Boughton, and from photographs.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

ON THE VIEJAS GRADE.

A Wild Ride and an Interrupted Elopement in Southern California.

At the foot of the Viejas grade, a small cañon pierces the rugged mountain-side and, watered by generous springs, offers some ten acres or more of perennial pasturage. Bob Jennings knew the spot when land was so plenty in Southern California that no one thought of taking up a government claim for the sake of a few fertile acres. He had lain there many a moonlight night, behind a fallen pine, waiting for a shot at one of the many deer whose sharp hoof-prints dented the soft bottom everywhere. But that was long ago, when his father was about the only settler between Julian and Campo.

Bob had knocked about the world a good deal since then with unvarying ill-luck, until at last he had been glad to get back to the Valle de las Viejas and pre-empt a quarter-section which included the little cañon. Not that Bob depended for his livelihood upon this limited oasis in the desert of cactus and sage-brush. The freighters, teaming machinery, and stores to the Julian mines usually made the foot of the grade about sunset and camped there over night before making the tedious ascent.

Bob, with an eye to business, ran a wire fence around the bit of pasture, inclosing the springs as well, put a watering-trough by the road-side, and built his rough shanty with a snug bar-room in front. Then he sat down and awaited developments, which were immediate and, for a time, satisfactory. The teamsters still camped at the foot of the Viejas grade, but Bob supplied the liquid refreshment of man and beast.

For a time "Bob's Hotel" prospered. He even added a small stock of merchandise, and beguiled the easy-going teamsters of many a "two-hit piece" for needless knick-knacks. But his chief source of revenue came to be a certain green-covered table which he established in a snug corner near the bar. Here he was ready to meet all comers at their own game—himself, however, giving the preference to poker.

It was this green table that ultimately proved his ruin. At its first appearance, Bob's wife, who was not so meek in those days, being a bride and not yet fallen completely under the brutal dominance of her lord and master, protested vigorously. Bob merely laughed at first, then swore, and finally struck her the first of the long series of blows that punctuated, as it were, her unhappy life. Mary Jane protested no more, but nursed a sullen anger which fast grew to hatred.

She was glad when Sim Britton opened a rival establishment half a mile farther down the valley; glad, although the growing preference for the new hostelry meant increased ill-treatment for herself. The loss of income, which was gall and wormwood to Bob, did not affect her. In the flush times, Bob was never generous, even with "the boys," much less with his wife.

As his business waned, Bob took to drinking heavily and grew more and more quarrelsome. Fights were of common occurrence in the rude bar-room, and one night Bob killed a nian. "Self-defense" was the verdict brought in by the coroner's jury; but men shunned the place more and more until at last only the toughest, unwelcome at the new hostelry congregated about the green cloth at Bob's place. Nothing short of the total desertion of his saloon, which seemed imminent, kept him from driving even these rude customers away by his savage hearing.

Of all the old *habitués* of the place but one remained, whose presence was not distasteful to Mary Jane. Jack Raioey, head *vagabundo* on the Cutter ranch, known far and wide as "the whitest mao in the county," rough rider, dead shot, and "bronco-buster," used to drop in for an occasional game of "draw." Often, too, he alighted at the dreary little saloon at odd hours of the day, and, if Bob were out at home, remained to chat with the sad-eyed woman, for whom all the boys had a tender spot in their rough hearts.

More than one man had remonstrated with Bob about his treatment of his woman. The man Bob killed had done so. Bob always resented these intrusions into his domestic affairs, often with violence, and once but Jack Raioey had ever saved the girl an iota of the rigor with which Jennings elected to govern his household.

Jack had been in the bar-room one night when, by some unfortunate slip in handing the tyrant his pipe, Mary Jane had scattered upon the table, face up, the straight flush with which he was about to capture the last dollars of a young Irishman whom he was initiating into the mysteries of "freeze-out." With an oath, Jennings rose from his seat, and made as if to strike the woman.

Jack Raioey's eyes had a had look in them as, in his blandest tones, he said:

"Bob, ef ye strike that woman, I'll kill ye."

Bob looked at Raioey savagely, but the two men knew one another, and, with a second oath, Jennings seated himself and demanded a new deal. Mary Jane always liked Raioey after that, and looked forward to his occasional visits as the only bright spots in her dreary life. She hated Jennings with a dull, helpless bitterness; she liked Raioey in the same hopeless fashion. She was cowed, dejected, brokeo—and at twenty-five.

One day as she stood on the rough piazza of the saloon, gazing wistfully out over the valley, a full sense of her desolation seemed to fall upon her like a light. The familiar country, seen through her sad, tearless eyes, seemed strange and mist-like, as in a dream. Voices shouted in her ears the loud rihaldry of the saloon, yet she knew the place was tenanted. Even Bob was gone, with rifle and dogs, having taken a hankering for fresh venison. She hoped he would not come back. She wondered why some streak of luck did not set her free—a chance shot, a soaked hite, a fall into some gulch, anything to rid her of this man. But, oo; luck never came her way. With the night Bob would re-

turn, and her old life of bondage run on as before. She shuddered, although the warm sun lay lovingly upon her.

"I can't stan' it," she muttered. "I've got ter the end o' my rope. Bob's hit me the last lick. Life ain't been sweet ter me since I married him, an' I'm goin' ter end it all."

Fired by a sudden determination, she turned and went into the saloon. She knew there was a loaded revolver behind the bar. Bob had threatened her with it more than once, and she had dared him to shoot. Well, she would save him the trouble. She passed behind the bar and groped among the bottles on the shelf beneath. Had Bob taken the gun with him? No—her fingers touched the cold metal.

There was a sound of wheels and the quick hoof-beats of trotting horses. Some one was driving up from the valley. She must wait until they passed, for she wanted to say a bit of a prayer before she pulled the trigger.

Some one drove up to the piazza with a dash and leaped out. A man's form darkened the doorway, and Jack Raioey entered the saloon.

"Good evenin', Mis' Jennings," he said. "Bob to home?"

Mary Jane shook her head.

Raioey removed his broad *sombrero* and wiped his brow. Then he leaned against the bar and meditatively rolled a cigarette. He did not look at Mary Jane.

"Bob's been goin' on ag'in, ain't he?" he asked, at length. The woman only sighed.

"I heered," said Jack, speaking with great deliberation—"I heered he was wuss than ever last night."

"He beat me," she answered, faintly.

Jack turned upon her quickly with a kind of angry pity.

"Why in hell don't you give him the shake?" he cried.

Mary Jane did not answer for a minute. His query gave strength to her determination.

"I don't see how ye stan' it," Raioey went on. "Ye used ter have spunk enough—fore ye married Bob."

"I got spunk enough," she said. "I don't need no urgin'. I made up my mind jest afore you come in—an' I'm goin' ter leave him, Mr. Raioey."

Jack looked a trifle disappointed.

"Can't I help ye?" he asked, kindly.

"Nobody can't."

"Where ye goin' to? How'll ye git away? Bob'll foller ye an' bring ye back, without some one helps ye?"

"Bob won't foller me where I'm a-goin'," she said.

There was something in her tone at which Raioey took alarm. He walked up and stood directly in front of her.

"What you meao?" he asked, sharply. "Where you goin'?"

Mary Jane looked him straight in the eye.

"To hell, I reckon, Mr. Raioey," she said, in a hard, strained voice.

"For God's sake, don't talk like that," cried Jack. "Bob ain't worth it. Don't throw up the game that way, Mary Jane. Ef ye're goin' ter do any killin', kill Bob."

There was a long silence, during which Mary Jane began to cry silently, while Jack Raioey stood awkwardly looking on. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Mis' Jennings—Mary Jane," he began, "I knowed Bob was away w'ho I come. That's *why* I come. There ain't a better w'oman 'n you in these parts, an' I reckoo there ain't a meaner cuss 'n Bob. I ain't no cherub myself, Mary Jane, but I—I loved ye afore ye ever see Bob Jennings, only I warn't fixed right to tell ye. But it's the truth, Mary Jane, an' I come ter ask ye to—to go away with me, ao' start fresh."

An hour later, Jack Raioey drove away from "Bob's Hotel" with a woman by his side. He whistled softly to himself as one who is well pleased, but he kept a wary eye about him, and his rifle lay across his knees. Mary Jane cowered beside him in mingled hope and fear. She had yielded to Jack's entreaties because he was kind to her and because she loathed the old life. She doubted not that happiness would return if they could but succeed in eluding Bob. Yet so cowed was she by years of cruelty that hope was weak and fear predominant. She seemed to hear Bob's voice in every sound.

"Can we make it?" she asked Raioey for the twentieth time.

"Sure," he answered, heartily. "Bob won't suspect nuthin' o' this sort, an' when he does he'll look for us down to the coast. But we'll strike out over the desert for Yuma. I know the trail, an' me an' the *pinchos* here have done it afore—ain't we, boys?"

The horses pricked up their ears as if in answer, and Mary Jane, reassured, nestled closer to Jack, who put an arm around her and heaved with satisfaction.

The grade was very narrow here, and the howler-covered mountain fell away upon the right in a steep descent of a thousand feet or more, while on the left it rose sharply against the sky. The dusty roadway stretched before them just wide enough for a single team, and the next two-out lay beyond the clump of live-oaks where the road curved sharply to the left. The horses strained at the traces with willing eagerness, and Raioey, anxious to make time, did not restrain them.

Suddenly, around the bend by the clump of oaks, a six-horse team dashed into sight, passing the turn-out on the run, the heavily loaded wagon jolting and swaying from side to side, the horses plunging madly forward down the grade. Upon the seat, half hidden by clouds of dust, two men clung for their lives, the driver urging on the frantic beasts.

"My God!" yelled Raioey, "their brake's broke!"

On they came down the straight stretch of road at ever increasing speed. The only hope of safety for the men on the box lay in the possibility of keeping the horses out from under the wagon, finding the road clear and keeping the narrow grade in their mad run.

Raioey's heart stood still for a moment. On the right lay four inches of road and the rocky slope, with the howlers of a dry creek-bed a thousand feet below. On the left the cut had left a sheer wall of at least two feet. To turn and fly was impossible.

Then Raioey saw his game, and played it with a coolness that had brought him safely out of more than one tight place. Clapping on the brake and throwing the lines to Mary Jane, who clutched them mechanically, he seized his rifle and began to pump lead into the frantic leaders. It was none too soon. The near horse fell when not ten rods away, his mate plunged on a few rods more, then he, too, went down; the other horses and the heavy wagon piled upon them with a crash, and then toppled over the brink and rolled bounding and crashing to the bottom.

The driver jumped and landed under the very noses of Raioey's team, but the other man went over with the wreck. Jack sprang to the ground and pulled the driver out from under his horses' feet. He was unconscious, and blood flowed freely from a great gash in his forehead. After quieting his team a little, Jack lifted the trembling Mary Jane to the ground, and, leaving her sitting there with the injured man's head in her lap, went scrambling down the slope for his companion.

"Time's scarce," said Jack, as he left the woman; "bu I got ter see the feller through."

Left on the lonely road, with the wounded man breathing heavily and the horses trembling and snorting as they looked fearfully over the brink, Mary Jane well-nigh swooned with fright. Every moment she expected the advent of Bob, angry and brutal. The sight of blood made her faint, and Jack's absence completed her sense of desolation. Seemed an hour ere he returned, and when he appeared, puffing and perspiring, his face was ashen and his voice strangely solemn.

Mary Jane looked into his eyes inquiringly.

"Yes—I found him," said Raioey in answer to her look. "He's plumb dead an' had to look at. We must git one o' the hosses out; I reckon I kin lead him around the wagon an' then you'll hev ter ride him home an' send some o' the boys up to help me haul 'em down the grade."

The woman's cheek blanched, and the old, dull fear came back into her eyes.

"Go home!" she cried, hoarsely.

"Ay, girl, home," said Raioey. "Ye needn't be afeard no more. Bob'll never strike ye ag'in. It's him that's lyin' dead down there in the gulch."

They are not a sentimental people in Valle de las Viejas nor do they follow closely the dictates of cultured society. Within two weeks the widow of Bob Jennings became Mr. Jack Raioey, and none but she and Jack ever knew of the elopement.

FREDERIC L. WHEELER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW POEM.

From "The Hymn to the Sea."

Miser whose coffered recesses the spoils of eternity cumber,
Spenthrit foaming thy soul wildly in fury away—
We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudinous image
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in thee.
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite fabric of Silence
Perilous turreted bangs, trembles and dulcely falls;
When the aerial armies engage amid orgies of music,
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds;
When, at his banquet, Summer is purple and drowsed with reptilian
tion;
When, to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter repairs;
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of Autumn
When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring;
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante upleaping,
Spills on the tresses of Night vintages golden and red;
When, as a token at parting, munificent Day, for remembrance,
Gives, unto men that forget, Opibers of fabulous ore;
When, invincibly rushing, in luminous palpitant deluge,
Hot from the summits of Life, poured is the lava of noon;
When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her mutable glories,
Wise from the magical East, comes like a sorceress pale;
Ah, she comes, she rises—impassive, emotionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her ruins with pearl.
Once she was warm, she was joyous, desire in her pulses about
ing;
Surely, thou lovedst her well, then, in her conquering youth I
Surely not all unimpassioned, at sound of thy rough serenading
She, from the balconied night, unto her melodist leaned—
Leaned unto thee, her handsman, who keepest to-day her com-
mandments,
All for the sake of old love, dead at thy heart though it lie.
—William Watson's "Father of the Forest and Other Poems."

The city of Padua is suing the heir-apparent to the Austrian crown, Archduke Francis, Ferdinand. The latter recently inherited from the Duke of Modena a splendid mansion in Padua, including a collection of priceless works of art. The archduke had already moved part of the collection to Vienna, when an old will of the original owner of the collection was discovered, whereby the collection, if any attempt were made to disperse it, should become the property of the city of Padua. Hence the suit.

There is a hint for some local corporations in the recent action of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company. controls but a short line and a system of ferries, but it last month issued an enormous edition of road maps showing the newly macadamized roads of Statoe Island, distributed the maps free to wheelmen. Each map bore the legend "Bicycles carried free on all boats and cars."

The narrow Baltic seas have a worse record for wrecks than any other portion of the globe. The annual number of such casualties exceeds one a day, ranging from 425 to 154, and in one-half of these cases all the crews were lost. In the four years from 1877 to 1881, no less than 700 lives were lost there.

The chief of police in each Russian district passes up all printed advertisements, as well as upon the text of papers and magazines, and recently two bicycle-tire firms had their advertisements returned as "not available," because one contained the words "sensational novelty" and the other "everything."

MARY ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS.

the American Actress's Recollections of Notabilities she Met Abroad—Tennyson, Bernhardt, Gladstone, and Victor Hugo—More Leaves from "A Few Memories."

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Some weeks ago we printed from advance sheets an article on Mary Anderson de Navarro's autobiography, "A Few Memories." The book is now on sale, and it contains so much that is of interest that we have been tempted to give our readers a second installment of its contents. In our first article we concerned ourselves chiefly with Miss Anderson's early career—her childhood, her youthful aspirations, her début, and the hard work that brought her American fame. In this we shall take up her life abroad, and recount enough to show the scope and character of the latter part of the book, in which she treats of her European success and social life.

It was in 1878 that Mary Anderson made her first trip abroad—not professionally, but to rest, and she went first to Paris. Her first evening was spent at the Théâtre français, and she admits that she was disappointed in the thing, though the cast included Bernhardt, Got, Worms, and Mounet Sully. Being accustomed to the "broad and old effects of our early stage," the "refinement and finesse" of the French art meant little or nothing to her. But she was invited behind the scenes by Mme. Bernhardt, and thus scribes her visit to the great French actress:

She received us with charming cordiality, and afterwards asked me frequently to her dressing-room. It was instructive as well as interesting to watch the mysteries of her toilet, which was almost faultless. I once dared to hint to her that she looked far better with less paint on her cheeks and lips. She followed the suggestion at once; indeed, she seemed as much of a girl as I, and had nothing of the inspiring great woman about her. One night we were going through a passage leading to the stage. She was smiling gayly, and looking remarkably youthful and attractive. In a moment her face grew ugly and distorted with anger. Like a flash she ran down the stairs, and left me standing there without a word of explanation. I looked around for the cause of this sudden passion, and saw a written notice on the wall stating that Mme. Bernhardt was to act on such a night in a certain play. In a few seconds she came back, the fire from her eye, and taking my hand, she continued her gay conversation. Her scene over, we returned through the same passage, and I observed that the notice had been changed to another play and artist. She threw a triumphant glance at the announcement and at me, which plainly said: "See what a queen I am here."

Like Clara Morris, Mme. Bernhardt had a way of turning her back upon the audience to make comic remarks or grimaces to those standing in the wings. It was impossible to compliment her during a scene when she constantly distracted one with amusing asides. One evening she said, "I will act for you to-night. It is not good for you, but you will see." After the first acts—a series of triumphs—she came to the death scene. I shall always remember it as the most powerfully realistic acting I have ever witnessed. When it was over, there was wild enthusiasm in the house. The great actress lay on the stage like one really dead. Her maids ran to her assistance. There was a stain of blood upon the handkerchief put to her forehead. A little iced champagne restored her, though she was only able to stand quite still, while the audience thundered its applause. She put her hand on my shoulder, and coming off the stage, and, with a sweet smile, simply said, "Voilà!"

Of Miss Anderson's first appearance in London, made in 1883 at the Lyceum, and in the part of the heroine in "Ingomar," she says:

After the applause of my first entrance (I had never before received such a long and hearty greeting), I felt that the public of London, so dreaded for months before, had welcomed a stranger in the most friendly spirit. The excitement of the first scenes had evidently weakened me, for in the second act, while weaving garlands of the golden cups, a kindly voice from the pit called out: "Mary, please speak up a bit!" This was said with so much feeling that it ended my nervousness, and from that moment the play ran smoothly to the end. Every point was received with enthusiasm. I even those who had been so prejudiced against the old-fashioned sentiment voted it a great and instant success.

But the most interesting passages in this part of the book refer to the notabilities Miss Anderson met. She acknowledges a debt of gratitude to her profession for opening to her the doors of the artistic and literary world. "What a charming and helpful world it is!" she exclaims. Among the most intimate friends in London was the late Wilkie Collins, who drank opium to relieve the pains of gout, and who told her that it was under the influence of the drug that he invented the dénouement of "The Moonstone." Ruskin quoted as having said that he had never felt any enthusiasm for plastic art until he had seen her Galatea. Alma de la Plante, also a personal friend, designed her Greek costume. William Black and his wife carried her off to Scotland, and the painting of G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., which is one of the six beautiful portraits reproduced in the book, is in their possession. Of all the great ones of the stage whom she was associated with there are also many new and interesting stories.

Lord Tennyson she first met at the Deanery of Westminster. She writes:

He had a noble head and presence; but my first feeling was one of deep disappointment, simply because I did not find the laureate exactly what I expected him to be. The poet's manner at first struck me as gruff. I felt it so then; though, on knowing him better, I found him one of the kindest and most sympathetic natures. He did not come into the drawing-room after luncheon, for his pipe needed a necessity to him on all occasions. He sent for me before I went, and during our tête-à-tête his manner had so changed as to lead me to believe that his former brusqueness was only due to shyness. Most of those present kissed the bard's hand as he passed them.

Miss Anderson met Lord Tennyson many times after that, and visited him in his home. She says:

It was not until then that I learned a little of the largeness and nobility of his nature. His shyness or reserve during early acquaintance he concealed by a decided brusqueness of manner which misled to those who never realized the privilege of becoming friends. He was merciless on all who made a wrong use of words, and pulled me up severely for speaking of some trivial thing "awfully nice." "What is to become of writers if people will stop upon misusing and vulgarizing words of distinctive meaning?" his confusion at his just reproach was fortunately short-lived, for, my delight, another guest, speaking soon after of something "awfully jolly," was scathed and withered on the spot.

On subsequent visits to the laureate's homes at Haslemere and the Wight, I had the happiness of joining him in the two hours which, rain or shine, he took daily. His tender interest in every bud and flower and leaf was charming. How many pretty legends

he had about rocks, the cliffs, the sky, the sea, the shrubs, the very lumps of chalk underfoot—he had a word for them all. The things he read in Nature's book were full of the same kind of poetry as his own; and the "sunbeams of his cheerful spirit" found all my memories of those delightful walks. Though nearer eighty than seventy, his step was so rapid, he moved so briskly, that it was with difficulty I kept up with him. The last twenty minutes of the two hours generally ended in a kind of trot. Weather never interrupted his exercise. He scorned an umbrella. With his long dark mantle and thick boots, he defied all storms. When his large-brimmed hat became heavy with water, he would stop and give it a great shake, saying: "How much better this is than to be huddled over the fire for fear of a little weather." His great strength and general health were due no doubt to the time he spent so regularly in the open air. . . . We spoke of many poets, living and long since dead, and of all he had something appreciative to say. His conversation was often interspersed with illustrative stories, many of them comic. The number he had of these was incredible. His friend, James Russell Lowell, he said, had given him some good ones. Mr. Lowell prided himself on his quickness in seeing a point. "Nothing," he once remarked to me, "enrages me so much as to have some one tell me a good story, and then explain it. It is an open insult to my intelligence." I have never met any one more perfect with whom to exchange anecdotes than Tennyson. At one time I made it a practice to put down and remember the many grand names I heard, for the selfish pleasure of repeating them to him. His broad sympathies made him understand me in all moods, and brought to light the truest and best meaning. He was not a faddist in any sense of the word; but saw the beauty of the field daisy as clearly as that of the rarest orchid.

While "The Foresters" was being prepared for the stage, Miss Anderson accompanied the laureate and his family on a visit to the New Forest. She writes:

Lord Tennyson, with his son and charming daughter-in-law, my mother, and I spent two days together under the "melancholy bays" of that beautiful wood. I had never seen the bard in gay mood than during that long picnic. We lunched upon the ground, in the chequered shade, and walked and drove from morning till night through the great forest. Passing some stray streamlet, it was delightful to see the aged poet play at ducks-and-drakes and quote between whiles in his inimitable way:

"Flow on, cold rivulet, to the sea." Etc., etc.

We stopped at a small inn, where in the evening a grandson of Wordsworth came to pay his respects to the laureate, and to read to him an unpublished poem by his eminent grandfather. Not wishing to be known, we traveled incognito. Lord Tennyson passed as "Mr. Hood." It was "Mr. Hurd" here and "Mr. Hood" there from us all, much to his amusement. Everything went well until the last morning, when the landlady asked, with a bob and a knowing look, if "His lordship would have any more toast?" We then realized how foolish we had been in imagining that Tennyson could have passed for any one but himself. He was a large, strongly-built man, with a fine head, splendidly poised on broad shoulders. His profile was particularly noble. His hands were large and shapely, his finger-tips square. Any one understanding the subject would have called them honest, trust-inspiring hands, capable of doing good and great things.

Back again in London, Miss Anderson sat to G. F. Watts for her portrait, and they talked so much, and he was such a delightful conversationalist, that the sittings covered a period of five years. Watts painted "with soul," in which he differed from a certain Mr. —, who painted a portrait of Lord Tennyson. The poet took Miss Anderson to see it, and was visibly pleased that she did not like it. "No wonder," said he, pointing to the portrait; "that man has neither a brain nor a soul, and I have both."

Miss Anderson was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone when the great dynamite explosion at the Admiralty buildings shook all London like an earthquake. Here is the story in her own words:

It was at a breakfast at his house in Downing Street that I first met Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister. As he came across the room, with his hands stretched out in greeting, I could not believe that the fine countenance and magnificent eyes were the same I had seen in the numerous photographs and portraits of the eminent statesman. There was a youthfulness in the face and a fire in the eyes that none of them suggested, while the expression was varying and sympathetic. Without an atom of self-consciousness, his simplicity and charm have forced even his political opponents to admit that "he can be delightful socially." His versatility in conversation was remarkable. He handled every subject with an ease born of deep knowledge. At breakfast I had the pleasure of sitting between him and the late Lord Granville.

Mr. Gladstone was speaking amusingly of toys, contrasting the quaint and simple ones of his childhood with the intricate and wonderful playthings of to-day, when, to the horror of all, a loud explosion was heard, which seemed to be in the house. Happening at a time when dynamite was being freely used in London, and Victoria Station had already been partially demolished by a bomb, its effect was naturally terrifying. Mr. Gladstone was the only one of the party who did not show the slightest sign of fear, and went to the scene of the explosion at once. We soon learned that an attempt had been made to blow up the Admiralty near by. On his return, Mr. Gladstone, after expressing indignation at the cowardice of such proceedings, said nothing further on the subject. A few moments later, he was helping me with my wrap, which he put on upside down, making amusing remarks about ladies' clanks in general and mine in particular.

Browning Miss Anderson met only in society. She says of him:

My first impression of him was that he resembled one of our old-school Southern country gentlemen more than my ideal of England's mystic poet. There was a kind of friendly chattiness in his conversation, more agreeable, I thought, than distinguished. . . . His fearlessly enthusiastic appreciation of anything beautiful, whether famous or unknown, was one of his greatest characteristics. On one occasion I saw him stretch his hand across a luncheon-table to greet a young artist who has since sprung into fame. "Are you Mr. —?" he asked. "Sir, you are a genius, and I am proud to shake you by the hand."

Leaving London for a little rest in Paris, she had the pleasure of an interview with Victor Hugo in his own house, which she thus describes:

As the door opened and he entered the room, I was greatly impressed by an atmosphere of power that seemed to surround the short, thick-set man with stubby white hair and piercing eyes. His welcome was cordial, his manner full of that charm and courtesy which mark the gentleman of the old school. Among the many subjects touched upon, he spoke enthusiastically of *les Belles Américaines*, whom he placed beside *les Françaises* for grace and beauty. During our conversation he kissed my hand several times in the French fashion, and I noticed that he always brought it to his lips, never stooping to meet it. I laughingly mentioned this to an intimate friend of his. "Ah," said he, "mon ami ne baisse pas la tête même pour les Américaines." He gave me his photograph, signing his name at the bottom. It was sad to see the master hand that had written "Les Misérables" shaking so painfully over his own signature.

Many new plays were offered Miss Anderson, but none deemed to suit her exactly. Among these, W. S. Gilbert submitted "Brantingham Hall," but she realized that the chief character was not in her line, and declined it. In his usual amusing way, the author asked her whether her reason for doing so was because she found anything gross

in it; "for," said he, "I hear that you hate gross things much that you can hardly be induced to take your share of the gross receipts."

Miss Anderson, who is a Roman Catholic, writes with much interest of her visit to Cardinal Newman:

At Birmingham I had the privilege of meeting Cardinal Newman. His noble head, as seen in his various portraits, led me to suppose his eminence a man of large build. I was surprised to find him very small and fragile. No picture of him gives the spiritual beauty of his face. His thick hair was so white that it looked as if some snowy powder had been thrown over it. His eyes were light in color, small, and full of expression. When he smiled, they had the youthful look of a boy of ten. His manner was pleasant, though not so winning or courtly as that of Cardinal Manning, who might have been a prince in the midst of brilliant of courts. Cardinal Newman had more of the reserve of the student about him. During our first interview, he startled me by saying: "So you go as far as a young lady can go—as far West, I mean," he explained in answer to my look of surprise; "I believe you were born in California." The youthful twinkle in his eyes was so irresistible that I laughed heartily. I can still see his slight, almost shriveled figure, clad in a black and red cassock, and the beautiful head and snowy hair, with the scarlet skull cap. There was such a marked character about him that even a passing glance in a crowd would have stamped his personality upon one's memory.

Of him Miss Anderson tells a pleasant little anecdote:

One of his special friends was a little girl, the daughter of a convert. The mother, with her child, was called away to India to join her husband, who was stationed there. Many years passed. She died, and her daughter, then a young lady of sixteen, came back to England to stop with her aunt, Miss B—. The latter had informed the cardinal of the girl's return, and when he next came to town, they were astonished and touched to see him arrive with his pockets, as if old, filled with toys. He had forgotten the lapse of years, and only remembered with beautiful fidelity the old custom.

Cardinal Manning insisted on the danger of play-acting by boys and girls at school, the very thing that made Mary Anderson an actress. She interviewed the cardinal with this result:

I remember once, in an animated discussion on the theatre with His Eminence Cardinal Manning, citing many excellent examples to prove that his theory that all actors must eventually grow into "shams" was not true. This was after my retirement (which event, he informed me, he had prayed for), and he saw that I spoke passionately. He listened attentively to all I had to say upon the subject, but was not in the least convinced. His prejudice against the stage was deep-rooted. "From our cradles," he said, "we all have a tendency to act. Small boys pretend to be men, soldiers, anything but what they really are. Tiny girls play at being mothers, cradling their dolls. The so-called art of acting increases this tendency in those who witness it almost as much as those who practice it. I can not conceive how the latter can escape being led in time to an unconscious development of artificiality or exaggeration in their thought, and, as a natural result, in their speech and manner." His dislike for the theatre was so marked that he could see no good in it. To quote his own words: "Its tendency is downward and pernicious." He was not to be moved from his condemnation of the effects of play-acting, and repeatedly congratulated me upon escaping the stage before age and habit had made me a slave to it. Among other things, he said that when those under his direction asked if he forbade them frequenting theatres, his invariable answer was: "I wish I could."

Of the morals of the stage Miss Anderson says:

There is a belief among certain classes that the stage and immorality are synonymous. This is so palpably blind prejudice that it needs no refutation. My observation has taught me that the greatest dangers of the theatre are a strong tendency to vanity, a certain carelessness about the great realities of life (which are principally noticed and used for gaining dramatic effects), and the feverish lack of repose that made the old age of Mrs. Siddons so pitiable. It is not good for an instrument to be strung too tight, and it seems to me that the actor (an instrument of many strings) is constantly tuned up to concert pitch.

This naturally leads up to Mme. de Navarro's reasons for leaving the stage, which are here presented:

After so much kindness from the public, it seems ungrateful to confess that the practice of my art (not the study of it) had grown as time went on more and more distasteful to me. To quote Fanny Kemble on the same subject: "Never" (in my case for the last three years of my public life) "have I presented myself before an audience without a feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unwholesome, and the personal exhibition odious." To be conscious that one's person was a target for any who paid to make it one; to live for months at a time in one groove, with ungenial surroundings and in an atmosphere seldom penetrated by the sun and air; and to be continually repeating the same passions and thoughts in the same words—that was the most part of my daily life, and became so like slavery to me that I resolved after one more season's work to cut myself free from the stage fetters forever.

Miss Anderson's last appearance as an actress was in Washington, D. C., in March, 1889. She was really too ill to play, but in spite of the protestations of managers and physicians, she insisted. Here is the story in her own words:

The theatre was crowded. Perdita danced apparently as gayly as ever, but after the exertion fell fainting from exhaustion, and was carried off the stage. I was taken into the dressing-room, which in a few moments was filled with people from the boxes. Recovering consciousness quickly, I begged them to clear the room. Realizing then that I would probably not be able to act any more that season, though there were many weeks yet unfinished, I resolved, at any cost, to complete that night's work. Hurriedly putting on some color, I passed the groups of people discussing the incident, and, before the doctor or my brother were aware of my purpose, ordered the curtain to be rung up and walked quickly upon the stage. As I did so I heard a loud hum, which I was afterwards told was a great burst of applause from the audience. The pastoral scene came to an end. There was only one more act to go through. Donning the statue-like draperies of Hermione, I mounted the pedestal. My physician, formerly an officer in the army, said that he had never, even in the midst of a battle, felt so nervous as when he saw the figure of Hermione swaying on her pedestal up that long flight of stairs. Every moment there was an hour of torture to me, for I felt myself growing fainter and fainter. All my remaining strength was put into that last effort. I descended from the pedestal, and was able to speak all but the final line. This remained unuttered, and the curtain rang down on my last appearance on the stage.

The following November (1889) I became engaged to Antonio de Navarro, whom I had known for many years, and in June of 1890, at the little Catholic church at Hampstead, London, we were married. Many and great inducements have since been frequently offered me to act again, but—

"Il en coûte trop cher pour briller dans le monde,
Combien je vais aimer ma retraite profonde;
Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés."

The book is a handsome one of more than two hundred and fifty pages, clearly printed on heavy, wide-margined paper, and it is illustrated with six portraits of the author by G. F. Watts, Frank D. Millet, and G. H. Boughton, and from photographs.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

A QUEER TRANSACTION.

The Odd Bargain Driven by a Drummer in Mexico.

"Yes," said the drummer, dreamily, "I will take another beer," and as he said this he drummed upon the table and gazed out into the smoke-filled room with far-away eyes. "It was a curious story," said he. "The way I happened to be in Mexico was this: I was traveling for the house of Guggenheimer & Co., who were interested in California wines. Guggenheimer has gone under, I am sorry to say. He was forced to suspend payment when there came that crash in 1893. Well, Guggenheimer wanted to start a branch establishment in Nogales, right across the Arizona line. Our firm had told me to purchase a cheap building for an office anywhere in the town. I was young then, hadn't been traveling long, and my inexperience was enormous. There were a great many things I didn't know. When I arrived in the town, I was struck by the shabby shanties of which it was composed. A good wind looked as if it would blow the whole town down. However, as I was walking around the place, I saw near the barracks a little shanty with a roughly scrawled sign on it in Spanish which meant: 'This building to let or for sale.' The architecture of this edifice was extremely simple. In fact, it was nothing but four walls and a roof. I said to myself: 'This will do well enough for our temporary office,' and, approaching the building, I noticed that it had a barred window, behind which I saw a Head. The Head saw me as soon as I saw the Head, and it smiled a frank and kindly smile. Then the Head opened its mouth and cried:

"How are you? Better off than I am, I'll swear."

"I was struck with the frank smile of the Head, and particularly as it afforded me an opportunity to talk business."

"As for that," said I, "it rests entirely with you to change our places."

"The Head looked at me without replying."

"I have just noticed," said I, "that this building is to let or for sale."

"The Head burst into a roar of laughter."

"Well, sir," said I, somewhat nettled, "I don't see anything to laugh at. If this building suits me, I would like to buy it."

"You would like to buy it?"

"Yes. Is it possible for me to inspect it?"

"Oh, nothing is easier. All you have to do is to push back the bolt and come in."

"It seemed singular, but the door was fastened by a bolt on the outside. I pushed back the bolt and entered. Another thing struck me strangely—the building was remarkable for a complete absence of furniture, but inasmuch as all I intended to do with it was to use it for storing wine, of course I didn't need any furniture."

"The Head noticed my astonishment, and said again, with its open smile: 'The furniture is being upholstered.'"

"Ah," I replied, "and let me ask whether you are willing to sell, and if so whether your price is high?"

"Oh, I think not. I would be willing to sell at a reasonable figure."

"Suppose I were to give you a hundred dollars, would you take it?"

"The Head again laughed. 'I should smile I would.' [*Creo que si!*]"

"The deuce!" said I to myself, "perhaps there is something wrong with the building," and then aloud I added, "Will you guarantee that the building is solidly constructed?"

"Solid? My dear sir, if you had spent as much time in it as I have, you would never dream of trying to break out—I mean, to break it down."

"Very well, then, I will give you a hundred dollars for it."

"The Head regarded me with the same open smile."

"Are you in earnest?" said he.

"It was evident that he doubted my financial responsibility. So I took out my purse, and from it extracted five twenty-dollar pieces. 'There is your hundred dollars,' said I."

"He extended his hand, took the gold pieces, looked at me, and as he apparently hesitated, I said to him:

"I wish to enter into possession soon, so you must sign the usual documents."

"Very well," he said, "I'm sorry I can not offer you any refreshments, but my servant has just gone out and taken the keys of the cellar with her."

"I thanked him, assuring him that I was much obliged, but that I was not in the habit of drinking between meals. I took out of my pocket-book a sheet of paper, and drew up a contract of sale, and when he had signed it, I bade him farewell."

"A few days afterwards I appeared before my newly purchased building, with two big trucks filled with casks of wine. But what was my astonishment when I found eight men in my house. I ordered them to go away. But as they stared at me without replying, I informed them that I had bought the building some days before from a man who was in the house, and to whom I had paid a hundred dollars."

"At these words the eight inmates laughed like lunatics. At first I believed that they were jeering at my foreign accent; but, as they would not leave my building, I at once went and complained to a police officer, to whom I related my story."

"He looked at me scrutinizingly while I was talking, and by his looks I could have sworn that the man was laughing internally. When I had finished, he told me to wait for him, and he entered the barracks near my building. I thought he had gone for reinforcements, but he returned alone after some minutes."

"Sir," said he, "I am sorry, but you have lost your hundred dollars. The man whom you negotiated with was one of this regiment, and had been placed under arrest for five days. When his time was up and he was released, he

seemed to be unusually flush with money. No one knew how, and after treating his companions, he suddenly fled. He is now a deserter."

"But," said I, "what is this building which I bought—or, rather, which I thought I bought?"

"Oh, señor," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "*ha comprado usted el carcel*. It is the calaboose—what you call?—military prison."

"Great heavens! My friend, the deserter, before he had skipped, had sold me the jail!"

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Kruger of the Transvaal is working off his superfluous fat by riding a bicycle.

The annual pension of twenty-five thousand francs granted by the French Government to Pasteur is to be continued to his widow.

Mary Anderson de Navarro's health is much broken, and she has left England to recuperate by a protracted tour of Southern Europe.

When Count Herbert Bismarck telegraphed to his father, Prince Bismarck, that his latest baby was a girl, the prince telegraphed back: "Have patience. Marie was only a girl." Marie was the prince's first-born, and then came two sons.

A rather Gilbertian situation was afforded at Marseilles during President Faure's visit to Admiral de Cuverville on his ship in the harbor. The president was accompanied by the minister of marine, M. Lockroy, and the motion of the ship made that official violently seasick.

Lord Chief-Justice Russell's omission to take the oath and sign the rolls of the House of Lords at the opening of the new sessions of Parliament has cost him a pretty penny. He had been sitting in the House and debating for two weeks before he signed, and the penalty for each offense is a fine of two thousand five hundred dollars.

Professor Röntgen goes to Florence every year for a little rest. This year, in spite of his efforts to escape public attention, the students gave a great demonstration in his honor. One of them gave an address in German, and the professor responded in choice Italian. He is a tall, handsome man, with fair hair and beard.

The fortune of Mlle. Adèle Hugo, the insane daughter of the poet, whose unhappy life we mentioned in this column last week, has been increased by her guardians, until it now amounts to many millions of francs. The poor woman's only pleasure is the theatre, and it is always difficult to get her to leave the theatre after the performance, as she thinks the play never ends.

Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street-railway millionaire, having been given the cold shoulder by society in the Windy City, is going to storm the citadel of New York. He is building a magnificent mansion there. The decorations of Mrs. Yerkes's boudoir alone will cost twenty-five thousand dollars; perfumed wood is being used for the paneling in every available form.

Senator Béranger, the Parisian prototype of Anthony Comstock and Dr. Parkhurst, against whom the students raged three years ago when he broke up the "Quat-z-Arts" ball at which the late Sarah Brown posed as "der lady mid noddings on," is making a new crusade against immorality in theatres and cafés concerts. He is backed up by a "Society for the Suppression of Objectionable Scenes in Public."

When some of the native priests saw a photograph of Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, they upbraided him for allowing a European to reproduce his features by means of an instrument invented by the devil. "Idiot," replied Menelik, "on the contrary, it is God who has created the materials which make the work possible. Don't tell me such nonsense again, or I'll have you beheaded." He is a great admirer of the Freuch: after the Franco-German war he asked a missionary if he might not contribute a sum of money toward paying off the indemnity, and when Carnot was killed he sent a wreath to be placed upon his grave.

Mark A. Hanna, who is managing McKinley's Presidential campaign, is not a politician, but a millionaire business man, and he is bringing to the task such energy and ability as money could not buy. The assertion has been made that he wants to be Secretary of Agriculture, but this he denies with apparent sincerity. He conducts the business of the campaign by correspondence instead of by interviews, opening all the letters himself, and then assigning them to subordinates for reply. It is said that he has an astonishing memory for what each letter contains. Mr. Hanna has a burly frame, and impresses one as a solid man, physically, mentally, and morally.

Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, sirdar of the Egyptian army, who will have command of the Egyptian expedition to the Soudan, is only forty-five years of age, did not join the army until January, 1871, and is only a major in the corps of Royal Engineers. But he has been called the greatest living fighter of Arabs. He knows their language and their customs, religious and social, and is able to go among them in disguise with impunity. During the Nile campaign, a boatload of English soldiers were proceeding up the river close to the bank, when they passed an Arab propelling an irrigation wheel. He warned them to keep to the other shore, but the voyagers only laughed at his words. Then they ran aground. The Arab descended to the bank and remarked in excellent English, "You — fools, I told you to keep away." The Arab was Kitchener, then a British captain and an Egyptian major, disguised to get into the secrets of the Dervishes.

THE BICYCLE TEACHER'S WOES.

An Amusing Scene in a Quiet London Street—The "Professor's" Trying Experience with a Beginner of the Fat-and-Forty Type.

The wisecracks who foretold the speedy fading of the bicycle craze in England are now inclined to kick themselves quietly and solemnly. Instead of fading, it goes on blossoming in all directions. That the factories can not make machines fast enough to fill their orders is an old story. The teachers, the cycle professors, can not find rest from instructing the new applicants for knowledge in the art of riding. Poor fellows, how I do pity these men! I daresay it may not be other-wise than pleasant work, encircling the slender waist of a pretty girl with your arm to keep her from falling a dozen times in an hour. But the beer-and-skittles side of the picture vanishes when the pupil is fat and forty, and by no means fair. I happened to witness a little scene, the other day, which will illustrate:

The scene is a flat bit of hedge-bordered road connecting two villa-lined suburban streets. It is a spot much frequented by learners between the hours of noon and luncheon, because the butchers and fishmongers and other tradesmen have then gone their rounds. But there is no time when somebody or other will not be about to see and hear what is going on. I chanced to be going through this lane at this very hour, and got off my bicycle under the pretense of straightening my handle-bar. Near where I stop is a dumpling-figured female being held on a bicycle by a young man. His face is bathed in perspiration, though the thermometer barely touches forty degrees, one hand grasps the back of the lady's saddle, while the other clutches at the loop of the broad leather cycle belt which encircles her waist.

"Now, then, madam," you hear him gasp, "hold hup straight—don't pull the 'andles like that. That's better. Steady. Now, then," and off they go.

Occasional giggles and shrieks come back to me, decreasing and then increasing as the pair make the return journey, which, despite every effort of the poor man, culminates in a swerve straight into the bank and a general collapse, during which, as the lady has not yet procured a cyclo-ski, *et cetera* (as has been painfully evident already), I prudently turn my head and look up at the sun.

LADY [*between giggles*]:—I'm not hurt a bit, thanks.

MAN—Now, shall I tell you 'ow you did that? You stopped pedal in' with your left foot and pulled your right 'andle. [*In despair*] Now wnt can yer expect, madam, when you does the like o' that?

LADY—Never mind. I'm awfully sorry. [*Gets ready to try again.*]

MAN [*with an eye to himself*]:—I'd rest a bit first, 'm. No good rushin' at it. You'll never learn unless yer keeps cool and collected-like.

[*Silence for a space, during which the lady frowns over at me, and shows the buckskin face of the average British matron or spinster far up the thirties. The frown does not add to its plainness, and I pity the man still more.*]

LADY—Don't you think I might—er—

MAN—Ho, ves'm. If yer likes. Hit's not fer me to say. [*Huffily.*] It's for you, o' course. Now, then: grawsp the 'andles—so; right foot on the pedal. Har-range your skirt, please, 'm. [*Looks away.*] Now, then. All ready. Go! Pedal—pedal up—pedal 'ard. Right foot—left. Steady. Now! [*Lets go and runs beside, while the machine wobbles and swerves from side to side, but still keeps on.*] That's it. Pedal! Keep a-goin! Right! Don't stop! Keep pedal in'. Ah! Ob, dear, oh, dear. [*A sudden swoop to the left has sent the front wheel half through the hedge, the man being just in time to catch the lady and break a fall, in which both join.*]

LADY [*on her feet again, smoothing down her rumpled skirt*]:—I'm so awfully sorry, Mr. Spanner. I—

MAN [*examining the bike*]:—I'm afraid sorrow ain't a-goin' to 'elp us, 'm. No more ridin' to-day. [*Sighs, but it is a sigh of suppressed joy.*] The fork's drove back four binches. 'Ave to go to the shop, 'm. Nex' Toosday, same hour, madam. Thanky, m'm. Good-mornin'. [*Mounts broken bicycle, and rides away on it. Lady looks surprised. Fear she may ask me to explain. Looks as though she would. Ere she can, I get my handle-bar all right, and am up and off.*]

One of the chief advances in bicycling for ladies can, I think, safely be put down to be a gradual but steady fall in rational-dress stock. I do not believe any proper-minded woman could be persuaded to wear it—certainly not in England, whatever she might do abroad. Nor can I see the least object in the distortion. No woman ought to ride so furiously as to care whether her skirt catches the wind or not. No lady should "scorch," either for appearances or health's sake. Of course I make no reference to female professionals who go in for record breaking. They have nothing whatever to do with the subject of cycling for ladies, except to do it harm by the disgust they engender in the breasts of all decent people. No lady cares a farthing what records these creatures make; and it is a pity that the same can not be said for all gentlemen. To me, the sight of these sparsely clad women, astride a man's bicycle, and humped over like a shrimp, is simply revolting. I do not care what their nationality may be, they are a disgrace not only to their womanhood, but to it. It is a comfort to think that their influence, either one way or the other, on the question, Should women bicycle? is nil. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 26, 1896.

A Washington official whose health is not good, but who has not time to go to his physician in New York, consults him at a certain hour every day now by long-distance telephone. Then he switches his druggist on, and the physician tells the latter the prescription by word of mouth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The sinking of the British ship *Blairmore* in the harbor of San Francisco has caused much controversy. The facts are as yet undetermined, except by newspaper talk, but they seem to be about as follows: The ship was light, being in ballast only, and owing to a peculiar combination of wind and tide, a sudden squall heeled her over, she "turned turtle," and foundered. At the time she went over, a number of the men were between decks; a few succeeded in scrambling up the hatchways and escaping, but six were left in the hold. When the big ship went over, boats were at once lowered from sister ships not far away, and the seamen struggling in the water were picked up. At the same time a group of men from the Union Iron Works made haste to reach the wreck, a portion of the hull of which protruded above the water. These mechanics, under charge of James Dickie, immediately began to cut a hole in the steel plates of the ship's side, for the purpose of releasing the imprisoned seamen. Rapidly as they worked, they were unable to complete their task before the tide rose, submerging the hull and driving them from their work just as they had made a hole in the side of the ship. The vessel settled after the opening had been made, but she could scarcely be said to have sunk in consequence of its being cut, for the reason that she settled only from nine to twelve inches in the course of the next seven hours. It is evident that she was resting on the mud then, for she now shows her hilt—her "keel," as the *Chronicle* says—at low tide two feet above the surface.

It is charged that the mechanics from the Union Iron Works practically drowned the unfortunate seamen by cutting a hole in the vessel's side; also, that the vessel would not have sunk if it had not been for the cutting of this hole. These charges seem to us utterly unfounded. Even if the second charge had been true, the mechanics would have been justified in sinking a ship to save human life, and so the courts would hold. But there is no power on earth that could have righted the enormous vessel within a sufficient time to save the lives of the men, granting that they were still alive. It is extremely probable that they were all killed by the shifting of the rock ballast when the vessel went over on her beam ends. But if any of them still survived, the only way of saving them was by cutting a hole in the side of the ship, which the Union Iron Works men did. That they failed to save the imprisoned seamen was no fault of theirs. Those who believe that the ship could have been righted—which was the only other way to get the seamen out—may have an opportunity now to test their theory by counting the number of weeks before the *Blairmore* is again upon an even keel.

That high-minded and unselfish philanthropist, Mayor Sutro, develops new sides to his character every day. These unexpected evolutions of the mayor liken him in some respects to a flower slowly hursting open. But in other respects he is comparable to something like and yet unlike a flower. On the floral side of the mayor's character, the last blushing petal coming to the light is the fact that he is selling wood to the city. Superintendent Weaver, of the Alms-house, is the official who has been purchasing Sutro's wood. Superintendent Weaver is kept in his position by the votes of Mayor Sutro and Dr. Williamson, of the board of health. The Democratic members of the board, according to the *Examiner*, accuse Superintendent Weaver of stabling Sutro's and Williamson's horses in the city stables, and at the city's expense.

As to the question of buying Sutro's wood, Superintendent Weaver says that he is not obliged to advertise for bids for wood; hence the secrecy surrounding the matter. City Attorney Creswell refuses to give any opinion as to the legality of Superintendent Weaver's purchase of wood from Mayor Sutro. He says, however, that he considers it unwise and inadvisable, and quotes Section 920 of the Political Code, which says:

"Members of the legislature, State, county, city, and township officers must not be interested in any contract made by them in their official capacity or by any body or board of which they are members."

Another section of the law which Attorney Creswell quotes, apropos of Sutro's sale of wood to the city, is Section 71 of the Penal Code, which runs as follows:

"Every officer or person prohibited by the laws of this State from making sales or being interested in contracts . . . who violates any of the provisions of such laws, is punishable by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the State Prison for not more than five years, and is forever disqualified from holding any office in this State."

On the whole, it is very evident that the action of Mayor Sutro in selling wood to the city through an official who retains his position by virtue of Sutro's vote in the board of health, if not illegal, is in the very worst of taste, to put it mildly.

We wonder what the thousands of intelligent San Francisco voters who cast their ballots for Sutro for mayor think of him now? If the new charter is defeated, as is extremely probable, its defeat will be largely due to the fact that Sutro is mayor, for he is such a terrible example of what a mayor might do with all the powers conferred on him by the new charter, that it will scare people out of voting for it.

Some months ago the board of supervisors of San Francisco did what they should have done years before—declared Golden Gate Avenue to be a boulevard. This avenue—the only route by which Golden Gate Park can be reached—was incumbered with hay-carts, coal-carts, tradesmen's delivery wagons, and almost every kind of heavy vehicle, whose drivers sought the avenue because it was smoothly paved. The board of supervisors passed an ordinance by which only pleasure vehicles were allowed upon the avenue. A similar ordinance is in effect upon Michigan Avenue in Chicago and on the boulevards of all large cities. Since that time Golden

Gate Avenue has been comparatively unincumbered, as delivery wagons have been allowed upon it only for one block. People in huggies and carriages, horsemen and bicyclists, have thus been allowed to reach the park with some degree of comfort and pleasure. But a few petty tradesmen who do business upon Golden Gate Avenue find that they are losing trade. They have concluded to "fight the case in the courts," and are going to have one of their number arrested for driving a heavy team upon the avenue, and then raise a fund to conduct the defense. We suggest that the people who use the boulevard, including those who ride and drive, and wheelmen as well, also raise a fund to conduct the prosecution. If they allow these small-souled tradesmen on Golden Gate Avenue to raise a purse, the boulevard order will probably be declared illegal. Golden Gate Avenue will again be incumbered with trucks and coal-carts. Then our public-spirited citizens who drive fast horses and smart traps will rail and grumble at the supervisors for not keeping the avenue clear. We have warned them. Let them show as much spirit as the petty tradesmen on Golden Gate Avenue, and keep the avenue clear by raising a fund for its defense.

The final display of oratorical pyrotechnics in the Senate, before the passage of the Cuban resolutions in the House, was in the shape of a speech from Senator Turpie, of Indiana. Senator Turpie has a senatorial reputation for sarcasm, and held his large audience—including the Cuban clique in the galleries—for an hour and a half. Senator Turpie out-Heroded Herod in his speech. He was more royalist than the king. He even denounced his fellow Cuban senators, Sherman and Lodge, for their "luke-warmness," and was more hitter in his attacks upon them than he was in his denunciation of those opposed to the present Cuban panslaveryism. The only man in the Senate with whom Senator Turpie entirely agreed was Senator Call, of Florida. He is a man after Turpie's own heart. He does not believe in international law, international diplomacy, international courtesy, or any such nonsense. Senator Call would send a fleet at once to Havana, bombard Morro Castle, and hang Captain General Weyler while you wait. Senator Turpie heartily agrees with him. On mature reflection, so do we. Since the Senate and the House both believe this desirable, we hope that a fleet will be sent, and that aboard of it will go Senator Sherman, Senator Turpie, Senator Call, Senator Lodge, and all of the curious persons in both Senate and House who believe that Cuban affairs are of more importance than American ones.

In the proceedings before the New York court, contesting the will of the late Frederick Maxwell Somers, Surrogate Arnold has practically decided to admit the will to probate. This would result in confirming the dead man's disposition of his estate to his betrothed, Violet Gratz Brown. Surrogate Arnold has shown equal good sense and good humor in presiding over this case. To the contention of contestants' attorneys, that "undue influence" had been exercised upon the decedent by his betrothed, Miss Brown, and his friend and executor, W. J. Ritchie, the surrogate dryly said that he could not see how Miss Brown could exercise "undue influence" upon Somers when he was six thousand miles away, or that Ritchie should have had any motive in influencing Somers in Miss Brown's favor when he had never met her. This is as striking as it is true.

The surrogate's remarks foreshadow a decision in favor of Miss Brown. We hope that he will so decide. No one who ever knew Fred Somers could entertain any doubt as to his fixedness of purpose or his ability to devise his estate as he thought best. And no one can deny also that a hachelor has a right, in law as well as in love, to leave his earthly possessions to the woman he had hoped to wed.

Dr. Brigham, a leading surgeon of San Francisco, has diagnosed a new malady. He was called as a witness the other day in the case of one Frank Lawlor, who was bringing suit for damages sustained in a railway collision. Dr. Brigham testified that he had examined the plaintiff Lawlor; that he had found there was no dislocation of the spine, and no lesion of the spinal cord; that the plaintiff claimed that there were acute pains deep in the muscles of the back. On cross-examination, Dr. Brigham admitted that he could not tell what these pains were, but on being somewhat pressed by Lawlor's attorney, the doctor dryly remarked that he had sometimes heard them defined as "litigation pains."

We observe that the *Examiner* has at the head of the editorial page a notice running as follows: "Copies of Sunday's *Examiner* containing the Confession of Murderer Holmes for Sale. Price, 5 Cents, Ready for Mailing." This notice is rather surprising. Why should any person want to mail the "Confession of Murderer Holmes" to any one else? Why should any one want to receive it? Why should any one want to read it, even after having had a weak-minded friend mail it? But why in the name of heaven should any one want to read it at all?

The founder of the Red Cross Society, Dr. Henri Dunant, is living almost forgotten in the hospice of Heiden, in the Swiss canton of Appenzell. The horror with which he contemplated the terrible scenes that followed the Battle of Solferino, June 24, 1859, first moved him to make an appeal for the protection of the sick and wounded in war. Dr. Dunant's efforts were at length rewarded by the conclusion, August, 1864, of the Geneva Convention and the institution of the Red Cross Society.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

Joseph Jefferson is Banqueted by the Lotos Club—The Speeches of the Evening—The Guest of Honor Makes the Best Speech of All.

Last Saturday evening the Lotos Club gave a dinner to Joseph Jefferson, the actor, and it was a very successful affair. Over three hundred guests sat down.

Joseph Jefferson, although a member of the Lotos Club, is rather more of a Players' Club man. He is the "grand old man" of the Players' Club. On the other hand, he is scarcely *persona grata* at the Lambs' Club, which nourishes a certain dull hostility for the Players'. But the Lotos Club is neutral ground. It is a club largely composed of business men, but there is a faint sprinkling of actors, artists, and literary men—just enough to lighten the lump.

The Lotos Club is in the habit of giving dinners to distinguished persons from time to time—rather, I fancy, in the hope of shining in their reflected lustre. Hence its dinner to Jefferson. It had no *raison d'être*—Jefferson has done nothing in particular of late—but it was just a plain dinner. Among other actors whom the Lotos Club has entertained are Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, and Henry Irving. It has banqueted men distinguished in other walks of life, but has never entertained one so genuinely liked as Jefferson. Therefore the dinner was very largely attended.

But it was odd, considering that there were three hundred guests, how little eloquence was shown by the after-dinner orators. In looking over the long list of names, the only one that is notable as a speaker is that of General Horace Porter. General Porter is nearly as famous in New York as Chauncey Depew, admittedly the greatest after-dinner orator of Gotham. But Depew is at present in the West, enthralling, I suppose, Western dinner-tables by his oratory.

At the guest's table—where Jefferson sat upon the right of President Frank R. Lawrence—there were some fifty men seated. But among them all there is not one whose name as an orator is known west of Jersey City or north of the Harlem River. The most notable men there, as they occur to me, were General Porter; Parke Godwin, formerly an editor of *Current Literature*; Franklin Fyles, one of the New York *Sun's* "bright young men" (that is, when he was young); A. M. Palmer, the theatrical manager; Bronson Howard, the playwright; Mayor Strong, the reformer; H. Grey Fiske, the dramatic editor; Julian Rix, the artist; Anton Seidl, the musician; and John A. Taylor, who was presumably the orator of the evening, as he made the longest speech.

The health of Jefferson was proposed by President Lawrence, and his speech was not of a nature to thrill anybody. In fact, the best thing in it—from the Lotos point of view—was when he said "until the first of May it shall not be a crime for us to dine together under our own roof." This is an allusion to the Raines bill, which has just been passed, prohibiting the sale of liquor, and it was received with roars of laughter from all the Lotos men. President Lawrence proposed the health of Jefferson in the usual conventional terms.

When the old actor arose to respond, his kindly face shone with the pleasure caused by his reception, and he said that "if all theatrical stars got applause like that, the acting would be very much better." He spoke with some depreciation of the complimentary strain of President Lawrence's speech, and remarked that it was "most embarrassing to be so highly spoken of." He said it reminded him of the anecdote in "The School for Scandal," where the lawyer, upon being detected in a good act, says: "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you won't notice this act or say anything about it. I live by the badness of my reputation, and if this got abroad, it would ruin me in my profession."

The venerable actor went on to say that he made his first theatrical appearance in New York almost sixty years ago. He then appeared for the benefit of one Master Titus, he being seven or eight years old and the beneficiary about ten. Jefferson was dressed as a Spanish pirate, and Master Titus was dressed as an American sailor; they had a combat with broadswords, which resulted in the defeat of Jefferson, and Master Titus, the American sailor, placed his hoot on Jefferson's breast and waved the star-spangled banner while the curtain came down. Jefferson said he remembered distinctly to this day that he nearly cut off Master Titus's big toe with his broadsword. His speech was filled with interesting anecdotes. He told of having, many years ago, while traveling with his father's itinerant players, reached Springfield, Ill. When they were about to open there, they found that a religious revival was taking place, and such was the wave of religion that their performance was about to be prohibited. But a young lawyer came forward, and by a good-humored and witty speech which he made, succeeded in getting the prohibition removed. This lawyer lies buried near the town of Springfield, while upon his monument are the words, "Abraham Lincoln." The old actor said that the only time he ever had been ill received was once in New Orleans, when he was obliged to sing in a piece then upon the stage. He never had believed himself possessed of a singing voice, and when he began, the audience agreed with him most cordially. The result was that he was bisped from the stage.

Bronson Howard, the playwright, followed Mr. Jefferson, and made a very brief speech. Speeches were made also by Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, Parke Godwin, Mayor Strong, General Woodford, Captain W. H. White, Simeon Ford, and John A. Taylor. Taylor's speech was the longest, but there was nothing in it that any one could remember. In fact, the impression that most people gathered from the Lotos Club banquet was that the old actor stood head and shoulders above all the other men there as an after-dinner orator. And yet he never has made any special claims to eminence in that line. It would seem as if post-prandial eloquence were at a low ebb in New York.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1896.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Warning to the Public.

To the interest of the book-buying public, as well as in that of reputable publishers and book-sellers, we deem it our duty to tell the public what the "Encyclopædic Dictionary" really is.

The "Encyclopædic Dictionary" is announced as the "most recent dictionary." As a matter of fact, the "Encyclopædic" was compiled from 1879 to 1888, and since then the "Century," the "Webster International," and other dictionaries of superior excellence have been published. The present edition of the "Encyclopædic" is reprinted from the old English plates, the first and last words of almost every page being identical in the English edition and in this American reprint; but in places the plates have been cut, words and definitions being omitted or inserted to give the work an appearance of being up to date. The English plate has in some instances been cut to change the English spelling, as in "colour," but the English spelling is retained throughout the definition.

The "Encyclopædic" is advertised at "introductory" prices of \$1.00 down and twelve monthly payments of \$1.25, making the cost of the set \$16.00. The work, however, has been sold over John Wanamaker's counter in Philadelphia at \$6.00 a set, and in St. Louis for \$4.00 a set, the wholesale price being \$3.00 for one hundred sets.

To quote the *Publishers' Weekly*, the recognized organ of the book-makers' and booksellers' trade: "Such barefaced misstatements depreciate not only the values of the dictionaries kept in stock by the bookseller, but help also to discredit him in general. It is only another link in the chain of that system of equivocal business methods that it should be the aim of every honest man to break every time the opportunity offers."

The business of advertising this "Encyclopædic Dictionary" was offered to the *Argonaut*, but declined by us. While it is not exactly a fraud, still it is not exactly square. We could not conscientiously advise any one of our readers to buy this dictionary, knowing as we did that it is not what it purports to be, that it is not "up-to-date," that it is not new, that it is printed from patched-up English electro-plates, that it is far inferior to other dictionaries, and that it is being offered at a price far higher than it can be purchased for in other channels. Not being willing individually to advise any one of our readers to purchase the work, we were unwilling, through our advertising columns, so to advise them all. Therefore we declined the advertising business. But it is evident that no such conscientious scruples afflicted any of our daily contemporaries. All of them printed the flim-flam advertisements of the "Encyclopædic Dictionary."

Conan Doyle's Latest Book.

"Il était brave, mais avec cette graine de folie dans sa bravoure que les Français aiment," runs the quotation on the title-page of A. Conan Doyle's "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," and the line aptly fits the hero. It is from the lips of the old brigadier himself that we hear these tales of his adventurous youth, and the narrative gains in dramatic force from the fact, while, at the same time, an admirable bit of character-drawing is achieved. "All spurs and mustaches, with never a thought beyond women and horses" was the description he overheard of himself when Napoleon applied to his superior officer for a soldier who could be depended upon for action, but who would not think too much; and though Gerard suffered a trace of chagrin at this summing up, his egotism was too boundless and too naïve to be seriously impaired. A faith in himself not second to his belief in the supremacy of his country and his emperor is his ruling characteristic, and the seasoning of gasconade which is mixed with his gallantry of spirit leaves the author with a practically unlimited field before him.

The exploits recounted by the brigadier are full of dash and excitement, the emperor figuring in several when he has need of Etienne Gerard's sword on some secret service, and there are few of Napoleon's campaigns which do not furnish some stirring adventure.

The brigadier more than hints at his all-conquering power with the other sex; but, nevertheless, not a single story contains a full-length feminine portrait, and in most of them there is scarcely the swish of a woman's petticoat. War, not in its grimmest aspect, but rather in its adventurous side, is all the theme. Gerard's experiences when he meets the English forces, and when he crosses the channel, furnish some lively pages. "How the Brigadier Held the King" startles at first by its touch of the horrible, but the incident

of the game of cards with Milor the Hoo. Sir Russell, Bart., is only less amusing than Gerard's defeat at the hands of the Bristol Bustler, nine-stoove champion, which occurs in the sequel to that tale. England's glory must be maintained, and there the Frenchman rather goes to the wall. But the affair of the exchange is a clever expedient to get him out of a bad scrape and gives a good finish to his English experiences.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Famous Frenchwoman.

An interesting portrayal of the woman who, for nearly a year, wielded so much power in France is given in "Madame Roland," a biographical study by Ida M. Tarbell. All the incidents of her life from childhood up are reviewed, much new material being used in the work. Some hitherto unpublished letters written by Mme. Roland just before her marriage place that event in a different light from the generally accepted view, making it out to be quite a love match. Another curious fact brought out is the ineffectual effort made by this fiery republican of later times to secure a title during the first years of her married life.

Necessarily, in the course of the biography, the history of the Girondins and of all who had a share in it has a place, and although there is little that is new in this portion of the work, it is told with much interest, and the character and motives of Mme. Roland are revealed with unusual breadth of vision. The inspiration she gave to the Girondins, the measures of her own planning that were carried out, are entered into fully. But "a woman in love is never a good politician," says the author, and to her love for Buzot, the deepest passion of her life, is ascribed the failure of her political insight. The affair with Buzot is told at length, as well as one or two light skirmishes with others, whom, by her "coquetry of virtue," she kept at arms' length, even while inciting them on.

But with Buzot it was a more serious matter, and perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the woman than the mistaken zeal which urged her on to tell Roland of her love for Buzot, even while assuring him that she would remain faithful to her marriage vows. The author arraigns her for her cruelty, adding: "In doing it, she heaped upon the overburdened old man the heaviest load a heart can carry, that of the desertion of its most trusted friend and companion, and that after years of association and almost daily renewal of vows of love and fidelity."

Though there is no attempt made in the volume to palliate her faults or to condone the mistaken acts of her career, the vigorous mind and high courage that distinguished her are strongly brought out and must challenge admiration. The collection of portraits found in the volume is of much interest.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mme. Sarah Grand, who may be called the discoverer of the New Woman, was recently interviewed on Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did." She said: "I have a great respect for Mr. Hardy's genius, but I can not make out whether he intended to teach anything by 'Jude the Obscure.' The work is colossal in strength, but ethically it is amorphous. I perceive no special teaching in it." Her reply to the question, "What do you think of 'The Woman Who Did'?" was more pointed. "It seems to me," she said, "that Mr. Grant Allen wants us to return to the customs of the poultry-yard."

The Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," will deliver the Yale lectures on preaching in September next.

A new literary pest, a devourer of books, is thus described in the *New York Times*:

"It is called the *Nicotium hirtum*—the latter scientific name indicative, probably, of how it can injure books. It belongs to the coleopterous family. The larvae are the troublesome ones, and attack particularly the soft paper found in old volumes. These larvae have clinging powers, and, when shaken off a book, may crawl up from the ground, and again seek their literary pastures. The larvae develop into beetles from 0.12 to 0.16 of an inch in length. On the backs of these beetles there are hands which distinguish them from other book pests. We are indebted to Southern Europe for the *Nicotium hirtum*. The damage it has done has been done in libraries in the Southern States. Modern paper, not being of pure fibre as was old paper, is less subject to the attacks of the book-worm. If resin, pipe-clay, and other falsifications enter into its composition, the material is indigestible as food, and is not so much relished as were the papers in books of a hundred years ago."

James Payn is to be succeeded as editor of *Cornhill* by J. St. Loe Strachey, who lately edited an entertaining volume of "Dog Stories from the *Spectator*." Mr. Payn's retirement from *Cornhill* has been made necessary by a prolonged indisposition, which, however, has not quenched the vivacity of his pen.

The American News Company has given notice that it will not receive or handle any copies of any newspaper, periodical, or other publication containing any advertisement which may appear to belong to the class called "suggestive." This step will quite effectually limit the existence of various publications (at least as now conducted) which have

managed to maintain their growth because the authority of the post-office department did not include papers transmitted by express or freight, and disseminated through news-men or subscription or sales-agents who did not employ the mail in distributing the copies received. A similar action by the express companies will practically end a class of literature which has done much harm.

Clinton Scollard has resigned his professorship of English literature at Hamilton College, and intends to devote more time to writing. He has written an epic of the American Indian, which will be printed in the autumn.

As a sister volume to the handsome "Song of Songs," which was recently noticed in these columns, Elbert Hubbard, of the *Philistine* and the Roycroft Printing Shop in East Aurora, N. Y., is bringing out "The Journal of Koheleth: Being a Reprint of the Book of Ecclesiastes: With an Essay."

The *London Chronicle* prints the following extraordinary statement:

"We had not thought that it would ever be our unpleasant duty to deal with Mr. Robert Buchanan personally in these columns. A letter, however, which he addressed recently to the *Star* concerning this paper compels us to make one brief, but, we think, sufficient, comment. Mr. Buchanan's letter, so far as it relates to our criticism of 'Jude the Obscure,' is a lie from beginning to end. Having characterized Mr. Buchanan's letter, we beg him to understand that our columns are not open to him for an expression of opinion upon this or any other matter. The only method of communication in future between ourselves and this gentleman will be through our solicitors."

George W. Cable explains that his story, "Madame Delphine," was written in response to a request from a quadroon who had read "Tite Poulette" that he would present the case of quadroon women more clearly, and "tell the whole truth."

English reviewers have suggested both Herbert Spencer and James Bryce as the possible authors of the anonymous reply to Max Nordau, entitled "Regeneration."

The Société des Gens de Lettres has made with an advertising agent a contract, by the terms of which French books are to contain several leaves of advertisements of all sorts. These will be bound in the back covers of every volume. The money earned from this contract by the society is to be applied to its authors' pension fund.

Of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "A Whirl Asunder," the *Critic* says:

"The author brings together a strong, manly, well-poised young Englishman, who is engaged to a homely English girl, and a capricious Californian, whose will is her law, and who has never been crossed in her wishes and whims. She falls in love with the Englishman, of course, and he with her; but loyalty survives, and the girl lacks, at the last moment, the courage to win him by the means which Arabella employed to win Jude. All this happens under the Californian redwoods, and more or less under the auspices of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, which we do not hold responsible, however, for this whirl asunder, and still less for the whirl together that preceded it."

The fact that Dr. Conan Doyle is going to the Soudan for a London journal has astonished many people. Conan Doyle, however, says that the delights of newspaper work are equal to anything that successful novel-writing begets.

The *London Times* is suing the Central News Company, charging that the dispatches regarding the Japanese war which were supplied by the Central News were in some cases entirely fabricated, and in other cases largely altered and expanded, and that by publishing them the *Times* suffered in reputation.

John Bonner gives this as the language of a British officer lately returned from India:

"Kipling? Oh, yes, I know him very well. Dirty little blackguard! Used to go up to Simla when it was full of army men and officials of the civil service, and used to hang round the hilliard-tables and verandas to listen to everything that was said, and printed it all in a dirty little paper of which he was a reporter—a sneak and an eavesdropper; a dirty little blackguard. You never could tell a secret among friends that he did not ferret it out and print it. And he drew us so that the portraits were unmistakable, by Jove. A dirty little blackguard, sir; a chee-chee."

Stephen Craoe now announces that his first book, "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," was not refused by a long list of publishers, for the reason that he never offered it to any of them, but published it himself.

I. Zaogwill, in a recent literary *causerie*, says: "When Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote with one eye on the public and magazine editors, his hooks, though they won great praise, brought in little pudding; but when he wrote 'Tess' to please himself, he found that great sultan, the people, throwing purses at his feet. A similar fate has in less degree befallen Mr. Grant Allen, who no sooner began prophesying from his hilltop than his circulation grew brisk and brisker. The career of the new Grant Allen will be watched with an interest which the old was never able to excite. As much may be said of Mr. du Maurier in his new rôle of popular novelist, or, rather, of propagator of microbes. 'Peter Ibbetson' was but regarded as the interesting experiment of an artist using his pen to write with, but now that same pen has become a formidable instrument."

Mr. Traill's biography of Sir John Franklin contains letters written by Lady Fraaklin during her travels in Egypt and the East. She met Benjamin Disraeli in Corfu, and showed no mercy toward his excessive foppishness and bad manners.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Cruise of the "Alabama."

"Two Years on the Alabama," by Arthur Sinclair, is the narrative of one of the famous Confederate cruiser's line officers, from her escape from the Mersey to her sinking by the *Kearsarge* off the harbor of Cherbourg. Written many years after the war, and after extended consultation with those who could throw light on the contested points in the *Alabama's* career, it fittingly supplements the works of Bullock and of Captain Semmes, and says the last word about a famous episode in the Civil War.

Where Captain Semmes's account of the service was a professional and legal statement, the present work is a personal narrative, less partisan, perhaps, through the lapse of years, and far more vivid. It is the story of the cruiser's life in the two brief years in which she sailed seventy-five thousand miles in the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, back to the South American coast, and finally to the English Channel, where she met her fate, burning fifty-seven vessels, valued at Geneva at \$6,750,000, and overhauled hundreds of neutral vessels or vessels having neutral cargo on board. If the author has not the graphic power of Marryat or Cooper, his pages at least bear the stamp of truth, and are interesting to read as well as constituting a valuable addition to the history of the Civil War.

More than thirty portraits of the *Alabama's* officers and crew are scattered through the pages.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

The Son of a Priest.

"There is no intention in this story to discuss the merits of any form of political opinion," runs the brief preface of Edward McNulty's "Misther O'Ryan," but the disclaimer is of little avail, since very marked political opinions form the basis of the story. Ignatius O'Ryan is an unwholesome rascal and a demagogue of the most vicious and ignorant type, who comes to the Irish village of Ballycusha to get money and countenance from Father Murphy, whose natural son he is. The priest and the political agitator find themselves congenial spirits, and between them contrive to stir the people up to such an extent that a branch league is established at Ballycusha. This the richest man of the district, Farmer Kennedy, refuses to join. He is accordingly denounced from the altar, is boycotted in consequence, and ruin stares him in the face.

The love-affairs of his pretty daughter, Nora, are complicated by his difficulties, for O'Ryan has fixed upon her as his future bride, and she prepares to sacrifice herself for her father's sake.

Priest worship and a ready following of blatant politicians are made the salient characteristics of the Irish people, the story differing from the usual run of Irish fiction in its emphasis of the sterner side of life and its omission of humorous types.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.00.

Pen-Pictures of Court Life.

The court of Louis the Fourteenth has had many chroniclers, not the least interesting of whom is Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, the wife of the king's weak and contemptible brother. Her voluminous correspondence forms the ground work of a book by M. Louise McLaughlin called "The Second Madame." It is a gossip and entertaining volume, enlivened by many extracts from madame's letters, and containing numerous pen-pictures of the great ones of that day.

Elizabeth Charlotte was a second wife, the first Duchess of Orleans being the beautiful Henrietta of England whose mysterious death by poisoning is still unexplained, and has left a blot on her husband's memory which can never be completely effaced. Partly owing to these suspicious circumstances, partly to the dissimilar natures of the pair, the second marriage was but little happier than the first, and the chief resource of the new duchess was the correspondence she constantly kept up with the friends and relatives left behind in her own country.

Her pen moved with perfect freedom, despite the inspection she was aware her letters received before they reached their destination, and she gives a credible picture of the licentious and frivolous court in which she lived. Her life was a long one, extending not only to the end of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, but through the regency of her son, the infamous Duke of Orleans, during the long minority of the young king, ending soon after the crowning of Louis the Fifteenth.

A number of months ago we printed a long notice of "the second madame's" correspondence, the work from which the present one has been compiled.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Froude's Lectures on the Reformation.

The first of the three courses of lectures delivered by the late Professor James Anthony Froude, while Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has been published in a volume entitled "Lectures on the Council of Trent." The other two courses, on Erasmus and on English

Seamen of the Sixteenth Century, were revised by Mr. Froude and published before his death; the present volume is reprinted from the lectures as delivered, and so contain some repetitions and are without notes citing original authorities.

The first lecture is on "The Condition of the Church" in the sixteenth century, and the scope of the series is indicated by the titles of the others: "The Indulgences," "The Edict of Worms," "Clement VII.," "Paul III.," "The Diet of Ratisbon," "The Demands of Germany," "The Council in Session," "Definitions of Doctrine" (two lectures), "The Flight to Bologna," "The German Envoys," and "Summary and Conclusion." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

T. W. Speight's novel, "The Heart of a Mystery," has been issued in paper covers by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Hidden Chair," a novel by Dora Russell, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

A new edition of "American Literature: A Text-Book for the Use of Schools and Colleges," by Julian Hawthorne and Leonard Lemmon, has been issued by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Pierre Loti's first novel, "Pêcheur d'Islande," furnished with explanatory notes in English by C. Z. Fontaine, is issued in the Romans Choisis published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 60 cents.

A "Complete Manual of the Pitman System of Phonography," arranged by Norman P. Hefley in progressive lessons for class and self-instruction, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Some Representative Poets of the Nineteenth Century," a syllabus of university extension lectures by Professor Melville B. Anderson, of Stanford University, has been published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

Robert Buchanan's drama, "The Charlatan," put in novel-form with the aid of Henry Murray, and "Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," by Maibelle Justice, have been issued in paper-covers by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 and 25 cents, respectively.

"School Interests and Duties," by Robert M. King, is a book addressed to parents and teachers which aims to point out their mutual duties and responsibilities toward children. It is discursive in style and makes frequent digressions, but it is practical in the main and makes some useful suggestions. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"I Married a Wife" is another of John Strange Winter's (Mrs. Stannard) tales of regimetal life. It also takes a dip into the modern fad of slumming, and shows the consequences of over-zeal in philanthropy. The young wife of the story has devoted herself as a girl to the London poor, and after marrying into the army, she endeavors to carry on her good works among the soldiers and their families. But her interference goes too far, her much enduring husband finally interposing, and the story closes with her transformation into a model wife, whose own home fills her thoughts. It is a harmless, unexciting tale, suited for those who find milk and water palatable. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"A Master Spirit," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is a musical romance. A beautiful country girl, with a phenomenal voice and a horror for the stage as the bome of vice; an actor-manager who makes love to her partly for the pleasure of it, but chiefly to lure her into being a prima donna; and an eccentric Italian singing-mistress who is his able coadjutor, form the principal *dramatis personæ*. Through the domination of the stronger mind, the girl is finally wooed from her ideals until the catastrophe of the tale releases her from the spell laid upon her, and leaves her free to follow her life as she will. The story is romantic rather than real, and deals with artificial emotions and situations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Ulrick the Ready," by Standish O'Grady, is a romance of Ireland at the time of the Spanish invasion. Though the rising of the Irish to meet the invaders forms the vehicle for the introduction of most of the incidents, the aim of the story is less to tell of wars and fighting than to give a picture of feudal times in Ireland. This, indeed, preoccupies the author to such an extent that the adventures of young Ulrick, who carries to his leader the news of the landing of the Spanish army, are sometimes lost in the accessories of the tale. It is, however, a vivid portrayal of the times, and the wooing of the Puritan maiden, Rachel, by the brave young Irish lad is a pretty bit of mediæval romance. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries," by General A. W. Greely, is issued as the third volume of the Columbian Knowledge Series. It is designed to answer the inquiries of "the busy man who wishes to know what, when, and where,

rather than how," and gives succinct accounts of the results of Arctic exploration up to the present time. After setting forth the scope of his subject, the author treats it geographically, rather than in point of time, and concludes each chapter with a list of works in which further information on the particular branch of the subject may be sought. An excellent bibliography and an index conclude the volume. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"When Greek Meets Greek," by Joseph Hatton, is a tale of the French Revolution. The Count de Fournier, a Royalist, handsome, noble, and brave, is the hero, and his bastard brother, Gréhaival, the bloodthirsty *confrère* of Robespierre and Danton, plays the villain's part. Both love the same woman, Mathilde, the daughter of the Duke de Louvet. The story is taken up with the perils of De Fournier and Mathilde, the services rendered by their faithful retainers, with arrests and escapes, plots and counterplots. A happy deception, by which De Fournier makes use of his resemblance to his villainous brother to play the part of a Republican deputy for a brief season, brings this somewhat stereotyped romance to the happy ending which the reader anticipated from the beginning. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Emma Lou—Her Book," by Mary M. Mears, purports to be the diary of a sixteen-year-old girl, wherein she records a year's experiences. Emma Lou is a country girl, and her story is all of village life. At fifteen she begins her career as teacher of the village school, but soon abandoning this, she embarks on a novel of the penny-dreadful order. A visit to a worldly aunt in a neighboring town gives her an opportunity to see life, and, in spite of her green eyes and turned-up nose, she has two proposals to record. The main episode is a series of sermons which she surreptitiously writes for the village parson, receiving a weekly salary for her work. The story can not lay claim to a plot, but is rather a continued series of incidents. This prevents the interest from remaining unbroken, but the unformed school-girl style is successfully assumed, if somewhat insipid in flavor, and the tale is of the sort which will be appreciated by young people. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

VERSES FROM NEW BOOKS.

When Polly Takes the Air,
A little wicker-hasket rolls
Along the pavement walk,
And at the sight the young and old
Begin to laugh and talk,
And wave fair hands, and kisses throw,
And cry: "Look here!" "See there!"
"This way it comes!"—and all because
Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newsboys run and shout with glee,
And follow on behind;
The coachman and the footman gaze
As if they had a mind
To do the same; the good old priest
Stands still with solemn stare—
As down the shady avenue
Sweet Polly takes the air!

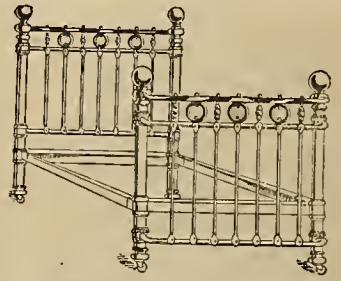
And all the while sweet Polly sits
In dainty gown and hat,
And smiles on one she loves the best—
Her pretty Maltese cat—
And softly coos, when pussy purrs,
Without a thought or care
How all the town turns upside down
When Polly takes the air.
—Zitella Cocke's "A Doric Reed."

I Fear No Power a Woman Wields.
I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields,
With comradeship alone of gun,
Gray marsh wastes and the hurning sun.
For, aye, the heart's most poignant pain
Will wear away 'neath hail and rain,
And rush of winds through branches bare,
With something still to do and dare.
The lonely watch beside the shore,
The wild fowl's cry, the sweep of oar,
And paths of virgin sky to scan,
Untrod, and so uncurs'd by man.
Gramercy, for thy haunting face,
Thy charm of voice and lissome grace,
I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields.
—Ernest McCaffrey's "Poems."

Sublime Folly.

Sublimest folly!—from their camps arise
Two mighty armies, eager for the fray;
The drum-beat rolls, the brazen trumpets bray,
And guns and bayonets flash against the skies.
Now shall he shown on which side victory lies;
Swords gleam, the booming cannon hurl dismay,
The quick, sharp rifle-shots for death make way,
On high the bird of evil omen cries.
Men fall as in the field the full ripe grain
Where bending reapers swing the sickle's blade.
In ranks they fall, never to rise again—
But wherefore the dread holocaust thus made?
That past all doubt man may make this truth plain,
On honor, more than life, his heart is stayed.
—Bishop Spalding's "Songs, chiefly from the German."

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LAKE COUNTY, CALIF.

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Two good plays performed by two good actors is an *embarras de richesse* that San Francisco is not used to. The play-goers of the city feel that it is the sort of occasion which occurs once in a lifetime, and are distracted between the Columbia and the Baldwin, between the rival attractions of the old Southern lawyer, with his slow drawl and his dryly quiet humor, and the beau of the Prince Regent's day, in all the splendor of his scented, and curled, and frilled, and jeweled elegance.

The charm of "Beau Brummell" is the completeness of the picture. It is not a glimpse, or a bit, or a sketch. It is the dead past revived again. We travel back more than half a century and find ourselves in the midst of a life that went out with the stock and the sandaled slipper. We look into the existences of our grand-parents. Those worthy old people, who, staring down at us in dim oils from dull, gold frames, seem to have been as far off as the men on Mars, now are suddenly close by, and seem gay and friendly and delightfully frivolous and faulty. No one would imagine that the short-waisted ladies, with jewels hanging on their brows and little curls glued on their cheeks, ever said "Deuce take it," in the way the Duchess of Leamington does. It is quite a revelation as to those past and gone personalities who look so demure and pompous done in oils. But if they were in any way people of rank and fashion and lived to Beau Brummell's set, they could use small oaths elegantly and talk scandal wittily and pay court to the great dandy as politely as any other ladies of the *beau monde*.

It was a wet night on Monday, and the soaked streets of moist and modern San Francisco were in sharp contrast to the gawdy and brightness and color of the London salons where the Fourth George was still the regent. Modern San Francisco suffered in the comparison. It was neither picturesque nor comfortable—first, in its pale-gray, twilight aspect, wrapped in a brooding mist of moisture, blotted here and there with blurs of lamp-light; then, in its night aspect, the moisture turned into fine rain. The city shone and gleamed in the wet. All the pavements shone level underfoot, and the tops of umbrellas shone in swaying passage overhead. The cobbles shone unevenly, except where pools of water lay glazed with a yellow surface of lamp-light. The tops of the cars gleamed where they passed lights, and in the side-streets, where there were few people, every lamp stuck a yellow dagger of radiance down into the asphalts.

To the London of Beau Brummell there was nothing chilly, or moist, or uncomfortable. It was a gay place, where all the world seemed idle or beat upon pleasure. The brilliant ladies—titled, spitefully witty, beautiful to see, in their sweeping robes, and their curly heads, and their proud white shoulders—were amusing and caustic, and, if they were not so particular in their language or their aspirations as Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, they could certainly make their world laugh, and know how to act their part as women of fashion.

It was the end of the era of studied frivolity, foppishness, and a mincing elegance—an era that the playwrights had been making copy of since Congreve. The last gleam of its setting sun rests upon the life and times of Beau Brummell. Every English comedy-writer, since the Restoration broke the boons of Puritanism, had felt the dramatic charm of its fastidiousness that hid a cold coarseness, its refinement of wit and elegance that covered calculation, hardness, and *ennui*. The dramatists of the Restoration were as frank in their gay derision of decency and honor as they were brilliant in their dialogue. Sheridan and Holcroft had more respect for the principles that keep mankind upon the straight and narrow path, but they could not get over their lurking love for a rake, either male or female, and their hearts went out to the Tom Jones hero and the Lady Teazle heroine.

To be witty, to be elegant, to be a man of fashion and a devil of a fellow both at the same time was the stage ideal, and the stage sometimes reflects the times and sometimes leads them. The era of the beaux, the era dominated by the personality of the First Gentleman of Europe, was the end of all this long period of fictitious and roccoco polish. And the last burst of its dying splendor was the beaux.

Just what the beaux were, it is difficult for us here, in the western half of a new country, to realize. If it were not for Mr. Mansfield, we never could have quite understood what they were and where they belonged in the scheme of things. They were not exactly dukes, and they were not by any means fools. They had something of the

macaroni and a good deal of the fop. They were casually called men of fashion, and to be so called was the height of their ambition. As men of fashion, they dominated their world and ruled it absolutely. They did not engineer parties and make out lists for balls, or do any other of that ignominious, treadmill work that the American aspirant for social leadership plods through. They were men of consequence, of wit, of taste. They could, as Beau Brummell says, make a woman the fashion by dancing a contra-dance with her, and give a man a filip toward social distinction by taking a turn with him in the Mall. They were kings of the world of elegance. And, as is the way with a worthy king, they knew their subjects, and they ruled them with a strong hand. If their reign was short, it was proportionately splendid. While it lasted, all that was beautiful, and brilliant, and witty, and distinguished in that circumscribed life of fashion was at their footstool.

Beau Brummell was the greatest of the beaux—indeed, the others never amounted to much, being for the most part hold adventurers and clever schemers. He, however, must have been a personality. Mr. Mansfield makes him a distinct one, and, in the hands of this accomplished actor, the character is given that distinguishing touch of consequence, of being somebody, which must have marked the man who at first ruled the aristocratic life of London and then ruled its ruler. He possessed to perfection that impassive, cool insolence of manner which is invariably owned by those who rise from obscurity to places of social prominence. The Beau knew his world well. He had gauged it to its depths. He knew that to prevent it from bullying him he must bully it, and bully it he did till he had it in the dust with his foot upon its neck.

He is inimitable in the first act. Of the whole four, this is the most choice, the most deliciously sardonic and humorous. The picture is perfect—the conqueror of elegant London is much more coolly imperious than his royal friend. He has not inherited his throne; he has worked for it and wooed it, and he holds it by means of an impassive disdain. Yet he is not all charlatan; there is feeling under the foppish exterior. One of the subtlest touches in Mr. Mansfield's personation is that by which he indicates that the beau's intense reverence for all forms of social law and etiquette is a genuine reverence, not the assumption of an unscrupulous adventurer. The completing of the last sacred rites of the afternoon toilet shows how weighty a matter this is to him. It is the great ceremonial of the day. It gives to the character a note of pathos—the pathos that attaches to all the foolish, feeble, well-intentioned creatures that sooner or later will be crushed by the great juggernaut of Destiny.

Mr. Mansfield's personation is so well known here that there is but little new to be said of it. He has the careful honesty of the true artist, and acts the rôle with as detailed and finished a solicitude as though it were a first performance. There is no suggestion of slighted work or abating interest in his personation. On the contrary, it shows a higher polish, and the humane side of the character; the side that is fond and proud of Reginald and loves Mariana, is deepened a note or two. The whole portrayal has broadened and been enriched by repeated ponderings and representations. It has grown fuller and truer, the affectation is less arrogant, the folly, the triviality are not so aggressive, are mere touches of that weakness and faultiness which make the whole world kin.

The company brings with it many of its old members. Miss Cameroun is again Mariana Vincent—a very delicate and lovely figure. Mariana is a sort of Old World young girl—quiet, simple, shy. Her small face and fine set of features suit the dress of that dead day, with its waist up under the arms and its demurely frilled skirt, its modest bonnet poking forward to hide the face beneath, its loosely wrinkled gloves, and graceful shoulder scarf, and little primly pointed slippers that had no heels.

Mrs. St. Aubyn is Mariana's dramatic contrast. In plays the hero has always loved a Mrs. St. Aubyn before he lays his heart at the shrine of a Mariana. It is a sort of tradition of stage-love. Even Romeo had vowed vows and sighed sighs to Rosalind before he saw Juliet. And if the playwright had let Rosalind come on, she would have been a brilliant, gay, frivolous married lady, and Juliet would not have liked her. Mrs. St. Aubyn gives a very fine picture of the woman of fashion of that dashing day. In the ball-room, with her hair wound round her head in thick braids and yellow silk skirts floating out to lustrous folds as she tripped the contra-dance, she was a fine lady that Lord Mauley would have designated as a "magnificent creecher."

The Lurline Baths.

One of the most popular institutions in the city is the Lurline bath establishment on the corner of Larkin and Bush Streets. Conveniently situated, with perfect appointments, and with trained and courteous attendants, its popularity is richly deserved. The Russian bath with eucalyptus shower adds much to the attractiveness of the baths, and the price—50 cents—is extremely low.

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The Song of the Society Salvation Lass.

The uniform worn by the ladies of Mr. Ballington Booth's new Salvation Army will have a relatively stylish cut.—Daily Paper.

As I put my new uniform on,
I remarked, as I looked in the glass,
"How fit for a smiling,
Extremely beguiling,
Select 'Hallelujah Lass'!"
Let others save souls in a gown
That is made of the dowdiest brown,
My dress is a blue one,
Its fashion a new one,
A cut that will startle the town!"
A fact that I counted upon
When I first put this uniform on!

"The wide-awake Ballington Booth
Will, now we are dressed in this way,
Get plenty of 'lasses'
To preach to 'the classes,'
And plenty to sing and to pray.
For this I may safely assert,
That if we men's souls can't convert,
Our manner magnetic,
And costume aesthetic,
Will surely induce them to flirt.
This at least may be counted upon
Now we've put our new uniform on!

"With the aid of a smart tamhourine,
And a honnet that's quite up to date,
I soon ought to capture
A 'dude,' or enrapture
Some rich man, deserving that fate.
In Wall Street I'll 'take up my cross'
As I preach on the evils of dross,
And if I am plucky,
And things should prove lucky,
Just think! I may marry a 'Boss,'
An end that I counted upon
When I first put this uniform on!"

—London Truth.

The death of Jennie Kimball, who for years controlled Corinne, recalls the fact that her juvenile opera company was quite a school for the stage. Besides Corinne—whom she found, the daughter of poor Italians, singing at the age of five in the streets, and who now, through inheriting Miss Kimball's fortune, is quite a wealthy woman—she brought out in her company the Daly Brothers, Bob and Dan, and Harry Conner, the Welland Strong of "A Trip to Chinatown." Corinne, by the way, was appearing in "Cinderella" in 1875, and was then advertised as being eight or nine years old.

Mr. Dunnigan (inspecting the steam shovel which has supplanted him)—"Ut's all right—ut's all right; yez can shovel, but, dom yez, yez can't vote!"—Truth, 1896. [Temper 1850 in San Francisco, when they were grading Market Street.]

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New Songs, New Ballets, New Specialties. The "Chevalier" Medley of Coster Songs. "Rays of Light." An Arabian Nights Dream of Loveliness.
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Monday Next. Second Week of
--- RICHARD MANSFIELD ---
And His New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company.
Monday and Tuesday Evenings, The Story of Rodion, the Student. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Evenings, and Saturday Matinee, Prince Karl. Saturday Evening, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Monday, April 27th, Last Week, PARISIAN ROMANCE, Etc.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

AL. HAVMAN & Co., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS

Monday, April 26th, ROLAND REED and His Company. The Satirical Comedy by Daniel D. Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld.
THE POLITICIAN
Or, The Woman's Plauk.
The Original Twentieth Century Woman, MISS ISADORE RUSH.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Mansfield's Second Week.

Richard Mansfield will present "Beau Brummell" for the last time this (Saturday) evening, for there will be no Sunday performances during his engagement at the Baldwin.

"The Story of Rodion, the Student," will be given for the first time in this city on Monday night, and it will be repeated on Tuesday. It is a dramatization of Dostoevsky's powerful romance, "Crime and Punishment," and in it Mr. Mansfield has the rôle of a student who, believing that murder is not a crime if the motive be good and the victim a burden to society, kills a horrible old woman from the lowest stratum of St. Petersburg society. The gradual growth of remorse presents an admirable opportunity for Mr. Mansfield's peculiar abilities.

"Prince Carl" will be given at the other performances of the week, except on Saturday night, when Mr. Mansfield will be seen for the only time during this engagement in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

From Sleepy Southerner to Down-East Yankee, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," with Frank Mayo in the title-rôle, is in its last nights at the Columbia Theatre. The popular appreciation of this excellent play has been attested by notably large audiences at every performance.

On Monday night Ezra Kendall will begin an engagement of one week. He is one of the best impersonators of the down-East Yankee now on the stage, and "A Pair of Kids," the vehicle for his specialties, has stood the test of ten years' continuous use. The company supporting Mr. Kendall contains some clever people, and the musical numbers scattered through the piece are new and taking.

Roland Reed in "The Politician."

Peter F. Dailey will close the register of "The Night Clerk" at the California Theatre, after the performance on Sunday night, and depart for Oakland. He is one of the three or four farce-comedians who are welcomed whenever they come, and no small part of his success lies in the fact that he does not run an old piece to death. He brings out a new play each year, and the public submits with a hy no means ill grace.

Roland Reed will follow him on Monday night with a play of slightly higher character. "The Politician" was written by Lloyd and Rosenfeld, and it caricatures on rather broad lines a well-known American type—the professional politician, glib of tongue, fertile in resources, and so genial and amusing that much is forgiven him. The New Woman, too, is an important feature of the play, with Isadore Rush in some striking costumes as her representative. Other members of the company are Maud White, Mary Myers, Sheridan Tupper, William Bernard, John H. Buoby, Julian Reed, James Douglas, and Charles Wyngate.

A Postman for a Hero.

Michael Strogoff, the hero of the dramatization of Jules Verne's Russian story, has been thrilling the patrons of Morosco's Grand Opera House this week. The play is a popular one, and it has been elaborately mounted and cast to the full strength of the company. It will be continued through Sunday evening.

On Monday night a "post-office play," "Special Delivery," will be given its first performance in this city. It has for its hero a postman who saves the life of a banker's daughter and wins her love; but the villain gets him falsely imprisoned, murders the banker, and has himself appointed guardian of the girl. It takes five acts to preseat this tangle and straighten it out again. A feature of the performance is the introduction of songs and choruses and banjo solos by various members of the company.

A "Second Edition" of "Blue Beard."

"Blue Beard" has proved one of the most successful extravaganzas ever produced at the Tivoli. For two weeks it has filled the auditorium to the back rows, and there is no sign of abating popularity as yet. The piece is crowded with specialties by Hartman, Carrie Roma, Gilbert and Goldie, Leary, and the ballets and dancing by the De Filippis and Mlle. Vercellessi are exceptionally good. A "second edition" of the piece will be presented on Monday night, a notable feature being the substitution of a medley of Chevalier's coster songs in place of the medley of negro airs now so prominent in the last act.

Dellinger's romantic opera, "Lorraine," the scenic and musical production of "Uocle Tom's Cabin," and "The Chimes of Normandy" are in preparation.

Bernhardt and Davenport.

Mme. Bernhardt and Faouy Davenport have been appearing simultaneously in Sardou's "Gismonda" at two Boston theatres, and the great French actress has been made very angry by the fact that her American rival has attracted the larger audiences, though Bernhardt prices made the financial balance show in her favor. On Wednesday afternoon, Miss Davenport and her husband, Melbourne MacDowell, occupied a stage-box at

Mme. Bernhardt's theatre, which they scrupulously paid for, and they afterward told a reporter that Bernhardt played directly at them. Moreover, they declared that the Davenport Gismonda was better than the Bernhardt one. When the latter heard this, during the performance that night, she fainted dead away, and the curtain had to be hung down. She recovered, however, sufficiently to finish the performance.

What Coquelin is Doing.

The "true and faithful history" of Coquelin's break with the Comédie-Française, which dates back to 1889, the year of the Paris Exposition, is thus narrated by Katharine de Forest in the *Bazar*:

"M. Coquelin, in spite of the fact that the Théâtre Français is subsidized by the government, does not admit that the government has any right to interfere in questions which have purely to do with art. Finding that the artists at the Comédie were perpetually hampered and interfered with by the government, he, with M. Delannay, gave in his resignation, and Coquelin prepared to become the director of one of the other theatres, the Porte St.-Martin, I think, but it is not of importance, which, so long as he ceded his rights to Sarah Bernhardt, 'a woman and a friend,' when she asked the favor of him, and so long as, upon the persuasion of his friends, he finally went back to the Comédie, giving up one hundred and forty-eight thousand francs which he was to have received at the St.-Martin for forty-eight thousand francs promised him by the Français. Coquelin went back to the Français with a distinct understanding about certain things. In the first place, he was to be allowed to work there—that is, he was to be allowed to do something, to create something, before the time came for him to be retired. For two years he played only the rôles that he had already played at least two hundred times. He had in his pocket the French version of Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew'—'La Mégère Apprivoisée'—which, as Coquelin said, 'sortit absolument de l'ordinaire'; and he had in his pocket 'Thermidor.' 'Thermidor' was mounted with the greatest care and expense, and, as you know, was suppressed at once, and 'La Mégère' Coquelin played just two months before he resigned. Seeing no chance of doing anything but to vegetate to a peaceful old age, he left."

Now he is managing the Porte St.-Martin. He considers that the Théâtre Libre is doing an enormous amount of harm in Paris. They have there the Théâtre Mondain, the Théâtre des Escholiers, the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, the Théâtre des Poètes, and many theatres more, responsible to nobody, playing here, there, and anywhere where they can get a bearing, and using, as Coquelin says, the utmost license, both in respect to art and subject. "The theatres were rapidly getting to be something which honest women could not hear," he said to Miss de Forest, "and to which young girls could never go. Therefore, my idea was to revive historical drama. I gave 'Duguesclin,' which had certain qualities, now I'm giving 'Panfan la Tulipe,' and 'Thermidor' will be something beyond anything that Paris has ever seen before in its line." He is now presenting "Thermidor," and there is a pretty story going the rounds to the effect that Sardou, a great stickler for the written word, would not at first consent to change certain passages which debarred the French *jeunes filles* from witnessing the play; but that he had finally capitulated on receipt of a round-robin from a number of young ladies, begging him to excise anything their mammas might deem objectionable for them to hear.

Death of Louise Manfred.

Louise Manfred, who was well known here as a comic-opera singer some years ago, died at her home in New York a fortnight ago. She was born in Missouri in 1855, and made her first appearances on the stage in 1875 in "The Two Cadis." The late Eugene Field was also in the cast, which was composed largely of amateurs. Four years later she sang in "Patience" in the Haverley Comic Opera Company, and there met Charles M. Pike, whom she married. In 1883, or thereabouts, they came to the Pacific Coast, and they have spent most of their time here since. Last year Miss Manfred went East to sing at the Imperial Music Hall, and remained there until two months ago, when she was taken ill with an affection of the liver which has caused her death.

Notes.

The Daly Company's engagement at the Baldwin begins in five weeks.

"The Gay Parisians," which has enjoyed a long run in New York, is among the Baldwin's future bookings.

Augusto Daly's company—"accompanying Ada Rehan"—is the way they put it now—will be at the Baldwin in a month more.

The latest novel to be dramatized is F. Hopkinson Smith's serial story, "Tom Grogan." Augustus Thomas is doing it to Charles Frohman's order.

Primrose and West's Minstrels are to follow Roland Reed at the California Theatre. They comprise the best people left to the minstrel stage, and the performance is said to include some amusing novelties.

"Bobémia," Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Murger's "Vie de Bohème," has been touched up to its decided improvement since it was first produced in New York, and it has now reached its fiftieth performance.

"A Parisian Romance" is reserved for the last week of Mr. Mansfield's engagement at the Baldwin.

win. It was as the Baron Cheveril that he made his first notable hit as a character actor, and it remains one of his strongest and best liked rôles.

"The Sporting Duchess," a drama in which the foibles of the late Duchess of Montrose, known as "The Red Duchess," are hit off, but which is also remarkable for its elaborate realism, will be seen at the Baldwin in the near future. It has had an unusually long run in New York and London.

Lillian Russell, who invoked the law, some years ago, to save her from having to wear tights, has donned the breeks again in a revival of "The Little Duke" in New York. She is said to fill the part to repletion, but she has lost her former stolid placidity and is quite vivacious, especially in an interpolated song, in which she depicts a French singer before an English music-hall audience.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," in which Eddie Foy will follow Richard Mansfield at the Baldwin Theatre, is a broad comedy in the style of "Charley's Aunt." It, also, has a nian in feminine attire for the central figure, he being an army nian who has carried off from school and married a ward in chancery. To escape arrest, he dons a woman's skirts and subsequently, as Miss Brown, becomes a pupil in the school. The girls see through his disguise and lead him a merry dance.

Lansing Rowan, who played leading parts in the Frawley Company for a time while they were at the Columbia Theatre, began his stage career as an "extra lady." That is to say, she was one of the young women who stand around in handsome gowns and pose as ladies of the court, or society women, or perhaps have a line to speak. The essential quality for such work is that they must be pleasing to look upon and able to wear their clothes and walk about the stage as if to the manner born. The ranks of the "extra ladies" are recruited from stage-struck young women, actresses out of an engagement, and young women who work or live at home, but want to add a few dollars to their income. Miss Rowan belonged to the first category, her people being well off; but she was stage-struck, and so went on as an "extra lady" when Mrs. Leslie Carter played "Miss Helyett." She is now playing Shakespearean parts.

She—"That's the girl my husband admires so."
He—"But, then, he never had any taste in women."—Sketch.

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VANITY FAIR.

The celebrated Easter Sunday parade on Fifth Avenue in New York seems to be changing. It is difficult to tell from the dailies what the conditions this year were. For example, the New York *World* devotes to it a number of columns under large headings, such as "Vanity in Gala Dress—Easter Parade as Big as Ever and Very Gorgeous," while the *Journal* gives up an entire page to snapshot photos under the heading of "The Story of an Exceptionally Beautiful Easter Sunday Told in Pictures, with Actual Photographic Snap Shots of Some Well-Known People Caught in the Church Districts." The snapshot photos have under them such lines as "Mr., Miss, and Master Stillman," "The Misses Blight," etc. In all of them the extraordinary distortions of feet peculiar to the human when snap-shot are marked. But while the *World* and the *Journal* go into ecstasies over the Easter parade, the *Herald* differs with them. It has an article headed "Parade is Waning—Easter's Panorama in Fifth Avenue Proved the Passing of an Old Social Custom—Swells' Don't Turn Out—Ten Thousand and Ten 'Johnnies' and Their Girls Take Their Places." Following this is an article showing that the fashionables have been driven from the avenue by the imitation article from the East Side.

The Chicago papers discuss Easter in their burgh with the freedom of the wild and woolly West. On Easter Monday, a leading Chicago daily gave what purported to be a complete and detailed list of the costumes worn at church on Easter Sunday. It is true that the Chicago ladies say that all of the costumes were incorrect, and most of the people described as "worshipping" in certain churches were not there at all. But, none the less, the article made a big spread, and was, perhaps, "good stuff" from a newspaper point of view. Commenting on it in the Chicago *Times-Herald*, Mary Abbott says: "We are to be reported at our prayers. Think to what perfection it may be carried. A lady reporter kneels behind you in your pew, with paper and pencil. 'Our Father who art in heaven,' you murmur; she jots down: 'Mrs. D. P. B. March, in a voice broken with emotion, repeated the Lord's Prayer. She was attired in a gown of blue canvas over changeable golden brown taffeta'; 'Hallowed be Thy name,' from the penitent'; 'vest of golden brown satin, studded with pale-blue polka-dots'; 'Thy kingdom come'; 'across the vest, bands of blue fringe'; 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'; 'Louis XIV. coat,' etc. There may be variations in this style of reporting. 'Miss P. L. Jones, whose mother is being prayed for and not expected to recover, told her beads in green cloth with iridescent passementerie; while her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Brooks, sister of the sick lady, who seemed overcome with sadness, wore a blue and red plaid silk, black hat with yellow crown, bonnet of black, almost covered with large white blossoms.'" The Chicago papers also used a certain jaunty style of wording for these church gatherings. "Dr. Winslow received an Easter morning congregation." Visions of the affable doctor standing in front of a chancel-rail banked with roses and smilax rises to the sight. The congregation gayly trips in and is greeted by the host with a kind smile and glad shake of the hand; also a pleasant word for every one. "So good of you to come. What a smart frock!"

The Duke of Cambridge, ex-commander-in-chief of the British army, has been stopping in Cairo, and has been entertained by the Khedive. In return for the Khedive's hospitality, his royal highness the duke gave a sumptuous dinner at the Hotel Continental to the Khedive about a fortnight ago, covers being laid for twenty-eight. The lady guests of the hotel assembled in the hall and formed a double line, in order to see the Khedive pass. When the Egyptian monarch made his appearance and passed through the line, he paused for a moment in astonishment, but recovered himself and bowed right and left. It is said that he afterwards confided to one of his staff that he was not a little startled to see such an array of ladies in full evening costume. In fact, he might well be startled. Although used to harems, he probably was unused to such a liberal display of feminine charms in the corridors of a public hotel.

There is to be a bicycling carnival at Syracuse, N. Y., the last three days of this week. Syracuse is the head-quarters of the bicycle industry in New York, as Coventry is in England. As a result, there are vast numbers of riders there, and much money is expended by the various manufacturers in "whooping up" their respective wheels. All of the companies in Syracuse will be represented by teams of skilled riders, and there will be quadruplets and other big machines. One hundred skilled riders go through an elaborate drill, and "the coronation of the Prince and Princess Bike" will be a spectacular performance done on wheels. The riders and the other participants will be attired in magnificent costumes and the wheels gayly caparisoned. There will be a military drill by sixteen of the crack riders of Syracuse on wheels.

The winding of the May-pole by young boys and girls on wheels will be another feature. The carnival is expected to be unique and beautiful.

Now that Lent is over, the Creole girls in New Orleans are looking for answers to their prayers. For during Lent the Creole girl indulges in the matrimonial *neuvaine*. This means a nine-day period of fasting and prayer for some special object. The special object is generally a good husband. The Creole girl, like her relative the French girl, does not like to remain unmarried. She wants a husband, and she wants one openly and earnestly. It is very common to see the Creole girls in New Orleans praying at the shrine of St. Joseph during Lent. St. Joseph, for some reason, is supposed to have a powerful pull. There are little images of St. Joseph molded in lead for sale in New Orleans at five cents apiece. The girls carry these images around with them. They tell a story of one who had carried her little leaden St. Joseph until both he and her patience were almost worn out. Disgusted, she took her saint and threw him out of the window. A young man was passing at that moment, and the St. Joseph alighted at his feet. "Dear me!" he said, picking it up, "now some poor girl has lost her St. Joseph! Well, I'll just take it back to her." So he rang the bell, and was ushered in by the young person who had just thrown her St. Joseph away. Result: a case of love at first sight. Further result: a marriage. After that, who could disbelieve in the power of St. Joe?

People unfamiliar with France may not know how intense is the respect still felt for the old nobility. They may understand how deep it is when we say that the consent of the Duke of Chartres to the marriage of his daughter to Duke Patrick, son of the Dowager-Duchess of Magenta and widow of Marshal MacMahon, has amazed all France. Yet Marshal MacMahon was a brave soldier, of good family, and his wife was of an old French noble family. Still they were *parvenus*, because they were of the nobility of the Third Empire. His title of duke was conferred upon MacMahon by Napoleon the Third. The entire MacMahon family was overcome with the honor conferred upon them by a daughter of the house of Orleans marrying one of their sons.

A New York weekly says that the young men in the Waldorf Café of an afternoon are not the same as those who used to frequent Delmonico's. The old crowd in Delmonico's was made up largely of stock-brokers, and the entire talk was about stocks. In fact, many a man who is not a New Yorker has been driven in sheer weariness out of that city at times at the incessant stock-ticker talk of his New York acquaintances. Now it seems that the swells in the Waldorf are idle young men, sons of wealthy families, who consider it "had form" to know much about stocks or business—in short, who look upon going down to Wall Street as a swell Londoner looks upon going "to the city." They know all about horses, theatres, golf, polo, and the leading lights of the footlights, but they know nothing about stocks.

The season of grand opera at Chicago last week was very successful. There was some kicking on account of giving old operas instead of new ones, but, none the less, the company has drawn large houses. Chicago has been more hospitable, so-called, to the opera-singers than New York. According to the Chicago *Tribune*: "Various stars of the operatic company have been guests at a number of opera-parties, and they added to the interest of the audience, who seemed to enjoy a view of the singers as they appeared on the audience's side of the footlights." The same journal goes on to say: "Mrs. H. O. Stone gave a reception on Sunday for Mme. Melha, who has been the recipient of many social favors during her brief visit here." And the society reporter elsewhere says: "Several entertainments have been given for Mme. Saville and Mme. Calvé. Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Ellsworth gave a dinner to the former at their residence on Michigan Avenue." From this it is quite apparent that New York's studied ignoring of the opera song-birds socially is not approved of by Chicago. Chicago always has the courage of her convictions.

The New York Yacht Club, the oldest and most exclusive yachting association in America, has four women enrolled as members of the club. The constitution of the club says: "Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member, and shall upon election pay annual dues, but no initiation fee. Such membership shall continue only during the period of yacht ownership, and carries only the following privileges: The right to fly the club burgee. To have private signal registered with the secretary. To enter yacht in club races, and the use of the club stations and club floats." The four women members own steam-yachts. The first to join was Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, of Pittsburgh. Her yacht is the *Dungeness*, a handsome steam-yacht one hundred and twenty-one feet long, and built of steel. Mrs. George Lewis owns the steam-yacht *Stranger*, one hundred and eighty-five feet long, built by the

Cramps. Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell owns the steam-yacht *Barracouta*, built at Havre, France, one hundred and thirty-four feet long. The youngest flag member of the New York Yacht Club is Miss Eloise L. Breese, who owns the steam-yacht *Elsa*; length over all, one hundred and six feet. These ladies are entitled to fly the club's burgee, and are saluted accordingly when that and the owner's pennant flies.

A convention of tailors says that in masculine garb, the coming season, overcoats will be single-breasted, with fly fronts. The covert overcoat must be worn only with sack-suits, the seams being strapped. The surtout, which the tailors say should be worn only by men of fine physique, is double-breasted, made with velvet collar and roll. For coaching, the double-breasted box overcoat is favorite. For driving, a long surtout is still preferred. The paddock coats still hold their own. In evening dress-coats, the peaked lapel and the shawl collar are both worn. For day wear, the double-breasted frock-coat is popular. There is little alteration in the cutaway-coat, and sack suits are great favorites just now with business men.

The Michaux Bicycle Club has been riding indoors most of the winter, and has evolved some elaborate bicycle drills. Among others, they have two lines which start from opposite ends of the hall, break, meet again at the opposite end of the hall, and ride up the centre two by two, then turning off to the right and left alternately, something like the march in a cotillion. Once in a while a rider at the head of the line will have an accident, and then the whole procession generally comes to grief. When he falls, the others promptly pile up on top of him until the club for a time is a wriggling mass of arms, legs, caps, and skirts. None of the women in the Michaux Club wear bloomers. They wear a three-quarter skirt reaching to within about eight inches of the floor. The shoes are high laced, and the stockings, when visible, appear to be black. Some of the ladies wear colored shirt-waists, and others coats or jackets. Among the prominent members are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Dr. Roosevelt, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, and others.

The passage of the bill in Ohio called the Foscick Anti-Theatre Hat Bill has been received by the theatre-managers with delight. The law makes the offense of wearing a high hat punishable by a fine of five dollars, and doorkeepers at theatres may also be fined for admitting women whose head-gear obstructs the view. The law does not go into effect for several days, but the majority of the women of the city of Columbus imagined on the day that the bill became a law that if they wore high hats they would be arrested. On the night of April 2d, half of the women at the Walnut Street Theatre, Cincinnati, wore no hats at all.

A Washington newspaper woman went to a certain senator's house one night, on the occasion of a big reception. The first person she saw was the host himself. He asked her errand courteously. "I came to get the ladies' gowns," said she. The senator glanced into the great drawing-room at the dazzle and gleam of hare shoulders. "Don't you think they need all they have?" said he.

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FOR SALE.
A California Country Home

Just the Place for One Desiring an Outdoor Life in an Ideal Climate.

A man of means who is brain-weary and who desires to live in the country, and grow young again, can find an ideal home in the pure atmosphere of Santa Cruz County upon a ranch of ninety acres. The ranch has upon it a commodious residence fully furnished, and with modern improvements; a good barn, and all necessary out-buildings. The orchards are planted to apples, olives, nts, and prunes, all bearing, with sufficient yield to give a man all the outdoor occupation he desires. Situated not far from a railroad station.

On the place are horses, cows, poultry, wagons, carts, and all needful farming implements. Immediate possession. The owner's reason for selling is that he has recovered his health here and desires to return to active business.

Parties desiring such a home may address Country Home, Box 26, Argonaut Office.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Russell, of the *Scotsman*, being once rallied by a gray-headed friend upon his baldness, silenced him with the remark: "My hair preferred death to dishonor."

President Kruger, some years ago, accepted an invitation to open a new synagogue at Johannesburg. After a few preliminaries, he announced, in his loudest voice, to the amazement of all present: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I declare this building opened."

An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England. "Tell me, my good man, how you manage it," he said, condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket. "It is very simple, sir," replied the gardener; "you cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and you rolls it and cuts it for six hundred years."

Sir Henry Irving once entered a train at King's Cross, London. After putting his traveling-bag on the rail, he found that four passengers already occupied the corners of the coach and had appropriated the rest of the seats for their portmanteaus. As no one moved, Sir Henry continued to stand, holding on to the hat-rail. After a while, one of the passengers sulkily began to move his luggage from the seat, seeing which Sir Henry remarked in his blandest tone: "Oh, please don't let me disturb you. I'm getting out at Scotland."

After the battle of Gettysburg, a corps under the command of a young physician, whose knowledge of medicine was very limited, was ordered to collect the wounded. Among the disabled was a very young man, who had been shot through the leg. The disciple of Esculapius proceeded to get his knife to work, and after cutting for a half-hour was interrupted by the young soldier with: "Say, how much longer are you going to cut?" "Until I get the bullet," replied the doctor. "Why, you gosh-darned fool, if that's what you want, I've got it in my pocket." Sure enough, the bullet had lodged in the skin of the man's leg after passing through, and he had kept it as a souvenir.

James Payn tells a story of a tutor of a college, who asked some questions of the treasurer, to which the latter replied rather petulantly: "How should I know? One can't remember everything." "No," replied the tutor, softly, "but this is so very unimportant." Several years after the tutor was appointed Regius Professor of Greek. He held both posts for some time, till it was discovered that it was illegal. The fact was "ferreted out" by the treasurer, who blandly remarked that it was just one of those "unimportant" matters that suited his capacity, and compelled him to give up one position. The treasurer's retentiveness of "unimportant" facts cost the tutor a thousand pounds a year.

General Grant, while walking out in the suburbs of Washington, frequently met a butcher driving a horse, to which he took a strong liking. After much negotiation, he bought the animal, and had it taken to his stable, where one day Senators Conkling and Jones were invited to look at the new purchase. "Well, gentlemen, how do you like the horse?" asked Grant, after the animal had been inspected. "How much did you give for him, Mr. President?" asked Conkling. "Four hundred dollars." "I'd rather have the four hundred dollars than the horse," rejoined Conkling. "That's what the butcher thought," coolly remarked Grant, puffing out a cloud of smoke; "put him back into the stall, John."

Some epigrammatic sayings of Louis Napoleon are repeated in a recent English book: On being asked at the Army and Navy Club, "Shall you not find it difficult to rule the French?" "Oh, no," he replied, "nothing is more easy. Just give them a war every four years." After reading one of the scurrilous attacks upon him by Victor Hugo, he quietly remarked: "'Napoleon le Petit,' par Victor Hugo le Grand!" On being reproached by a subordinate and rapacious member of the Bonaparte race, in the insolent words, "You have nothing of the emperor about you," he replied, "Alas, I have his family." Again, on being asked how it came to pass that he was so merciful to the sacerdotal party, which had not befriended him in the earlier part of his career, he answered: "Revenge is a dish that ought to be eaten cold."

A young woman in New York wrote a piece that she considered funny enough for the humorous weeklies. It was a brief skit of about fifty lines, but the hard-hearted editors failed to see the humor in it, and kept sending it back to her. Finally the young woman lost heart completely, when her brother took pity on her and said: "Here, give me that stuff. I will get it published

or know the reason why." A week or two later the alleged humor appeared in a funny paper, and the young contributor enjoyed the delights of authorship. The contribution did not occupy a prominent place. It was among the advertisements, but she was too content to see her work in type to inquire further. The only thing that bothered her was the twinkle in her brother's eye, which she could not understand. He had paid full advertising rates to insert her story, at fifty cents a line, single column, one insertion.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Query?

See the scorch on his cycle,
Bending to it without check;
Is he going to break his record?
Or only going to break his neck?

—New York Sun.

Her Costume.

Upon a wheel she sits secure
And as she swiftly glides,
The people hail the grace demure
With which Priscilla rides.

Yet she who thus our praise heapeaks
Beneath false colors goes,
For while she rides her brother seeks
In vain his golfing clothes.

—Washington Star.

A Useful Craze.

When was a fashion so happily bit upon
As girls with the "bikes" they so gracefully sit upon,
Food for the comic to exercise wit upon,
Pounding his brains to spit up a new skit upon,
Tempting the cynic his rig to emit upon,
Pages in fanciful papers are writ upon,
Fun in the street when a dowdy is lit upon,
Covered with garments that don't sit a bit upon
Figure that daintiest frock wouldn't fit upon,
Mirth for the million because they are split upon
Merely a matter of togs.—London World.

Bikes.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Of all the vile inventions, misbegotten by mistake,
The thing they calls the bicycle does surely take
The cake;

'E's ugly and 'e's vulgar, and 'e's dangerous to ride,
An' 'e fills the man as rides 'im with a sort of heastly
pride.

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the scarin', tarin' Bike!

'E's just a 'oly terror goin' scorchin' down the road;

With a grinnin' idiot clingin' to the 'andles monkey-

like,

'Is shoulders 'unched above 'im like a 'umpy sort o'

toad.

You thinks you'll learn to ride 'im coz it don't look 'ard

at all,

But you've got to get acquainted just with hevery kind

of fall;

You've got to learn 'ow gravel feels a stickin' in your jaw,

An' what it is to 'ave your knees and knuckles always raw.

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the wobblin', hobblin' Bike!

A-reelin' and a-staggerin' to an' fro acrost the road,

You may 'it 'im if you're fast enough and cuss 'im if

you like,

But 'e picks you out the 'ardest place and then 'e sheds 'is

load.

An' when you've learnt to ride a bit and thinks afied to

roam,

The blasted thing collapses 'bout twenty miles from 'ome,

With 'is bloomin' bellers busted, or it may be somethin' wuss,

An' you 'as to wheel 'im 'ome again, an' lor! 'ow you does

cuss!

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the stumblin', tumblin' Bike!

The wily 'dyspider-wheel-a-grinnin' where 'e lies;

Oh, ain't it jam to shove 'im when 'is works is on the

strike,

An' every 'arf a mile or so you stops to damn 'is eyes.

They say it's lovely hexercise, you'll think so pretty soon,

Same as a railway haccident, a bearthquake, or typhoon;

When you turns a slipp'ry corner an' 'e slides and falls

down dead,

And you finds you're takin' hexercise a-standin' on your

'ead.

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the thumpin', humpin' Bike!

'E'll shake your mortal soul out when 'e gets on stony

ground,

You 'ave to shove 'im up the 'ills an' down 'em both

alike,

For if 'e runs away with you, you might as well be

drowned.

The 'orse 'e goes by rein an' bit, the coster's moke's a

smoke,

The 'ansom cab's a daisy, and the rickshaw's just a joke;

But the bike's a 'orrid mixture, as on 'is face 'e shows,

Of a treadmill and a 'brellar frame and a length of garden

'ose!

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the lanky, cranky Bike!

'E's twenty ways of fallin' down an' can't stand up

alone,

If there's a stone within a mile you bet yer life 'e'll

strike,

'E tumbles down and chucks you, and it's odds you

breaks a bone.

'E takes the bit between 'is teeth a goin' down a 'ill,

And you loses both your treadles an' you comes a hawful

spill,

An' you breaks your knees, and noses, and wi' luck you

breaks your neck,

And that blessed bicycle's a 'ideous tangled wreck.

O the Bike, O the Bike, O the rustin', bustin' Bike!

You leaves 'im in the duck-pond lyin' on 'is slimy

hed,

'E may rot 'isself to pieces just as quickly as 'e like:

And you thank your stars an' gatters it's 'im, not

you, that's dead!—Japan Mail.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Woman on Wisely Infidelity.

LOS ANGELES, April 6, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your issue of April 6th contains a communication from Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs. Craig, of Salt Lake City, containing sentiments which I wish to disclaim as those of myself or the majority of the women I know.

I am sure that even your estimable but illogical correspondents would have nothing but condemnation for a florist who sold them plants not true to name, or for a grocer who intentionally delivered his goods under false labels. How, then, can they help admitting that a woman who risks foisting upon a man as heirs of his body children with no claims upon him, is committing a crime far worse than anything a man can do by marital infidelity? The question is not one of a child's inheritance of good or evil passions, but rests upon the integrity of the family, which, as the *Argonaut* rightly says, is the foundation upon which the structure of civilization rests and which has for its corner-stone the wife's chastity. When this weakens, the entire edifice totters, and I think I voice the belief of most women when I say that whatever a man's other rights may be, he has a right to one source through which he can transmit his blood in an unpolluted stream, and that it is a privilege, not a hardship, for a woman to have it made easy and honorable for her to be a true wife. It is to this end that marriage has been instituted, that polygamy has been made illegal, that a wife has been made her husband's legitimate heir and given a right to his support and protection. If all this does not enjoin upon her the keeping intact of the name she accepted in marrying, what is the object of it all, and what is a woman's place in the civilized world?

My ideas are not the result of instruction from my husband, but come from my own appreciation of the basis upon which my rights rest—my rights to a home, to protection, to legitimate children, and to a definite status in society as it exists to-day.

In case you see fit to publish my letter, kindly omit my name and address. Faithfully yours,

Is the "Call" Retrograding?

OAKLAND, April 7, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For fifteen years past I have taken the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and until the suggestion in your excellent journal some months ago that the *Call* was a cleaner paper, when I discontinued it and subscribed for the *Call*.

Now when I find such stuff as the inclosed clipping from the *Call* of Wednesday, April 1st, describing the cowardling in public of one female by another, with all the reasons therefor, served up as good diet for its readers, and actually illustrated in good *Police Gazette* style, will you kindly tell me wherein I and the readers of my family are gainers by having followed your advice, or, at least, of having acted on your suggestion? L. A. B.

[At the time the *Call* passed under the control of C. M. Shortridge, it certainly was cleaner than either of the other morning dailies. If it has since gone back to their level, we are sorry to learn it, but probably Mr. Shortridge has been forced to follow them. If so, it is a curious commentary upon San Francisco's debased taste.—Eus.]

The Tramp Question.

ROWE, VAN BUSKIRK & PARKER,
COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,
259 WASHINGTON ST.,
JERSEY CITY, April 1, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The inclosed clipping shows the result of closing police stations in New York city as lodging-houses, opening a house-b at expressly to accommodate the homeless, and compelling each lodger, before enjoying the night-shirt, slippers, and bed provided, to take a good scrub and shower-bath; also, next day, to do some work cleaning snow, cutting wood, etc. I have not noticed any mention of this New York plan in your paper, but know you take great interest in the tramp question.

C. W. PARKER.

[The clipping shows that four hundred men applied at the house-bat the first night, most of them being of the Weary Raggles order. In two weeks the applicants fell to one hundred and fifty, and there were no Weary Raggles among them.—Eus.]

Romanism in Washington.

FRIDAY HARBOR, WASH., April 4, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I send you to-day a copy of *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* with marked account of an address delivered here a few days ago, and which is a sample of the same kind of rubbish we hear almost every day here. No wonder there is an A. P. A. society—the only wonder is that every sensible man in the country does not belong to it; such sedition makes one's blood boil. This same paper claims to be the leading one of this State, yet it invariably gives prominence to such Romanist rot. Yours for the A. P. A.,

W. HOLLOWAY.

[The address inclosed is the one on "Brother Crucifix Mary," which we commented on last week.—Eus.]

An Aid to Faith.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO.,
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,
TORONTO, March 31, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You have recently been giving considerable attention to "Christian relics," especially those of the medical order, even daring to doubt their efficiency. I am much impressed with your general good behavior, but I have sent you a small booklet that may wake up your dormant faith. Truly yours,

W. CHRISTIE.

[The booklet is noticed in the editorial columns this week.—Eus.]

The Rack, the Thumbcrew, and the Boot
Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles, and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, stomach, and nerve complaints.

SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS.
Crene Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, softens the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.
Coptic.....Wednesday, April 8
Gaelic.....Saturday, April 25
Doric.....(Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12
Belgic.....Thursday, May 28
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street,
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. April 14, 29, May 14, 29.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter, for Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. April 7, 14, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, for Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. April 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, for San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, April 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter, for Escondido, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Oriaba*, 10 A. M. April 5th. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. 6 DAYS ONLY, 11 HOURS ONLY, AUSTRALIA, HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, HONOLULU, BY S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, April 30, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 28, at 10 A. M. Special party rates.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Britannic.....April 29
Majestic.....May 6
Germanic.....May 13
Teutonic.....May 20

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Ewell-Masten Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. N. K. Masten, 2218 Clay Street, his daughter, Miss Jane F. Masten, was united in marriage last Thursday evening to Mr. Edwin C. Ewell. Only relatives of the contracting parties and a few very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute at half-past eight o'clock. The bride's sister, Miss Alice Masten, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Robert Campbell acted as best man. After the ceremony there were congratulations and a supper was served. The newly married couple left on Friday to make a Southern tour. When they return they will reside at 739 Post Street, and will receive on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month after June 1st. They were the recipients of many elegant presents.

The Hager Entertainment.

Mrs. Hager gave an entertainment last Monday evening at Native Sons' Hall, to which about four hundred of her friends were invited. The programme included the presentation of living pictures, the farce-comedy, "A Modern Ananias," a supper and dancing.

The affair was an unqualified success. The preparations were most elaborate. The lobby of the hall was arranged to represent the foyer of a theatre, and contained photographs of the company and some posters designed by Mr. Willis Polk. Mr. Edward M. Greenway and Mr. Everett N. Bee received the invitations at the entrance, and the guests were escorted to their seats by Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Robert G. Hooker, Mr. E. T. Messersmith, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Alfred Williams.

The entertainment began about nine o'clock with a series of three tableaux-vivants. The pictures were Sir Frederick Leighton's "The Summer Moon," by Miss Mollie Thomas and Miss Alice Hoffman; "Reveries," by Miss Daisy Van Ness; and Hartborg's "La Tosca," by Miss Alice Hager. They were all admirably posed, and received hearty applause. After an overture by the orchestra, "A Modern Ananias" was presented, with the following cast:

Lysander Lyon, M. D., with a vivid imagination.....Mr. Francis L. Mathieu
Colonel Lyon, with a forgiving disposition (Lysander's uncle).....Mr. A. J. Rosborough
Derby Dashwood, with a Piccadilly accent (Lysander's class-mate).....Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
Francisco, with an elastic conscience (Lysander's valet).....Mr. George B. de Long
Baby, with the sobriquet of "Little Tootsy-wootzy" (Lysander's stepdaughter).....Mr. Frank L. Owen
Nellie Goldengate, with a fickle fancy (the Colonel's ward).....Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton
Prudence Mayflower, with New England notions (Nellie's friend).....Miss Ella Frances Goodall
Kittie, with so much a month and board (Baby's maid).....Miss Rose Hooper
Scene—Newport at the present time.
Act I. Afternoon—Lysander lies.
(Scene of first act designed by Mr. Willis Polk.)
Act II. Evening of the same day—He continues to lie.
Act III. The next day—The consequences.

The audience gave frequent evidence of its appreciation of the efforts of the participants. The piece was presented under the direction of Mr. Leo Cooper. Mr. J. F. J. Archibald was the stage-manager. After the performance a supper was served in the banquet-hall down-stairs, and it was followed by dancing until about four o'clock in the morning.

As is the case with all of Mrs. Hager's entertainments, the arrangements were perfect. From the handsome stage-settings to the elaborate and admirably served supper, there was nothing at which to cavil. When the curtain fell upon the play, and the guests repaired to the supper-room to an animated march from the orchestra, a small army of workmen appeared upon the scene. The draperies which made the hall into an auditorium were taken down, the seats were removed, and by

the time supper was over, the theatre was turned into a ball-room.

It is difficult to succeed in finding novel forms of entertainment. It is difficult, when novel forms of entertainment are found, to succeed in carrying them out. Mrs. Hager has done both. She is to be congratulated upon her success.

The Friday Night Club.

The members of the Friday Night Club held their final meeting of this season last night at Odd Fellows' Hall. The affair was an assembly, and there were about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen present. Dancing was enjoyed until two o'clock in the morning, with an intermission at midnight, when a supper was served under Ludwig's direction. During the evening Mr. Edward M. Greenway received many congratulations upon his able management of the club during the past season.

Willis Matinée Tea.

Mrs. William Willis gave a matinée tea last Saturday at her residence on California Street to introduce her niece, Miss India Willis Scott, into society. The affair was very largely attended. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Mac Farland, Mrs. John S. Enos, Mrs. William J. Dingee, Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, Mrs. Walter Van Bergen, Mrs. Henri Lyon, Miss Fannie Lent, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Ada Dougherty, and Miss Moore.

The Art Association.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened last Thursday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, where a reception was held for members only. The display this year numbers one hundred and forty oil paintings, one hundred water-colors, and twelve pieces of sculpture. The exhibition is better, both numerically and artistically, than that of last year. The attendance Thursday evening was quite large. A string orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, played concert selections, and light refreshments were served. The rooms will be open daily for five weeks, and also on every Thursday evening, when there will be a musical entertainment. The exhibition is well worthy of a visit by all who are interested in art.

Colonial Dames of America.

The Colonial Dames of America, resident in the State of California, were entertained by Mrs. Henry Gibbons on Tuesday. Mrs. Gibbons read a paper, by Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg, on Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, second President of the United States. A sack posset was served, made from a famous recipe in the "Exact Cook-Book," compiled in 1672 by Hannah Wolley, the book now in possession of Mrs. Gibbons. Those present were:

Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. George A. Crux, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. John D. Tallant, Mrs. Gihbons, Mrs. Joett, Mrs. Darneal, Mrs. Branch, Miss Wright, Miss Maddox, Miss Rose, and Miss Jones.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles.

The arrangements are now complete for La Fiesta de Los Angeles, which commences next Tuesday. It is evident that the city will be filled with visitors. There will be processions and other features of more than ordinary interest, and the royal fête of last season will undoubtedly be eclipsed this year. La Fiesta ball, which will be given by "Her Most Loyal Subjects to the Queen," is to be held at Hazard's Pavilion next Friday evening. The arrangements for it are of the most elaborate character. The patronesses and the ball committee are as follows:

Patronesses—Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Andrew McNally, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mrs. Shirley Vance Martin, Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Mrs. C. Modini-Wood, Mrs. Edwin F. Hurlbut, Mrs. Erskine M. Ross, Mrs. John E. Plater, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, Mrs. Stephen M. White, Mrs. Ernest F. C. Klokke, Mrs. Mary H. Banning, Mrs. Hans Ievne, Mrs. J. Mackey Elliott, Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. Isaac N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Edward P. Johnson, Mrs. Herman W. Hellman, Mrs. Seymour E. Locke, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. John Bradbury, and Mrs. Olin Wellhorn.
La Fiesta Ball Committee—Mr. Ernst F. C. Klokke, chairman, Mr. Ezra T. Stimson, Mr. Robert H. Howell, Mr. Alfred Solano, Mr. John T. Griffith, Dr. Carl Kurtz, Mr. William M. Garland, Mr. Charles H. Hastings, Mr. Frederic B. Henderson, Mr. Henry J. Fleishman, and Mr. Shirley Vance Martin.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Fanny E. Crocker, of this city, and Mr. Robert Clark McCreary, of Sacramento, will take place at the residence of the bride's mother, 1609 Sutter Street, at half-past eight o'clock this evening. Miss Crocker is the daughter of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, and Mr. McCreary is the son of the late Charles McCreary. Miss Julia Crocker, sister of the bride, will act as maid of honor, and Mr. W. W. Douglass, of Sacramento, will be best man. Rev. Robert Mackenzie will officiate. Only relatives and very intimate friends will be present. The honey-moon will be passed in the southern part of the State. Their future residence will be in Sacramento.

Announcement is made of the engagement of

Miss Louise Collins, a granddaughter of the late John M. Risdon, of this city, to Mr. John C. Klein, of New York city.

Miss Wethered gave an informal reception last Thursday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, who was invited to meet a few married friends.

Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Bernie Drown will give a matinee tea this afternoon at their residence, 2550 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss gave a large theatre-party at the Baldwin last Wednesday evening, and afterward entertained their guests at supper at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Grace Kellogg gave a lunch-party recently at her residence, 2730 Post Street, in honor of Miss Hannah Neil Williams and Miss Lois Hall. Covers were laid for twelve.

The Santa Barbara Floral Festival was opened last Monday afternoon with an all fresco presentation of "As You Like It" by amateurs in a grove of live oaks on the lawn surrounding the residence of Mr. W. M. Eddy. On Tuesday there was a reception at the Country Club, with golf, tennis, boating, and swimming as attractions. Wednesday was given up to a parade of flower-decked baby-carriages, a very pretty fancy. The festival of flowers took place Friday, and was a beautiful spectacle. Large numbers of vehicles of all descriptions laden and decorated with flowers were in line, and the usual battle of flowers was the feature of the day. The festival has attracted visitors from all over the country.

A game of base-ball is to be played at Central Park next Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock P. M., between the University Club and the Berkeley Club, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library. Mr. Vanderlynn Stow is looking after the interests of the club on this side of the bay, and Captain Miller is coaching the Berkeley nine. As all the men composing the two teams are well known in society, a crowd of people is expected on the grounds to see the game.

Arthur Scrivener left San Francisco on his way to Europe on Tuesday evening—probably not again to return. Mr. Scrivener for years has had a certain prominence thrust upon him by the minor press of San Francisco which has been most distasteful to him. He is a modest and most retiring gentleman, who in the long period of years that he has spent in San Francisco has made many warm friends, who will sincerely regret his departure.

The big ferry-boat *Ukiah* made four trips to and from El Campo last Sunday, the opening day of that pleasant Sunday resort, and carried many hundreds of pleasure-seekers on each trip, more than five thousand in all. At the grounds many pleasures were afforded the excursionists. These Sunday trips will be continued throughout the summer.

Diana (the bride)—"How do they know that we are bride and bridegroom? We have on our old clothes and I rubbed my wedding-ring in the ashes to make it look old—" Bridegroom—"Oh, yes; but I knocked over the inkstand when I registered."—*New York World*.

Weary Walker—"Say, were you ever tarred and feathered?" Johnny Restful—"Yes; once." Weary Walker—"How did you feel?" Johnny Restful—"Like a bird!"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Mrs. Musicus—"Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully?" Miss Franky—"Yes; especially with the neighbors."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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Ghirardelli's or None!

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone, of Red Bluff, and Miss Nellie Hillier, of this city, completed the Mediterranean trip of eight weeks' duration early in April, and are now in Rome. They will probably visit Egypt and take the Nile trip. They will not return home until November.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant left for the East on Wednesday evening. He sails from New York for Europe on April 22d by the White Star steamer *Tenonic*. He expects to go to Moscow to witness the coronation of the Czar, and will probably be absent about three months.

Miss Lucas, of St. Louis, is here on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Hager, and will remain until next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are now residing at 2500 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. N. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon are again occupying their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Jennie Sherwood has returned to her home in Spokane, after passing a couple of months here as the guest of Mrs. J. D. Fry.

Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the summer in Hartford, Conn., with her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon were taking the Nile trip in Egypt when last heard from.

Mrs. Lucy Otis will leave early in May to pass the summer in Stockholm.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have been at Paso Robles during the past fortnight.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Florence Breckinridge are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding, who has been confined to her residence during the winter with nervous prostration, is now on the fair road to recovery, being able to take a drive occasionally.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Miss Orndorff have gone to San Diego to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip, and are at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig arrived here from New York city on April 17th, to make a brief visit.

Cootary to all reports, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs will not leave New York to attend the coronation ceremonies of the Czar of Russia at Moscow. Mrs. Oelrichs went to Europe last week to remain during the summer, and will soon be joined by her sister, Miss Virginia Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiothrop Elwyn Lester, nee Hohart, returned from their visit to Europe last Tuesday. On their return they were accompanied by Mrs. George P. Lester, Miss Ella Hohart, and Miss Vassault, who went on to New York to meet them.

Mr. Joseph May will soon leave to visit Europe, making the tour by way of Japan and India.

Mr. William M. Randol arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes and family arrived here last Monday from New York city, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mr. Harry E. Hall arrived in New York city last Tuesday. He will return late in May.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Hecht arrived in New York city last Monday and registered at the Holland House. They are en route to Europe to remain during the summer.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin is here from Los Angeles on a brief visit.

Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pray, in Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will pass the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. Louis Hirsch is in New York city, en route to Germany, where he will join his wife and bring her back to her home in this city.

Mr. Jesse Triest is making a brief visit to New York city.

Mr. Philip Barlt left last Saturday for the East to make a tour of the world. He entertained fifteen friends at dinner at the San Francisco Verein the night prior to his departure.

Mrs. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will sail for Unalaska on Monday, April 20th, and will be away until next October.

Mr. John G. Follanshee arrived here last Sunday from his ranch in Mexico for a brief visit, and will leave for the East next Tuesday. He will be accompanied by Mr. William Astor Chanler, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman and Miss Hellman have been in New York city during the past week.

Mrs. Francis J. Carolan is in New York city.

Mrs. C. Denis O'Sullivan, nee Curtis, sailed from New York last Wednesday for London to join her husband.

Mrs. W. G. Doane and Miss Florence J. Doane are visiting Mrs. E. R. Hamilton, in Sacramento. Miss Doane sang at the concert given by the McNeill Club last Tuesday evening.

Mr. W. F. Aldrich and Miss Virginia Aldrich are passing a month at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Miss Julia Crocker has returned to the city after passing the winter in the Eastern States.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway leaves this afternoon to pass a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Castle and Mr. Neville H. Castle have returned to their residence, corner of Laguna and Washington Streets. Mrs. Castle will receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. W. J. Sloane will return to New York next week after a brief visit to this coast.

Mr. Alexander Basil Wilherforce returned to the city last Monday after passing a week as the guest of the officers of the *Bennington* at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild have returned from their Eastern trip, and are residing at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Rothchild will receive on the first and third Mondays of each month.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., will soon leave Angel Island to pass a couple of months at Bakersfield for the benefit of Mrs. Shafter's health.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Bahitt, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., of Benicia, has been inspecting the sea-coast carriages at Fort Point.

Lieutenant John H. Whooly, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed inspector of military tactics at the University of Washington, Seattle.

Captain J. R. Richards, Jr., U. S. A. (retired), and

family have left Walla Walla, and are at their new home, Riverton, Va.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., sailed from New York last week for Europe.

Captain Allen V. Reed, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of commodore. It is probable that he will be detailed to the command of the *Oregon*.

Lieutenant W. D. Rose, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Porpoise*. Lieutenant Stokely Morgan, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monadnock*. Ensign W. G. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross*. They left here last Wednesday to join the *Monadnock* at Tientsin.

Ensign G. R. Slocum, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Monadnock*.

A telegram from Washington, D. C., received here says:

"Those cadets who complete a four years' course at West Point in June will be unlucky. They will find on graduation morning probably not over a dozen vacancies in all the departments of the service for at least seventy men. This condition of affairs has been brought about by a number of appointments made in the past year and comparatively few retirements or casualties. Usually at this time of year the class about graduating has at least thirty or forty vacancies waiting to be filled, and for years there has been generally a surplus over and above those necessary for West Pointers, and the result was, a few years ago, that a great number of civilians received appointments in the army, among them being the sons of General Schofield and Senator Sewall. The prospect of the present number of vacancies being materially increased is very slim, and the authorities are now speculating as to where places are coming from in the next two or three years for graduates."

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, of Salt Lake City, gave concerts here at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and will appear again this (Saturday) evening and also to-morrow evening, when sacred music only will be rendered. The choir consists of one hundred and seventy-five voices, under the leadership of Mr. Evan Stephens. Large audiences have been present at the concerts, which have proved highly interesting. The programme of last Wednesday evening was as follows:

Mormon Temple dedication anthem, "Hosannah," E. Steppes, full choir, with accompaniment; duet, "Consolation," E. Steppes, Nellie Druce Pugsley and Bessie Dean Allison; male chorus, "Breezes of the Night," La Moth, Harmony Club (H. S. Ensign, director); Scotch ballads, (a) "Annie Laurie," R. C. Easton, (b) "Robin Adair," George P. Pyper and R. C. Easton; ladies' chorus, "Mother's Lullaby," E. Steppes, Cecelia and Abel Canto Clubs; violin solo, "Airs Hongrois," Ernst, Willard E. Weihe; "Prison Scene" ("Il Trovatore"), Verdi, Nellie Druce Pugsley, George D. Pyper, and choir; recitation, "Aux Italiens," Meredith, Maud May Bahcock (obligato by W. E. Weihe); quartet, "Rigoletto," Verdi, Lizzie Thomas Edward, Bessie Dean Allison, R. C. Easton, and H. S. Ensign; favorite Mormon hymn, "O My Father," R. C. Easton and choir; solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Handel, Master Charlie Pike (boy alto); chorus, "Hallelujah" ("Messiah"), Handel, choir.

The Bowes Piano Recital.

Miss Carrie Bowes, the young pianist who recently returned from Europe after taking a long course of study there, gave her first recital here last Thursday evening at the Auditorium. She was greeted by a large and fashionable audience, and presented the following programme:

Overture, "Titus," Mozart; concerto, E minor, allegro maestoso, romance, Chopin; (a) toccata, G major, toccata, adagio, fugue, J. S. Bach, (b) "Liebesträume" ("Love Dream"), Liszt, (c) "Elfenfant" ("Dance of the Elves"), Sapelloikoff; "Passe-Pied" (for strings), Gillet; (a) preludes, B flat major, F minor, Chopin, (b) "Erionernag" ("Album Leaf"), (c) "Neckischer Tanz," F minor, Carrie Bowes; "Hungarian Fantasia" (with orchestra), F. Liszt.

Rivarde, the young violinist who is to give a series of concerts at the Columbia Theatre, week after next, came to New York last December, and has given nineteen concerts there; he has also played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, and with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He is considered a remarkable player, resembling Sarasate in his poetic quality. La-chaupe, the pianist who appeared here with Ysaye; W. H. Keith, the San Francisco haritone; and an orchestra led by H. J. Stewart, with John Marquardt and Nathan Landsberger in the first chairs, will assist him.

Many of the friends of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr have arranged to give her a testimonial concert, which will be held in Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening, April 30th. A most interesting programme will be rendered by a double quartet from the Loring Club, Mr. Willis E. Batchelder, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and other musical people.

Anton Seidl, the noted New York leader, is to make a transcontinental tour with his orchestra, which includes several noted soloists, under the management of Friedlander, Gottloh & Co., of the Columbia and Auditorium. He will give several concerts here in September.

When Paderewski reached New York, a fortnight ago, he had given eighty-two concerts, the total receipts of which were two hundred and eight thousand dollars.

—AN ADDITION TO CALIFORNIA'S RESOURCES is "Bythina," Santa Barbara's natural medicinal water. Leading physicians use it in their practice with excellent results for the cure of consumption, rheumatism, and gout. It is effective, yet mild, and tones up the system. 25 cents a bottle. Ask your physician or druggist.

"Society Pictures" in the Dailies.

The accuracy of the "society news" and "society pictures" of the San Francisco dailies may be gauged from the fact that the San Francisco *Examiner* had a large illustration on Tuesday, "drawn by an *Examiner* artist," pretending to represent the tableau entitled "Reveries," given at Mrs. Hager's private theatrical entertainment the night before. It represented a young woman somewhat lightly draped, in something resembling an antique peplum, extended full length upon the ground, in a pose not unlike that of the familiar picture, "The Reading Magdalen." As a matter of fact, the tableau, as it was really given, represented a young lady in comparatively modern garb, seated in a chimney corner gazing into the fire! This is a fair sample of the "accuracy" of the daily press.

The members of the Bohemian Club elected the following new officers last Monday: President, Dr. George Chismore; vice-president, Mr. Peter Robertson; secretary, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; treasurer, Mr. James A. Thompson; directors for two years, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. George F. Grant, Mr. C. H. Maddox, and Mr. George H. Mastic. The hold-over directors are Mr. George H. Wheaton, Mr. W. E. Davis, Mr. E. R. Dimond, and Mr. Vanderlynn Stow.

George Eliot is honored in her own country by having the steam fire-engine at Nuneaton, her native place, named after her. Her admirers are indignant, and propose to establish instead a free public library in her name.

Justice—"What's your name?" Victim—"S-s-s-h—" Justice—"What?" Victim—"S-s-s-h—" Justice—"Officer, what is that man charged with?" Officer—"I guess, your honor, it's soda-water."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Why he carried his wheel: *Cholly Weels*—"What's the matter, old man—broken down?" *Bill Biker*—"No; I have one of those new combination locks, and I have forgotten the combination numbers."—*Judge*.

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On the first of May the Argonaut will remove from the old offices which it has occupied for so many years—ever since 1881—to new quarters, on the north-east corner of Grant Avenue and Sutter Street, a few doors north of our present location. There we have taken the entire second floor of the new "California Building," erected by the Macdonough Estate. This is a handsome modern building, with electric lights and all modern conveniences. The floor which we shall occupy contains some 16 rooms, all of which will be devoted to the Editorial Rooms, Library, and Business Offices of the Argonaut Publishing Company.

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Rose Carnivals

—AND A—

Venetian Water Carnival

Will swell the great tide of merrymaking to sweep over the State this season.

Santa Rosa Carnival

is programmed for April 30, May 1 and 2. The charming City of Roses is very much at home with this favored flower, and her pride in its exhibition is surpassed only by her amazing wealth of roses.

San Mateo County's Rose Carnival

is to be held at Redwood City on the dates named above, and it will be abundantly proven that San Mateo knows all about roses.

Santa Cruz Venetian Water Carnival

is announced for June 17 to 20 inclusive. Mere mention brings vivid recollections of last season's brilliant event, to be completely eclipsed this year, it is said. Thousands will wonder how.

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will be made by the Southern Pacific Company for all these brilliant events. Arrange your vacation programmes accordingly and call on the Agents for particulars.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The widow—"Yes, poor John left some insurance." He—"Enough to cover the loss?"—Life.

Florence—"What is the first thing you have to learn in golf?" Marion—"What to wear."—Puck.

"Did you refuse him because he was so old?" "No; because he said he felt as if he had known me all his life."—Truth.

"I feel rather sad when I think of refusing him." "Never mind, my dear. I felt the same way when I first refused your father."—Life.

Chirpy—"What is love?" Sneerwell—"It's when two people are insane enough to think as much of each other as they do of themselves."—Puck.

"Oh, I can recommend him to you. He is obliging, he knows his work, he is honest." "But he stole my watch!" "Yours, too!"—New York Times.

Auntie—"You know why people go to church, don't you, Gracie?" Gracie—"Oh, yes! Because if they didn't, what would people think of them?"—Puck.

De Tanque—"You don't take enough exercise for a man of your habits." Old Soak—"Why, I have been shaking dice for drinks all the afternoon."—Philadelphia Record.

Charwoman—"How much do you be after gittin' fer a picture like that now?" Artist—"Seventy-five." Charwoman (breathlessly)—"Siventy-foive what?"—Truth.

Editor at home: Husband—"Is there any of that sauce you made for the cabinet-pudding left?" Wife—"I believe so, dear. Why?" Husband—"I'm all out of maulage."—Truth.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Disappointed: Mrs. East—"And what did you think of Mr. Inkwell, the novelist?" Mrs. West—"Why, his clothes are so very old-fashioned! And I understood that he was celebrated for his style."—Brooklyn Life.

First cannibal—"That missionary we've just eaten reminds me of a country hotel." Second cannibal—"Why?" First cannibal—"One is a wayside inn—but the old duffer is away inside."—New York Recorder.

De Jones—"I hear you're going to marry Miss Smith. Congratulate you on your good taste." Brown—"Oh, no! that's all off. Not going to marry at all." De Jones—"Congratulate you on your good sense."—Sketch.

Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to manager at Messrs. R-thsch-lds)—"Ah! I want to—ah!—see you about an overdraft." Manager—"How much do you require?" Johnny—"Ah!—how much have you got?"—Punch.

"Your daughter loves me," insisted the impecunious youth, "and you refuse to let her have a husband of her own choosing. Yet you say you would deny her nothing." "That," said the old man, grimly, "is exactly what I am doing."—Truth.

"Yes," said the stout congressman; "I try to look on the bright side of things. My motto is, 'Laugh and grow fat.'" "That differs from Senator Peffer's." "So? I didn't know he had a motto." "Oh, yes! 'Talk and grow whiskers.'"—Puck.

"Isn't that just wonderful how Mrs. Smith fought that hurglar last night? He got a terrible thrashing." "Yes; but I understand it happened by mistake. She thought it was Smith, for whom she had been sitting up all night."—Harper's Weekly.

Head-master (addressing the class)—"How simple and yet sublime is the beautiful and detailed description which Pliny the younger gives us of the house in which he lived!" Salomon (aside to his neighbor)—"Most likely he wanted to sell it!"—Weiner Luft.

"Yes," said the doctor, on entering, "I can see, madam, that you are far from well. But a careful diet, a week in the country, and an entire rest will remove the symptoms that are at the moment decidedly disconcerting." With astonishment she replied: "But, doctor, it is my husband who is ill, not me!" Without emotion, he replied: "Do not deceive yourself, madam!"—To-Day.

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GOODYEAR SHOE MACH'Y CO., BOSTON.



Mr. Wm. J. Carlton, of Elizabeth, N. J. says: "I consulted a physician in the country this summer where I was spending my vacation, about a chronic dyspepsia with which I have been a good deal troubled. It takes the form of indigestion, the food I take not becoming assimilated. After prescribing for me for some time, the physician told me I would have to be treated for several months with a mild laxative and corrective—something that would gradually bring back my normal condition without the violent action of drastic remedies. I recently sent to the Doctor (Dr. Thomas Cope, of Nazareth, Pa.) a box of Ripans Tabules, and wrote him what I understood the ingredients to be—rhubarb, ipecac, peppermint, aloes, nux vomica, and soda. He writes back: 'I think the formula a very good one, and will no doubt just suit you.'"

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 20 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 27, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 208 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The McKinley wave which is sweeping over the country is moving California profoundly. Primary elections have been held all over the State during the past week, and delegates have been chosen to represent the party in the coming Republican State Convention at Sacramento on the fifth of May. As we write, returns are in from fourteen counties, electing 104 delegates. Of these fourteen counties, seven have instructed their delegations for McKinley. The number of these delegates so instructed is 65. The other seven counties did not instruct their delegations. As far as can be ascertained, the votes of the delegations from the fourteen counties will be thus divided: McKinley, 65; Allison, 1;

Harrison, 1; uninstructed, 37—total, 104. Thus it will be seen that McKinley has more than half of the delegates already chosen to the California State Convention.

In San Francisco, matters are very much mixed. The so-called "Spreckels delegation" was supposed to go to Sacramento pledged to Allison, but there are rumors that individual delegates are "falling down" from day to day. In fact, it is doubtful whether John Spreckels can hold his men for Allison when the McKinley boom breaks out in the convention. There will be some contests filed by the anti-Spreckels crowd. They will probably be settled by the congressional committees, which act as canvassing and returning boards. It does not seem expedient for the State convention to go behind the returns, and take up the canvassing work of the congressional committees. If the State convention should decide to do this, however, it is probable that the Spreckels delegation would suffer, as the convention will unquestionably be a McKinley one, and the anti-Spreckels contestants are all for McKinley.

In other States, as well as in California, the McKinley wave is rolling on. The New York *Tribune* has just been making a canvass of business men in Pennsylvania. Out of 723 votes, McKinley gets 366—a trifle more than half; Quay, 167; Reed, 91; Harrison, 52; Allison, 24; Morton, 12. The remainder are scattering, divided among small-fry, from Cameron with 4 to Depew with 2. This vote is significant, for in Pennsylvania Senator Quay has been doing his best to stifle the McKinley boom. He has even gone so far as to put himself in nomination as a "favorite son," not with any expectation of securing the nomination, but simply to hold his forces together. Quay is a shrewd politician, and wants to hold the Pennsylvania delegation well in hand, in order that, in the ups and downs of the convention, he may throw the delegation's vote where it will do the most good for Pennsylvania—and for Quay. We are writing on the twenty-second of April. The Pennsylvania Republican convention will be held tomorrow, and its results will be known before these lines reach the reader's eye. Therefore predictions are not only unnecessary, but dangerous. It is believed by the McKinley men, however, that while Quay will secure most of the delegates at the Pennsylvania State Convention, the eight delegates at large to be chosen there will be McKinley men.

In New Jersey, too, there was a marked McKinley movement in the Republican State Convention, which was held on the sixteenth of April. The members demanded that the delegates be pledged to McKinley, but General Sewell, a delegate of prominence, threatened to resign unless the delegation was allowed to go uninstructed. His popularity swayed the convention, and the delegation was permitted to go unpledged, but there can be no question as to the temper of the convention, or as to the manner in which they will cast their votes. They are McKinley men.

There was a gathering of the hoeses at Washington on April 13th, when Quay and Platt returned from their southern trips. All of the anti-McKinley leaders made a rendezvous at the national capital, but the gathering is said to have been a gloomy one. A new element was added in the rumor that Senator Cullom is the next "favorite son" to announce the withdrawal of his name. This will cause the present anti-McKinley combine to crumble. Senator Cullom, it is stated, will remain in the race as long as he thinks there is any chance for him; but he is rapidly reaching the conclusion that he will not succeed in securing a majority of the delegates from his own State. If Cullom withdraws, Illinois will go solidly for McKinley. She is yearning for McKinley now. We notice in Illinois papers, dated April 8th, dispatches running like this: "The Tazewell County Republican Convention to-day instructed its delegates for William McKinley." "The Fayette County Republican Convention to-day pledged its delegates to McKinley for President." "The Republican Convention of Carroll County to-day indorsed the candidacy of William McKinley." "The Republicans of Franklin County in conven-

ON THE FIRST OF MAY THE ARGONAUT WILL REMOVE FROM THE OLD OFFICES WHICH IT HAS OCCUPIED FOR SO MANY YEARS—EVER SINCE 1881—TO NEW QUARTERS, ON THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF GRANT AVENUE AND SUTTER STREET, A FEW DOORS NORTH OF OUR PRESENT LOCATION. THERE WE HAVE TAKEN THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR OF THE NEW "CALIFORNIA BUILDING" ERECTED BY THE MACOONOUGH ESTATE. THIS IS A HANDSOME MODERN BUILDING, WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. THE FLOOR WHICH WE SHALL OCCUPY CONTAINS SOME SIXTEEN ROOMS, ALL OF WHICH WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE EDITORIAL ROOMS, LIBRARY, AND BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

tion to-day pledged their delegates for McKinley." These straws do not look much like a Cullom boom in Illinois.

What is the cause of this irresistible popular movement for McKinley? We do not have to go far to find it. It is not personal magnetism, which largely actuated the Blaine movement, for McKinley is not a magnetic man. He has no large personal following, as had Blaine. There is no McKinley faction in the Republican party. Neither is there any anti-McKinley faction—except that consisting of a few bosses like Platt and Quay. The McKinley movement is not based upon any personal admiration for the man himself, nor upon his ability as a statesman and an economist. It is based upon the fact that he represents an idea, a policy. The irresistible force of the McKinley movement is due to the popular determination to make the most vigorous possible protest against the Democratic free-trade tariff, tariff-for-revenue, Sugar-Trust tariff, or whatever that party calls the monstrosity with which they have desolated the country. McKinley's election means to the people the termination of the Democratic mal-administration which has half ruined the country during the past few years. His election means to the people the end of this Democratic devil's dance, this carnival of folly, with Cleveland as Lord of Misrule and Carlisle as a be-haubled court jester to his Lord. McKinley to the people means the end of Democratic misgovernment, of closed factories, of shut-down shops, of poverty, bankruptcy, and ruin. McKinley's name to the people means "prosperity."

The latest official figures on the bullion production of California are at hand. The Mint statistician shows that this State, in 1895, produced \$15,334,317.69 in gold, and \$297,331.55 in silver, as against \$13,863,281.89, gold, and \$297,331.55, silver, in 1894. The gold increase of 1895 was \$1,471,035.80 and the silver \$302,458.15, a total of \$1,773,493.95. We thus see that as a gold-yielder California maintains her lead. Considering the noise made by the Cripple Creek excitement and the other discoveries of note in Colorado, it was to have been expected that that State would excel California by many millions. But, as a matter of fact, Colorado falls behind us, with an "estimated" \$15,000,000 as her gold product, and "estimates" rarely fall below the mark.

Colorado has made a splendid advance, and the activity of her citizens in advertising and developing her natural wealth promise to do great things for her. But we have the advantage of resources. Relatively to the known riches of California those of Colorado are insignificant. Mining engineers and other experts the world over are aware of California's natural opulence. They admit it, talk of it freely if asked, but have grown into the habit of taking it for granted that interest can not as readily be aroused in California mines as in those of comparatively new regions. Novelty and imagination form a powerful combination. There is a tradition, too, that the investor here takes unusual risk of falling into the hands of sharpers. This we

owe largely to the history of the Comstock Lode, which is simply the history of one long swindle. The Comstock Lode is in Nevada, and its product has been mostly silver, but in the world's mind it has come to figure as a representative California gold-field. That is our misfortune, and one that only gradually is being overcome. Writing will not make the truth known to moneyed men with coin to place, but the mines of California themselves are doing the good work of enlightenment. One good mine is worth more than ten thousand newspaper articles and all the mining conventions that could be held in twenty years. The kind of information that goes to capitalists and is believed by them is the news of dividends. The sort of activity noticeable at Angels Camp and at Coulterville tells the story of what is being done and has in it the prophecy of what is soon to be. The Utica's enormous output has made capitalists everywhere envious, and the work of development now in progress on an extensive scale on the mother lode at Coulterville has every prospect of being rewarded as richly. If that shall happen, capital will come to California plentifully. We can not have too much of it, no matter where it hails from. Of course it would be preferable were home capital to appropriate the dividends, but home capital is timid and sluggish and will only follow at the heels of foreign courage. Consequently, the more foreign capital there shall be invested in our mines, the more home capital will seek them. Hence a double reason for welcoming foreign money.

A State that, since 1849 up to and including 1895, has yielded \$1,269,115,604 in gold, by official record, with many millions more that went away through channels no account of which could be kept, has a right to claim primacy in the mining world. Vast as has been the product, it is but an indication of what is left for money, and brains, and muscle to get. The opening of new mines and the incoming of capital have sent out the prospectors and brought from neglect many properties that have long lain dormant. New processes have reduced the cost of mining and corrected waste, as well as made practicable the operation of mines that under old methods would have been unprofitable. Hydraulic mining will be resumed. Enterprise, stimulated by success, will venture experiments and take chances. The dazzling nature of the prizes that are sure to be drawn by the more fortunate will do their part in spurring to emulation. A great mining boom is in prospect.

The boom may not come this year, or the next, but it is not very far off. California, mineralized in nearly all her counties, presents a domain for exploitation beside which all others now known, including Colorado and South Africa, are distinctly inferior. It is a field in which, considering it as a whole, little has been done, notwithstanding its colossal yield. There are a hundred veins untouched for each that has been tapped. The mountains are reservoirs of wealth waiting for capital. Experts, as we have said, know this. Capitalists are certain to learn the truth presently. They are learning it now, and their agents who come to make inquiries and investigate reports are increasing in number. This sort of thing grows in geometrical proportion. Hence our confidence that a mining boom such as California never saw before is impending. It will be one accompanied by stock speculation, of course, but it will be grounded on mines and not on wild cats.

There are not many in California who are aware of the growth of interest in mining properties in this State which has taken place within a period of three years. Companies in London, New York, and Chicago, composed of men of wealth, have been quietly organized to make investments, and their representatives are looking for producing mines regardless of cost. Efforts have been made to purchase the Utica and other great producers, but the owners very naturally decline to sell. It is not too much to say that six gold mines, large and small, are being worked now in California for one in 1893. Three years hence, if signs can be relied on, there will be a dozen worked for every one being operated in 1896. That will be the boom, and when we have it, California will renew her acquaintance with that prosperity which is her birthright.

A recent local newspaper halloo on Presidential preferences and the issues of the approaching campaign brought out at least one interesting suggestion. The suggestion is that the public schools should be taken under Federal control, and that the teachers be given pensions after twenty-five years of service. The proposal is one that goes to the root of things, touching upon the fundamental theories which have opposed and balanced each other in our government from the beginning. But it is time it should be discussed. Of course it will be met at once by the hoary objection that it involves the invasion of State sovereignty by the Federal power. Time, however, has taught that State sovereignty must give way whenever it stands against national good. The war freed us from the supreme despotism of "State's rights," from the provincial-

ism that made pride in the State merge into treachery to the nation. There are precedents in principle for the suggested change. If it be justifiable and beneficial for the Federal Government to educate some of its sons at West Point and Annapolis to be soldiers and sailors, why should it not educate all of its sons to be good citizens? The constitutional phase of the question is of minor importance; if the constitution obstructs a desirable policy, the constitution can be changed. The main matter is the thing itself.

The *Argonaut* has no hesitation in saying that it would rejoice to see the public schools taken out of the hands of the several States and placed in those of the general government. A mighty improvement would result. At present the schools of every State, of every city, of every county, of every township, differ from every other, both in the list of studies, manner of tuition, and kind of management. We have educational anarchy. That schools which are so diverse, so unequal in merit, so loosely conducted, produce such good fruits as they do is owing to their secular character. One grand principle marks the system—it is devoted to the imparting of knowledge which is useful in this world. It is true that in some States Roman Catholic priests and nuns, wearing the frocks and habits of their orders, are permitted to act as teachers in schools which are called public, but this is anomalous. Everywhere the Roman Catholic Church is unwearied in its efforts to break in and clericalize the public schools, but the offense that is given the people, when at any point the aggression is successful, proves how deep-seated is the American determination to keep the education of the young free from ecclesiastical influence. Nothing would serve so well as a permanent protection against Roman Catholic machinations as the nationalization of the schools. In localities the Roman Catholics are powerful, but the country as a whole is overwhelmingly Protestant, and were the public schools in charge of the whole country, no priest or nun could enter them as a teacher, and we should hear the last of those demands for a "division of the school fund."

A homogeneous Federal public-school system would bear many good fruits. For one thing, we should have uniformity in the studies and one standard of qualification for teachers. Naturally, the sentiment of national unity would be made more lively in Americans than it now is, and loyalty to the Government of the United States inculcated so sedulously that civil war would be rendered impossible. Much has been done in this direction of late years by flying the American flag on the school-houses, and by instituting exercises in honor of that flag; but still the sentiment of loyalty to the State rather than to the nation is dominant in many parts of the country. That narrow form of patriotism is dangerous—how dangerous no candid reader of American history needs to be told. It brought on the great rebellion of 1861. While the public schools remain under State control, it is inevitable that State pride should occupy a disproportionate place in American education. It can scarcely disappear from the South while the States of the South provide their own text-books and manage their own schools. Local self-government is a precious heritage, but the ideas, the interests, the prejudices which are usefully served by it are not the sort of ideas and interests and prejudices that belong in schools whose primary public purpose is to provide American citizens for the American republic—citizens broad enough in mind to feel that they are citizens first of the United States and next of Alabama or California. The best nurseries of national patriotism would be national schools.

The question of pensioning school-teachers is one which attracts public attention from time to time, and properly. But pensions for teachers when, as now, the burden must be thrown upon village, town, city, township, county or State government, are not feasible. With the teachers, however, composing an army of Federal officers, employed by all the people and paid by all the people, there could be no objection to a well-considered and practical plan for pensioning them. The number of public-school teachers in the United States, according to the figures of the last census, is 422,929. Here we have a body of men and women, great in number and of superior intelligence, in whom ought to be joined the motives of interest and patriotism in furthering the nationalization of the schools. They, better than any others among our citizens, know the defects of the present system, with its dependence on political favor, its want of right discipline, and its heterogeneous curriculum. The teachers should be the leaders in a movement for giving the public schools into the care of the Federal Government.

Concerning some articles which recently appeared in the *Argonaut* on the mining troubles on the Comstock Lode, we have received the following communication from the city of Butte, in the State of Montana, a State where there were some mining troubles not so very long ago, if we remember

rightly, which reached an even more acute stage than those on the Comstock Lode. The communication is as follows:

BUTTE, MONT., April 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The article in a late issue of your paper, headed "Four Dollars a Day," has stuck in my craw and will not go down. I wondered when I read it if you had ever lived in a mining camp, where so many poor fellows come from their labor (four dollars a day) in a box, and where funeral notices stare you in the face from every telegraph-post, always.

Here, at Butte, we have eleven dead in two days, which is not unusual in mining camps. You will notice that there are no mine-owners among them.

Is four dollars too much? and if so, why? Is it because the Comstocks, the Dalys, the Haggins, or the Clarks are losing money mining, or is it because the man who risks his life underground is foolish and only entitled to a fool's wage? Do you know that people here are in the habit of thanking God that they have no one belonging to them working in a mine? Tell us truly why four dollars is too much.

And why are you so bitter against trades-unions? Is there really no good in them? We all know that abuses occur through mismanagement, but governments and banks fail for the same reason, and you don't condemn the whole system on that account.

I feel that I have a right to ask you to explain these things. I have read your paper since I was old enough to know good from bad, and, like many another young man, am getting my education from the three or four good publications of our day, and it is but natural that we should want facts from the one who is shaping our minds. So mayhap it would be well, at least it would be kindly, when you rail at unions and kick at the price paid for labor, to explain the why and wherefore. It is an easy thing for an editor to sit at his desk and write things which are bound to make the laborers' task a heavier one; honest now, is it not heavy enough? Did you ever stop to consider this?—what a power a paper like the *Argonaut* is one way or the other, and how few champions there are for the one who gets but little here below? Very respectfully, JOHN GILMARTIN.

The *Argonaut* has ever made it a rule to reply in a sincere and earnest way to the earnest and sincere communications which are sent to its office. Out of the mass of letters which come to every newspaper office there are only a few which leave an impress on an editor's mind. We are not of those newspaper men who believe in turning aside a knotty question with a frivolous answer. It is gratifying to us to know that so many of our readers do not hesitate to address us on topics in which they are deeply interested with such an evident expectation of receiving from us an honest answer.

The *Argonaut* does not claim to be unbiased. The men who direct it have their share of prejudices, no doubt, but they are sincere, they are earnest, they are honest, and they hope that they always can look on both sides of such vexed questions as are presented to them for solution by their readers. Mr. Gilmartin asks us whether we think four dollars a day is too much pay for miners, and, if so, why. We freely confess that we think the hard and perilous labor of working in an underground mine is worth a great deal more than four dollars a day. But men can always be found to enter upon any avocation, no matter how perilous, as is shown in the manufacture of powder and other high explosives. Therefore, the rate of wage is regulated by the number of men willing to work for that wage, and by the earnings of the men who pay that wage. We are not familiar with the conditions existing in Montana, but we know that on the Comstock Lode there are many mines that are shut down which could be run at a profit if the rate of wage were not so high. The men who own mines find that paying four dollars a day for labor means a loss on their investment every year. If paying a wage of three dollars a day would enable the mine-owners to make a small per cent. on their investment, they would pay the three dollars a day and run their mines, but when they must pay four dollars at a loss, they simply shut down their mines. This is only human. Mine-owners are like other men—they can not be expected to do business at a loss.

Mr. Gilmartin asks us why we are "bitter against the trades-unions. Is there really no good in them?" The *Argonaut* is not bitter against trades-unions, *per se*. It is bitter against the lawless and high-handed acts of trades-unions. It is bitter against trades-unions when they defy the law, destroy property, wound, mutilate, and kill other men endeavoring to make a living. In this country, it is the right of every man to earn his bread. The trades-unions have decreed that men who are not members of their societies do not possess that right. In Montana, only a year or two ago, if Mr. Gilmartin will remember, a reign of terror prevailed throughout certain mines, when the Miners' Union took possession of property which did not belong to them, defied the law, resisted the militia, and were even guilty of loading a car with dynamite, and running it down a steep grade into a building where a number of unfortunate men were at work trying to earn their bread. It is against such acts as these on the part of the trades-unions that the *Argonaut* is bitter, and not against the trades-unions themselves.

We are glad to note that Mr. Gilmartin has read the *Argonaut* for so many years, and we hope that he believes that its expressions of opinion are honest. We have always striven stoutly against the infraction of the law by any man or body of men, and we think the day will come when

FEDERAL IN-

STEAD OF STATE

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FOUR

DOLLARS

A DAY.

the workingmen of the United States will look back with amazement at the time when they were at the mercy of a lot of demagogues who make an evil living by inciting other men to strikes and infractions of the law. The trades-unions of the United States are ruled by a set of lazy loafers, walking delegates, Dehses, and fellows of that stripe. In the Parrott Building in San Francisco, a week or two ago, all the workmen in the building dropped their tools and marched out like slaves at the hehest of certain walking-delegates who passed through the building with lifted finger. There was a dispute between a contractor and a trades-union which concerned none of the other workmen in the building. Yet for days these men were idle, a vast investment in land and buildings was tied up, and the opening of a great mercantile establishment delayed, owing to a petty squabble between a master workman and some of his men.

We do not know from Mr. Gilmartin's letter whether he is or is not a miner. He writes with much feeling of the hard work of the miners, of the many accidents to which they are exposed, and of the melancholy end of many a poor fellow "who comes out of the mine in a box." We do not know whether he is or is not a miner, but considering the pith and pungency of his writing, we should recommend to Mr. Gilmartin, if he be a miner, to drop the pick and take up the pen.

The readiness of the Spanish-Americans to accept the volunteer assistance of the United States is only exceeded by their cheerful alacrity in displaying ingratitude. President Diaz of Mexico, in his recent annual message, discoursed on the Monroe doctrine in a manner which has charmed Latin hearts from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. Of course Diaz favors the doctrine, but only when "rightly interpreted," which means that he and his brethren shall reap all the benefits, and that Brother Jonathan shall attend to the fighting, should need arise. Diaz also says that Mexico "is not in a position to presume that the claims of England constituted an attempt at usurpation." Diaz refers to "invitations of an international character" asking for an expression of his views during the period when the United States Government was haring its teeth at Great Britain for dear Venezuela's sake. With a prudence which did him credit as a diplomat, Diaz declined to commit himself as to the merits of that conspicuously unnecessary quarrel. He would not say that England's claims "constituted an attempt at usurpation," nor would he express the opinion that all boundary questions ought to be submitted to arbitration, since "the Mexican Government itself had declared more than once that it would not admit arbitration for certain territorial questions which, in our opinion, involved the honor of the country." When it looked as if there might be war between the United States and Great Britain over Venezuela, Mexico resolved to keep herself out of the row. And that showed a marked amount of good sense at Mexico's capital.

Nevertheless, President Diaz comprehends that the future is uncertain and that the Monroe doctrine is a useful thing to have on this hemisphere if the United States can be induced to maintain it without cost or bother to anybody else. The Monroe doctrine, taken to mean the protection of the Spanish-American republics by the United States, without reciprocal obligation on their part, rouses President Diaz to rhetorical enthusiasm. This is not extraordinary, nor is it remarkable that his view should be popular everywhere to the south of him, and receive expansion there which reduces the whole thing to an absurdity. Not only are these dark-skinned and high-spirited neighbors of ours partisans of the Monroe doctrine, "rightly interpreted," but under that interpretation they would leave us out of it altogether when it comes to a distribution of the benefits. The comments of the Spanish-American officials and press on President Diaz's message are pregnant with a meaning that sentimental statesmen among us can not but perceive with amazement and dismay. To others they are diverting. The newspapers of Honduras, for example, advocate a Latin-American confederation in support of the doctrine of no European interference, "but excluding the United States!" Chile also smiles upon the plan of a Latin-American union, and would "be glad to send delegates to a conference, but would prefer that the United States should have no representation therein." Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia, Bolivia, Uruguay, Argentina, and all the republics heard from, are solid for the Monroe doctrine, as "rightly interpreted," but are in favor only of a Latin-American Union. The utterances throughout of the officials and the newspapers betray the same distrust of the United States which finds so frank a voice in the cases of Honduras and Chile. There is a pervasive desire that there should be a Pan-American Union with the United States excluded.

The Government of the United States has shown itself ready to go to the verge of war with England, in order to

protect Venezuela, a Spanish-American republic with which we have nothing in common, and our reward is universal Spanish-American jealousy, dislike, and insult. This is the kind of return treatment which the *Argonaut* predicted when there was a popular craze on the subject of Venezuela. These southern peoples are hostile to us in their very fibre. They differ from us in race, color, religion, ideals, aspirations, and polity. There is as much chance of a real alliance between us and them as there is for a complete fusion of oil and water.

It should be the policy of the United States not to wait to be excluded by the Latins, but to exclude herself. European aggression should concern us when it threatens to trench upon our interests. That alone should be our warrant for giving any protection to these envious, suspicious, and ungrateful hybrids. It is easily possible to conceive that it would be far more advantageous to the United States were we to encourage, instead of forbidding, the colonization of Central and South America by Europeans. Colonies of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Germans would be germs of nations sympathetic with ourselves and promising commerce. The black-and-tan populations of the present cumber the ground and condemn the greater part of the hemisphere to the semi-barbarism which is the most congenial environment for the transplanted Latin race, especially when it has been crossed with the negro and Indian strains and is brain-bounded by Roman Catholicism. The Monroe doctrine should be reserved for the use and benefit of the United States exclusively.

We have recently received from several sources marked copies of the Birmingham *Daily Post* and *Journal* of Friday, April 3, 1896. The number in question contains a long extract from the *Argonaut*, summarizing an editorial article on the Cuban imbroglio which appeared in this journal on March 16, 1896. One of our readers, who sends us this article under cover, accompanies it with the following note:

19 HIGHFIELD ROAD, EOGASTON,
BIRMINGHAM, April 3, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Living in England, I read a good many English papers, and of these, the Birmingham *Post* is the most persistent in its sneers at America and things American. I think an article in its yesterday's issue is almost the only one I can recall on an American subject that has not had an angry, scoffing, or ridiculing sentence in it for many years. In addition to this, its statements about American affairs are often wrong. I know no London paper that can approach it in this respect. I call your attention to these facts because this Birmingham *Post* has an article in its issue this morning, which I inclose. As you may see, it is based upon a recent article in the *Argonaut*. It seems to me that you should know the sort of people who read your paper and the kind of use your words are put to. I must confess that when I read your article in the *Argonaut* it produced an impression quite different on my American mind than it did when I read it again this morning in the Birmingham *Post*, a paper to which the mere words "American," "Protectionist," "Republican," produce the same effect as does a red rag on a bull. The *Argonaut* article appeared in the place of honor on the editorial page, first among the editorials, a position generally supposed to be occupied by the articles written by the editor-in-chief. The *Post* has the credit of being Mr. Chamberlain's organ. Very truly yours, WILSON KING.

The clipping inclosed, as our correspondent says, is a lengthy editorial, containing the substance of the *Argonaut* article on the Cuban controversy, together with some comprehensive historical parallels, which we printed some weeks ago. The article of the Birmingham *Post* begins as follows:

"An American journal, the San Francisco *Argonaut*—a peculiarly bright and out-spoken paper—has occupied itself with the discussion of a question which possesses much interest just now, when the United States Senate is busy with the work of passing resolutions about Cuba. Our San Francisco contemporary wants to know why Cuba should so greatly attract the attention of the States Legislature in both houses when domestic legislation is being neglected."

The *Post* goes on to recapitulate and summarize the points of the *Argonaut* article, particularly the parallel drawn between the "republic" of Hayti and a possible "republic" of Cuba if it should become one. It continues:

"This American journal speaks out with truly American candor and vigor when it remarks: 'Why should this great republic be continually involved in diplomatic entanglements over semi-civilized, semi-squalid, and totally degraded Spanish-American despotisms, presided over by hewhiskered half-breed ruffians, surrounded by barefooted body-guards and coffee-colored harem?'"

The *Post* closes its long summary of the *Argonaut* article by saying:

"The *Argonaut* cites the action of President Grant in regard to Cuba, and the warning words of Washington against foreign entanglements. The *Argonaut's* words, owing to the high standing and strong Americanism of that paper, are worth remembering. Its article closes as follows: 'There are cheap newspapers which hurl the charge of "lack of patriotism" at those Americans who believe that this country had better attend to her own affairs. We are willing at this time to follow the precepts of such patriots as Washington and Grant rather than the ravings of such men as Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, or even Senator Morgan, of Alabama.'"

We have given a brief statement of the Birmingham *Post's* treatment of the *Argonaut* article, with the hope that some reader of the *Argonaut* may shed some light on Mr.

King's note. We must confess that we do not understand what he means. If he means that the *Post* is quoting the *Argonaut* as being un-American, he is very much mistaken. The *Post* says explicitly and unqualifiedly that the *Argonaut* is stanchly American. If Mr. King means that because a number of cheap congressmen and cheaper newspapers throughout the country differ with the views expressed by the *Argonaut*, their views are therefore the genuine American ones, we differ with Mr. King.

The *Argonaut*, throughout all these foreign entanglements, has persistently maintained that Congress has nothing to do with these Spanish-American squabbles. That was the opinion of Washington. It was the opinion of Grant. It has been the opinion of most of the publicists and statesmen of this republic of ours since it was a republic. We are willing to follow in the course laid down by such big men as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Grant rather than that of such small men as Sherman, Lodge, Call, and Morgan. If Mr. King means that it is inexpedient for the *Argonaut* to express the true views of thoughtful and patriotic Americans because it might be quoted approvingly by English newspapers, again we differ with Mr. King.

The *Argonaut* believes in telling the truth. If in telling the truth about these foreign affairs—if in pointing out the flimsy demagoguery which has actuated our President-seeking senators and office-seeking congressmen in this Cuban business—if in showing how these cheap charlatans are engaged in manufacturing Presidential hooms instead of attending to the legislation of their constituents and of the country—if in doing all these things we have wounded the pride of good Americans who are living abroad, we are sorry, but we shall continue to tell the truth all the same.

A fortnight ago we remarked on the fact that swarthy, furtive Cuban men were going around New York city selling Cuban bonds, like lottery tickets. These individuals were said to hang around the dressing-rooms of theatres, and the newspapers mentioned the purchase by Frederick de Belleville, an actor, of some Cuban bonds at the seductive price of eight cents per one-hundred-dollar bond. Since then we observe in the New York *Herald* of April 17th that B. J. Guerra has advertised for proposals for the purchase of the whole or a part of the proposed issue of \$2,000,000 in six per cent. gold bonds of the "Cuban Republic." The principal falls due "ten years after the evacuation of the island by the Spanish army." The entire issue planned is \$10,000,000, but the first venture will involve only \$2,000,000. The bonds are to be in coupon-form, payable in gold at six per cent., in denominations of \$1,000, \$500, \$100, and \$50. The authority to issue the bonds is conferred on Tomas Estrada Palma, "plenipotentiary of the Government of the Republic of Cuba to the United States."

This makes timely a renewal of our suggestion that sympathizers with the Cuban insurgents should subscribe for these bonds. There are many gentlemen in the United States who are able to buy these bonds by the barrel. Such Cuban patriots as Senator Sherman, Senator Morgan, Senator Lodge, Senator Call, Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun*, Mr. Hearst of the New York *Journal* and San Francisco *Examiner*, Mr. de Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Mr. Shortridge of the San Francisco *Call* should hasten to plank down their American coin for these Cuban bonds. Mr. Hearst and Mr. de Young are both millionaires. Mr. Shortridge is not a millionaire, but judging from what we hear of the growing circulation of the *Call*, he is rapidly becoming one. These gentlemen daily advocate the recognition of the Cuban helligerents. They do not hesitate to denounce those who disagree with them as un-American and unpatriotic. If it is American and patriotic to sympathize editorially with these insurgents, it must be patriotic and American to sympathize with them financially. We would suggest to Mr. de Young, Mr. Hearst, and the other gentlemen whom we have named, that they at once subscribe according to their means. If they get the hoods at the low rate at which they were sold in the dressing-rooms of the New York theatres—eight cents per one-hundred-dollar bond—it will be a pretty good buy, if their editorial prognostications are correct. If Mr. de Young and Mr. Hearst each buy \$50,000 worth of Cuban bonds on the eight-cent proposition, and if their frequently repeated predictions of Cuban success come true, they will realize in a short time \$62,500,000. Both of these gentlemen are high-minded, patriotic citizens, but still lofty minds and patriotism will not compare with cash—to the Cubans. We call upon these gentlemen to show the faith that is in them. If they believe that the Cubans will throw off the yoke of Spain, let them prove their faith by their works. Money talks. Why would it not be a good idea to open subscriptions in their influential journals for the purchase of these bonds? It would be interesting to see how large an amount would be realized by such subscriptions, and what faith their readers have in the predictions of these editors.

THE GHOST IN THE CAB.

A Fantastic Tale.

It was past midnight; the city streets were deserted and it was time to go home. So thought cabby No. 11, shivering in his rusty overcoat. He had watched the electric light on the corner until its ring of rainbow needles seemed to stab his eyes and the big shadows on the street below it to shake with the cold.

"Not a fare this whole blasted night!" he muttered, reaching down and pulling the blanket from his horse.

As he did so, he felt the carriage give a great jar on its springs. He turned quickly; some one had flung himself into the seat behind him.

"What do you want?" said the cabby, roughly.

There was a pause—then a voice came through the darkness, thick and nasty as a gurgling of black oil:

"Drive me to Judas Withers's, and in the name of heaven, drive fast!"

"Judas Withers has been dead and his soul with the devil this many a year," answered the cabman, staring behind him.

"The house still stands, but I have lost my way. Go on, you fool!"

The figure reached over, and catching the whip from its place, gave the horse a lash. The old beast plunged forward, hanging and rattling down the street, while the cursing cabman tried to clutch at the reins; but a hand, chilly and clinging as the belly of a snake, fastened on his wrist, and the thick voice came close to his ear:

"Now—will you show me my way?"

The driver sank into his place again, while the old cab rocked like a ship.

On they rushed, past closed stores and lampless blocks of houses, now ripping and wrenching across the car-tracks, and now swinging along the deserted road, on and on, until the pavements had been left behind and the frost looked back from the ruts like a million little green eyes.

At last came the command, "Stop! I see it now," and the next instant the cab was empty.

"My fare!" yelled the cabman, leaping down.

There was no answer. He looked about him. It was very dark where he stood, but the waning moon, with its gnawed and crumpled edges, hung on a line with the fir tops. Before him rose a vague blackness, the house of Judas Withers, tenantless but for the old wife, who still clung like some pale lichen to its moldering stones. Perhaps she, too, was dead. The cabby did not know. He did know, though, that Judas Withers had been a miserly carcass, grudging the very skin that hung his bones together.

The house stood back from the road and was surrounded by a garden, now lying gray and lonesome under the moon. As the cabby peered toward it, he saw the figure of a man come into the moonshine. It sprang across the open space in soft leaps, like a great black huddle, its every movement full of a dreadful vitality—then it was gone. As the driver himself turned to go, he saw a tiny red spark flash out from the house before him, and one after the other the windows on the lower floor glowed red, as a crawling blotch of sparkles will eat across soot.

The man was there—the man who owed him money!—and all fear fled but the fear of loss. The cabby tied his horse and went creeping up the path under cover of the hedges. When he reached the house, he raised himself gently and looked in at one of the windows. Before him lay an empty room. On the floor, thrown from a window opposite, was a great checkered flag of moonlight—nothing more, nothing but those blue squares in the darkness.

Suddenly the cabman ducked his head, for he saw that a man had glided into the room. He carried a candle high above his head, and his great pale face was hloated and loose as a curd.

The cabman crouched low. A gust of wind set the fir-trees whispering, and a shutter slammed far away in the house.

"Guess I'll get out of this," he muttered, rising. But he did not go, for the figure that stood in the candle-light had turned its back to the window and was digging among the bricks, ripping and scratching like a leopard, while his long shadow clawed on the ceiling above him.

"Thief!" said the cabman, between his teeth, pressing his ear to the broken panes. "There is treasure hidden there, perhaps gold, perhaps—" Just then the man inside gave a joyful grunt.

He lifted an iron box from the hole he had been digging. There was no key in the lock, but at his touch the cover flew open and out poured the contents—blue, green, and gold, like a glittering rush of water broken beneath the sun.

The cabby's heart stopped beating. "Diamonds!" he cried, softly; then he grasped at the window-ledge, for the creature gave a howl of anguish.

"Good God! they give no light!" And the echoes chattered back "No light! no light!"

There was a long silence. The huddle on the floor rocked to and fro, his face hurried in his thin hands.

The moon had sunk and the sky was clear as dark glass. A cock crowed somewhere in the east. At that sound the wretched figure raised its head. Opposite him was a door with a fan-shaped transom over it, and, as he looked, it grew gray and then rose. Some one was coming; now even the cabman could hear the light creak of steps. Nearer they came, nearer; the door opened and a little figure peeped into the room—the little figure of a woman, shriveled and very old.

The man by the fire-place sprang up. As the woman's eyes met that ghastly face, she gave a cry. "Judas!" she screamed, "Judas!" Then she tottered and slid in a heap at his feet. He kicked at her, but she only lay there, githering "What do you want? What do you want?"

At last he answered her.

"It was black; it choked me—it was so dark! oh, so dark! I have come back for the light they promised me. They said I should find it here—that without it my soul will be blind—blind! Do you hear me? Help me find it! As you were my wife, help me find it!"

The woman crawled to her knees, her eyes raised to his, and the terrified cabman, watching through the window, saw that the kerchief folded across her bosom was bright, as if a lamp glowed behind it.

The other man saw it, too, and his white claws shot out, burying themselves in her breast. When he had finished, he held in his stained and dripping hands the woman's heart. It quivered, like the bruised human thing it was, but the light shining from it never wavered, lighting the hollow of the man's hand and the hollow of the great room; his face and his loose, white lips smiling widely; and the pit of his throat, that was black as the gate of hell; lighting, too, the tumbled, trampled body and the star-dust of spilled diamonds.

He paused an instant—he whose name was that of the dead—then he turned and hounded toward the window. There was a smash of glass, and the cabman felt those smeared fingers at his own neck.

"Now take me back where I came from. Be quick, or else—" He did not finish his threat.

The cabby gave a sick gulp, as if his throat were full of paste, then he was dragged over the ground and flung into the seat of his cab. The creature sprang after him, grinding him against the dash-board with its bony knees, where the poor cabby clung, frantic with terror as they fled, pounded, flew, down the road.

When the cabman opened his eyes again, there was a great burst of sunshine. Above his head shone the heavens, deep as the core of a sapphire, and far away he could see the blue haze of the city streaked with gray plumes of smoke. In the grass lay his shattered cab, and high over his head, its pearly summit seeming plunged in the eternal azure, rose a marble shaft. On it were carved these words:

TO JUDAS WITHERS.
ERECTED BY HIS LOVING WIFE.

The letters were of gold, but the morning sun had touched them into words of fire.

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Trust no man overmuch and trust
A woman even less;
Be always smiling, cool, and just,
The pink of politesse.

Grasp not Love's bubble, it will break,
'Tis but a fragile sphere;
Seek not for Truth for Truth's own sake,
You will not find it here.

To no life draw too near, but hold
A certain reticence;
Love yourself first, and get of gold,
Enough for competence.

So shall you happy live, and die
Honored of all your kind;
This is the true philosophy,
Which I forgot to mind.

—Flora McD. Shearer.

When Napoleon occupied Berlin, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, the newspapers of that city were loud in their condemnation of his policy. The most virulent editor was Professor Lange, who accused Napoleon of constant persecution of Queen Louisa, who was loved and respected by all Prussia. Napoleon was indignant, and ordered Talleyrand to arrest the infamous Lange, try him by court-martial, and execute him for treason. Talleyrand understood the black-mailing tripe better. He advised the emperor to huy up the editors instead of hanging them, which was finally done, and Professor Lange was purchased, body and soul, for the paltry sum of a thousand dollars. From that time the paper that Lange edited became Napoleon's staunchest supporter, and Queen Louisa was defamed and slandered in every issue of his vicious newspaper. In order to court the notice of Napoleon and to earn fully the paltry thousand dollars, the wretch even publicly accused the empress of secret correspondence with the young Emperor of Russia, and more than hinted that she was engaged in a disgraceful *liaison* with him.

During the Jameson trial in London, the stenographic reporters had a hard time with the Boer names that came trippingly off the tongues of the witnesses. In one instance a place is mentioned which appears in the depositions as Van Uithoos Winkelspruit. The nearest the *Evening Standard* reporter got to it was Van Nit Hookswinkel Sprint; the *Globe* gently modified this to Van Nit Hooriswinkel, while the *Sun* simplified it to Van Oudtschhoorn's, and the *Evening News* boldly made one fearsome word of it, thus: Vanoudtschawanswinkel. The rest of the reporters, like prudent men, declined it altogether.

The beautiful Countess of Warwick, who, as the "hahling Brooke," cut rather a prominent figure as the Prince of Wales's friend in the Tranby Croft haccarat scandal, has the color of her bicycle changed to suit her costume. Last summer she had a white gown and a white wheel; in autumn her colors were moss-green, and her latest is chocolate brown.

Editor Dana scouts a clergyman's recent statement that Horace Greeley allowed no work on the New York *Tribune* on Sundays. Mr. Dana was on the staff, and he says that Mr. Greeley always worked in the *Tribune* office on Sundays, and that his assistants worked, too.

A FAIR IN PARIS.

The Sights to be Seen at the Gingerbread Fair—Mountebanks and Strong Men, Wild Beasts and Swordswomen—The Man who Killed "La Banque."

The stranger in Paris who wishes to see the natives enjoying themselves in the native manner will do well to visit the Gingerbread Fair, now being held around the Place du Trône and on the Boulevard Voltaire. This fair forms the subject of a curious chapter of description in Alphonse Daudet's "Rois en Exil." The dethroned Queen Frédérique and the little Prince Zara, accompanied by Elysée Méraut, are returning from a drive in the park of Vincennes, when, as they approach Paris, they hear a noise as of the sack of a town: shots, heating of drums, trumpets, bells, an indescribable clamor. They pass by the little wine-shops, with their rustic arhors, their little tables, their lofty swings, all painted with the same ugly green color. These places were thronged with customers; and in the crowd were soldiers and artillerymen, with their "shakos" and white gloves. There was but little noise around the arhors. The people were listening to the wandering harpists or fiddlers permitted to thrum and scrape between the tables an air from "Faust" or from "Il Trovatore"; for the scoffing Parisians adore sentimental music, and, when they are amused, do not spare their coppers.

When we, too, have passed by all this, we find at the beginning of the fair the shooting-galleries, the *louriquets* and *roulettes*, the open-air frying booths surrounded by a rank odor of burnt grease, the flames of the fire shooting up rose-colored in the daylight, and, around the fire, cooks clothed in white, hussy behind piles of sugared *beignets*.

As night approaches, the fair assumes a fairy-like aspect. It is the hour of the showmen's parades in front of their booths. All the folk of the circuses and theatres are outside under the hangings of the entrance or in front of those painted canvases, puffed out by the wind, that seem to give the roundness of life to the gigantic animals, the gymnasts, the Hercules, that are painted on them.

In a panorama of infinite and perpetual variety may be seen bears dancing at the end of their chains; negroes in multicolored trousers; devils, male and female; wrestlers gesticulating, one hand on the hip, the other holding aloft the *maillots*—tights—destined for the amateur who takes up the challenge; a fencing-mistress with a cuirass, red stockings, her face covered with a mask, her hand in her leather fencing-glove; a man dressed in black velvet and looking like Columbus or Copernicus, describing magic circles with a diamond-knocked riding-whip; and, behind the platform, in a sickly odor of horse-hair and stables, may be heard the roaring and growling of the wild beasts in Pezou's menagerie. All these living curiosities are mixed up with other curiosities represented only by pictures: giantesses, silhouettes of trance-mediums seated, their eyes fixed on the future; monstrosities, accidents of nature, all kinds of oddities and eccentricities, sometimes sheltered simply behind two large sheets slung from a pole, and with the cash-box on an ordinary chair.

But in every corner of the fair, at every step, you see the king of the fête, Gingerbread, under all aspects and all forms, in shops draped in red and hroidered and fringed with gold, clad in satin paper, decorated with pictures, with haws of rihhon, with sweets, with haked almonds; gingerbread, in flattened human forms and grotesque features, representing Parisian celebrities: Félix Faure, Rochefort, Mme. Adam, Coquelin, Yvette Guilbert, the "gr-r-r-ande Sarah," and the Czar of Russia.

The *coup d'ail* is strange indeed. Against the sky, broken by jets of light and huge moving shadows, flags and oriflammes float in the long perspective. The wheels of gigantic *escarpolettes* raise one by one the cradles filled with people; an immense merry-go-round, three stories high, colored like a toy, turns mechanically, with its lions, its leopards, its wooden houses, its grotesque griffins. Here and there are a bunch of red balloons and innumerable paper windmills turning like fire-works in the half-lighted gloom. Everything is lost in the immense clamor of the fair—an indescribable medley of color, of form, and of noise.

For a long time fairs and fair people resisted progress; they led a nomad life, like the heroes of Scarron's "Roman Comique." "La hanque," as the profession in general is called in French, was a district in the vast domain of "la Bohème." Now things have changed; the mountebanks and fairmen have become purveyors of amusement. "La hanque" has become a trade, like selling groceries; the old caravan has been transformed into a gorgeously gilded palace on wheels, and the high-road has been abandoned in favor of the railway. The ruin of the old-time mountebanks has been Laroche—the famous Laroche—the Columbus of caravans, who initiated them all into the love of wealth and respectability. Laroche's example led the mountebanks to hanker after glorious caravans, and they have followed it so well that some of the caravans around the Place du Trône are worth as much as two hundred thousand francs.

This Laroche, the king of all French mountebanks, made his début on the hoards in 1873. His strength soon attracted attention, and he opened a booth of his own at Batignolles, and, at the same time, posed as a model for the great sculptors and painters—Susse, Boudin, Delaroche, etc. Laroche had the reputation of having the strongest back of any man in the world. His great feat was to lift a chariot and sixteen *cuirassiers*, with their arms and mustaches, weighing nearly three thousand pounds. His popularity soon brought him a fortune. Laroche never talked about his "haraque," like the old mountebanks. He called himself an "artist," and spoke of "ma loge" or "mon théâtre." He ruined the morals of the old-fashioned mountebanks; all of them now want to grow rich, and bring up their daughters in high *bourgeois* style.

PARIS, April 5, 1896.

DORSEY.

HAWTHORNE'S PRIZE STORY.

"A Fool by Nature," the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Tale which Won in the New York "Herald's" Competition—A Marvel of Mediocrity.

This is indeed the age of mediocrity, if Julian Hawthorne's "A Fool by Nature," for which the New York Herald has just given a ten-thousand-dollar prize, is the best story that was sent in. It is a fearful thought to consider what the rest must be like. In spite of the practiced hand it shows throughout, the story is a poor effort which will speedily pass into oblivion after its brief eminence as a prize-story is over. The plot, though novel certainly, is a queer jumble of impossibilities, the characters are in the main unattractive even when the author intends otherwise, the humor is frequently a species of horse-play, and the style when it essays to be brilliant has a pinchbeck glitter.

Literature furnishes many instances of the one-poem man, and Julian Hawthorne seems to be a good example of a one-book man. His one powerful work, "Archibald Malmaison," a striking and profoundly interesting story, stands alone. The rest of his books, including "A Fool by Nature," are of the ephemeral sort, and can hold no lasting place in fiction. The catalogue of his writings includes more than a score of novels, some two hundred shorter tales, many poems and magazine articles, and a drama which Mme. Modjeska purchased, but has not yet produced.

Julian Hawthorne is, as every one knows, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in 1846, but he does not show his fifty years. When he was a boy of seven, some lady's remark on the fact that he was "weak-chested" stung him, and he determined to make that comment impossible in the future. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that while he was in college, his chest measure was forty-eight inches, and it is well known that the late John C. Heenan, the pugilist, advised the young man to enter the prize-ring professionally. Mr. Hawthorne has always since been an athlete, and to the present day has few superiors with foils, gloves, or the oar.

His first literary work was a series of papers on natural history written in 1865, while yet in college at Cambridge; they were sent anonymously to the *Waverley Magazine*, and were printed unsigned. After leaving Harvard and studying in Germany, Mr. Hawthorne began work as a civil engineer in New York; but he had the itch for writing, and the success of his first books determined him for the literary career.

His wife's ill-health led Mr. Hawthorne to move his household gods to Jamaica, a few years ago, and this prize-story is the only printed product of his residence there. He does not use his impressions of a new country at once, but allows his ideas to lie fallow for ten or fifteen years before putting them in a novel. At present he is in New York, but, though Mrs. Hawthorne's health is much improved, the *dolce-familiere* life of Jamaica has a strong attraction for him, and he will soon return.

The title of the prize-story refers to the hero, Murgatroyd, who is the heir to the aristocratic name of White-duce and all the millions pertaining to it. He is, however, cast in quite a different mold from his blue-blooded ancestors. Bashful, good-natured, and stupid, his manners are uncouth and his tastes run toward low company. Sally Wintle, the housemaid, is far more attractive in his eyes than the stately Isabella, whom he is expected to woo, but, nevertheless, being urged, he rises to the occasion and comes to the point with the latter after this fashion:

One day, after an abundant lunch, while Isabella was pouring out for him an extra cup of coffee, he said:

"I say, Isabella, how do you do when you get married? What does one have to do?"

Isabella looked up, with a piece of sugar between the sugar-tongs.

"Two lumps, don't you? Oh! When Mr. Agabag says, 'Will you?' you say, 'I will,' and put the ring on her finger."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Murgatroyd, receiving the cup. "Why, that's easy. I can do that. Any fellow could."

"Yes, you can, if you care to."

"Well, let's do it. I mean I will if you will."

"Very well," said Isabella, after a little silence. She looked aside, out of the window, at the gray November sky. She looked back at her lover, swallowing his coffee. She pushed the silver basket of cake toward him and rose.

"Have you got everything you want?" she asked him.

"Me? Oh, yes; thank you!"

"I have so engagement. Will you excuse me?" She went out, and it was thus that Murgatroyd White-duce won his bride.

At a dinner given when he reaches his majority he feels himself an alien in the brilliant company assembled, and blurts it out in a blunt speech. The toast of the evening being given, Murgatroyd, in the act of "cracking English walnuts with his strong teeth," is taken by surprise:

Murgatroyd, in his panic, had stood up with the rest, and emptied his glass without enough sense left to know whether he were drinking champagne or salad oil. Then the recognition that he had drunk his own health took all the remaining starch out of him, and he came down on his chair with a thump that shook the room. He was now expected to get up on his legs and return thanks in a few well-chosen but heart-felt words.

"Murgatroyd, Murgatroyd!"

"Speech, speech!"

Murgatroyd, up to this moment misled by his own warm and trustful heart, had imagined that his fellow-creatures cared for him. However open he might be to criticism, he had supposed that at heart everybody meant well toward him. If his friends found fault with him, it was only to the end of making him better and happier.

But now, when he felt, as ever in his life before, need of the sympathetic support and love of those around him—in this crisis of direct distress—he saw that the very persons who were pretending to do him honor, from whom he might rightly expect the gentlest consideration, in reality despised and ridiculed him, and cared for him not one jot. To the midst of the lights, the luxury, the compliments, the cries of encouragement, he saw with a flash of relentless insight that he stood alone, the object of thinly veiled contempt and aversion. There was no one to whom he could look for countenance; to the girl who was to be his wife, the most intimate guest of his heart and soul—to Isabella—least of all.

All this, welded together and pointed by that glance from Isabella, pierced him like a sword. The pain took away his bashfulness. It was too poignant ever for tears.

He stood up, slowly and heavily, and faced them all.

"I guess I oughtn't to be here," he said. "I'm no use to you except in laugh at. I don't feel as if I belonged here. It seems queer

I should have been born the way I am. I'm not like any of you. I've tried to be, but I don't think I really want to be. I know you're better than me, but still I—well, I guess you don't care to hear this—I guess I'd better—excuse me, please; good-night!"

Such was Murgatroyd's birthday speech to the guests who had come in to celebrate his majority. There was not the faintest trace of animosity in his tone, or even of grievance. It was simply a painfully guileless blurring out of what he believed were facts. It was unpardonable, atrocious, but it is safe to say that Murgatroyd's speech produced a stronger effect than he had any idea of, or than any one present anticipated. As he spoke the last words, he pushed back his chair and went awkwardly toward the door.

After this disastrous scene, Murgatroyd hastens to the "Hobby Horse," where he finds congregated a group of friends of which he is a favored member. This company is intended to form a picturesque contrast in its genuineness to the more artificial one he has just left, and the book is well seasoned with their talk. Murgatroyd relates the events of the evening, discarding thus:

"It would have been all right, by thunder, if I'd heeso the footman or the grum! I could have heeso that just as well as anybody, and everybody'd been happy. I don't like swell people; I like fellows and servants and tradesmen and I like Sally Wintle, my house-maid; she give me things to eat in the pantry, and I can sit and chat with her as thick as you please; she's right pretty and nice, I think. If I was the footman, I'd marry her; she'd have me, I guess. I could make her happy, I guess, but what good coo I ever he to Miss——. I tell you what, I don't understand these things. I wished I was dead at dinner this evening, but I can see well enough that it wasn't their fault; it wasn't mine, either, for I'd give anything to be able to do the right thing, but I couldn't. It wasn't anybody's fault, and that's the worst of it, for what's to be done? And now that I'm twenty-one, it'll keep getting worse and worse! . . . I'd a hundred times rather gn and sit with the grums in the stable and chat with them than go to the St. Quentin Club, where they're all so witty and gentlemanly. . . . I think the best thing I can do would be to run away and hide, so as they never could find me. I guess they wouldn't try very hard, and I wouldn't blame 'em." Here Murgatroyd finished his beer. . . .

"Run away? Not ynn! You stay where you are, and let them run away if they want to!" said Horace, angrily. "Be as low as you know how; run it into 'em! Sit at table in your shirt-sleeves, and eat with your knife, and wipe your mouth on the back of your hand! You've as good a right to be what you are as they have; if ynnr father and mother aren't suited with you, ask 'em what the devil they hegot you for? You don't force 'em to!"

Murgatroyd shook his head.

"If I could talk to 'em that way I wouldn't be what I am, and then it would be all right." . . .

The current of conversation was at this juncture diverted by a new arrival. Through the little wicket-gate came a jaunty and pretty feminine figure, and looming behind her the substantial person of the astrologer, Gabriel Negns. The young lady, as she entered, struck a pose, trilled an *arpeggio*, executed the neatest and most discreet kick imaginable, kissed both her hands to the company, and exclaimed: "Honour, boys. Keep your shirts on! It's me and Gabbe; that's all. Knew you'd be here. How's my nick-daddles?" The latter inquiry was addressed in Polydure, and was accompanied by a pair of little hands passed caressingly down his cheeks and giving a twist to his mustaches. Theo se patted the doctor on his bald head, winked at Heinrich, and stuck out her pretty lips in a provocative maoor at Murgatroyd. . . .

"I wish there were more girls of your snrt, Letty," said Murgatroyd, grinning delightedly at her. "I'd rather hear you than eat, whether it's singing or talking."

"He's been eating his birthday dinner, and it didn't agree with him," Horace explained. "He's twenty-one."

"Twenty-one? My! Who'd think it? He doesn't look dry behind the ears yet. My dear, I'd give you twenty-one kisses if I wasn't afraid of spoiling you. Why didn't you invite me to the dinner, and put a check for a million under my plate? Do you think ynnr pa would give me a diamond necklace, if I agreed to kick his hat off? I wouldn't do it for that, though; it would hear my stock."

The astrologer, the music-master, the embryo prima donna, and the rest of this group occupy a prominent place in the narrative, but we have no time to linger with them. The Horace of this scene is Dr. Maydwell, a physician of high attainments, whose affection for Murgatroyd is only equalled by his hatred for the elder White-duce. His character, a favorite one with the author, is sufficiently indicated by the following scene, which, though it has no marked bearing on the story, is worth transcribing as a good specimen of the peculiar sort of English that disfigures many pages:

He was at one time a member of the St. Quentin Club, and, coming in on a certain memorable afternoon, saw Mr. Pyncheple White-duce sitting there, in the midst of a reverential group of the bluest blood in town. Now, he had a short time before attended Mrs. White-duce in a dangerous and obstinate illness, and had brought her through it in the teeth of all the prophecies of the faculty. He walked up to White-duce, and brought down a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Well, old cnck!" exclaimed he, in a jovial, ringing voice, "when are you going to pay me that bill ynn wne me?"

No human being had ever before thus accosted a White-duce. Every one within hearing turned pale or red, and shuddered. Mr. White-duce retained his self-possession, and said, quietly, "How much do I owe you, Dr. Maydwell?"

"Ten thousand dollars, old Stick-in-the-Mud!" replied the doctor, settling his eye-glasses on his nose, and chuckling in a peculiar manner. The two men looked at each other for a moment.

White-duce took out his check-book and a fountain-pen, and wrote a check for ten thousand dollars. He held it out to Maydwell with an air of polished contempt.

"There is your pay," said he. "Let me advise you, when you deal with gentlemen, to make your applications for money through the mails. It will compensate in a degree for the recklessness of your charges."

Such a rebuke, from such a source, would have crushed all but one man in a million. Maydwell was the exception, and White-duce had made the mistake of his life.

Maydwell, in truth, had long been resentful of a certain assumption of superiority in White-duce's demeanor, and had been spoiling for a fight. The publicity of the situation just suited his fell purpose.

He took the check out of White-duce's slender fingers and neatly tore it into four pieces, which he twisted up into a pellet, with a quaint grimace at the rapt circle of on-lookers, as if to invite their appreciation of the most charming joke in the world.

"Pyncheple, my boy," said he, with a snrt of snubbed laugh in his voice, rolling the pellet between the palms of his powerful hands. "I know you up to the handle, but you haven't gn't on to my curves yet. You are the dirtiest old fraud in America. Ynn sit here, and mince and twiddle your thumbs, and there isn't a backguard in town low enough to look up to ynn. I wouldn't use your soul to wipe my feet on, Pyncheple. You know I wouldn't, and you know why, and you daren't say a word. I can respect a thief who does his own stealing, and a thug who does his own murders, and even a liar who tells his own lies; but you see, Pynche, you're not one of that snrt. I don't want your money; I know where it comes from and where it goes to. Now, ynn're a pretty sick man, and I'm going to give ynn a prescription, and I shao't charge you anything for it."

He stepped forward, still laughing in that peculiar manner.

White-duce tried to rise from his chair, but Maydwell forced him back. He seized his nose between his right thumb and forefinger, and, as the other involuntarily opened his mouth to catch his breath, he crammed the ten-thousand-dollar pellet down his throat. It was a hideous, revolting spectacle, and those who witnessed it were stricken so agast that not a man of them stirred. It was as if a spirit from the infernal regions had suddenly risen and dilated to the quiet and well-bred midst of them.

The next minute there was a general outcry, and half a dozen sprang in their feet; some gathered about White-duce; others made threatening demonstrations toward Maydwell. He stalked to the fire-place, set his back against the mantel, and stuck his hands in his pockets. He called to one of the waiters hovering in panic on the outskirts of the agitated throng, and ordered a sherry and hitters. "And mind, John—nnt too much hitters! Ynn know how I take it."

Then he looked around at the hostile and bewildered faces, and smiled invitingly.

"Well, fellows," he said, "it will take John about five minutes to get that thing ready. Meantime, if any of you, or any number of you, want to say n dn anything to me, or to call in a policeman to say n dn it for ynn, now's ynnr chance. Doo't let Pyncheple dissuade you, if you feel that way. He has forgotten me already, because he's a Christian; but that needn't influence ynn. Come, now!"

There were men enough there who lacked neither courage nor strength; but they hesitated. The whole affair was unprecedented, incredible. It seemed as if some explanation must spontaneously appear. Would nnt White-duce say something? Or perhaps General Steppynstone's suggestion gave the true clew: "The man is crazy—stark, staring mad—insane, sir!"

Before anything could be decided n, John came with the glass of sherry and hitters n a silver tray. Maydwell took his glass and put a silver dollar in its place. "I shall want the glass as well as the sherry, John," he observed; "if there's any change, ynn can keep it. Nnw, then," he continued, "I drink to the whole damned, curish, snobbish pack of ynn. The whole infernal club boiled down together hasn't got soul enough to salt a sup of gruel. Here's to what I think of ynn."

He emptied the contents of the glass into his mouth, then turned and spat it out into the fire; he lifted the glass and dashed it into splinters on the hearth. He settled his hat on his head and sauntered to the door, seeking defiantly to meet the eyes of nne after another, but none cared to encounter him. When a man chooses to overstep a certain limit of behavior, the majority of his fellows are solicited only to keep out of his way. In the West there might have been some shunting, but here all that happened was an immediate special meeting of the directors of the club, and, a quarter of an hour later, the posting on the bulletin-board of the notice of the expulsion from the St. Quentin Club of Hnrae Maydwell, M. D. Beyond dispute, he richly deserved it, but neither was there room to doubt that he had discounted the club's actinn. He had kicked them first.

Murgatroyd's unlikeness to his people and unfitness for his surroundings is soon explained. He is not a White-duce at all, but is an adopted child. It would involve many fatiguing explanations to relate who he is, who his pseudo-mother supposes he is, and all the suspicions which surrounded the birth of the son whose death caused his adoption. It is sufficient to say that Pyncheple White-duce, finding the youth a failure as an heir, resolves to make known to him the facts of his parentage, giving him his choice as to keeping or publishing the secret, and leaving his future mode of life in his own hands. But before the interview can take place, both Pyncheple White-duce and his wife are dead, the one stricken down by the hands of a murderer, the other by heart disease.

Now the story is taken up with the change that comes over Murgatroyd. No longer an idle youth wasting time and substance, he becomes a serious man of affairs, regarding the money that has come into his hands as a sacred trust, and seeking to follow in its disbursement the wishes of the man he believes to have been his father. A black-mailer is soon on his track, revealing the true story of his birth, but the youth accepts the knowledge in a manly way, and refuses to pay the hush-money demanded.

The climax of the tale is now reached in another revelation. Pyncheple White-duce has been for years at the head of a secret and wide-spread organization, to which during his life-time he has dedicated half of his enormous income. This organization is described as a conspiracy of colossal proportions, having some undefined political aim, which is thus hinted at:

There is good reason to believe that had Pyncheple White-duce survived another three months, this republic of ours, to create which our forefathers fought to the death, and for whose preservation we recently poured forth oceans of blood and treasure, would have been past praying for!

All this fails to be impressive, owing to its extreme vagueness.

Murgatroyd's fortune proves to be much diminished by the immense drains made on it in the past, but there is enough left to make the young man comfortable, as well as to endow various public and private institutions. His love-affairs, which threatened ill for a time, are brilliantly successful in the end. Isabella, after passing through fiery waters, discovers that she loves only him, and he, having emerged from his chrysalis, prefers her to Sally, the house-maid, and frisky Letty. The last scene represents him entertaining a group of "Hobby Horse" friends, while Letty sings them a little song, Isabella beams upon him with wifely love, and Sally Wintle passes around whisky and seltzer.

Of a truth, American fiction would seem to be in a bad way, since this fantastic hodge-podge is the best effort called forth by the *Herald's* offer.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The visitors who are living in hired villas on the Riviera are all to be included in the next French census. Among those who will fill out the census papers are the Queen of England, the Empress-Dowager of Russia, the Czarowitz and her two youngest children, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Duchess-Dowager of Coburg, and Lord and Lady Salisbury. The King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and other birds of passage in hotels or yachts, will be exempted.

After four years' hard work, the advocates of women's financial rights have managed to secure the passage of a law in France which gives a married woman the right to dispose of their own earnings. Formerly she could neither receive nor dispose of them without the consent of her lord and master.

When President Faure stopped at Arles on his recent tour and said he would inspect the hospital there, the authorities were in a fix, as there happened to be no patients. They sent out a call for volunteers, however, and when the president appeared, he found all the beds occupied by convalescents.

ELLEN'S MARRYING.

A Washoe Squaw's Brief Glimpse of Wedded Bliss.

Ellen was a Washoe squaw. She used to come to the hack door nearly every morning, and after eating the remnants of the matutinal repast would wash the dishes and tidy up the kitchen. For a quarter, she would sweep and dust and wash out the towels. She did it all very neatly and well. She was young and comely, though rather sullen-looking; her hair was smoothly parted, and she always wore on the surface of her apparel (I say surface advisedly, for a squaw wears all her wardrobe at once) a clean red or yellow calico skirt and short gown. A wise person would not seek to probe beneath the surface. A respectable veneer is all that we seem entitled to ask of any creature.

As she appeared to be well past the marriageable age, we asked her curiously one morning: "Ellen, have you no man?"

"No!" replied Ellen, emphatically, her face becoming black and meoacing in an instant. "No, I no have man. Indian woman fool have man. Now I take care of myself and have good time. Have man, have papoose, and carry pack on my hack all day? No, not yet."

"Oho! here is food for reflection," thought we. "It seems even the untutored aborigine can put two and two together, and mutiny, if vainly, against her heaven-appointed lot."

But Ellen's fate was even then visible on the horizon, which undoubtedly accounted for her emphasis. It was not so long after her declaration of independence that we saw her on the street, amid a group of her compeers of both sexes, giggling and ogling after the most approved fashion of savage flirtation. A bright streak of vermilion down the middle of her nose and one under each eye set off her brunette style of beauty full as effectively as a black patch or two answers the same purpose for a blonde.

"Aha!" said One of Us to the Other. "Here is Ellen advertising herself as 'willin' at last." For that was what the vermilion streaks meant. Savages have such a shockingly crude way of indicating their sentiments.

We were not invited to the wedding, but there was certainly a honey-moon, for Ellen did not appear at the hack-door for some weeks; and on one occasion, when we were out driving, we met the newly wedded pair sauntering together, hand in hand, totally oblivious of the Indian custom which relegates the woman to a station a few paces in the rear of her lord. They were quite unabashed by our smiling observation, and equally so, which surprised us, at the irruption of a hand of their compatriots. But most surprising of all, to us, these latter, instead of guying them, ignored them, apparently by tacit consent leaving the lovers to the undisturbed enjoyment of their fleeting elysium.

"How idyllic!" said One of Us.

"Yes," said the Other, "and I wonder if, as a matter of fact, it doesn't last just as long as with us. The great difference is, when they have done, they don't pretend."

"Pshaw!" said One of Us, and took it out on the horses, who resented the cut of the whip and gave an opportunity for turning the conversation into other channels.

Ellen came hack presently to the kitchen door. The papoose and the pack were as yet in the future, but the former sullen expression of her face had intensified and hardened. To all our inquiries as to how she liked her new responsibilities, she opposed a stolid silence, and we concluded that love's young dream was already o'er.

Months passed by, till one evening the local paper contained an account of a fatal affray the previous evening. Among a lounging, laughing, card-playing group of Indians on the plaza, one squaw had suddenly attacked another with murderous fury, slashing her face across from temple to chin and chin to temple. The intent had perhaps been only disfigurement, but the temporal artery had been severed, and the wounded squaw had died in a few moments. The other had been hustled away by her people, and the police had not secured her. It was not probable they ever would, for the Indians settle their own affairs among themselves without much interference from their white neighbors. There was no mystery or excitement about the matter, and we scarce gave it a second thought. We were about to retire for the night, when One of Us said to the Other, "Hark! Is that some one knocking at the kitchen door?"

"Or groaning?" suggested the Other.

It was both, for Ellen was there, and she said she was ill. Between paroxysms of pain, she begged us to take her in and hide her.

"No let the white policeman have me! I die soon," she entreated. "Not die in jail!"

"Did you kill her?" asked the Other.

"I kill her," answered Ellen, and a vindictive joy illumined her pain-stricken features. "Now he say he take me and give me to the white policeman, an' hy an' hy soon they hang me in the jail. No hang me! I die myself."

"Fetch a mattress here," said the Other, peremptorily, "and if he comes within a rod of the house, I'll pepper him with huckshot myself, if you don't."

The mattress was brought, and then the doctor. Ellen was a very unsatisfactory patient, as no information about her state could be extracted from her. But the doctor discovered that her breast-bone was crushed in. She would not say how it had happened, but lingered in anguish until the morning, before the end mercifully came. Her last words were, "No die in jail!"

BATTERMAN LINDSAY.
SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Secret Chamber.
Mold upon the ceiling,
Mold upon the floor,
Windows barred and double barred,
Opening nevermore.

Spiders in the corners,
Spiders on the shelves,
Weaving frail and endless webs
Back upon themselves.

Weaving, ever weaving,
Weaving in the gloom,
Till the drooping drapery
Trails about the room.

* * * * *
Hist! the spectres gather,
Gather in the dark,
Where a breath has brushed away
Dust from off a mark.

Dust of weary winters,
Dust of snlemn years,
Dust that deepens in the silence,
As the minute wears—

On the shelf and wainscot,
Window-bars, and wall,
Covering infinite devices
With its stealthy fall.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering
Round that fearful stain;

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red forevermore.

See, they pause and listen,
When the hat that clings
Stirs within the crevices
Of the panelings.

See, they pause and listen,
Listen through the air,
How the eager life has struggled
That was taken there.

See they pause and listen,
Listen in the gloom;
For a startled breath is sighing,
Sighing through the room—

Sighing in the corners,
Sighing on the floor,
Sighing through the window-bars
That open nevermore.—*Anton.*

The Vampire.

I found a corpse, with golden hair,
Of a maiden seven months dead;
But the face, with the death in it, still was fair,
And the lips with their love were red.
Rose-leaves on a snow-drift shed,
Blood-drops by Adonis bled,
Doubtless were not so red.

I combed her hair into curls of gold,
And I kissed her lips till her lips were warm,
And I hatched her body in moonlight cold,
Till she grew to a living form.
Till she stood up bold in a magic of mld,
And walked to a muttered charm—
Life-like, without alarm.

And she walks by me, and she talks by me,
Evermore, night and day;
For she loves me so, that, wherever I go,
She follows me all the way—
This corpse—you would almost say
There pined a soul in the clay.

Her eyes are so bright at the dead of night
That they keep me awake with dread;
And my life-blood fails in my veins, and pales
At the sight of her lips so red;
For her face is as white as the pillow by night
Where she kisses me on my bed;
All her gold hair nuptspread—
Neither alive nor dead.

I would that this woman's head
Were less golden about the hair;
I would her lips were less red,
And her face less deadly fair.
For this is the worst to bear—
How came that redness there?

'Tis my heart, be sure, she eats for her food;
And it makes me whole flesh creep
To think that she drinks and drains my blood
Unawares, when I am asleep.
How else could those red lips keep
Their redness so damson-deep?

There's a thought, like a serpent, slips
Ever into my heart and head;
There are plenty of women, alive and human,
One might woo if one wished, and wed—
Women with hearts, and brains—ay, and lips
Not so very terribly red.

But to house with a corpse—and she so fair,
With that dim, unearthly, golden hair,
And those sad, serene, blue eyes,
With their looks from when knows where,
Which Death has made so wise,
With the grave's own secret here—
It is more than a man can bear!

It were better for me, ere I came nigh her,
This corpse—ere I looked upon her,
Had they burned my body in flame and fire
With a snrcrer's dishonor.
For when the Devil hath made his lair,
And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman
(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair,
And break his heart, if his heart be human),
Would not a saint despair
To be saved by fast or prayer
From perdition made so fair?—*Lord Lytton.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Abercorn's little granddaughter has been christened Rhodesia, the duke being chairman of Mr. Rhodes's chartered company.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once described the famous horse-jockey, who has just retired from the turf, as: "Budd Dohle, whose catarrhal name So fills the nasal trump of fame."

Count Caprivi, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, who has been living quietly on his niece's estate in Northern Prussia, has been writing his memoirs, and they will soon be in the hands of a Berlin publisher.

"Ouida's" hands and feet are said to be perfect in shape and proportion. To keep her feet from being contorted by unnatural pressure on the bones, she always wears, summer and winter alike, open, huckled shoes.

"Pierre Loti," the author of "Mme. Chrysanthe," otherwise Lieutenant Viaud, of the French navy, is said to spend more time being photographed than any other man in Europe, except the Prince of Wales and Kaiser Wilhelm.

George Augustus Sala died almost penniless, and his civil-list pension of one hundred pounds a year died with him. A movement is on foot to make provision for his widow and to erect a memorial to the memory of the distinguished journalist.

Succi, the faster, recently wanted to fast forty days in Vienna, and when the authorities refused to allow the exhibition, except on condition that no admission fee be charged and only medical observers be present, he got angry and accepted the conditions.

The statement is made that the new president of the Royal Academy, Sir John Millais, "in common with others of his colleagues, has, in the course of his career, been a sign-painter." This on the basis that he once painted a "St. George and the Dragon" for an inn in Kent.

Antonio de Navarro, husband of Mary Anderson, has an interesting collection of photographs of his wife in a room in their home at Tunbridge Wells. They represent her in all the parts she has played, and Mr. de Navarro has arranged them to make a frieze around the entire room.

Mme. Cavaignac, wife of the French war minister, recently got a piece of broken needle in her hand, and, ordinary methods of finding it proving futile, its location was discovered by means of a Röntgen photograph. The offending bit of steel was then easily removed by a surgeon.

Caetani, or Gaetani, the minister of foreign affairs in the new Rudini cabinet, is such a character as Marion Crawford chooses for his Italian novels. He is descended from one of the oldest feudal families of the Roman Campagna, a family that has given the church two popes and seventeen cardinals.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ludlow, the mother of the well-known New Yorker, Robert Center, who was killed while riding a bicycle on the Western Boulevard in New York, some months ago, has given his entire estate, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to endow in his memory a fund for instruction in music at Columbia College.

During some private theatricals at the Saxon court recently, the Crown Princess Frederick took the part of a maid-servant. The extremely realistic way in which she portrayed a vulgar young woman moistening and polishing a leather shoe brought her a reproof from the king himself, who said: "We are among ourselves, it is true; but even then a royal princess ought not to play so exactly the manners of a maid."

Joseph Chamberlain is one of the most industrious men in public life. He rises early, is closely occupied at the Colonial Office all day, and continues his work well into the night. He is one of the best informed men in England, and is, perhaps, the best equipped debater in the House of Commons, with the widest range of accurate, well digested knowledge. He is remarkable, too, for the little exercise he takes: he never indulges in athletic sports, and even rides in a carriage to and from his office.

Miss Edith Lancaster, the young Englishwoman of education and refinement who created a sensation, some months ago, by entering into a "free union" with a man and refusing to marry him, has come before the London School Board as a champion of poor children. She wants the board to provide nourishment for the children so that they can profit by the instruction the schools afford. She was dressed in masculine fashion above the waist, and stood before the board hareheaded like a man.

Baron von Kiderlen-Wächter, whom the German emperor has summoned from his post as minister plenipotentiary at Copenhagen to accompany him on his yachting trip on the Mediterranean, is the emperor's favorite companion. He is a great practical joker and mimic, and in the court circle he is known as "August," the nickname generally applied to clowns in Germany and France. He was a supporter of Bismarck, but turned against him at his fall, and it is said that he is now the principal obstacle in the way of a reconciliation between the emperor and the Iron Chancellor.

F. Hopkinson Smith is one of the most versatile and best-paid men in the country. He is the head of the firm of Francis H. Smith & Co., who do a large business in architectural and engineering work, and he is a frequent contributor of stories and sketches to the magazines. He has just finished a lecturing tour of two months, for which he received ten thousand dollars, and during his annual four months' vacation abroad—from July to November—he always paints about forty pictures, for which he receives from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars each. He appears to be about forty-five, but he was born fifty-seven years ago, and has a grown son and daughter living in New York.

George Shiras, a son of Justice Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, has perfected a spring-gun camera for automatically photographing wild animals. A flash-light attachment, with a mirror reflector, makes it as useful at night as in the day-time.

The Alps and the Himalayas seem immense to the beholders who stand at their bases, but upon the globe, as a whole, they are no more than the roughness of the skin of an orange.

AN INDECENT PANTOMIME.

Mlle. Pilar-Morin's Show Called "Orange Blossoms"—A Lewd and Suggestive Performance—A Bridal-Chamber Scene—The Show Suppressed by the Police.

For the last year or two, Americans returning from Paris have been in the habit of speaking with hated breath of certain *risqué* performances there. They have figured under various names. One was called "Le Coucher de la Mariée"; another was called "Le Coucher d'Yvette." But all hinged on the same thing—a woman going to bed. One of these was played at the Folies-Bergères, if I remember correctly, and another at the Café des Ambassadeurs. I saw these when I was last in Paris, and a delighted crowd of some fifteen hundred people followed with keenest interest the disrobing of a handsome young woman. I was somewhat surprised to notice among these fifteen hundred people some dozens of Americans whom I knew by sight or by name, and they were not all male Americans, either. In fact, among them I noticed one American bride and groom.

But if Americans may see in Paris such shows as this, they should be prevented from seeing them at home. Within the last fortnight a similar show has been put on in New York. It is not at a very important theatre, but, none the less, this theatre has become one of the most crowded places in the city. The theatre is known as the Gaiety, and is one of the popular places which gives what is called a "continuous entertainment." Ever since Proctor's Union Square Theatre made so much money running from ten o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, there have been a number of continuous entertainments in New York. W. T. Carlton, the well-known haritone, sang in one of them, and now Mlle. Pilar-Morin, the clever French pantomimist, has made her appearance at the Gaiety. Mlle. Pilar-Morin will be remembered as the woman who played "L'Enfant Prodigue," some months ago, and who brought suit against a Connecticut clergyman for denouncing her as "a lewd woman." This case has not been tried, but if the Connecticut jury could be brought to New York and made to see Mlle. Pilar-Morin in her new pantomime, called "Orange Blossoms," she would get no damages from the parson.

The pantomime "Orange Blossoms" is a twenty-minute affair, and is an adaptation from the French original, "Le Coucher de la Mariée." When the curtain rises, one sees a bed-chamber in the French style, with a swinging pier-mirror, a dressing-table, and a blue silk divan. In the centre is a large brass bedstead, which a maid is preparing for occupancy. After she has finished the bed, she lays upon it a silk night-dress, trimmed with pale-blue ribbon bows. In a few seconds, the bridal party enters the room, including the bride and groom and the bride's father and mother. The mother and daughter linger over their parting, and kiss and kiss, till finally the groom puts everybody out of the room, but in turn is put out by the bride. Then the *risqué* pantomime begins. Mlle. Pilar-Morin slowly divests herself of one garment after another, and finally is apparently in *puris naturalibus*, although in reality she is in pink tights. However, she takes off her chemise, and then puts on the night-dress and goes to bed, just as the husband's knock is heard upon the door.

This only faintly indicates the details of the pantomime. Of course there are many little realistic touches which are indescribably salacious, and over which the moral daily papers gloat. But in describing such a piece, even to condemn it, one can not but be salacious. Therefore, it is best to leave it alone. It is sufficient to say that it is the most grossly immoral spectacle that has ever been presented in a reputable theatre in New York. Such has been the rush to get into the Gaiety, which, as I have said, is a cheap theatre, that the manager, one Doris, has raised the price of admission from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, there was a crowd of men and boys blocking the lobby in the Gaiety trying to get in. At both the performances yesterday the theatre was jammed to the doors. At the afternoon performance a majority of those present were school-boys from ten to sixteen years of age, many of them with their hooks under their arms. Such was the crowd around the theatre that it finally attracted the attention of the police—who apparently do not read the newspapers—and the next day the play was stopped.

Chief Conlin directed Inspector John Harley to make an investigation. He visited the theatre on Thursday night, and although he is not over squeamish, he reported to the chief that he thought the show was indecent. District Attorney Battle went before Magistrate Wentworth and swore to an affidavit, in which he declared that on April 10th "one John B. Doris unlawfully did produce and exhibit in the Gaiety Theatre a certain obscene, lewd, scandalous pantomimic theatrical performance called 'Orange Blossoms,' in which a certain woman called Pilar-Morin, whose first name is to deponent unknown, did in a filthy, lewd, obscene, and scandalous manner disrobe and denude herself in public before the persons in said theatre." Inspector Harley and Captain Pickett took the warrant, which was issued by Magistrate Wentworth, and arrested Doris at his theatre. He was taken directly to court, where he sent for the notorious "divorce and dramatic lawyer," Abe Hummel. The case was set for next Saturday, but, in the meantime, the police made Doris promise that he would cut out the objectionable part of the pantomime. He has done so, and the spectators are much disappointed. But, none the less, the news of the curtailing of the indecent part has not spread through the city, so Mr. Doris is still making large gains from the indecency of the first part of the week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, president of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, went to see Pilar-Morin's performance last Wednesday, and was so shocked at it that she called upon the woman herself. She said: "I had a long talk with her after the performance.

She frankly told me in answer to my questions that she would greatly prefer to appear in high-class drama. But, she declared, American audiences would pay more money for things of the character of her act in the bridal-chamber scene than she could obtain from taking part in more elevating exhibitions. When I appealed to her as a wife and mother, she insisted that it was for her family's sake solely that she accepted this rôle; that she played it entirely for the money she obtained for doing so. She tried to justify herself by saying that she was doing no worse than the women who pose as models."

Mrs. Grannis, of course, made little impression upon Pilar-Morin. A woman who says that her performance in this lewd pantomime is no more immodest than the act of a model who poses nude, is simply a moral idiot, or worse. Mlle. Pilar-Morin does not expose to the gaze of the spectators more than a few square inches of her anatomy, for, as I have said, she is clothed in flesh-colored tights from her chin to her toes, but, none the less, every movement and every motive of her acting is impregnated with a sensual suggestiveness and a subtle indecency.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1896.

FLANEUR.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have elsewhere remarked in this issue that the *Argonaut* is always willing to print fair and temperate criticisms of its editorial policy. We have received a number of letters concerning our article of last week on the attitude of the American Protective Association toward Governor McKinley. Naturally these are diverse in tone. We can not print them all, but we may take the following as a text to amplify our remarks of last week:

LOS GATOS, CAL., April 17, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT—I am a very warm admirer of the *Argonaut* in all its departments, but particularly do I admire your editorials, which alfo make me deplore the fact that yours is not a daily journal of immense circulation, for then we would have at least one decent daily in California. My copy of your paper goes regularly in Europe after I have read it, and is again read by a number of cultured people. This is to show you I am disposed to be a favorable critic.

Please pardon a protest, therefore, against your "A. P. A." article in the last issue. Granting you one object of this society is good—that is, to keep Romanists from gaining too much political power—the means to the end are despicable, and only the very ignorant could believe the many false statements they make. A fair sample of this can be seen side by side with the truth in the *Chronicle* of the sixteenth in regard to Mr. McKinley's candidacy. So it was when Dr. Washington Gladden proved the falseness of their "literature." I beg, therefore, the *Argonaut* will not ask us to think that the "A. P. A." represent a public opinion that is of much value. I would add that I am a Protestant.

Another criticism: Do you think you are just in your articles about the "American Line"? If I am not in error, each time these steamers have gone aground, it was when in charge of the pilot. Even in the celebrated case of the *St. Paul*, the pilot was on the bridge with the captain. You who are so patriotic in your ideas should not seek to injure a company that is so largely American in ownership and operations, competing alone against foreign ships. The *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, as wonderful American products, should be upheld by us. The foreign-built *New York* and *Paris* are of very deep draught and difficult of pilorage in New York harbor.

Give us plenty of "McKinley, Protection, and Sound Money."

FRANCIS H. MCCULLAGH.

If Mr. McCullagh will re-read our article, he will see that the *Argonaut* by no means upholds the American Protective Association in its opposition to Governor McKinley. We stated in that article that we considered all the charges made against him were trivial. The *Argonaut* is not an organ of the American Protective Association. While we sympathize with many of the ends advocated by that association, we by no means allow it to control our judgment or our political freedom. If we did, we would be yielding to a secret order a blind and unreasoning allegiance, similar to that which we condemn in the members of the Roman Catholic Church. The *Argonaut* believes in absolute and unquestioned freedom of mind. The *Argonaut* does not believe that any citizen should surrender the custody of his opinions to any man or set of men. Therefore, as we believe that our judgment concerning McKinley is as sound as that of any other American citizen, and as our opportunities for passing upon his loyalty to American institutions are fully as good as those of the American Protective Association, we do not sympathize with that organization in its hostility to McKinley.

It may be that the American Protective Association, which is a powerful body, will succeed in defeating McKinley in the Republican National Convention. That is possible. But if McKinley is nominated, the American Protective Association can not defeat him at the polls. That would be impossible. We strongly urge upon the leaders of the American Protective Association to reflect long before they commit that order to a formal opposition to McKinley. No man has so aroused the enthusiasm of the Republican voters of the land since the nomination of James G. Blaine.

If the American Protective Association wishes to show its power, it has adopted a most unfortunate time. It is the turning point for that order. If it shall fail in defeating McKinley's nomination, and if, after having so failed, it should again fail in defeating him at the polls, it would be a death-blow to the American Protective Association. Its leaders should exercise the utmost caution.

In regard to the concluding paragraph of Mr. McCullagh's letter, in which he asks us if we are not unjust in our articles about the American Line, we have only this to say: The steamers of that line have been most unfortunate. Numerous accidents of every description have occurred to them, on the other side, on this side, and in mid-ocean. One of them blew out her cylinder-head, which crashed through the hull, leaving a hole as big as a small-sized house, and the vessel came into port with her midship compartment full of water. Another steamer carried away her rudder. A similar accident happened to another steamer of the line; she lost her rudder, and came into port steered by her twin screws. Another steamer of the line had an explosion in New York harbor a few weeks ago, killing and wounding a number of men. Three steamers of the line have gone aground

within six weeks in New York harbor. But at the time that one of them went ashore in the fog, the *Campania*, of the Cunard Line, prudently anchored half a mile away and remained there until the fog lifted. Many excuses can doubtless be made for these accidents, such as that the steamers when run ashore were in charge of the pilot instead of the master, but with this the traveling public has nothing to do. It can only consider results, and not processes. The boast of the Cunard Company—that it has never lost a passenger—is a proud one. It must be due to something more than luck. It must be due to discipline. Correspondingly, the many accidents on the American Line can not be all due to bad luck. They must be largely due to bad management and bad discipline.

The *Argonaut* is a strong American paper, but it does not think that the way to make a successful American steamship line is to gloat over bad discipline, bad management, and bad seamanship on transatlantic passenger steamers flying the American flag.

As showing that great minds do not always run in the same channel, we may instance two recent decisions of the highest courts of New York and California. The question before both courts was as to the constitutionality of a law closing harber-shops on Sunday afternoons. On April 14th, the Court of Appeals of New York State handed down a decision declaring the law closing harber-shops on Sunday afternoons to be constitutional. On April 17th, the Supreme Court of California handed down a decision declaring the law closing harber-shops on Sunday afternoons to be unconstitutional.

In New York, it was contended that the law was unconstitutional, as it was "class legislation," but Judge Vann, in his opinion, held that "the law does not go beyond the limits of executive power by depriving any one of liberty or property under the meaning of the Constitution of the United States," and that it is not class legislation.

In California there were no dissenting opinions—the entire court concurred in holding that a law preventing a harber from working at his trade on Sunday "is an invasion of individual liberty. No reason has been or can be shown why the followers of one useful and unobjectionable employment should be debarred from the right to labor on certain days and not on others."

The New York court has a high standing, but in this case most sensible men would be disposed to agree with the California court. Still, it is curious that two benches of judges in different States, with exactly similar statutes depending on their judgment, and basing that judgment on the same document—to wit, the Constitution of the United States—should arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions.

A fortnight ago we printed some letters from the far East about the rising tide for McKinley. It is evident that the Republicans of the East fear that we in the West may be ignorant of the claims of the man who is now the favorite son not of any State, but of the Union. We have received a long letter from New York city, too long for us to print, but we will summarize briefly some of the more pithy statements therein contained:

253 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, April 10, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It may be interesting for you to know what some of us here think about McKinley. We think he is one of the few in the country to-day who combines all the elements for an able, successful, and popular President. . . . We think he commends himself to the suffrages of Democrats and Republicans alike. . . . He has brains enough to see what the whole country needs—prosperity, and that prosperity is not measured by money value alone, but by employment, industry, and happiness. He knows that no country can be truly prosperous unless the people are contented and happy, with full employment; that in order to be this they must be unselfish, and not wish to prosper at the expense of their neighbors—but realize that they are all inter-dependent. . . . McKinley knows what sixty-five millions of people can accomplish when their energies are turned away from their troubles, and directed to the known and unknown resources of so vast a territory. . . . To be stagnant, to have compulsory idleness, is one of the worst evils that can befall a nation, and that is what is resulting from Democratic free-trade rule. . . . Adversity is a bitter school. We all know now what it is to destroy national confidence and hope. . . . Sweep the Democratic tinkers and pettifoggers into obscurity, where they belong; but do not let them saddle themselves on the people, who have already suffered from their ignorance too long. When people have not enough to eat and nothing to wear, and when their ships are dismantled and their looms are idle, they become so discouraged that they don't care whether the country "goes to the devil" or not. They are then ready for war or anything else. . . . With the return of good times, we shall have a cessation of war talk. . . . The whole country cries out for the man who gave us "good times." We shall have a renewal of those times in the election in the Presidential chair of Governor McKinley.

A. DE MARSAN LOUTREL.

A plan is on foot to transmit electric power generated at Niagara Falls to New York, during an exhibition to be held there next month under the auspices of the National Electric Light Association. The Western Union lines will be used for the purpose during a few hours each evening of the exhibition, and the power will operate a model of the town at the falls, with its turbines and dynamos. Electricity obtained from Niagara, but brought in storage batteries, may also be used; and it is even proposed to send a little of the "juice" to England as a hint of the far-reaching influence of American enterprise.

The death is reported of James E. Wilson, formerly a first lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry, U. S. A. Several years ago he refused to contribute to his wife's support, and, being adjudged insane, was sent to a government hospital. He was to have been retired, and part of his salary was regularly to be remitted to his wife, but rather than allow this he resigned.

A French philosopher once modestly observed (like Mr. Jingle, when suggesting what should he given him for dinner) that though he did not "presume to dictate," he thought, if he had been present at the creation, he could have given a wrinkle or two.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Story by Crockett.

S. R. Crockett, who loves to try his hand at many themes, has wandered far afield since "The Stickit Minister" brought him fame. But in "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City," he has returned to the scenes where he made his first success. As he reminds us, Cleg is an old acquaintance, the slight sketch of the former story being expanded here into a portrait of artistic completeness. He is an Edinburgh street-boy, the son of a villainous Irish thief and a good Scotch mother, and though his wits are sharpened into abnormal acuteness by his early training, though he is looked upon with disfavor by those who know him as "Tim Kelly's loon," though his pranks go far to madden the Snoddy-school superintendent and his aids, Cleg has his own code of honesty, and his father and his father's pursuits are alike hateful to him.

At the first meeting he leaps into the reader's affections, and he keeps his hold steadfastly to the moment of parting, when we leave him exchanging with Vara a first sweetheart's kiss. It is a pretty story of boy and girl affection, diversified with plenty of incident and seasoned with good Scotch humor. Vara has Baby Galvin and Boy Hugh to shield from a drunken mother's fury, and Cleg constitutes himself knight-errant and protector of the helpless little brood. He hides them away from Sal Kavanoah, and when she finds them out and Vara escapes once more with her charges, wandering into the sweet-scented country, Cleg gives up city life and follows, too.

He comes at the right moment, for the pathetic story of Vara's wanderings needs to be brightened by the gaiety which Cleg's presence invariably brings, and after the foul odors of Hunker Court, the pastoral ending is refreshing.

The mad old colonel, Cleg's employer, who sleeps in a coffin with an embalmed corpse confined on either side, constitutes a disturbing element. And the last appearance of Tim and Sal, who enter the room with intent to rob, gives a decidedly lurid finish to the tale. But we are so glad to get rid of them on any terms that we are little inclined to quarrel at the means.

It is an interesting story, a random chronicle, as the author himself says, given to digressions and unhampered by a plot of definite dimensions, but full of warm human interest and with much artistic work in it.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Capital and Labor.

"Strikes and Social Problems" is the title of a book containing twelve essays by J. Shield Nicholson, professor of political economy in the University of Edinburgh. Their purpose is to treat in a popular manner with various social problems.

The first six—"Strikes and a Living Wage," "Labor Combinations and Competition," "Profit-Sharing," "The Reality of Industrial Progress," "The Living Capital of the United Kingdom," and "Capital and Labor: Their Relative Strength"—treat specially and directly of the conflicts between labor and capital, and of the interests of both in conciliation. The next four—"A Plea for Industrial Liberty," "Political Economy and Journalism," "The Reaction in Favor of the Classical Political Economy," and "Old Age Pensions versus an Old Commandment"—deal indirectly with the same topic, but show more generally the importance of economic principles in legislation and administration. The last two—"A Voyage around Africa" and "Slavery in Zanzibar"—illustrate the application of these principles in undeveloped countries.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The Causes of the Age of Ice.

"Greenland Ice Fields and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. Frederick Wright and Warren Upham, contains a very thorough résumé of all that is known of Greenland. The volume was prepared after an excursion trip on the steamer *Miranda*, which took place in 1894, an exciting voyage marked by several disasters, although there was no loss of life. But the book is much more than a record of an unusual voyage. While the recent visit lends vividness to the scenes and people described, the scope of the book is far wider. The geographical formation of the country is entered into exhaustively, and the people, plants, and animals of the region are described. The origin of the Eskimos, their religion, their occupations and modes of living, their food and clothing, their habits, and everything pertaining to this curious people are touched upon.

But it is only after these details are disposed of that the authors settle down with zest to the main purpose of the volume. Their object is to discuss Greenland as a scientific study, a subject for research in glacial geology. The great inland ice sheet of which its interior consists has been repeatedly explored and studied with a view to solving the causes of the Ice Age, and it is to a discussion of these causes that nearly half the work is devoted.

A comparison is made between the ice-fields of the Glacial Period and those of the present day,

and, after examining in turn every theory advanced in explanation of these ice accumulations, the authors finally bring in and ably support their own theory, that of the uplifting of continental plateaus and mountain ranges.

Though the scientific portion of the work is undoubtedly the most valuable, the descriptions of country and people are comprehensive and of a sort to satisfy popular interest in this little-known country.

Many authorities are drawn upon in the preparation of the work, to all of whom Professor Wright makes ample acknowledgment, as well as for the assistance he received in collecting numerous excellent photographs of these northern latitudes.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

A Tale of Lost Jewels.

"The Danvers Jewels" and "Sir Charles Drovers," that unique pair of books, have come out in a new edition, bound, as they should be, in one volume. It is true the two stories are quite distinct and complete each in itself; but after making the acquaintance of Sir Charles, it would be a pity not to follow his fortunes to the end in one reading, especially when that end consists in his marriage to so thoroughly nice a girl as Ruth Deymour.

The tale of the loss and recovery of the jewels is absorbing enough, but there are plenty of such romances. The charm of the books, and especially of the second one, lies in the naturalness of the dialogue, the individuality of the people, and the reality of the simple little scenes of English country life. Little Molly, who lived such an exciting existence among her guinea-pigs and kittens, her donkey and cook's jam-pots, is not the least in importance. She is one of the few real children of fiction, and her comradeship with Sir Charles has all the charm of reality.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Famous Fiddle.

Eccentricity of plot and diction appears to be the chief aim of Charles Allen in his novel, "Papier Maché," and he has succeeded so well that his meaning, if he has one, is in the main pretty thoroughly obscured. The story has to do with a certain remarkable Stradivarius, which is a family heirloom. If it be lost or destroyed, Sir Peter Parkley's annual thousands of income are to be forfeited to charity. The violin is, of course, stolen, and has many adventures before it finally reaches a resting-place. But it is a tedious business picking one's way through the devious circumlocutions of the narrative, and the strongest emotion aroused is a complete indifference to the outcome of the tale.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York.

Hunting Treasure among Mummies.

Treasure hunting among the mummy mines of Peru is the subject of C. F. Lummis's "Gold Fish of Gran Chimú," and the field is a new and interesting one. Gran Chimú is the remains of a city built by the Peruvian Indians in prehistoric times; a "ruin whose mighty walls and bewildering edifices cover more area than the city of London: the greatest town that aborigines ever built in the New World." Here the *Norte Americanos* of the story searched for ancient relics and antiquities while the native Peruvians hunted for gold and silver and sought unavailingly for the "gold fish of Gran Chimú." This was a treasure great enough to fill a room sent ages before for the ransom of a captive war chief. He died before it could reach him, and it was buried in Gran Chimú, where it still lies securely hidden, for aught we know, since no one finds it in the story.

But quite as rich a treasure is found in the great Pyramid of Moche, and its discovery makes an absorbing tale so realistically told one almost believes it true. Equal in interest is the picture given of this dry, rainless region; of the mummy-mines, with their choking dust—"humanity turned to powder"; and of the great rain-storm, the first in twenty-three years, whose gushing down-pour unlocked the treasure to the eager Spanish lad just in the nick of time.

The literal translation of idioms kept up throughout the dialogue does not appeal to us. It is an easy way to convey an impression, but it is not artistic, and it soon grows fatiguing.

Published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The Rule of the Turks," a revised and enlarged edition of "The Armenian Crisis," by Frederick D. Greene, M. A., which is now in its eighteenth thousand, is issued in paper covers by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Houseboat Boys," by Harry Castlemon, a story of two lads who determine to make the money necessary to secure a college education by hunting and trapping on river and lake, has been published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"An Allegory and Three Essays," by Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle, contains "The Life of an

Ephemeron" and very brief essays on the mind, theory, and opium. Published by the Drexel-Biddle & Bradley Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, 10 cents.

"England's Darling," by Alfred Austin, is not, as was at first erroneously supposed, a laudation of the Princess of Wales by the new poet laureate. It is a dramatic poem, compressing into a brief period of action the most striking incidents in the life of Alfred the Great. In the same volume is printed a poem of analogous theme, "The Passing of Merlin," originally contributed to the *Times* some three years ago. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The latest volume in the handsome new Deot edition of Balzac's works, edited by George Saintsbury, is "The Atheist's Mass, and Other Stories." These latter include "Hoorrine," "Colonel Chabert," "The Commission in Lunacy" ("L'Interdiction"), and "Pierre Grassou." The book is well printed on heavy, rough-edged paper, with gilt tops and wide margins, and it has three illustrations drawn and etched by D. Murray-Smith. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Bachelor and the Chafog Dish," by Desher Welch, is a pleasant little book of recipes and gastronomic chat. The author's tone somewhat resembles that of the class whom James L. Ford describes as "genials," and one is not altogether convinced of the Lucullan character of the feasts dished up in a fourth-floor back with a soap-box for a larder; but he gives plenty of recipes, and any addition to the lore of the chafog dish is welcome. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"The Manual of Statistics and Stock Exchange Hand-Book" for 1896 is the eighteenth issue of that useful publication. It is intended to furnish information for the banker, the investor, and the speculator, and to that end it describes the properties, indebtedness, and operations of the railroads, street railways, miscellaneous and industrial companies of the United States, not neglecting grain and produce, cotton, petroleum, mining, banks, trust companies, and insurance as channels of investment. Published by Charles H. Nicoll, New York; price, \$3.00.

The latest issue of the Public Men of To-Day Series is "Joseph Chamberlain," by S. H. Jeyes. It sets forth the public career of the man who was recently called "the best abused man in England" in ten chapters, the headings of which give an idea of the scope and tone of the book: "Municipal Career," "Parliamentary Training," "Radicalism in the Cabinet," "The Fight against Coercion," "At the Board of Trade," "The Home Rule Crisis, 1885-6," "The Unionist Alliance," "The Unionist Coalition," "Mr. Chamberlain in Controversy," and "Mr. Chamberlain, the Imperialist." A recent photograph serves as frontispiece. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The edition of Victor Hugo's novel, "93," which has been provided with an historical introduction and notes by Professor Benjamin Duryea Woodward, of Columbia College, is worthy of strong commendation. The novel, it need hardly be said, deals with the events of the fourth year of the French Revolution and leads up to the Reign of Terror. In his introduction, Professor Woodward puts the reader in possession of the events that preceded the opening of the story, and in the notes, which fill one hundred of the six hundred pages in the book, the many historical other allusions and the otherwise incomprehensible slang phrases are explained. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, \$1.25.

The new edition of "Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe" is revised up to date, and maintains the high standard of excellence set by previous issues. It measures only three and one-half by five inches, and its five hundred pages do not exceed an inch in thickness; yet it contains a preliminary chapter of advice to travelers; descriptions of routes, hotels, charges, etc., in the British Isles, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Southern France, the Spanish Peninsula, Norway, Sweden, and Russia; lists of diplomatic and consular agents; travel-phrases in four languages; and a quantity of other information of value. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

There is a revival of interest in George Borrow, that strange Englishman who knew more about the gypsies than they knew about themselves, and more than one publishing house is bringing out new editions of his works. Among these is "Lavengro," illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, and provided with an admirable introductory note by Augustine Birrell. In just how far "Lavengro" is autobiographical and how far pure fiction will probably never be determined. But that it is a deep well of pleasure for many readers is undeniable; the mysterious and attractive personality of the author is in every line, and his lack of literary polish is more than compensated by his vigor and imagination. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Tragedies of Domesticity.

"The House," the second of Eugene Field's posthumous works to appear in book-form, relates the purchase and fitting up of a house in the suburbs of Chicago, and is in a vein of whimsical humor throughout. Reuben Baker, a simple-hearted and glib astronomer, and his wife, Alice, are the purchasers, and great are their tribulations over painters, carpenters, and plumbers, insurance agents and property-owners with adjoining bits of land to dispose of.

The subject is not a new one, nor is it treated with a freshness that might give it individuality. Like Robert Grant, Eugene Field shows himself a thoroughly domestic character by his familiarity with the intimate details of home-making that are presided over by the feminine head of the household. But Robert Grant's married experiences are far more poignantly amusing, and the gardening chapters have a formidable rival in Charles Dudley Warner's "Summer in a Garden." When the young tomato-vines and sunflowers fall prey to the ravages of the cut-purse and the Bayler's St. Bernard creates havoc on the lawn, the earlier work rises to the mind with a height of enjoyment that is not reached here.

Less fresh and quaint in its humor than "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," it is not likely to find its way so readily into popular favor.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Jews Since Jerusalem.

A new edition of Edersheim's "History of the Jewish Nation" has been issued, revised by Rev. Henry A. White, M. A., of New College, Oxford, with a preface by Rev. William Sanday, D. D., LL. D., of Christ Church, Oxford.

Rev. Alfred Edersheim, M. A., D. D., Ph. D., was born a Jew, but embraced Christianity later, and his famous work was written in 1836, ten years after he joined the Scottish Free Church. It relates the history of the Jews, religious, political, social, and intellectual, from the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus until the final dispersion in the fifth century. The present edition brings the work up to date by inserting passages from Dr. Edersheim's later writings and otherwise profiting by the light of more recent research in accordance with his views. These changes are indicated by the use of brackets and in foot-notes, and a new and copious index is appended.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Is it a result of its reduction in price that *McClure's Magazine* is reprinting old stories apparently as new? In the April number, it prints "The Two Householders," by "Q," which the *Argonaut* reprinted from an English magazine several years ago and which was contained in the collection of Mr. Quiller-Couch's tales, entitled "I Saw Three Ships," published by Cassell in 1892.

William Astor Chanler's account of his African travels has been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

The recent death of Rev. Thomas Hughes has revived public interest in "Tom Brown's School Days," one of the wholesomest and most popular books for boys ever written, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are out with a new edition of it, printed from new plates.

At the last meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club in London, a letter was read from A. C. Swinburne, in which he said:

"I am sorry that I must—with many thanks—decline the invitation of the Omar Khayyam Club. As to the immortal tent-maker himself, I believe I may claim to be one of his earliest English believers. It is upward of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself—I believe, by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of Fitzgerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy—having proved hopelessly unsalable at the published price of one shilling. We invested (I should think) in hardly less than sixpenny worth apiece; and, on returning to the stall next day for more, found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence—an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. Not so very long afterward, if I mistake not, the price of a copy was thirty shillings. It is the only edition worth having—as Fitzgerald, like the ass of genius he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza, which is the core or kernel of the whole. As to the greatness of the poem, I can say no more than I have tried to say in print. I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos, and beauty, in the same line of thought and work, except possibly 'Ecclesiastes'; and, magnificent as that is, I can hardly think the author comparable to Omar either as philosopher or as poet."

The Macmillan's stupendous "Dictionary of National Biography" has just been further increased by another volume, XLVI., which carries the alphabet to "Puc." The biography of Alexander Pope covers eighteen pages.

The Chicago publishing firm of Stone & Kimball, which has brought out some very pretty books in its brief existence—it was formed about two years ago, when both members of the firm were Harvard under-graduates—has split, Mr. Kimball taking the *Chap-Book* and going to what he considers a broader

field in New York, while Mr. Stone will remain in Chicago and endeavor to keep up that city's reputation as a literary centre by publishing a new bi-monthly magazine. The renewal of the *Chap-Book* is a sad blow to Chicago; even the dailies there alluded to the event in tones of more than obituary sadness.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish this month a new book by Bradford Torrey, "Spring Notes from Tennessee." They also bring out a volume on "Four-Handed Folk," by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. This book of Mrs. Miller's gives an account of all sorts of animal pets, the marmoset, the lemur, the ocelot, the kinkajou, and various monkeys.

The April number of *Cosmopolis* gives the conclusion of "Weir of Hermiston" as the author left it. From the *Athenaeum* we learn that Professor Sidney Colvin will furnish the May number "with a (bappily) authentic account of the intended development and termination of the story."

A series of anecdotal sketches by Barnum Ferdinand Rothschild is to be published by the Messrs. Macmillan this month, with the title of "Personal Characteristics from French History." Among those of whom portraits are given are Louis the Fourteenth, Mme. de Pompadour, Cardinals Mazarin and Richelieu, Francis the First, Louis the Eleventh, Voltaire, Marie Leczinska, Henri the Fourth, and the Duchesse de la Valliere.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the author of "The Chronicles of the Schöenberg Catta Family," died at her home in England, three weeks ago, in her sixty-ninth year.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published:

"The Expansion of Religion," by E. Winchester Donald, D. D.; "History of Prussia under Frederic the Great, 1756-1757," by the late Professor Herbert Tuttle, with a biographical sketch by Professor Herbert E. Adams; Vol. IV. of the *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, on "Current Superstitions: Collected from Oral Traditions of English-Speaking Folk in America," by Fannie D. Bergen, with notes and an introduction by W. W. Newell; a new edition of Edwin L. Byrner's "Chase of the Meteor," "Clarence," by Bret Harte, in the *Riverside Paper Series*; and "As You Like It" and Bks. I.-III. of "Paradise Lost," in the *Riverside Literature Series*.

Olive Schreiner, who made a reputation with her "Story of an African Farm," is contributing to the *Fortnightly* a series of articles on "The Boers of the Transvaal."

Mr. Crawford's new novel, "Adam Johnstone's Son," will be published by the Macmillans before the end of the month. The same house is presently to issue in monthly volumes, beginning with "Tartarin of Tarascon," a translation of the complete works of Alphonse Daudet. They announce also a complete edition of Browning in two volumes.

"John Oliver Hubbes" is preparing a long novel which is to be called "A School for Saints."

F. Hopkinson Smith's dramatic and humorous story, "Tom Grogan," is issued in book-form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

New novels to be issued by Macmillan & Co. include: "The Dream-Charlotte: A Story of Echnes," by Miss Bentham-Edwards; "An Escape from the Tower," by Mrs. Marshall; "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," by A. F. W. Massin; and a new book of Irish stories by Miss Barlow, author of "Maureen's Fairing."

The *Black Cat*, the five-cent magazine of short stories which has now reached a circulation of two hundred thousand copies a month, contains in its May issue the following tales:

"For Fame, Money, or Love!" by R. Otologui, a story of mystery; "A No Account Niggah!" by Leonard M. Prince, U. S. A., a tale of an Indian fighter; "A Hundred Thousand Dollar Trance!" by Eugene Shade Bisbee, a hypnotic experience; "The Misfit Gown!" by Elmer Cook Rice, a tale of a modern woman's club; and "The Shifting Sand!" by C. C. Van Orsdall, about the man who dug his own grave.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, said to be one of the strongest stories she has written.

"The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," by Martin A. S. Hume, the editor of the *Calendar of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth* in the Public Record Office, is announced by Macmillan & Co.

Printer's Ink declares that Rudyard Kipling was offered one thousand dollars by the New York *World* for one thousand words on "what England would do in case of war with America," but refused, saying: "I am a British subject, and could not loyally, even if I knew, traffic in the plans of England."

"Brick" Pomeroy, whose death is recorded, owed his fame and fortune to one short sentence in an editorial in his paper which was penned by a writer in his employ. The story may be summarized as follows:

When the war was started, Pomeroy was heart and soul in favor of the Union. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, unattached, and started for the front as correspondent of the *Chicago Times* and other papers. Not long after Mr. Pomeroy reached the front, his correspondence underwent a change. It was filled with denunciations of the commanders of the Union forces, not

til their author was sent under escort to the rear. He came home, and his attacks were more virulent than ever. Such was the excitement over his editorials that the *Democrat* office was like a fortress under siege. During this time, Mr. Pomeroy was in hiding in the woods, forty miles away. When "copy" was wanted, a messenger was sent to Mr. Pomeroy's hiding-place. All the editorial work was not done by Mr. Pomeroy by any means. The sentence which more than any other thing made Mr. Pomeroy famous and rich was written by an editorial writer he had employed. This was the sentence hoping that if President Lincoln did not keep the pledges made by him in his second inaugural some during his hand would strike a poniard into his breast. When Lincoln was assassinated, a few weeks afterward, this editorial, which was laid at Mr. Pomeroy's door, was reprinted by Charles Seymour, now and for many years consul at Canton, in his paper, the *La Crosse Republican*. A mob gathered with the avowed purpose of lynching Mr. Pomeroy, but the attempt fell through. The editorial caught the eye of Horace Greeley, and he printed it in black type on the editorial page of the *Tribune*. This was about the time that communications were again opened up with the South, and the *Tribune* publication was the best advertisement that Mr. Pomeroy and his paper could possibly have had. Every one in the South who had money enough left to pay a subscription at once sent it in. The circulation of the paper crept up until it passed the one hundred thousand mark, which was an immense circulation for those days.

Following the example of one of the American magazines, *Punch* is going to erect its work-shops, and houses for its employees, in the country. Tunbridge, Kent, near old Tunbridge Wells, is the situation chosen.

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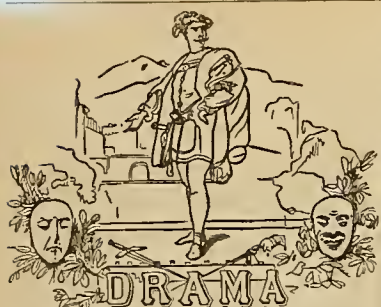
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It is a pity that Mr. Mansfield's taste and talent lean so much to the depicting of agony. He likes the luxury of woe and delights in representing the soul's sufferings. He does it realistically, working from the heart and brain outward, but a little of such agony, scraped thin over a whole season, is enough for most people. A few performances of "The Scarlet Letter" would have answered without "Rodion the Student," or a few performances of "Rodion" would have done without "The Scarlet Letter."

"Crime and Punishment" is a great book without dramatic possibilities. Its greatness is not the greatness that fits it for the stage. It is a book of the mind, not of the emotions. It is a minute and detailed study of the evolution of an idea in an overwrought brain. Though it is horrible, it is not morbid, because it is dominated by the cold and serene realism of the Russian writers. There is no feeling shown; there is no sacrifice of truth for effect. In the overwhelming ugliness of the tale, there is no attempt to over-color or exaggerate. Even the murder of the two women is told with a calmly stoical adherence to bare fact and cold detail that, stripping it of cheap ghastliness, intensifies its terrors. The idiot, entering quietly from another room, surprises the assassin at his work. There is no screaming and no struggle. Only, as she sees his purpose in his eyes, she lifts one arm with the instinctive protest of an animal and holds it over her head, looking at him with helpless fear.

The tremendous drama of the story, slowly unwinding its gloomy length through page after page of augmenting horror, has struck the playwright as being tragic enough for stage adaptation. In this he has made a mistake which a writer of theatrical experience never should have made. It was all mental, not stage drama. It was the drama of a thought's growth, not the drama of action and emotion. From the moment when the student conceives the idea of the murder, on through his gradual acceptance of that idea, his acquiescence in it, its final entire possession of him, till it holds him in its grasp, the story is nothing but a minute psychological study.

Noble passages in the book, scenes replete with a passionate human sympathy with those who have sinned and suffered, have captivated the playwright and have been dragged in and colored up to meet the requirements of the star-play and the audience, which star and dramatist will persist in regarding as a collective assembly of idiots. There is a strange scene in the book where Sonia and Rodion read together the story of the Magdalen. Nobody would allow its appearance on the stage as it was written, not because it is in any way offensive, but because it is too fine for the stage. It comes in bashed up to command that human sympathy which players and playwrights are so fond of talking about and so rarely understand. The murderer and the Magdalen read the story of the possibility of redemption. Both are of the world's elect and yet have sinned irrevocably. Drama, contrast, moral lesson, are ignored. A true scene is truly depicted, and the effect is sedately impressive.

Mr. Meltzer and the French gentlemen from whom he borrowed help are gayly oblivious to the laws of truth and reality. They wanted to make a play for a star—how much good dramatic material has been ruined that way! First they studied the talents of the star. Then they turned their attention to that craving for having its human sympathies excited that is the popular tradition about an audience. Then they made a play. A little touching up here and there made Sonia a stage-creature and utterly obliterated her tragic importance. The interest of the audience had to be focused upon Rodion. To do this, Sonia is given a regular Bowery scene with the wicked usurer, in which she offers to sell him her dead mother's last gift of a gold locket, and proudly repulses the offer of a wealthy admirer. Rodion overhears this conversation. His last scruples as to the sin of killing the usurer vanish, and, armed with a pick-axe, he goes into the old man's rooms and crushes in his skull.

After this comes the awakening of the conscience that the student had never calculated upon. But in a play one can not have the workings of involved mental processes set out clearly before one as they are set out in a book. Rodion's conscience works in jerks. It is an episodic conscience. It seems also to affect his physical well-being in an unusual manner. He shakes as they shake in parts of New Jersey where malaria is worse than it is anywhere else in the country. It is wonderful that Rodion does not shake himself out of his clothes. His legs become stiffened, and he drags the left

one in a way that would surprise Henry Irving. Mr. Mansfield is an artist in Beau Brummell and Baron Chevalier. In Rodion, he is melodramatic, untruthful, and exaggerated. It is as if the falseness of the play affected him and made him false in sympathy. The whole piece is disjointed, clumsy, and clap-trap, and, worse than this, Mr. Mansfield is affected, untruthful, and forced.

Apart from the unsuitableness of the book for dramatic purposes, such a play as might have been made has been ruined by the forced prominence given to the leading part. Mr. Meltzer arranged "Rodion the Student" for Mr. Mansfield, and thereby spoiled what merit was in it. The first act of the play is capital. There is movement and picturesqueness. The scene in the wine-shop, with the knots of students at the tables, the fragments of conversation, the harsh word or coarse comment thrown into the talk by the hostess from her station in the bar, the bustling jollity and rough jests of the kindly servant-maid—all make up an ensemble that has that power of evoking interest which is so essential to the opening of play or novel.

But as soon as the star begins to rise, all the satellites vanish. Before it is well into the second act, everybody but Rodion has been cut down to nothing, and Rodion is left monarch of all he surveys. From that on we watch him in various stages of gloom and despair. It is dreadful to have to say such things of Mr. Mansfield, but before the play is up we are tired of his pallid countenance and his stiff left leg, and his unspeakable, unutterable, ineradicable anguish. Really, if the truth were told, most people would say that they thought Johnstone Bennett carried off the honors of the evening. She was such a relief, with her bluff, normal, every-day good nature. Beside, she did not languish under a weight of sin like everybody else. She was a mere healthy, fat, easy-going inn servant, but she was very enlivening. The way, alone, that she opened the Dutch stove and warmed her feet in it was cheering; it suggested such a clear conscience and tranquil poise of mind.

The fourth act is mostly dumb show and monologue. It is all Mansfield agonizing, with a touch of Harkins thrown in to keep things going. Mr. Mansfield never was allowed one moment's respite from his horror and his pain; but his mother and a police spy were permitted to appear upon the scene to divert the channel of his sufferings. And when they both left the stage, he suffered on strenuously, remorselessly, determinedly. He saw ghostly figures and heard ghostly footsteps. He heard a cuckoo-clock, and that gave him a dreadful shock and caused him to act the murder all over in dumb show. When, in the fifth act, he finally determined to kill himself, it was a distinct relief. Even Sonia must have been glad to get rid of such a depressing person.

Mr. Mansfield is too much of an artist to waste more time on this sort of stuff. He also ought to be too much of an artist to require his own character to dominate a play so completely as to rob every other figure in the piece of interest and prominence. This is carrying the star system a little too far. We have seldom seen a drama so openly focused upon one single figure as "Rodion the Student" is upon its hero. This is very injurious to the piece, as no play, however well done, is interesting without a well-defined thread of story holding it together. Sonia, the mother, the police spy, made more prominent, more closely knit into the main story, might have kept "Rodion the Student" alive for a season or two longer. Makers of dramas, especially those who write about them, ought to remember that "that human sympathy" they are so fond of talking about wants a story to expend itself upon. Five acts of one man's agony is a bore, even though that man be the best actor of his class in the country.

Base-Ball for Charity.

A game of base-ball between nines from the University Club and the University of California will be played at Central Park this (Saturday) afternoon. The game will be played under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Mercantile Library Association, and for the benefit of the library. The social prominence of the players, as well as the excellent object to be benefited by the charity, has already insured a large attendance, and an interesting game is expected. The two nines are composed as follows:

UNIVERSITY CLUB—Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, manager; Mr. Alfred Cohen, captain; Mr. William Magee, Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. Arthur Allen, Lieutenant W. R. Smedburg, U. S. A., Mr. George Greenwood, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Lawson Adams, Mr. Fred P. Howard, Mr. Harry Knowles, and Mr. Milton Latbam.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—Mr. Bernard Miller, manager; Mr. Johnson, captain; Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Martin, Mr. Hennessey, Mr. McClaren, Mr. Elston, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Hoag, and Mr. Giddins.

Game will be called at two o'clock sharp.

There is no more delightful way to spend Sunday than to make an excursion to El Campo. The handsome steamer *Ukiah* makes four trips there and back every Sunday, and music, dancing, rowing, fishing, and other amusements make the day pass delightfully.

—NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY, BETTER hairdressing than I do for 25c. is impossible. Lederer, 111 Stockton Street.

The Theatre Hat.

[The Ohio legislature has passed a law forbidding women to wear large hats at the theatres of Cincinnati.—*Press Dispatch.*]

Happy, happy Cincinnati! this, indeed, is gleeful news. That we lately in the papers have been able to peruse: That you've risen in your anger—whilst poor we have only fumed—

And the cart-wheel hat of fashion in your theatres have doomed.

Yes, henceforward, as we gather, when you go to see a play, No vast disk of straw or velvet will be flapping in your way;

No outrageous tufts of feathers, and no Brobdingnagian bows In your eyes will now be bobbing, or embarrassing your nose!

The hold actions of the hero will no more for you be blurr'd By a nodding bunch of grasses or a wired and wobbly bird;

And you will not have, henceforward, for the heroine to hunt Through a crowded bed of flowers on the lady's head in front!—*London Truth.*

Y. M. C. A. AUDITORIUM.

CORNER MASON AND ELLIS STREET.

Wednesday Evening, April 29th, at 8:15.

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The Wonderful Child Pianist.

Admission, 50 cts. and \$1.00. No reserved seats. Tickets on sale at the principal music stores and at the Auditorium on the evening of the concert.

GOLDEN GATE HALL,

April 30th, at 8:15 P. M.

A CONCERT will be given to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr prior to her departure for England. The following artists will assist: Miss S. Newland, Mr. W. E. Bacheller, Mr. Desmond, the San Francisco Quartet, a Double Quartet from the Loring Club, Mr. Beel, Mr. Josephs, and Mr. Jaulus.

Tickets (including Reserved Seat).....50 cents Now to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

MECHANICS' PAVILION,

May 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1896.

PACIFIC KENNEL CLUB'S FIFTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW.

Admission, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents. Office, 628 Market Street, San Francisco.

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FLOOR WAX

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

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-- BLUE BEARD --

Last Times of the Pretty Ballets, the Novel Specialties, the Coster-Song Medley, the Medley of Negro Airs, the Beautiful Scenic Pictures, the Gorgeous Electrical Display, the Wondrous Rays of Light Dances.

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In Preparation.....UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

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Monday Next, Third and Last Week of

-- RICHARD MANSFIELD --

And His New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company.

Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday Evenings, "A Parisian Romance," Wednesday Evening, "The Story of Rodion, the Student," Thursday Evening, "Beau Brummell," Friday Evening (only performance), "The Scarlet Letter," Saturday Matinee, "Prince Karl."

Monday, May 4th--EDDIE FOY in The Strange Adventure of Miss Brown.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED)... PROPRIETORS

A Great Big Hit! Next Week, Monday, April 27th, Second and Last Week of

-- ROLAND REED --

Monday, May 4th--PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS.

THE AUDITORIUM.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLIEB & CO., LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Commencing Monday, April 27th. Every Evening Including Sunday. Two Matinees, Saturday and Sunday.

PROF. D. M. BRISTOL'S

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A Most Astonishing and Wonderful Exhibition.

Reserved Seats, 15c., 25c., and 50c. Children at Matinees, 10 cents.

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Monday Evening, April 27th,

-- LADY LIL --

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLIEB & CO., LESSEES AND MANAGERS

SIX GRAND PERFORMANCES.

Beginning Monday Evening, April 27th; Tuesday Evening, April 28th; Thursday Evening, April 30th; Friday Evening, May 1st; Saturday Matinee, May 2d; Sunday Evening, May 3d.

Introducing here for the First Time,

-- RIVARDE --

The Great Spanish Violinist, Assisted by

M. AIME LACHAUME, the Pianist; MR.

WM. H. KEITH, Baritone. Grand Orchestra

of forty selected musicians. Mr. H. J. Stewart, Conductor. John Marquardt, Concert Master.

Prices--50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

NOTE--At the Thursday evening concert, by request, MR. DONALD DE V. GRAHAM will be the vocal soloist.

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THE POPULAR BAY RESORT.

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Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25 cents; children, 15 cents, including admission to the grounds.

The Steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon

Ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Mansfield's Last Week.

Richard Mansfield and his New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company begin their third and last week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night with "A Parisian Romance," in which Mr. Mansfield appears as the Baroo Chevalier. It was in this rôle that he made his first great hit as a character actor. The haron was one of the minor personages of the play, but Mr. Mansfield's wonderful impersonation of the old *roué* made it the most prominent in the cast, and it remains his greatest creation. "A Parisian Romance" will be repeated on Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

"The Story of Rodion, the Student," will be given again on Wednesday night, "Beau Brummell" will be seen on Thursday, and "The Scarlet Letter" will be given its only presentation of this season on Friday. The Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Pricce Karl."

Last Nights of "Blue Beard."

"Blue Beard" is in its last nights at the Tivoli Opera House. The spectacle has been one of the most brilliant ever produced there, comparing favorably in many respects with those given at the higher-priced theatres, and the "second edition" now being presented is even more popular than the first. One of its distinctive features is the medley of coster songs in the third act. Some of them have been heard before, but Chevalier's presence in New York has given them a new vogue, and the Tivoli is consequently well to the fore in popularizing them. The new dance of the De Fillippis, "Apres le Bal," and new specialties by Gilbert and Goldie are also prominent in the entertainment.

Planquette's pretty opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," is to follow "Blue Beard," and then come Dellinger's "Lorraine" and the musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Roland Reed in "The Politician."

The rôle of Colonel Josiah Limber in "The Politician," now being presented at the California Theatre, affords free scope for Roland Reed's peculiar abilities as a comedian. It presents, in slightly caricatured form, a distinctly American type, the man whose long career in petty politics has made him fertile in expedient, and reduced his moral sense to a mere rudimentary condition; and yet he retains the same magnetic quality that endeared Colonel Sellers to the play-going public. The play sets forth his scheming to elect a retired business man to Congress, a plan that meets with failure, but, by way of compensation, in the end the politician wins the hand of a twentieth-century woman—played in striking costumes by Miss Isadore Rush.

"The Politician" will be continued all next week, and on Monday, May 4th, Primrose & West's Minstrels will begin an engagement at this theatre.

Congreve by Student Amateurs.

Congreve's comedy, "Love for Love," will be performed at the Columbia Theatre next Saturday evening, May 2d, by a company of amateurs from the University of California at Berkeley. The old comedy has been revised for modern presentation by Professor L. Dupont Syle, and the prologue and epilogue by Isaac Flagg. In this form it was performed in Berkeley last week, and the attendant success was so great that this second presentation in a San Francisco theatre was decided on at once. The proceeds of the entertainment will go to the fund for the English Department Library.

Remarkable Trained Horses.

Professor D. M. Bristol's Eques-Curriculum begins a week's engagement at the Auditorium on Monday evening. This is an entertainment given by thirty trained horses, mules, and ponies, and it is said to be remarkable in many of the feats presented. In the opening part, the animals form themselves into a school and perform various difficult tasks assigned them. One of the horses, Sultan, a handsome, high-spirited animal, tells the time of day and works sums in arithmetic, and the next most important scholar is Denver, a philosophic mule and the comedian of the troupe. In the second part, feats of skill are performed, including tight-rope walking by a diminutive donkey named Dynamite. The entertainment concludes with a military drill in which all the animals participate.

There will be performances every evening during the week and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

An Austrian Military Drama.

The "post-office play" at Morosco's Grand Opera House, "Special Delivery," has more than satisfied the audiences there, the scene in the delivery department of the New York post-office, with its many songs and specialties by the members of the company, affording much amusement. The draw-bridge scene in the fourth act is also much applauded. "Special Delivery" will be continued through Sunday night.

On Monday Miss Lisle Leigh will appear in the

title-rôle of the Austrian military play, "Lady Lil," which Lillian Lewis first produced in this country. The scene is laid in Bohemia during the Prussian invasion of 1866, and one act shows the bombardment of the Bohemian Truhban by moonlight. The third and fourth acts take place behind the scenes in a circus, with a view of the menagerie, and one exciting incident here is an attack by a tiger. The cast of characters will be as follows:

Colomba, Lisle Leigh; Ada, Julia Blanc; Marie, Florence Tropp; Colonel Severin de Rohan, Darrell Vintoo; Major Hassan, Fred Butler; Buryan, Frank Hatch; Israel Bolossy, Charles W. Swain; General Brezina, J. Harry Benrimo; Lieutenant O'Kala, Edward Browning; Vidocq, Hugh Ward; Corporal Johano, Clement Hopkins; Luigi, E. J. Holden; Buda, Eugene Moore; Yellack, George Nicholls; Harlek, Fred Fairbanks; First Nun, Fanny Warren; Second Nun, Helo Hathaway.

Notes.

There are seventy-one persons in Primrose & West's Minstrel Company.

Eddie Foy is to star next season in a comedy in which the X-ray is an important factor.

John Drew's engagement at the Baldwin will come in June. He will present his new comedy, "The Squire of Dames," during his stay.

Edwin Stevens, who began his theatrical career at the Tivoli, is now in the Augustin Daly Company, and will be seen as General Suvatscheff in "The Countess Gucki" when they come to the Baldwin.

Robert Mantell will be seen at the California Theatre next month. During his engagement he will present an entirely new play, in addition to "Monbars," "The Face in the Moonlight," and "The Corsican Brothers."

The Empire Stock Company, from New York, will begin an engagement at the Baldwin on July 27th. The opening play will be "Bohemia," the dramatization of Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," which reached its fiftieth representation in New York a few days ago.

Maxine Elliott, the present prize-beauty of the Augustin Daly Company, has signed an engagement to play leading rôles with the Frawley Company next season. It is hinted in the East that she has done this in order to secure a legal residence in the West and obtain a divorce from her husband.

Irene Perry has just secured a divorce from her husband, Al. Weher, formerly of the piano firm, and already there are rumors of her forthcoming marriage to Lowell Brown, a wealthy young man who, it is said, has been in the audience at the Broadway Theatre every night since Miss Perry's engagement there began.

Primrose & West's Minstrel Company, which will succeed Roland Reed at the California Theatre, week after next, is one of the oldest organizations of its kind. The proprietors celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary as minstrels, a few weeks ago in New York, and the fruits of their long experience are apparent in the elaborate scale on which the entertainment is organized. Among the noted performers in the company are Alex. Cameron, George Wilson, James Wall, A. W. Hulme, W. H. Windom, and the boy-singer, Master Eddie.

Eddie Foy is to follow Richard Mansfield at the Baldwin. The play in which he appears is "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," which resembles "Charley's Aunt," in that the principal man has to disguise himself in female apparel, and thereby gets himself and his friends into a peck of trouble. In this disguise he becomes an inmate of a girls' school, and, as they discover the deception at once, but do not let him know it, the situations are very amusing. "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" has had a long run in London.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A European Mother on the Chastity Question.

21, RUE DE LA JUSTICE, ANTWERP, BELGIUM, April 4, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your good paper—in fact, superior paper—has given me weekly pleasure by reading it for several years, and very many times I have been inclined to send a few words of comment, but have refrained, fearing my sentiments might be thought too European. But the article signed "Mother," in the *Argonaut* of March 9th, has amused and struck me as remarkable to such an extent that I must put to you the question I can not solve.

Why do European mothers abhor giving our girls as husbands inexperienced men, and shudder at the idea of the chosen man not having had any further knowledge of the making up of life than the girl?

Our highest ideal of wedlock is the girl having been kept from any and all circumstances that might awake in her mind the thought that evil could exist. She must neither know of it by sight or hearing, confiding in every one around her and never having been alone, but shielded from any and every indication of evil. The man, on the contrary, brought up to feel himself a soldier, must guide and guard and know how to protect his all-confiding treasure, the woman who looks to him for superior strength, and must be able by his experience to give entire protection on all sides. Now how could he do this were he to have had no more experience than the girl?

It is a proved fact to me that men become tired of their wives when those wives become indifferent to protection and confidence, when they feel that in no way do they need a husband's guidance, but are quite man's equal. What sort of a man would not thus tire? But try a husband on the truthful points of ever feeling he must advise, protect, and guide almost every thought of value. Once he is sure his knowledge and presence are on all

sides required, and has been made to feel the importance of his position by the confidence and reliance shown, then his own interests will be so at stake that his steps will follow where his heart takes him. Men are inclined to stop where they feel they are of some good; and, although their hearts are big, they are cootest with a little, and love with love where they get it.

Complimenting again your exceptionally high-class paper, I am, sincerely yours, MME. —.

Corporal Punishment for Wife-Beaters.

ALAMEDA, April 20, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In January, 1895, the senate and assembly of the State of New York enacted a law to amend its penal code, whereby wife-beaters might be subjected to corporal punishment; this act to take immediate effect. This sounds well.

Moses's law was forty-nine stripes save one. This was at a time in the world's history when it was not possible to have stone walls and iron gates for the incarceration of criminals. Therefore, they must needs expedite the matter by the infliction of corporal punishment at once, and have done with the expense. If a thing thousands of years ago answered a good purpose, why supersede it with a more expensive method? To allow a man to lie in sullen idleness in a costly mansion with his food and raiment provided him by the State, is too much of a luxury, and no great punishment for a brutish wife-beater. A dog-wheel, with eight hours' heavy treading, two modest meals of bread and milk, or, better, one meal of beans, with bread and meat, might be a good discipline; but a thorough thrashing would get up a healthier reaction for this class of criminals. A lash made of tent-canvas strips, an inch wide, well wetted in ice-water, would be capital! AARON BACHELOR.

Some Appreciative Subscribers.

TUCSON, PIMA COUNTY, A. T., April 13, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find money-order, for which please send me the *Argonaut*, the foremost publication of them all. Admirably, J. S. REDNOCH.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH., April 14, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read the *Argonaut* for many years and in different countries. I think it wears better than any journal I have known. I wish not more, but continued trenchancy and grace to your pen. WILLIAM KER.

MOSHER & McDONALD,
WHOLESALE LUMBER AND SHINGLES,
TIMBER LANDS AND LOGS.

SEATTLE, WASH., April 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find check for four dollars, in payment of ensuing year's subscription to the *Argonaut*. I can conscientiously say that the *Argonaut* has become in this household a positive necessity.

Yours truly, W. A. McDONALD.

U. H. DUDLEY & Co., BROKERS,

COR. HUDSON AND DUANE STREETS,
NEW YORK, April 17, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your editorials on the Cuban question and modern journalism are highly appreciated after one has attempted to wade through columns of "mire" while searching for useful information. Change the *Argonaut* from weekly to daily.

B. F. STONE.

Are We an Anglo-Saxon Nation?

DETROIT, April 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I see in your article on Cuba, in the *Argonaut* of April 6th, you assert that we are an Anglo-Saxon nation. Will you kindly explain what you mean by "Anglo-Saxon"? I had been under the impression that the only pure Anglo-Saxons left in this country were the Crackers, who inhabit the mountains in certain portions of the South. Very respectfully,

GEORGE E. MILLER,
A Pennsylvania Dutchman.

—THE CROWDS WHO DAILY TAKE ADVANTAGE of the facilities offered by the Lurline Baths, on the corner of Larkin and Bush Streets, in their Russian bath annex, attest the popularity of the new departure, and endorse the wisdom of the management. The price of admission has been fixed at the very low price of 50 cents, and this entitles the bather to the privileges of the tank as well as the Russian bath with the needle shower. The tank is filled with fresh sea-water every night.

—EYE-GLASSES WHICH FIT THE FACE PERFECTLY and are almost invisible. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Victorien Sardou

the Celebrated Author

writes of

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THE IDEAL TONIC:

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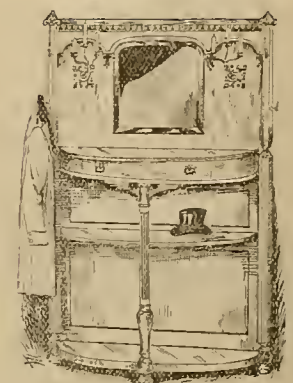
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Polished oak or Old Flemish.

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EVANS' ALE.

Looking Backward

to the good old days one wonders how the colonial housewife succeeded at all without

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

This famous preparation is one of the greatest boons science has ever given woman. It has been the means of giving her the leisure she rightfully deserves. There are thousands of thoughtful, thrifty housewives to-day who would hardly know how to begin without the aid of GOLD DUST. Get a package and look backward to the days of hard work. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

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VANITY FAIR.

A wave of morality seems to be sweeping over Paris. It is time. Jeanne Samary, who has not been noted for prudishness, has just started a "Théâtre Blanc," or theatre for young girls. The poor girls have hitherto had no dramatic temple in Paris whither they could go. Sardou has also astonished the Parisians by striking out some coarse expressions played in the months of the *clayennes* in his play of "Thermidor" at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre. These expressions are supposed to squint at the maternity of Fabienne, the young *religieuse*. Some young ladies of high position in Paris wrote to the dramatist, telling him that these expressions prevented their parents from allowing them to go to the play, and requesting their excision. The dramatist complied, and now young women can go to see "Thermidor."

Vogue, which is doubtless an expert on such matters, says: "The modern garter is a mere ruching of real blossoms matching the balayouse, or inside flounce of all our evening dresses, and which is made of highly perfumed flowers, with a view of our wafting with every motion an intoxicating scent about us." This is important if true.

At last the day has been fixed for the coronation of the Czar. The ceremony will take place on May 26th. The festivities, however, begin on May 18th, the emperor's birthday, and last until June 6th, the birthday of the empress. The full imperial regalia will be taken with the gilt state carriages from the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and conveyed by special trains to Moscow. The coronation will take place in the Imperial Palace, in the Kremlin. This famous structure contains seven hundred apartments. All of the domes, spires, and cupolas of the many churches in Moscow are being regilded. The city is already filling up, all of the hotels have let all their rooms, and now the householders are letting rooms to the hotel-keepers at high prices.

Among the new fashions for men there is a vast number of loud checks which show the influence of golf clothes. The demand for golf clothes is increasing. It is estimated that for every man who plays golf there will be fifteen other men wearing golf clothes this summer. It is expected, however, that a great many men will learn golf as soon as they learn to wear the golf clothes.

The passage of the anti-hat bill in Ohio has again aroused discussion on this burning question. Such has been the agitation that there is no doubt fewer women wear big hats and high hats to the theatres. Most of them wear small hats, and if they wear big hats, take them off. In fact, one profound philosopher is quoted as saying that "in the theatre a woman's good breeding is in inverse proportion to the size of her hat." But there is another subject akin to the hat, which is feelingly commented upon by Manager McVicker, of Abbey's Theatre, New York. He speaks of the aigrette, "that fuzzy thing so many ladies are wearing nowadays." It is almost invisible at first, and when she seats herself, you do not realize your plight. But the aigrette begins to dance, and bob, and flutter, and every time you try to see the stage, you see nothing but a cage-like, kaleidoscopic effect. However, if lovely woman wears nothing worse than the aigrette, man will be content.

In a recent number of one of the London illustrated weeklies, there is a flash-light photo of a banquet given to Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., on his retirement from the leadership of the Anti-Parnellite party. It is not probable that the Anti-Parnellite party typifies the highest social swiftness in Great Britain; but, none the less, one would imagine that in London a banquet given to the leader of a political party by politicians and other public men would conform to the usages of polite society in clothes. Therefore the flash-light photo is interesting. There are about one hundred and fifty figures, men and women, in the picture, and there is apparently only one layman who is not in evening clothes, an individual wearing a suit of tweed ditto. It is true there are a number of Catholic priests in the picture, but as they never wear evening clothes, they do not count. But on the *côté des dames*, matters are different. A careful inspection of the picture fails to show many women in low-cut gowns. In fact, the number is small. The majority of them wear what would be called calling costumes in America, and a great many of them are in shirt waists. It is evident that this banquet, while it may have been made up of leading men, was not made up of fashionable women.

Mrs. Burnett's new novel, "A Lady of Quality," is attracting much attention. Miss Clorinda Wildair, the heroine, is represented as a "young woman of fashion" of the time of Queen Anne, and it is interesting to note how very different young women of fashion were at that time from those of ours. Miss Clorinda was accustomed to delight her father's sporting and sometimes drunken guests by her dazzling beauty, her racy conversation, and her repertoire of rather *risqué* songs.

For example: "When the men trooped into the black wainscoted dining-hall, they found their audacious young hostess awaiting them in greater and more daring beauty than they had ever before beheld. She wore knee-breeches of white satin, a pink satin coat embroidered with silver roses, white silk stockings, and shoes with great buckles of brilliants, revealing a leg so round and strong and delicately molded, and a foot so arched and slender as surely never before, they swore one and all, woman had had to display. She met them standing jauntily astride upon the hearth, her back to the fire, and she greeted each one as he came with some pretty impudence." The author goes on to say that, as the young lady is sixteen, she decides that this had better be her last fling in male garb, and, from the modern point of view, the reader must agree. Even in these bloomer days, young ladies of quality, dressed in satin small-clothes and silk stockings, receiving gentlemen in the drawing-room, would be rather startling.

As the days are approaching when people will go into the country for the summer and will return with sunburned noses and the "hue of health," it is interesting to know that it is not heat which causes sunburn, but "the penetration of reflected luminous rays to the deeper tissues beneath the skin." Motherfamilies used to think it a sign of health in her offspring (says James Payn), when they returned, "brown as berries, bless them!" from their annual trip to the country. The family doctor knew better, and smiled professionally in his sleeve. A learned doctor has been investigating sunburn, and finds it produced by penetrating light-rays, and not by heat at all. The face of the victim he found to be not only swollen, but pitted, and at the bottom of each pit the microscope disclosed to him a freckle! This doctor says that no protection is so satisfactory as the use of pigments. This is true. The simplest kinds, like vaseline or other harmless unguents, will tend to prevent sunburn.

Again the disquieting rumor is running around that the tall silk hat is about to disappear. It seems to have begun this time in London, where people are writing to the *Times* urging the Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, to discard the tall hat. But we do not think the attempt will succeed. Ugly and cumbersome as the tall hat is, it will always endure. It lengthens a short man and sets off a tall one. It has been worn in various shapes for several centuries, and will continue to be worn. Such is the variety of costumes worn nowadays by men, owing to the wide-spread rage for outdoor life—golf, driving, riding, athletics, etc.—there is equal diversity of headgear, which can account for the falling off in the sales of silk hats. But the silk hat can not be killed.

The costumes worn on the stage nowadays by leading ladies are by no means made of imitation materials. Some of them are very costly. The costume worn by Elsie de Wolfe in the third act of "Bohemia" is of cloth of gold, the skirt open in front over a white satin petticoat silver embroidered. The manager paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for it. Miss Allen's principal costume in "Michael and his Lost Angel" cost eight hundred dollars. Miss Allen's outfit in "John-a-Dreams" was very modest, but one of the wraps that she wore for a few moments cost two hundred dollars. In "The Transit of Leo," at Daly's, the little group of ladies who are the guests in the first act cost Mr. Daly the snug sum of six thousand dollars for what he considered appropriate raiment. The "extra ladies," who took part in the ball-room scene in "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy, wore five thousand dollars' worth of hall-gowns. One of Isabel Irving's dresses, as Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda," cost six hundred dollars, and the outfit for all the costumes of the play amounted to over four thousand dollars.

Among the peculiarities of village "sociables," one of the most extraordinary was a "foot social," at Sufferin, N. Y. It was given to pay off the deficit in the salary of the pastor of the Methodist

church. The "sociable" took place in the lecture-room of the church. A curtain was placed at the rear of the hall. C. G. Wiley, superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided, and announced that he would have a "Trilby auction." The young women were to thrust each a shapely foot from under the curtain, and the young men were to bid for them. The one who made the highest offer was to have the honor of escorting the owner of the foot to supper. It was not exactly a Trilby social, because all the young women wore shoes. The foot which brought the highest bidding was clad in an Oxford tie, with a silver buckle, and had a black stocking above it, with dainty white clocks. The bidding was quite spirited, and a young man from Patterson—who, it was said, had been to New York city several times—raised it from forty to fifty-five cents. The Patterson young man won. The net receipts of the auction sale were seven dollars and twenty-one cents.

Sunday, the twelfth of April, was a beautiful day in New York, and it seemed to have been, by tacit agreement, picked out as the opening of the bicycle season there on the boulevard. Between ten A. M. and one P. M. it was estimated that there were six thousand riders skimming over the asphalt upon the boulevard. A Sunday crowd is, of course, not so much up-to-date in fashions as is the week-day crowd, but one of the most notable things about this bicycle opening was the fact that while there were many women in bloomers, there were many more women in skirts. In fact, the number of women wearing bloomers is notably diminished since last season. It looks as if the skirt were crowding the bloomer off the path.

An amateur circus was given at Orange, N. J., by the Orange Riding and Driving Club on Saturday night, April 11th. There was the usual display of amateur riding by the men, but the Orange society ladies did not appear in the ring. Lieutenant Arthur von Leonardi, the director of the club, wanted them to appear, but they objected and said that they would prefer to be mere lookers-on. In order to diversify the programme, the director decided to engage some professional female talent, and Señorita Towandes appeared. She was an excellent rider, but she made her appearance in close-fitting trunks and blue silk tights, which seemed to horrify the lady members of the club. They have stated with much indignation that, after having asked them to appear in the ring as amateur performers, it was insulting to them to have a professional appear, particularly in blue silk tights. The result is that the Orange Riding and Driving Club is "all torn up."

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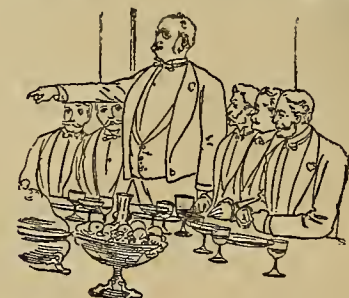
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"I would like a place that doesn't require much work," a young mao is quoted in the *Youth's Companion* as saying to Henry Ward Beecher. "Well," he replied, "I know of no place for you but the grave."

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson relates in his autobiographical "Confidences" that his uncle used to say that "you could not widen the mouth of a Locker without injury to his ears." One day at Malta, this frank old gentleman asked a stranger who had just landed to take wine with him, and expressed his obligation for the favor by saying: "Yesterday, sir, I was the ugliest man in all Malta?"

During the Franco-Prussian War, Napoleon the Third gave orders that no war correspondents should accompany the French troops, for the reason that "the effects of our mitrailleuses will be so terrible, and those writers will make such descriptions of them, that our battles will impress people as mere massacres, and everybody will have a horror of them." A reporter of *Le Figaro*, Alfred d'Aunay, was so indignant at the emperor's order, that he exclaimed, "Very well, then; we shall not puff this war!"

One night, when the audience in a small town was especially bad, Sarah Bernhardt, bored by the small size of the audience and its stupidity, resolved to make the most of it. The play was "Camille." But instead of speaking the lines as Dumas wrote them, Sarah made up the play as she went along, interpolating such opinions as, from minute to minute, she had of the audience. She called them unutterable things, and in a highly dramatic way. The innocents applauded these sentiments vigorously, upon which she called them something worse.

There is a stock story of a New Hampshire man who is fond of telling thrilling tales of his deeds of valor during the Civil War. "Well, now, there's one thing I should really like to know," said one of his neighbors, after listening to a particularly incredible tale; "I should really like to know how many of them gray-coated fellows Hiram did actually and of a fact make away with, and, as it were, kill." "I don't know for certain," spoke up another neighbor; "but it appears in me that when you come right down to hard-pan, Hiram probably killed just about as many of them as they did of him!"

"Eöthen" Kinglake was a great friend of Mme. Olga de Novikoff during her sojourn in England, where one feature of her entertainments was afternoon musicals to which none but dilettanti were invited. On one occasion Kinglake presented himself, and as an intimate of the house was admitted. He retired to a corner and listened attentively. Madame was surprised, but pleased, and approaching him, said: "Which order of music do you prefer, my friend—classic, Italian, or the Wagnerian school? I fancy you do not know our great Glinka?" "I assuredly am fond of music," he answered, "but my taste is, perhaps, peculiar. As an instrument, I prefer the drum." Madame took measures to prevent his being admitted to these assemblies again.

Bessie Chaudler, the writer of stories and verses for children, is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, of the navy. At one time in their family they had a little negro boy who was not very busy, and spent his spare time idling about the rooms where the ladies sat. They would puzzle their wits to keep the boy at work. One day, Mrs. Chandler was busy and sent Johnny into the next room. "You may take your slate and pencil," she said, "and write me a letter." The boy obeyed. By and by there came a shrill call: "Please, missus, I've got it wrote. It says: 'DEAR MISSUS—Kio I go down to the tennis-court and see them play tennis? Respectfully yours, JOHNNY.'" Mrs. Chaudler was not ready to admit him as yet, so she replied: "Oh, well; write me a postscript." Again a silence, so prolonged that finally she went into the room to investigate. There was no boy there. The slate lay on the chair face upward. She read the message he had first called out, and underneath it this addition: "P. S.—I have went."

Rudyard Kipling gives out this explanation of the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy: A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'" It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They

will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been some amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."

While the late James H. Beard, father of Dan Beard, the artist, was painting a portrait of Zachary Taylor, he said to him: "Well, general, I suppose you are to be our next President?" "I hope not," grunted the bluff old hero; "no military man has any business in the Presidential chair, but if they offer it to me, I suppose I'll be — fool enough to accept it." And he was. Shortly after Mr. Beard's marriage to a niece of Colonel Carter, in 1833, he made the Southern campaign tour. Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was the running for Congress. He was defeated by a song, which Beard wrote, and this brought a challenge to a duel. Eighteen hoon companions of the rhymester answered the challenge, and told Marshall that he must fight all of them, singly or all at once, but the eighteen men he must meet! Somehow this duel never came off, and Marshall never afterward alluded to it but once, and that was when he first saw Beard's canvas, "The Last Victim of the Flood." Standing before the painting, Marshall seemed visibly impressed. Finally, drawing himself up to his full height, he turned to the artist, and said: "Beard, you're a mighty good painter, but you're a — poor poet."

A POEM BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A writer in one of the New York papers has been printing some interesting reminiscences of Artemus Ward, in the course of which he brings to light some amusing verses by the famous humorist. Inasmuch as they have not been reprinted for nearly forty years, we reproduce them here. They are entitled "Loss of the Good Ship *Polly Ann*: A Pathetic Nautical Ballad":

"As the good ship *Polly Ann* was sailing
Across the briny, briny sea,
She sprang a leak, and no kind of haling
Could save or would save she;
For she went down to the bottom of the sea—
The sea, the sea, my boys,
With her cargo, and old Captain Grives,
Being the total loss of the good ship *Polly Ann* and
1,400 lives."

"Captain Grives was a gallant old man,
Gallant, gallant was he;
He drank his rum from a large tin pan,
Jovial and jovial was he,
Says he, 'My boys, when the storm was ragin',
'Farewell to our friends and wives,
For we're goin' down in waters very surgin',
Being the total loss of the good ship *Polly Ann* and
1,400 lives!"

"Then up did speak the brave first mate,
And a nice-spoken man was he;
Says he, 'Ere we go I've a suggestion for to make,
To make, to make, says he;
'Ere this vessel goes down and we all do sink,
I propose, propose we all take a drink.'
That's very well said,' says the good Captain Grives.
So he filled up his pan; the brave seafaring men
Proceeded to individually and collectively im-
bibe, and the unfortunate vessel went down,
Being the total loss of the good ship *Polly Ann* and
1,400 lives."

"Previous to which the second mate he spoke,
His name, and his name was Brown;
He says, 'With deep grief do I very nearly choke,
At the idea, the idea of going down—
While ashore my Betsy cleans the dishes,
Likewise the spoons and the knives,
I shall be food for the pesky old fishes.'
And I regret to say that he was; being the total
loss of the good ship *Polly Ann* and fourteen
hundred lives."

"And now young men of high and low degree,
Your attention, your attention I ask;
Never leave the land for a life upon the sea—
'Tis a very, a very sad task;
You'd far better plow, you'd far better mow,
Than to go, to go for a sailor.
Never leave the land—don't a sailing go,
For fear you may sniffer the same melancholy and
harrowing fate that befell the gallant Captain
Grives, his energetic and worthy crew, and the
very valuable cargo on board the ill-fated ves-
sel; being, as I have already informed my
readers, the total loss of the good ship *Polly
Ann* and fourteen hundred lives!"

Ethel—"Why in the world did you send brother
that train of cars and that noisy windmill?"
Buckley (suitor)—"Because we can always tell
where he is."—*New York Herald*.

ECHOES FROM BERLIN.

A Talk Between the Kaiser and His Secretary.

"Have you carefully packed up that silver cup
and dispatched it to Cowes?" "Yes, your maj-
esty."
"Have you looked out a showy decoration for
the acceptance of the Negus?" "Yes, your maj-
esty."
"Have you had a copy of the engraving of my
famous picture framed in diamonds for the Khé-
dive?" "Yes, your majesty."
"Have you selected a diplomatic suit (cocked
hat, sword, breeches, and all) for the use of Pres-
ident Kruger?" "Yes, your majesty."
"Have you forwarded my plan for the Paris Ex-
hibition of 1900 to President Faure?" "Yes,
your majesty."
"Have you mailed my scheme for a new Consti-
tution of the United States of America to President
Cleveland?" "Yes, your majesty."
"Have you posted my pamphlet, 'How to Ride
a High Horse,' to the Emperor of Austria, on the
occasion of his becoming my brother officer in the
British cavalry?" "Yes, your majesty."
"Have you hooded my last sermon to the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, the Emperor of Abyssinia,
General Booth, and the Pope?" "Yes, your
majesty."
"Have you sent my memorandum, 'On the Ex-
traction of the Yolks of Eggs by Suction,' to the
most venerable of my revered relatives?" "Yes,
your majesty."
"Then, after you have filled up a telegram of
congratulation to the winner of the boat-race,
leaving the name blank, you can go to dinner."
"Yes, your majesty."—*Punch*.

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—*Town Topics*.

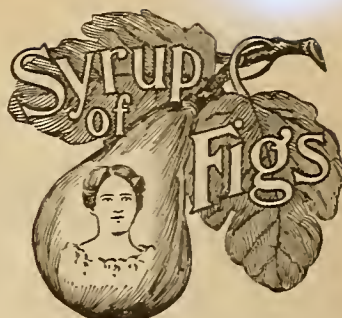
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the knowledge, that so many forms of
sickness are not due to any actual dis-
ease, but simply to a constipated condi-
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family laxative, Syrup of Figs, prompt-
ly removes. That is why it is the only
remedy with millions of families, and is
everywhere esteemed so highly by all
who value good health. Its beneficial
effects are due to the fact, that it is the
one remedy which promotes internal
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all important, in order to get its ben-
eficial effects, to note when you pur-
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and the system is regular, laxatives or
other remedies are then not needed. If
afflicted with any actual disease, one
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SOCIETY.

The McCreary-Crocker Wedding.

At the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, 1609 Sutter Street, her daughter, Miss Fanny E. Crocker, was married last Saturday evening to Mr. Robert Clark McCreary, son of the late Charles McCreary, of Sacramento. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Julia Crocker was the maid of honor, and Mr. W. Douglass, of Sacramento, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. McCreary left on Sunday to make a Southern trip. Their future home will be in Sacramento. They were the recipients of some beautiful wedding-presents.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle Cohn and Mr. Ernest Brandt will take place next Wednesday at noon at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. M. H. de Young, 1919 California Street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

Mrs. A. N. Drown and her daughter, Miss Bernie Drown, gave a matinee tea last Saturday at their residence, 2530 Jackson Street, and entertained about two hundred of their friends.

The Daughters of the American Revolution gave a reception and musicale last Saturday afternoon at the Century Club. A string orchestra rendered musical selections, and refreshments were served. Mrs. C. Elwood Brown read a patriotic essay on the objects of the society, and the following musical numbers were given: Vocal solo, Mrs. Olive Reed; trombone solo, Miss Maud Noble; vocal solo, Miss Henry, of Berkeley; cornet solo, Miss Pearl Noble; trombone and cornet duet, the Misses Noble. There were about one hundred ladies present.

Miss Isabelle Cohn gave a lunch-party last Thursday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California Street, in honor of her maid of honor, Miss Ida Callahan. Sixteen other young ladies were present.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Passed Assistant-Surgeon L. L. Young, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Albatross*, relieving Passed Assistant-Surgeon E. S. Bogert, U. S. N., who has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, is in New York city.

Lieutenant John L. Hayden, First Artillery, U. S. A., will be relieved, on June 23d, from duty at the University of Washington, Seattle, and will join his regiment.

Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Surgeon-General and Mrs. Sternberg, U. S. A., gave a dinner-party recently at their home in Washington, D. C., in honor of Lieutenant-General and Mrs. J. M. Schofield, U. S. A.

General Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A. (retired) is at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has been elected an honorary member of the Union League Club, of New York city.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bureau of Navigation, and will assume command of the *Dolphin* next Thursday.

Lieutenant-Commander F. J. Drake, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Albatross*, and ordered to special duty on the *Oregon*, with a view to detail as executive officer of that vessel.

Lieutenant-Commander J. F. Moser, U. S. N., has been detached from coast survey duty and ordered to command the *Albatross*.

Major John B. Keefer, Paymaster, U. S. A., was retired from active service on April 10th, by operation of law.

Lieutenant L. M. Garrett, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Endeavor* and ordered to the *Albatross* as executive officer.

Lieutenant B. O. Scott, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Albatross*, May 10th, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Ormond M. Lissak, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been ordered to test the powders received at Fort Winfield Scott during April, May, and June.

Lieutenant Harry Taylor, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Seattle, Wash., and report to the Chief of Engineers.

Miss Margaret Skerrett and Mr. David Milne, of Philadelphia, will be married next Wednesday at St. John's Church, in Washington, D. C. Miss Skerrett is a daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. J. S. Skerrett, U. S. N.

Mrs. Frank Wildes, wife of Captain Wildes, U. S. N., and her daughter, Miss Margaret Wildes, are in the city, and will sail for Yokobama on May 12th.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Club Questions and a Moral.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I notice in the daily papers recently a number of articles concerning contemplated changes in the Pacific-Union Club. According to these papers, there seems to be a difference of opinion in the Pacific-Union Club as to the desirability of moving. The writers of these articles state that there are two parties in the club, a progressive party and a conservative party. The progressive element is apparently dissatisfied with the fact that the club is not increasing in membership, and thinks that this membership would be largely increased by moving to a new building; that the prestige acquired by the occupancy of a new building would divert to the Pacific-Union Club the stream of new membership which is now going to other clubs.

That is a question concerning which there may be a difference of opinion. As to the question of removal, one would think there could be very little difference of opinion about that. The present location of the Pacific Union Club is the finest in the city. It is on the only square in San Francisco near to the hotels, the theatres, the shopping centre, and the heart of the uptown district. Squares are not too numerous in the urban portion of San Francisco. The nearest one to Union Square is Jefferson Square, on Turk and Laguna Streets. In a city like San Francisco, where light and sunshine are so indispensable, it would seem extraordinary for a club to move from a location on a large and handsome square to a frontage on a sixty-foot street.

As to a club's owning its building, that is another question about which there may be a difference of opinion. It does not add anything to the comforts of a club if its members own the ground on which it stands. If the Pacific-Union Club should purchase a lot for \$500,000, and if in twenty years this lot should increase in value until it was worth \$500,000, that would not add one iota to the excellence of the *cuisine*, to the thoroughness of the service, to the bouquet of the wines, or to the aroma of the cigars smoked by the members. In fact, the more thoughtful of them might think that the increment of a quarter of a million which had accrued in value on the ground beneath their feet might better have been devoted to the creature comforts of the club.

A club does not die, but its members do. Those among them who know that they will pass away in ten, fifteen, or twenty years do not feel like hurdening themselves with a heavy debt for the benefit of posterity. Club men are selfish, and their general verdict is to let posterity take care of itself. It is the belief of many club men that a club can make better terms with posterity by simply leasing quarters than they can by buying them. Cities change; the residence quarters change; the shopping quarters change; the theatre quarters change. In New York, within fifteen years, the up-town district has gone from Union Square to Madison Square, and Union Square, which was once up-town, is now down-town. Still the drift is northward, and the up-town centre at night is between Thirtieth and Thirty-Fifth Streets. A club which leases quarters for a term of years can always move when its quarters become undesirable. If it is burdened with a lot and building, worth some hundreds of thousands, it can not always do so.

There is another phase of the subject which may be suggested to the members of the Pacific Union Club. If—as is suggested by these articles in the daily papers—they believe that their membership is at a standstill, and that they do not receive their proper quota of the young men who are growing up among us, the reasons are not difficult to find. This is not entirely a man's world. There are a good many women in it, and they have a good deal of influence. When the question arises which club a young man shall join, his father ostensibly has the say, but his mother has also something to do with it. There are two other clubs in the city toward which the young men naturally gravitate. These are the Bohemian Club and the University Club. In both of these clubs gambling is prohibited. In both of these clubs there is a certain recognition of the existence of the ladies. For many years the Bohemian Club has given once a year an entertainment called the "Ladies' Jinks," for the benefit of the wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts of the members. A handsome room is provided where dinners may be given at which ladies are guests. Every Wednesday afternoon the club is thrown open, under certain restrictions, for the inspection of the woman relatives of the members of the club. The University Club, which is a younger organization, has gone even further in the direction of hospitality toward the ladies. They have set aside a portion of their club, where dinners, luncheons, and suppers may be given to ladies, and where the wives and sisters of members may enjoy the privileges of dispensing hospitality themselves.

All of these concessions are in the line of modern club life. Many clubs in Eastern cities, notably the Somerset in Boston and the Metropolitan in New York, have followed similar lines. The result has been the placating of that hostility which exists in the feminine mind toward all clubs—institutions which to them represent places barred to women, thresholds over which feminine feet can not pass.

But aside from this sentimental hostility, there is a more serious objection, which I have mentioned—that mothers fear to see their sons, sisters fear to see their brothers, fathers fear to see their sons join clubs where gambling is permitted. If the Pacific-Union Club wishes to hold its own with its younger rivals, it had better be warned by the experience of Eastern clubs, and stop "poker." If it will abolish gambling within its walls, and if it will make it possible for its members to extend its hospitalities to their woman relatives, it is my opinion that the Pacific-Union Club will find a marked increase of membership from the young men of position in this city, the only element from which a healthy increase in any first-class club can come.

CLUBMAN.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Rivarde Concerts.

The Rivarde concerts to be given at the Columbia Theatre next week have been attracting a great deal of attention in musical circles. Rivarde himself is a violinist who, though a young man, has attained a high place among the artists of the world, his playing combining virility and sweetness in a remarkable degree. The pianist of the company is M. Lachaume, who was here with Ysaye, and the orchestra of forty musicians will be under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, with Mr. Marquardt as concert-master. During the series Mr. W. H. Keith and Mr. Donald de V. Graham will sing solos.

Among the numbers on the programmes for the five concerts, we notice:

MONDAY, April 27th: A Mendelssohn concerto and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes," M. Rivarde; Valentine's song from "Faust" and some of Schumann's songs, Mr. Keith.

TUESDAY: Max Bruch's Concerto No. 1 and Saint-Saëns' "Ronde Capricieuse," M. Rivarde; Massenet's "Vision Fugitive" and some of Schubert's songs, Mr. Keith; Mendelssohn's "Caprice Brillante," op. 22, and the second Liszt rhapsodie, M. Lachaume.

THURSDAY: Saint-Saëns' concerto No. 3 and gypsy airs by Sarasate, Rivarde; Adams' "Noel," a Meyer-Helmund song, and "Si mes vers avaient des ailes," Mr. Donald de V. Graham; and Liszt's "Fantaisie Hongroise" and Chopin's scherzo No. 2, M. Lachaume.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON: Concerto for violin, by Beethoven, and "Airs Hongrois," by Ernst, M. Rivarde; solo from "Hamlet" and songs, by Lassen, Mr. Keith; and concerto No. 2, Saint-Saëns, and Chopin's polonaise No. 2, M. Lachaume.

SUNDAY: A concerto, by Max Bruch, hallade and polonaise, by Vieltemps, and Hungarian dances, by Brahms-Joachim, M. Rivarde; Faure's "Santa Maria" and Gounod's "Easter Eve," Mr. Keith; and Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," M. Lachaume.

A Farewell Concert to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.

The testimonial concert tendered to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, prior to her departure for England, will take place at Golden Gate Hall next Thursday evening, April 30th, at a quarter past eight. An unusually interesting programme has been prepared, the list of artists who have volunteered their services including Miss Sophie Newland, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, Mr. Desmond, the San Francisco Quartet, a double quartet from the Loring Club, Mr. Beel, Mr. Josephs, and Mr. Jaulus.

Pearl Ladd, a talented San Francisco young lady of twelve, will give her first piano recital at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, next Wednesday evening, April 29th. Her programme, a most ambitious one for one of her years, will include numbers by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, Schubert, and Liszt. Tickets are fifty cents and one dollar, and there will be no reserved seats.

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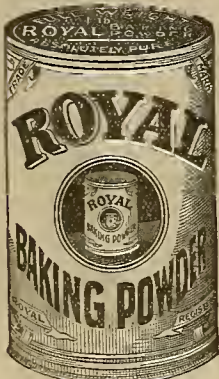
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Buckingham are passing a couple of months at San Mateo.

Mrs. G. W. McIver, wife of Lieutenant McIver, U. S. A., is here from Fort Logan, Colo., on a visit to her parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Mr. William Grace, son of ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, has returned to the East after a brief visit here. He was most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. James D. Phelan, and others.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Julia Crocker will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., sailed last Monday for Unalaska, and will be away six months.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and family have gone to Southern California, and will be away about six weeks.

Prince Poniatowski has gone to New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding returned to New York last Saturday.

Mr. Frederick R. Wehster left last Tuesday for the East, and will also take a trip to Europe.

Mr. D. O. Mills arrived from New York last Saturday, and is temporarily at the Palace Hotel. He will soon go to Millbrae, to remain a couple of months, and will be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been passing the winter at Phoenix, A. T.

Mr. Robert Bolton, Miss Lizzie Boltoot, and the Misses Madge and Louise Carroll have left Egypt, and were in Spain when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose are visiting various points of interest in Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict, of New York, and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of this city, have left Egypt, and are in the southern part of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have left Egypt, and are travelling in Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Ewell, *né* Masten, will receive on the second and fourth Wednesdays after June 1st, at 739 Post Street.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth will sail from New York for Europe next Thursday on the White Star steamer *Tenonic*.

Mr. Eugene Kelly is expected here in a few days from New York.

Mrs. J. J. Valente, of Oakland, left for the Eastern States last Saturday, and will be away about two months. Mrs. George Loomis arrived in New York city last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock were telegraphed as having arrived in New York city early in the week.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne will return from Los Angeles early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane are making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vail have moved from Alameda to this city, and are residing at 2713 Webster Street.

Mr. John G. Follanshee left for the East on Thursday of this week.

Misses Belle, Ann, and Grace Clark have left the city for their country-place at Santa Clara, where they will spend some months.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin are passing a few weeks in Los Angeles. Miss Agnes McLaughlin is visiting Mrs. George W. Braden at Oroville.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox has returned from a visit to Los Angeles. She will pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mrs. C. Denis O'Sullivan, *né* Curtis, arrived in London last Tuesday.

Mr. James V. Coleman has leased the cottage of Mrs. J. N. Gregory, in Sausalito, for the summer.

Mr. Albert G. Wieland and Mr. John F. Siehe, who passed the winter in a dahabeah on the Nile, have gone to India. They are expected home late in May.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield have returned from a visit to Chicago and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman have returned from Paso Robles.

Miss Jennie Blair has no intention of going to Europe, as has been stated in the dailies, and did not give a dinner-party Thursday evening as the same authorities stated with their usual veracity. Her brother, Mr. William S. Blair, has returned from Europe, and is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels sailed from New York last Wednesday on the steamer *Paris* for Southampton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas, the Misses Florinne and Alice Haas, Mr. Charles Haas, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, the Misses Clara and Florence Hellman, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht sailed from New York for Europe last Wednesday.

Mrs. John Gillig, Mr. H. M. Gillig, and Mr. Frank L. Unger left for the East on Thursday of this week. Mr. Gillig goes direct to Paris, whence he will return with his wife, who has been making a short stay abroad accompanied by her cousin, Miss Beeder.

Mr. Bert Hecht is at the Holland House, in New York city.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan has been in New York city during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs are en route home from New York.

Preparations are actively on foot for the polo match to be played at Burlingame on Saturday afternoon, May 9th. Pipes are now being laid to have the field well irrigated, and in perfect condition for an exciting contest. The Riverside Team, which is to meet the Burlingame Team, is composed of W. Maude, No. 1; Bettner, No. 2; C. Maude, No. 3; and Waring, No. 4. The Burlingame Team comprises W. McCreery, No. 1; J. Tobin, No. 2; Walter Hobart, No. 3; and R. M. Tobin, No. 4. The arrangements regarding trains, etc., will be similar to last year, a special train leaving Third and Townsend Streets at 1:45 and returning about 5:30.

The fifth annual bench show of the Pacific Kennel Club will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion on May 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. Entries will close next Tuesday, April 28th. This promises to be the most successful bench show ever held on this coast. In addition to the large number of entries made by local dog fanciers, arrangements have been made for the exhibition of several noted winners of the blue ribbon at Eastern shows.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

A Suggestion to Congress.

Yes, Congress wants to fight some one, it doesn't matter whom,
As long as old Grim-visaged War can bring about a boom.
Brave Cabot Lodge breathes fire forth, Bill Chandler does the same,
And Peffer's whiskers fairly singe with patriotic flame.
But Johnny Bull he will not fight, he really doesn't dare;
His greatness, it is plain to see, has vanished in thin air.
And even Spain, excitable, won't let us fight with her,
Although we prod her daily and insult her minister.

But never mind, Bombastes Lodge, or Furioso Bill;
Don't weep, sweet Hotspur Morgan, and sob not, O Sherman chill!

But lead our Congress o'er the sea, and try to put a check
Upon the mad careerings ways of savage Menelek.

Some good is sure to come of this. If Morgan keeps his breath
To make an after-dinner speech, he'll talk the foe to death;

Or if perchance the savage wins, and wipes our Congress
out,
This country will be better off beyond a shade of don't.

—Harper's Weekly.

America Victorious.

Sing, O my muse of the West, the games of renowned Olympians:
Tell the lost glory of Greece, and land the victorious Yankees!
See in the Stadium at Athens, hilted ages ago by Lyncus,
Thousands of persons are sitting, gathered from hundreds of nations;
See how the athletes stand forth to strive for the chaplet of olive,
Guerdon of victory once and earnest of glory forever!
Dashing o'er fivescore metres comes Lane from Franklin, Ohio,
With him a Magyar, Szokoly, though this is a bad day for Magyars;
Reaching for all he can get, the Buckeye invincible rushes—
Rushes and reaches and takes it, because he comes from Ohio.

Then in the Stadium stands one Curtis from far San Francisco,
Stands and then runs and then wins, which is all there is of that contest.

Following him is Tom Burke, from Boston, both bean-fed and brawny—
Boston, that modern Athens near the polyphlyshæan Atlantic.

What is expected when one comes forth from the Huh of the Cosmos?

What is expected happens:—His many opponents are conquered.

Throwing the discus comes next, and Garrett, the captain of Princeton,

Throws, and the end is at hand, and here and there—
don't you hear it?—

Soundeth the skyrocket yell, with a long, lusty "Tiger!" to close it.

Jamison trots o'er his course of fully four hundred long metres—

What are mere metres to him who inhabits a home on the prairies?

Burke runs once more, and a Briton retires, crestfallen and humbled,

Finding himself at the close an "also ran," and no better. Years have rolled on, and the victors who once gave renown to all Hellas

Now are hut ashes and dust, live alone in the deeds of these moderns.

Hard to the names of the mighty! Lane, and Burke, and Curtis,

Garrett, and Burke yet again, and Jamison, ever unconquered,
Hailing from Illinois, from Peori', Peoria County.

Bow, O thou violet-crowned, to the gilded dome of the State House;

Yield, O thou Parthenon-tipped, to the solid man from Ohio;

Attica, what now thy fame to the fame of Peoria County!
—Chicago Tribune.

Changes on the "Examiner."

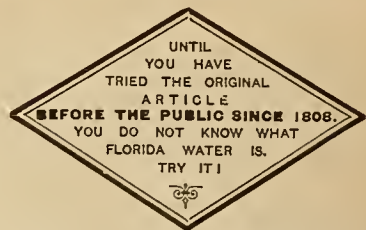
W. R. Hearst arrived in San Francisco Saturday, April 18th, and left again for New York on Thursday, April 23d. He brought with him a new managing editor for his San Francisco paper, the *Examiner*. H. W. Hawley, the new managing editor, is one of the men who were crowded out in Chicago by the consolidation of the *Times* and *Herald* under H. H. Kohlsaat. Another man crowded out by this consolidation was Willis J. Abbott, an editorial writer, who has since been employed on the new Democratic Chicago daily, the *Chronicle*. He has recently been secured, however, by Mr. Hearst as chief editorial writer on his New York paper, the *Journal*. Since the departure of S. S. Chamberlain, the former managing editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who left for New York to manage the *Journal*, the *Examiner* has been temporarily in charge of E. H. Hamilton. This gentleman, however, has refused repeatedly to retain the post permanently. Hence the engagement of Mr. Hawley. Mr. Hearst has invited Mr. Hamilton to accompany him on his trip to New York for a brief vacation of some weeks. It is rumored that Mr. Hawley has an interest in the *Examiner*, either by representation or purchase.

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Manager Pacific Coast Branch Sterling Cycle Works,
314 Post Street, San Francisco.

On the first of May the Argonaut will remove from the old offices which it has occupied for so many years—ever since 1881—to new quarters, on the north-east corner of Grant Avenue and Sutter Street, a few doors north of our present location. There we have taken the entire second floor of the new "California Building," erected by the Macdonough Estate. This is a handsome modern building, with electric lights and all modern conveniences. The floor which we shall occupy contains some 16 rooms, all of which will be devoted to the Editorial Rooms, Library, and Business Offices of the Argonaut Publishing Company.

TAVERN OF
CASTLE CRAG
QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—"Why did Joshua cause the sun to stand still?" *Tommy*—"I guess it didn't agree with his watch."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Excited traveler—"Can I catch the four-o'clock express for Buffalo?" *Railroad official* (calmly)—"That depends upon how fast you can run. It started thirteen minutes ago."—*Judge*.

"This is positively the last time," muttered the King of Mbwaka, making a wry face, "that I ever will be persuaded to tackle a stew made from a bitter partisan."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. A.—"So the Jones-Browns are going abroad. How do you think the news will be received?" *Mr. A.*—"With universal satisfaction and many expressions of regret."—*Life*.

Irishman (at telephone)—"Send me up three bales of hay and wan bag of oats." *Feed-dealer*—"All right. Who for?" *Irishman*—"There now, don't get gay. For the horse, av corse."—*Kansas City Times*.

Milton—"Haven't you gone to housekeeping yet?" *Newly-married man*—"No; we're waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding presents."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Briggs—"What! A new bicycle suit! And so different from the one you had on the other day?" *Griggs*—"You bet it is! I ran over a woman who lives in the next block, and I don't want her to recognize me."—*Truth*.

Mr. Crusty—"Where's my change?" *Waiter*—"Dar ain't no change, boss; dat's mah tip." *Mr. Crusty*—"But I didn't tell you you could have it." *Waiter*—"Oh! dat's all right, boss; I'se forgetful mahself, sometimes."—*Puck*.

"How did Billings, the actor, come to change boarding-houses?" "His landlady got personal the other morning." "How was that?" "Well, she was particularly proud of her breakfasts, and she asked him how the eggs struck him."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"Feel all at sea, old man?" asked the seasoned passenger, who thought he saw a chance to get funny. "No," said the dejected passenger, who was leaning over the side of the ship, "I guess there is still a remnant of me on board."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I will issue a proclamation," said the Spanish commander, "giving the rebels fifteen days to surrender." "And if they won't surrender?" inquired his lieutenant. "Well," answered the general, "if they won't, we'll be no worse off than we are now, will we?"—*Puck*.

"I guess I am stuck," said the answer-to-correspondents man. "What is it?" asked the rest of the force, in deep sympathy. "Girl writes to know which one of her fiancés should have the preference in going with her to church—the first one or the second."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Agent—"I represent the Bicycle Union Insurance Company. Will pay you two thousand dollars if you are injured in an accident, and the cost is eight dollars a year." *Grymes*—"But I never ride a wheel." *Agent*—"Then you can't get along without the policy, but the cost will be doubled."—*Life*.

"Seen Bill Brown when I was up to town," said the man with the gum-boots, settling himself on the salt-barrel, "conductin' a street car." "I thought Bill was goin' into business for himself," said the grocer. "Wal, I allow he is to some extent, but the company ain't got on to it yet."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The young man who had traveled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet—" "Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who has never been away, and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate; but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed: "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—" "Oh!" interrupted the editor, with an extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem."—*Ex*.

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THE ARGONAUT

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 4, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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In a recent number of the *Chronicle* there was an article tracing the distribution of great fortunes through the Probate Court of San Francisco. The compiler of the article shows that fifty-three millionaires left in the period between 1871 and 1893 the sum of \$175,000,000 to nearly four hundred heirs. This sum is, of course, the amount fixed by the appraisers, but it is much under the actual value of the property, as the appraisers nearly always place the figure at least thirty per cent. below what the property would bring at forced sale.

In the list of fifty-three estates mentioned, nearly all are those of millionaires. The article is devoted to the subdivision of estates, and it shows that the comparatively small estate of Kate Johnson, appraised at \$1,250,000, went to

twenty-five heirs. The estate of Maria Coleman, valued at \$1,757,000, went to three heirs in equal shares. Charles Crocker's \$22,000,000 was divided among five heirs, while the estate of his surviving wife, Mary A. Crocker, valued at \$11,883,657, went share and share alike to four of the five who divided up Charles Crocker's larger fortune. It is interesting to note here that when Charles Crocker died, he left one of his sons, George Crocker, practically to the care of his mother, although there was no ill-feeling between father and son. When Mrs. Charles Crocker, not long after, followed her husband, she died intestate, and, therefore, her large estate was divided among the four children according to the laws of succession in the Civil Code of California. Of these four, three had already received one-third of one-half of their father's estate, one-half of the Crocker estate being community property and going to the widow. They thus already had one-sixth. When their mother died, they received each one-fourth of her share, making an eighth. Thus George Crocker was possessed of three twenty-fourths of the entire Crocker estate, and each of his brothers and sisters of seven twenty-fourths. It is said that by a family arrangement the three other children made over to him enough property to equalize his share, so that each one of the children now holds six twenty-fourths of the entire estate. This anecdote is interesting as well as unusual.

To resume the record. Peter Donahue's \$3,798,312 went in equal parts to three heirs. Mrs. Theresa Fair's \$4,693,250 went to four persons in unequal shares. William P. Fuller's estate of \$1,771,262 was divided among seven heirs. Emanuel Goldstein's estate of over a million dollars was divided among six heirs. George Hearst's estate of \$8,788,137 was left, as we remember it, entirely to his wife, but he had already given much property before his death to his son. Walter S. Hobart's \$5,273,366 went in equal parts to his three children. Mark Hopkins's estate of \$20,694,762 went to two persons. Robert C. Johnson's estate of \$1,910,550 went to eleven heirs. William S. O'Brien's \$9,655,459 went to eight heirs. James Phelan's estate of over a million was divided among four people, but he had given away a large amount of property to his wife and children before his death. Daniel T. Murphy's \$2,041,670 went to six heirs. A. J. Pope's estate of \$1,660,000 went to four heirs. Robert Sherwood's estate of over a million went to five heirs. John Wieland's estate of \$628,000 went to nine heirs. As against this rule of division, the \$4,000,000 estate of Thomas Blythe went to one child, Florence. The \$5,000,000 of James Lick went chiefly to one heir, the public, with the exception of a moderate fortune to a nephew. Leland Stanford's \$17,000,000 went to found the great Stanford University.

As we have said, the article on which we are commenting is based principally on the question of the sub-division of large estates. There is another phase of the matter which the writer seems to have overlooked. It is the preponderance of mining fortunes among California's millionaires. Without any materials at hand, we can from memory recall the names of very many whose fortunes were acquired in mining. Not all of them are dead, many of them are still living, and some of them, we regret to say, are "hroke." But, none the less, this list of names includes only those whose fortunes were made in mining or who made their start in mining. It is, of course, unnecessary to mention the names of the Bonanza quartet—James G. Fair, William S. O'Brien, John W. Mackay, and James G. Flood. All made their money on the Comstock Lode. So did J. M. Walker, who was associated with them, although he subsequently lost his money. W. S. Hobart made his fortune in mines. William Sharon laid the foundation of his vast fortune in mines. Alvinza Hayward made most of his money in mines. George Hearst, J. B. Haggin, and Lloyd Tevis made most of their money in joint mining ventures, although Haggin and Tevis have been engaged in hundreds of other enterprises, while Senator Hearst confined himself principally to mining. W. E. Dean made his fortune in mines. So did Robert Sherwood. So did R. R. Grayson, although he subsequently lost much of it in other

enterprises. Robert Morrow laid the foundations of his fortune in mines. So did A. W. Foster, who is now running railroads. Charles Lane, of the famous Utica Mine, made his fortune in mines. So did Robert McMurray. The Colemans, of Grass Valley, Jacob Neff, and John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, are interior magnates who made their money in mines. Captain Nevell made his money in the Rawhide Mine. John Livingston, who died abroad, left his widow and all of his children millionaires; he accumulated his large fortune in mines. So did L. L. Robinson. J. B. Randol made his money in mines. D. O. Mills and Edgar Mills made their start years ago in the old Union Mill and Mining Company, and laid the foundation of their fortunes there, although they subsequently became bankers and invested money in many other ways. W. W. Traylor, who used to be a clerk in a dry-goods store, made a fortune in mines; no one grudged him his good fortune, for he was an honest man and a kindly; he is long since dead. John Shaw made his money in mines. So did Senator Jones, Sam Jones, and Lon Hamilton. A. E. Head made a fortune in mines. So did Robert Graves and John Skae, although both of these, we are sorry to say, lost it again in other speculations. Dan and Seth Cook acquired their fortunes in mines. The Standard Union was founded for \$75,000 in 1876. It paid \$75,000 monthly dividends, with an extra dividend of \$75,000 on each Christmas, until it had paid \$5,000,000. John Parrott laid the foundation of his fortune in mines. It is generally believed that he was a man of much wealth when he came to California. It is true that when he came from Mexico to this State he brought some money with him, but the first big "stake" that he made was when he placed the Plumas Eureka Mine in England in 1854 for \$1,000,000. He took it for a bad debt of \$37,000, and, after it was sold to the English owners, it produced over \$7,000,000. P. A. Fionegan made his money in mines. So did "Uocle" Billy Raymond, L. P. Drexler, J. E. Doolittle, Felix Chappet, Dao Burns, Columbus Waterhouse, Edward Barron, the late Thomas Bell, the McDonald Brothers of Trinity County, William Willis, and William M. Lent. The two brothers, Henry and John Martin, made their fortune in the Brown Bear Mine. Among other men who made their fortunes in mines are A. K. P. Harmon, "Si" White, George B. McEnerny, Isaac L. Requa, and E. J. Baldwin.

This is an imperfect and incomplete list. It is made with absolutely no materials at hand for reference, and the names of these men are simply those that occur to us as we write. Yet see how long is the list. As we said in the beginning of this article, if the *Chronicle's* list of deceased millionaires were scanned, it would be found that a majority of them were mining millionaires. Yet it is just as easy now to find a mine as it was twenty years ago. In fact, we think it is easier. Since the *Argonaut* became interested in investigating this subject, some two or three years ago, the number of prospectors in the California Sierras has increased five-fold. The output of the mines has increased more than fifty per cent. So has the number of paying mines. Those men who have the pluck and energy to hunt up a mine, and the sand to stay by a good prospect when they find it, have just as good an opportunity to become millionaires as any of those in the list we have enumerated.

As an instance of what we mean, we may mention the Kennedy Mine at Jackson, Amador County, Cal. The Kennedy was a mine that had been worked for some years and then abandoned. It was believed that it was still a good mine, and one man, who had the courage of his convictions, succeeded in forming a syndicate in San Francisco to purchase the mine. He got together twenty men who agreed to put up five thousand dollars apiece. A partial list of names is as follows: Egbert Judson, Thomas Varney, F. Riechling, F. F. Thomas, George Goodman, Judge Curry, David McClure, Jr., J. S. Doe, J. W. Bartoo, John Taylor, M. W. Belshaw, Charles F. Doe, J. M. Shotwell, R. W. Gorrill, and Dr. Thomas Boyesen. Work was started on September 24, 1885, and

dends began on May 1, 1887. The mine has never ceased since then paying dividends monthly. The original cost of the mine was \$100,000. The amount expended in developing, including all voluntary assessments, was \$100,000. The dividends from May 1, 1887, to date, amount to \$2,000,000. If to this be added the present value of property, \$2,000,000, as estimated by competent mining men, it would give a result from this \$100,000 investment of \$4,000,000. The depth of the present shaft is over two thousand feet, showing on bottom level a large body of high-grade ore. The best guarantee of the value of the Kennedy Mine is that it is not for sale. The Gwin Mining Company, near Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, is owned by the Kennedy people. It is being opened up and developed on similar lines. A new shaft is being sunk on this old mine, which was full of water, caved in, and practically abandoned for nearly twenty years. The new three-compartment shaft is now down over 1,100 feet. It is a fine piece of work, which cost about \$75,000. The Gwin Mine may prove another Kennedy. This is one of the many striking instances of what grit and coin will do. The men who took up the Kennedy Mine are all Californians. It was considered "played out," yet by their energy and persistence they made it one of the greatest gold producers in the State.

There are many mines in this State just as good as the Kennedy and the Utica, if men can be found with the enterprise to develop them. If in the past twenty years fifty-three men left to their heirs \$175,000,000 largely from mining, it is quite on the cards that other men in the next twenty years may leave many hundreds of millions more.

The tide of undesirable foreign immigration has again turned toward this country. There is

THE FILTHY FLOOD OF FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

really no better reason why the United States should permit people not useful to it to come into its territory than there is why a householder should allow a tramp to enter his domicile. It looks as if Congress will go on indefinitely keeping the gates of Castle Garden open to the "oppressed of all nations," which means, in practice, that they shall be kept open to all whom the agents of the steamship companies can get to pay a steerage passage from Europe to America.

At present there are special reasons why the riff-raff of King Humbert's subjects should be peculiarly anxious to pay the passage. The victory of King Menelek of Abyssinia has raised an unprecedented demand for recruits to the Italian army. It is natural that the dregs of the population of Italy's cities and villages should prefer not to go off to Africa to fight and be killed; yet no principles of equity suggest why we ought to be made the sufferers for a disaster in Africa, or made to repair a folly of King Humbert and his ambitious ministers.

Called on to flock into the Italian armies, the Italians are evincing a deplorable, if comprehensible, enthusiasm to flock to the United States. In 1892, the number of immigrants who arrived was 623,084. In 1895, it ran down, out of deference to Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic hard times, to 279,948, the lowest point since 1879. These figures set out with eloquence the only good thing that can be recorded to the credit of the Democratic free-trade panic. It scared off the paupers of the Old World, who else would have flung themselves upon our shores. But despite the depression here, conditions continue to be worse in their own lands than they are with us. There is every indication that the current year is to be one of abnormal immigration.

Indeed, a deluge is threatening. In one day recently, a single steamship brought no fewer than 1,203 Italians to New York. The 1,203 who came in one ship were representative of the sort of immigrants against whom Congress does not dare to set up the bars of prohibition. "Many of them," we learn from the New York newspapers, "were practically destitute, most, on an average, having less than \$7 apiece, while some were possessed of no means at all. The most prosperous man among the 1,203 had only \$70." Out of the whole, nearly 300 were ordered to be returned because of their perfect poverty. "Ellis Island, where the immigrants are landed, has become so densely crowded with the raw material of Democratic voters that on several recent occasions it has been necessary to call on the Treasury Department to afford relief to the swarms of penniless, hungry, and dirty Italian, Hungarian, Russian, and Swedish paupers landed and herded there."

During the last fiscal year, the total Italian immigration arriving at New York was about 34,000. Of the character of this immigration we may judge by the fact that more than half of the new-comers were illiterate. During the nine months between July 1, 1895, and March 31st of this year, the total immigration was nearly 33,000, of whom no less than 9,320 were landed during March. The greatest Italian immigration was in April, 1893, when 9,010 were unloaded. The prospect now is that more rather than fewer

may be looked for. These people on the average can neither read nor write, they fetch their belongings in bundles, possess no money, are filthy, and, unless they have friends, at once become a charge on charity. All Europe is apprehensive of war, and the hegira, beginning from Italy, will spread to about every other country.

What are we to do? Even the ordinary congressman and the ordinary editor of the daily newspaper must be constrained to admit that such immigration is not good for the United States. But rather than face the logical conclusions which the facts force, he prefers to turn to the consideration of other things. The logical conclusions are that the immigration ought to be prohibited. The opposition to prohibition comes from the Democratic party, to which the poverty and ignorance of Europe are reservoirs of voters. Prohibition is, unquestionably, demanded by the interests of the republic. The reasons, political and social, need no exposition; industrially the case is equally self-evident. The working people are not so prosperous that they are in a condition to welcome invading armies of competitors.

The principle of exclusion which has been employed so effectively at the Golden Gate against the Chinese, needs application at Castle Garden by Congress. That principle is that the first claim upon American statesmanship is by the American people who have their living to earn. Higher and broader considerations can be urged, but the practical one of the people's right to earn a living can be permitted at present to take precedence of ethical questions. Castle Garden is a gate for the admission of the necessary opponents of a civilized scale of wages. The *Argonaut* directs to it the attention of the American workingman, who, if not the noblest product of advancing mankind, can not reasonably be suspected of indifference to his own special interests.

As the National Convention approaches, the name of McKinley still resounds from every State in the Union. The various conventions almost invariably elect McKinley delegates. If the delegates elected are not instructed for McKinley, it is almost as invariably the result of a fight by which the Reed, Allison, or Cullom men have fought desperately to send the delegation uninstructed. In short, about the only triumphs that have been won by the anti-McKinley men are those in which they prevented the delegations from being instructed for McKinley—a poor meed of victory.

The most striking illustrations of McKinley's strength come from New England. It was believed that the New England States were solid for Reed. One after another they have been holding their conventions, and Massachusetts is the only one that is straight out for Reed. New Hampshire made a divided vote, indorsing both Reed and McKinley, despite the desperate efforts of Chandler, the boss of New Hampshire, to hold the State for McKinley. The latest Reed defection in New England is that of the Green Mountain Republicans. The Republican convention was held at Montpelier, Vt., April 29th, and it was the belief of the entire country that Reed's candidacy would be indorsed. But the enthusiasm for McKinley showed that there was no hope for Reed. The convention passed this resolution: "Resolved, That in the great apostle of protection, William McKinley, of Ohio, we recognize the first choice of the Republicans of Vermont for their Presidential candidate." The delegation has been sent uninstructed, but this indorsement of McKinley means that the Vermont delegates will cast their ballots for McKinley so long as there is any hope of nominating him.

In the New England States, Reed has obtained the straight out support of Massachusetts. But the delegates from Maine and Rhode Island are half-hearted. In Connecticut they are even more feeble in their support of Reed. New Hampshire partially indorses his rival, while Vermont has gone into the McKinley camp. All the New England States have seventy-eight votes which Reed had counted on solidly. It is now apparent that he will have only fifty from New England.

As we write, the Illinois convention is in session. It is impossible to say what the upshot will be. But Cullom, the "favorite son" of Illinois, is having much ado to prevent the convention from instructing for McKinley. The case is similar in California. A few months ago, the Allison followers were rending the air with their cries of coming victory. Now they are moving heaven and earth to prevent California's delegation from going to St. Louis pledged to McKinley. This shows, as we have said, the strength of the Ohio man. His opponents not only can not beat him, but they have much trouble in preventing him from carrying the war into their own strongholds. We are inclined to think that Cullom will have the formal indorsement of the Illinois delegation, but that McKinley is their real choice, and that, unless Cullom gathers strength on the second ballot, the Illinois delegation will go to McKinley.

In the South also, where Reed was supposed to be solid,

we note by late dispatches that his strength is waning. At Atlanta, on April 29th, three out of four delegates elected were pledged to McKinley. In Arizona, on April 29th, the Territorial convention was held, and while it has not adjourned as we write, the indications are that it will send a delegation pledged for McKinley.

In California the primary elections show that the delegates are overwhelmingly in favor of McKinley. In Ventura, on April 29th, the McKinley delegates were all elected. In Santa Barbara, on April 29th, the delegates elected at the primary were also in favor of McKinley. In Los Angeles, on April 29th, all the candidates were McKinley men.

The Republican Convention of California, which meets on May 5th, will be overwhelmingly for McKinley, and the only question now is whether the delegation shall be tied up with an iron-clad pledge for "McKinley first, last, and all the time." We may say that we consider this highly inexpedient. Let the California delegation go pledged to work for McKinley so long as there is any reasonable chance to nominate him. But this "first, last, and all-the-time business" sometimes results in folly like the futile bellowing for Blaine, by which Creed Hammond and M. H. de Young once made the California delegation ridiculous. Voting for a man when he has withdrawn his name is waste of breath. Let the California delegation go pledged to do all in their power to nominate McKinley, but if he can not be nominated, let them work for some other good Republican. It is not well to send delegates to a convention with tags on them. In that case, it would be just as well to send messenger-boys. A convention is supposed to be a deliberative body.

In regard to the so-called opposition of the American Protective Association to McKinley, the *Argonaut* has already expressed itself. We consider the charges made against McKinley as trivial ones, and based entirely on the personal animosity of disappointed Ohio politicians. The Ohio branch of the American Protective Association claims that McKinley, while governor, "refused to comply with the expressed desires of the organization." We are glad he did. William McKinley was governor of Ohio, and if he had allowed the American Protective Association or anybody else to run him, he would be as unfit for governor of Ohio as for President of the United States. The only charges made against him by the Ohio branch of the American Protective Association is that he failed to appoint to office certain persistent suckers at the public tears. This is a local question which concerns Ohio, and does not concern the rest of the United States. McKinley's ancestors have been Protestants on both sides for generations. He is one of the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his town. He is a Freemason, a member of the Grand Army, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a member of the Loyal Legion. This is a pretty straight American record, and it ought to be good enough for the American Protective Association or any other association.

We notice that there is already some difference of opinion, even in Ohio on this question. Local Council, No. 240, of the American Protective Association, of Ada, O., on April 25th, passed a resolution saying:

"The efforts of certain leaders and high officials of the American Protective Association to oppose the nomination of William McKinley, of Ohio, for the office of President of the United States, are due to personal motives; the statements made by these officials are neither exact, substantial, nor worthy of belief. We, the members of this council, personally know of Mr. McKinley's private and public life, and that his whole career has been for the protection of the American home, the American common-school system, and America for Americans. We denounce in the strongest terms the use of our order by said officials for personal ends, and we have the utmost confidence in William McKinley."

At the Illinois Convention, on the twenty-eighth of April, fifty American Protective Association members of that body met and denounced State President Johnson of the American Protective Association for his war on McKinley. The meeting passed resolutions, concluding as follows:

"We, the American Protective Association delegates to this convention, hereby denounce the efforts, by officials of this organization, to discredit the candidacy of McKinley, as a most unworthy and disreputable proceeding, and we call on the American Protective Association the land over to stamp it with their disapproval."

From this it is apparent that there is a difference of opinion in the ranks of the American Protective Association themselves. It is evident, therefore, that honest men, in as well as out of that association, should exercise their own judgment concerning the candidacy of McKinley. When men who belong to it denounce the attacks upon McKinley made by others belonging to their order, it is very evident that these attacks are based on purely personal motives.

As we have before said, we can see absolutely no flaw in McKinley's record as an American. A man whose ancestors were in the Revolutionary War, whose ancestors have been Protestant for generations, who is a Protestant himself,

who fought through the Civil War, who is a member of an evangelical church, who has always upheld the American public schools and the principle of America for Americans, is a good enough American for us, and if he is a good enough American for us, we think he ought to be a good enough American for the American Protective Association.

Following the recent good example of President Jordan, of Stanford University, Professor Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell and ex-minister to Russia, raises his voice to declare the individual responsibility of the criminal and the perniciousness of that sentimentality which finds sufficing excuses for crime in heredity and environment. Professor White is a man of eminence, a thinker, a diplomat, and a statesman. He has a mind too strong and clear to be in any danger of befuddlement from the theories of the pseudo-philanthropists, who are in no small degree responsible for that state of public opinion which encourages scoundrels to believe that they may break the laws with a good chance of escaping punishment. In a late address before the Patria Club of New York on "High Crime in the United States," he vigorously attacked all the philosophers of every kind who ignore the fact that the chief cause of crime is the uncertainty of the penalty. He pleaded for a strong, honest, common sense that shall be averse to the flashy sympathy which gives pity to criminals rather than to their victims, actual and possible.

In no country are the faddists who coddle wrong-doers so plentiful as in our own, and in none, as a consequence, is human life so lightly valued. The prevalence of murder, not to speak of less heinous crimes, is appalling. Nothing, we should say, ought to answer more conclusively the unmasculine pleas of the sentimentalists than the plain statistics cited by Professor White. The increase of criminals has been far in excess of the proportionate increase of population. In 1850, the number of offenders in prison for each million of inhabitants was about 300; in 1860, over 600; ten years later, nearly 900; and in 1880, nearly 1,200. The number of homicides in the United States for seven years, ending last year, was 47,469. The increase to the million of population is from 58.1 to 155.3 per cent. The number of legal executions in the same years was 723, and of lynchings, 1,115. In 1889, there were 3,567 homicides; in 1895, they numbered 10,500, and there is every reason to expect that, under existing conditions, they will swell instead of diminish. The executions in these same years averaged, respectively, 1 in 45 convictions and 1 in 74 convictions. If the murderers for the last six years were in prison, there would be 40,000 of them. The eleventh census shows that there are but 7,351 in prison.

Professor White denounced as in itself criminal the tenderness exhibited toward murderers, and instanced as typical the efforts made to save "Bat" Shea, the New York politician and thug. More than 25,000 people signed the petition to the governor for a pardon, notwithstanding that there was no doubt whatever of Shea's guilt. When Shea had been hanged, 3,000 mourners followed his body to the grave, and \$600 was spent in floral offerings.

We commend this passage of Professor White's address to the gushing social philosophers, the dahlers in heredity: "To-day, this tenth of April, I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States, in the year which begins this day, over ten thousand persons, who will be executed murderously, cruelly, without opportunity to take leave of those they love; without opportunity to make provision for those depending upon them. And all this multitude of persons, who have committed no crime, will be put to death without the slightest regard for the fearful distress and sorrow, and, in many cases, beggary of their families. Fully two-thirds of these murders will be due to this easy-going, maudlin sentiment in the community at large, mis-called mercy, but really most fearful cruelty."

As particular causes of the increase in crime, Professor White assigns the wide-spread criminal education of children by means of dime novels, sensational newspapers, eye-catching posters, and the cheap theatres. The imaginations of the young are thus supplied with ideals which lead them into conduct that they deem admirable, but are in truth vicious. To them, the notoriety of the law-breaker is fame. The increase of crime may also be ascribed in part to the "careless, culpable, and criminal" exercise of the pardoning power by the governors of the various States. Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, for example, during his four years of office, pardoned no fewer than eight hundred old convicts, many of them murderers, and Governor David B. Hill, of New York, with his eye on the shameful slums of the metropolis, freed many men who ought to have been hanged, or, failing that, been kept caged for life as the dangerous beasts their deeds proved them to be.

In offering remedial suggestions, Professor White emphasized the need for a better public sentiment, one "more firm, more determined to hold to their duties judges,

juries, prosecuting attorneys, legislatures, and governors." Above all, it is "of the very greatest importance that the proceedings in cases of crime should be simple and the penalties speedy."

Here, it appears to us, Professor White put his finger on the key. Simplicity and speed are precisely the characteristics which are wanting in American courts. The procedure is more complicated than any other civilized people would tolerate, and the advantage of the intricacy is all on the side of the guilty. Innocence has no cause to fear the truth; how to prevent its presentation is the chief care of the attorneys of the guilty. And these attorneys, men skilled in delaying the application of the law to their clients, have become among us a class of licensed obstructors of justice, who are to the last degree hurtful to the interests of the community. They earn their money by making as long as may be the interval between crime and its punishment, when they do not succeed in preventing punishment altogether.

It is obvious that a civilized country like the United States, a country which prides itself on its practical sense, must for its own sake face this problem of crime, and bring the execution of the law into harmony with the requirements of justice and the mandates of self-preservation. Sentimentality, hogus "social science," and a tendency to consider the claims of the individual in peril of being hanged rather than the wrong done the victim of his knife or pistol, have brought us face to face with a state of things in which ten thousand lives are annually sacrificed. Now let common sense have the floor. Every citizen is entitled to life, as well as to liberty and the privilege to pursue happiness. Nobody's life is really safe under existing conditions. Murderers must be hanged if murder is to be stayed.

It is much easier to give money to churches than to stop giving it when the government has once been led into the practice. The most plausible reasons are advanced why the public treasury should continue to be drawn upon. Under the Presidency of General Grant, the system was inaugurated of surrendering the care of the Indians to the various Christian denominations. It did not prove to be a success, as the history of reservation management shows. The denominational schools are one of the legacies of the system. This sort of education is so generally felt to be an anomaly that the beneficiaries of it—not the Indians—do not venture to defend it in principle. So long as the appropriations can be secured, they are willing the principle should be condemned—that the money should be voted with an ever-repeated announcement that it will be withheld next time.

The usual debate occurred in the Senate, the other day, the speeches being called out by the House proposition to abolish the existing contract schools for Indian children. Nearly all the senators who spoke thought the work of instructing the young aborigines ought to be taken away from the priests, and preachers, and lay missionaries and undertaken directly by the paymaster—the Federal Government. But, on the other hand, these cautious statesmen were with equal unanimity averse to a "sudden change." That fear of a sudden change is the hulwark of the sectarian system, and it is obvious that so long as it controls action the sects will retain possession of the schools. The amount involved is \$1,135,000, which is enough to induce the pious educators to hear meekly with a great deal of hard language if patience under reproach shall result in a vote that will keep open the Treasury.

To us it seems that the ground taken by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, is unassailable, and is a complete answer to the arguments based on expediency, real and affected. The Constitution of the United States, he said, provides that Congress shall pass no law respecting the establishment of religion. He quoted Thomas Jefferson, who declared, in the Virginia statute of religious freedom, that to compel a man to contribute money for the propagation of opinions in which he does not believe is sinful and tyrannical. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, followed on the same side in a strain that left no American anything to say in opposition. The essential point in dispute is the ancient one of the union of church and state, which was fought out before our constitution was framed. It seemed incomprehensible to him that now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the old heresies should have to be met in the Senate of the United States. He announced his belief in the public-school system and his opposition to any appropriation of money for sectarian purposes. Senator Gallinger added, with timely significance:

"If the storm that is now raging throughout the country on this question is not strong enough this year to put a stop to such appropriations, it will gather strength until the end is accomplished. The people of the United States will not sit idle and see the national Congress year by year appropriating money for institutions which are notoriously sectarian in their character."

Even the senators who favored the appropriation, and

made much of the Hampton and Carlisle schools as good fruits of the system of government aid, admitted the principle to be vicious. The answer to the argument as to these good fruits is that, if they are so gratifying, the government can afford to bear the whole cost and take the institutions out of church hands. The danger involved in compromising with ecclesiasticism is one which there is no necessity to run. There is no more reason why the education of the Indians should not be entirely secular than that priests, nuns, and preachers should be given a share in the management of our public schools in the States. There is no objection to religious instruction being given on the reservations. It is right that the government should permit that, but it is not right that the government—that is to say, the tax-payers—should pay for it. The same principle applies on the reservations as in San Francisco and every city and village of the country.

The friends of the American public-school system can not afford to relax in vigilance at any point. In itself it is a small matter whether or not Indian boys and girls be taught the catechism at Federal expense. It is true, as Senator Carter claimed, that "there is no form of Christianity which can be injected into the North American Indian to his detriment, no creed sufficiently vicious to affect injuriously the savages corralled on the reservations," but that is not the point. Precedents are fecund of abuses. If the government may with propriety support sectarian schools on Indian reservations, then it may do so in the Territories. There is an increasing desire that the whole public-school system should be turned over to the Federal Government, as the power least liable to come under the influence of ecclesiasticism, and most likely to give uniform instruction and impartial administration. Therefore it is highly important that the Federal Government should be committed to nothing in the educational direction which is even doubtful. The sectarian school on the reservation, remote from observation and commensurately free from criticism, may easily be made a stalking horse for that ceaseless endeavor of Roman Catholicism to approach and wound the secular education which it justly recognizes as its worst, if unintentional, enemy in this free and secular republic.

No public money for sectarian schools anywhere. That is a principle as safe as it is broad and American.

Amid the many conflicting dispatches which have come from Johannesburg, there were two newspaper cablegrams dated "April 28" which represented Mrs. John Hays Hammond as being in two cities at once—one placed her in Pretoria, the other in Cape Town. The doubt as to her whereabouts, if any existed in the minds of her friends, was dispelled when a cablegram came to her uncle in San Francisco, running thus: "Pretoria, April 29. Jack condemned to death. Nathalie."

But no doubt had existed as to her whereabouts in the minds of her friends. They knew she was where she has been ever since "Jack" Hammond's troubles began—by her husband's side. She it was who went at once from Johannesburg to Pretoria when her husband was flung into the Pretoria jail. She it was who besieged the Boer bureaucrats night and day, although warned not to do so, until they had granted her permission to take her sick husband out of the jail and give him the medical care and the nursing which his condition demanded. She it was who drove him to the furnished house which her loving care had provided, with the armed Boer guards clattering by the carriage-side. She it was who spent days and nights with the sick man, a guard listening at the open door, with no word of privacy possible between them. She it was who succeeded, by unwearying applications, in obtaining permission to take her suffering husband from Pretoria to the milder climate of Cape Town.

When the fateful day approached, and Mr. Hammond was forced to return to Pretoria for sentence, the dispatches differed as to whether his wife had accompanied him or no. But no one who knew her doubted where she was. She had gone with him from Pretoria to Cape Town—she returned with him from Cape Town to Pretoria. She was probably in the court-room when he was condemned to death. And if he were put to death—which, thank God! he will not be—she would be with him, even unto the end.

There are plenty of pink-and-white creatures in the world, out of whom men try to make wives. Any one of these pink-and-white puppets would have wept salt tears—at Cape Town—while her husband was being condemned—at Pretoria. But it takes a woman of heart and soul to stick by a man through sickness and health, through wealth and poverty, through good report and evil report, through duress and danger of death. And if "Jack" Hammond should have his entire fortune confiscated by the Boer government, and should find himself a pauper to-morrow, he would still be rich in the possession of such a wife.

She is a brave lady. All honor to her and to all like her—to all good women and faithful wives.

WHEN THE MOON IS RED.

A Weird Tale of Metempsychosis in a New Mexico Desert.

Mawson was the quietest man in the company; lazy and easy-going, and as gentle of speech and manner as a woman. Therefore, what I am about to tell seems all the more inexplicable.

The troops had just been paid at Fort Bolord, in New Mexico, and the detail to escort the paymaster to the next station already announced. It consisted of Sergeant Calson, an ex-English soldier, who had seen service in India, and six privates, of whom Mawson was one.

On the morning of the seventeenth of July, the day following the payment, a four-mule ambulance, containing the paymaster and his clerk, and one escort wagon, containing the enlisted contingent, pulled out of Bolord for Fort Newgate, sixty miles across country. As afterwards verified by official observations, it was the hottest day the regiment had ever known in the Territory. After the sun was a few hours high, even those tough and hardened veterans, the quartermaster's mules, showed signs of it.

By noon, both men and animals were well-nigh maddened by the heat; there was no escaping, as it beat down unmercifully upon them, while they wearily crawled through the heavy sand. It was miles to Pinion Creek, their first night's camp, with almost the entire distance a desert. Nothing but sand as far as the eye could reach; desolation—absolute, utter desolation. The sand-gnats buzzed gayly and merrily, and almost drove the animals to open revolt. In the ambulance, which was covered, the paymaster and his clerk sat, violently fanning themselves, the water streaming off their faces, and their eyes glued to the valises containing the government funds for the payment of the command at Newgate.

"It's simply hell," said the major, while the clerk, a tenderfoot, muttered something about being back in Ohio.

"Ohio!" thundered his chief, "Ohio! What do you mean by speaking of Ohio in this God-forsaken country, eh?"

The clerk, who was a mild man, coughed apologetically, and for the balance of the ride remained silent.

As the day wore on and the wagons creaked along, the major occasionally slept, awoke, glared at the silent clerk, and took numerous drops of the "Trader's best," his panacea for all evils. The clerk didn't drink, couldn't sleep, and, by the time the wagons at last dragged into camp, was on the verge of nervous prostration. It was his first trip in the territory, and, I may as well add here, that it was his last.

After the long, hot siege of the day, it was a relief to strike the little green spot where Pinion Creek gurgled and murmured over its rough, pebbly bottom with the most tantalizing sound. Even the major relaxed and offered a drink of the panacea to the detail who had pitched the tents for himself and clerk in the coolest and shadiest spot obtainable.

After the animals had been watered, fed, and secured for the night, there was supper, and then the sergeant divided the detail into reliefs for a running guard.

At about half-past eight o'clock, the moon shot up in the sky, blood-red, and the air grew suddenly hotter. The clerk, to whom the sight was a new one, seemed much impressed by it.

"Nothing unusual," said the major, who, like the celebrated Joe Willet, was now in a mood to tackle anything or anybody in the line of argument. "Why, sir, I've seen er—ten times redder," he added; "yes, sir, ten times redder."

There was a silence.

"You believe me?" asked the major, belligerently.

The clerk believed him, but his resignation was already a foregone conclusion.

An hour later the little camp had sunk to slumber, and the only noise that disturbed the silence was the tramp of the sentinel in front of the paymaster's tent.

As the night wore on, it grew hotter and hotter, and the men tossed and moved uneasily on their blankets. The little breeze that had sprung up in the early part of the evening died out, and the silence grew almost oppressive. Overhead the moon hung red and large in the skies, its lurid beams giving the scene an almost unnatural appearance.

It was just about midnight when the whole camp was aroused by an unearthly yell, and the next instant the clerk, clad only in a brief shirt, came madly tearing toward the wagons.

"Well, what is it?" asked the sergeant, quietly, who caught him in his grasp; "what is it?"

It was some time before he could tell his story, and then, when he did speak, it was almost impossible to understand him. "Something had attacked him," he blurted out.

"Who—the major?" asked one of the grinning soldiers; but the sergeant silenced him.

"Come, sir, tell us what it was," coaxed the sergeant; and then he began: "He had been awakened by something in his tent—a large, white animal, with gleaming eyes and heavy mane, that scratched and bit at him savagely;" and in proof thereof he showed his right arm. Incredulity fled at once, for, sure enough, on the arm were a cruel red gash and the imprint of teeth. "It was awful," he continued, shudderingly—"awful; it tried to tear my throat, but I managed to roll out of the tent and get away."

By this time the major had joined the group, and the story was repeated to him.

"Sb, what's that?" asked some one.

There was instant silence, and quite plainly, from the direction of the clerk's tent there came a sound as if of some animal crawling through the brush.

The sergeant loaded his piece.

Again they heard it; this time evidently approaching them, and then through the brush they caught a gleam of something white.

"That's it," chattered the clerk; "that's it—shoot it."

Suddenly it came plainly into sight; a long, white animal that crawled and slid along, slowly and stealthily on all-fours. Before they could quite realize what it was, it halted, turned its head toward the moon, and gave vent to a wild, piercing cry that was absolutely blood-curdling.

"Now!" said the major, and the sergeant raised his piece and ran his eye along the barrel.

The next instant, to their unmistakable horror, the animal suddenly raised up erect, and the sergeant dropped his piece.

"By the living God," he cried, hoarsely, "it's a man!"

"It's Mawson," said some one.

As the thing turned its head fully toward them, they recognized him plainly. He was perfectly naked, and his skin shone in the moon's red light, white and dazzling.

Breathlessly they watched him. Soon he dropped to all-fours, and then, crouching close to the ground, began slowly creeping toward the horrified group. They could now hear his heavy breathing and see his fixed, staring eyes moving from face to face, while his jaws worked convulsively and his tongue hung out between his lips.

"He's crazy," whispered the sergeant; "I'd better drop him," but the major shook his head.

Nearer and nearer, closer and closer he crawled, almost on his belly, and then, with an angry snarl, the long white body shot through the air straight toward them. At the same instant the sergeant clubbed his rifle, and then they heard it strike against Mawson's head with a dull thud. He straightened up bodily, threw his arms up wildly once or twice, and dropped to the ground like dead.

When they came to examine him, the blood was flowing from the wound in the back of his head, made by the sergeant's rifle, but his breathing seemed strong and regular.

"He's only stunned," said the major, "and the bleeding will do him good."

His naked body was feverishly hot and scratched from crawling through the brush, but otherwise he seemed uninjured.

For a long time he lay in a sort of stupor, while they bathed his wound and kept wet rags to his head.

Suddenly he began to speak, and then the men stared at one another in open-mouthed amazement; the words were utterly strange to them.

"What's his nationality?" asked the major.

"American, sir," answered one of the men, who was a walking encyclopædia on all company matters; "born in the mountains of Tennessee, sir."

The sergeant, who had been some distance away, now approached, and as soon as he heard Mawson's mutterings, turned to the major with a queer look on his face.

"He's talking Indian, sir," he said, excitedly; "he's talking the lingo of the Tiger people—I know it well."

"Listen to him now, sir," he continued, as Mawson broke into a weird sort of chant, "do you know what he's saying?"

"When the moon is red—the tiger kills.
When the moon is red—the tiger kills.
When the moon is red—the tiger kills."

"He's mad," said the major, but the sergeant shook his head and drew away. "He's a tiger man," he whispered.

All through the long night they watched and cared for him, and listened to his one weird cry:

"When the moon is red—the tiger kills.
When the moon is red—the tiger kills.
When the moon is red—the tiger kills."

When the morning breeze broke the long weary watch, and the blood-red moon dropped to rest, Mawson suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and then, looking at one of the men he was fond of, said, in his usual lazy, gentle manner of speech:

"Hello, Don, ain't reveille gone yet?"

When the sergeant reported to the paymaster for instructions prior to breaking camp, that officer asked: "How does Mawson act now?"

"Much as usual, sir, except that he complains of being very tired; doesn't seem to have any recollection whatever of last night's proceedings."

"He's shamming," said the major.

"I think not, sir; I've questioned him very closely about India, but he doesn't even know where it is. He's very ignorant, like most mountaineers; I even repeated in Indian, 'When the moon is red—the tiger kills,' but after gazing at me in amazement for a few minutes, he burst out laughing. 'What's that, sergeant—Dutch?' he asked, when I repeated it. Considered it a huge joke."

"How does he account for the wound on his head?" continued the major.

"Thinks he must have walked in his sleep and fallen against a rock. I really believe he's in earnest, sir, and doesn't remember anything."

But the major was far from satisfied. "Keep close to him, sergeant," he cautioned, "and see he doesn't get hold of a rifle."

When they got into Newgate, the major reported the circumstance to the commanding officer and the post-surgeon, and Mawson was immediately taken into the post-hospital for observation.

"A mild sun-stroke, probably," said the doctor, some few days later; "he's perfectly sane and well now."

"But how about his talking Indian?" persisted the major; "a sun-stroke can't make a man a linguist, can it?"

The doctor smiled in a superior manner. "I don't think it was Indian," he said; "the sergeant was evidently over-excited and only imagined he understood it. Why, my dear fellow," noticing the paymaster's rising wrath, "you're a sensible man and a bright one; now, how in the name of common sense could a man speak a language he didn't even know of? The day of miracles is over, and you don't believe in the supernatural? Well—I've studied the matter most carefully; too much sun, old fellow, that's all—too much sun; you all had a little touch of it, I guess. What'll you have?"

This is what the doctor said, and what was generally accepted as the true solution. But the men of the escort know better.

Perhaps the queerest part of all is that when Mawson was discharged from the hospital, he returned to the company, and served the remaining three years of his enlistment faithfully and honestly. Sergeant Calson, who himself told me the story, and in whose word I have implicit confidence, pointed Mawson out to me on a number of occasions, but as he was not in my company, I never learned to know him. The madness, or whatever you may see fit to call it, never recurred. He was gentle in speech and manner, easy-going and lazy, which, as I before said, makes it all the more inexplicable.

These events, which occurred many years ago, had almost escaped my memory, until, the other day, I received a letter from my friend, the ex-sergeant, who is now in the customs service of the government, stationed in Tennessee. Among other things, he wrote:

"Do you remember Mawson and the story I told you, about his queer doings at Pinon Creek long ago? In one of my trips last month I came across a family of the same name, up in the mountains of this State (his birthplace, you may remember), and by close, though apparently indifferent, questioning found out that they were cousins of his. They remembered him well; in fact, had a picture of him, taken in uniform when he was a member of my old company."

"It seems that his grandfather (who before drifting to Tennessee had been a sailor in early life), brought back with him from his last trip to foreign parts a dark-skinned wife. She died in giving birth to Mawson's father, whom his kinsfolk here speak of as 'a sleepy, dreamy, worthless sort of cuss, very fond of hooting about at night.' From the description of the woman (Mawson's grandmother), which is, however, almost entirely legendary, I have every reason to believe that she belonged to one of the tribes of Tiger people, quite common in India years ago."

Queer, isn't it? Of course I don't mean to say that this explains the mystery, but it certainly establishes a connection; don't you think so?

THOMAS H. WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1896.

A hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Louis Stevenson is printed in the "Vailima Table Talk" contributed to the May *Scribner's* by Isobel Strong. Addressed to his wife and step-daughter, it is entitled "Mother and Daughter," and runs as follows:

"High as my heart! the quip be mine
That draws their stature to a line,
My pair of fairies plump and dark,
The dryads of my cattle park.
Here by my window close I sit,
And watch (and my heart laughs at it)
How these my dragon-lilies are
Alike and yet dissimilar.
From European womankind
They are divided and defined
By the free limb and the plain mind,
The nobler gait, the naked foot,
The indiscreet petticoat;
And show, by each endearing cause,
More like what Eve in Eden was—
Buxom and free, flowing and fine,
In every limb, in every line,
Inimitably feminine.
Like ripe fruit on the espaliers
Their sun-bepainted hue appears,
And the white lace (when lace they wear)
Shows on their golden breast more fair.
So far the same they seem, and yet
One apes the shrew, one the coquette—
A sylph or a truant child
One ruos—with a crop halo—wild;
And one more sedulous to please,
Her loof dark hair, deep as her knees,
And thrif with living silver, sees.
What need have I of wealth or fame,
A club, an often-printed name?
It more contents my heart to know
Them going simply to and fro;
To see the dear pair pause and pass
Girded, among the drooping grass,
In the resplendent sun, or hear,
When the huge moon delays to appear,
Their kindred voices sounding near
To the veranda twilight. So
Sound ever; so, forever go
And come uppo your stroog brown feet
Two honors to my country-seat,
And its too happy master lent:
My solace and its orameot."

Burglars make a mistake when they tackle a physician's office. One broke into a London doctor's consulting-room, a few days ago, and the doctor threw at him the first thing he could lay his hands on. It happened to be a bottle of oil of peppermint, which caught the thief in the neck and broke. The thief got away, but the next day the police sniffed at every suspicious character they met and soon bagged their man. Twenty-four hours later, when he was arraigned in court, he still reeked of the peppermint. Another thief was discovered by a New York physician in his offices, week before last. The doctor pretended he thought the intruder was a new patient come for a consultation, and accordingly thumped and pounded him for ten minutes in the most professional manner, pronounced him perfectly sound, and charged him five dollars.

The unfitness of women for military service is strikingly demonstrated by the misfortunes that have overtaken Mrs. Booth-Tucker and her sister, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. When the former sailed from England under orders for New York, last month, she had to leave a six-weeks-old baby behind her, and the little thing did not long survive her departure. At about the same time the other daughter of General Booth also lost a baby. To satisfy the obligations of motherhood and be an active officer in the Salvation Army at the same time would seem to be an extreme task.

In 1891 this country imported 84,000 gallons of vermouth, and the amount imported in the current fiscal year will, it is estimated, reach 225,000 gallons. As vermouth is used almost exclusively in the preparation of certain kinds of cocktails, it is evident that the cocktail habit is rapidly growing to alarming proportions.

Bicycle fashion item: Falls hurt just as much this year as ever. No changes have been made in them. They are worn principally on the elbows and knees.

LIFE IN A DIME-MUSEUM.

Diverting Scenes from W. L. Alden's Book, "Among the Freaks."
—The Tattooed Lady, the Wild Man, and his Rival—
A Marquesas Mermaid in Hot Water.

Those who love to laugh and who find robust humor to their taste, should read W. L. Alden's "Among the Freaks." The book is clever and amusing, though the fastidious who discern nothing comic in allusions to broken heads and ribs and mortuary rites will find some occasion to carp. Life in a dime-museum among dwarfs and giants, fat women and living skeletons, is the subject, and it is treated in a highly farcical vein. This diverting new world is opened up by the genial proprietor who relates his experiences. Besides being chief owner and manager, he occupied also the position of door-keeper, for the reason that "he could thus make sure of receiving the money paid for admission, and, being a powerfully built man, could prevent the entrance of disorderly persons, and thus preserve the reputation of his museum as an 'unequaled family resort.'"

With his company, too, he was a strict disciplinarian. "I don't mind a little display of language," he remarks, "or a slap now and then; but throwing lighted kerosene-lamps is, in my opinion, unlady-like, and I won't allow it on my premises." The lofty status of the freak profession evokes from him the following burst of enthusiasm:

The less intellects a freak has, the better for his manager. You can see for yourself that it doesn't require any intellect to be a Fat Woman or a Giant, but, in my opinion, it's a higher branch of the theatrical profession. Any ordinary man can learn to play Shakespeare, or to do tricks with cards, but it's one man in a hundred thousand that can stand six feet six in his stockings. It's the same way with women. Any ordinary woman, who has a rich husband, can go on the stage and play Juliet, and Lady Macbeth, and such, but ask her to bring her weight up to four hundred pounds, and you'll find she can't do it. I tell you it's a mistake for any one to look down on the Dime-Museum business, and class it, as everybody does, below the legitimate drama. On the contrary, I consider it a high-class entertainment, and I've been in the business long enough to be a judge.

But he admits that there are difficulties to be encountered, and, in discussing them, he launches forth on a narrative:

Yes, sir! As I was saying, managing a company of "freaks" ain't no picnic. They're the most quarrelsome lot that was ever got together outside of a meeting of politicians who want to bring about harmony to the party. A Fat Woman puts on more airs than any two Elysian primy dooners, and for bad temper there is nothing that can touch a Beautiful Circassian Girl. I have to spend about one-third of my time in keeping my people from throwing crockery and pulling hair. Except when they're falling in love, there ain't a day that some of them don't come to me and swear that he or she'll leave if I don't discharge some one else.

Last year I had a Wild Man of Borneo who was dead in love with the Tattooed Lady. It was Barnum that invented the tattooed business, and for a while it was the best line of business in the profession. Every museum was bound to have a Tattooed Girl, with a yarn about her having been captured by the Indians and tattooed when she was a little girl. My Circassian Girl jumped at the chance of changing her line, for Circassian Girls don't begin to draw as they did twenty years ago, and when I proposed to her to do the Tattooed Girl act, she set to work at once to draw patterns for the tattooing, and, being a mighty smart girl, she got up some of the best designs that I ever saw.

My Wild Man of Borneo was a thio, cadaverous little chap, chock full of sentiment, and poetry, and all that sort of nonsense. When he got on his paint, and danced his war-dance, and howled—in what folks thought was the Borneo language—and swallowed raw meat, you'd have thought that he was about as murdering a style of savage as could be found, though he really wouldn't have hurt a fly. We kept him in a cage labeled "Dangerous" until his part in the performance came round, and then a keeper would take him out and lead him with a chain around his waist to the platform, where he went through his dancing and raw-meat eating. I paid him a good salary, and he was worth it. I wish I had him back again in his cage. The Wild Man I've got now is an Irishman, and he can't howl without a brogue that's bound to give him away some day.

Now this Wild Man, the first one I mentioned, you understand, was the kind of a chap that is always falling in love, and, of course, he fell in love with the Beautiful Circassian. He wanted to marry her, and seeing as she didn't draw very well, and was getting tired of the business, and knowing that he was getting a good salary, and was a leading man in his line, she agreed to marry him. I never liked the girl, for she was bad-tempered and selfish, and I knew she didn't care a straw for the Wild Man; but I told her and him that if they'd wait six months, I'd give them a bang-up wedding that shouldn't cost them a cent, and, of course, she insisted on waiting.

When she went into the tattooed business, the Wild Man, being engaged to her, naturally insisted on doing the stenciling. I know you won't give it away, so I don't mind telling you that the tattooing is put on every Monday with a stencil-plate and brush, and is generally washed off on Saturday night when it begins to get faded. It takes about two dozen different stencil-plates to do a girl up in style, and give her a variety of patters. These plates are always kept in the property-room, and when Monday morning came round, the Wild Man would get them out and tattoo his lady-love as gently as if he was a great artist, painting a first class, hand-made picture. He took about twice as long as was necessary for the job, and I will say that when he was done, he turned out the best Tattooed Girl that Chicago ever saw.

Well, one day I hired a Chinese Sword Swallower. He was a Frenchman, though I didn't know it when I hired him. If I had, he would never have come into my show, for a Frenchman is the most troublesome "freak" in the whole profession, not excepting even the Dwarf, and he's, generally speaking, a holy terror. Naturally, this Frenchman began to make love to the Tattooed Girl. I don't blame him for that, for, being a Frenchman, he had to act according to his nature; but he knew she was engaged to the Wild Man, and he had no business to meddle with an engaged girl, especially as there was the Fat Woman who hadn't anybody attached to her, and would have been thankful even for a Frenchman.

Now this Sword Swallower was a rather handsome young fellow, with lots of swagger about him, and he gathered that Tattooed Girl in without the least trouble. She threw over the Wild Man, and wouldn't have anything more to do with him. She wouldn't even let him tattoo her, and said that the Sword Swallower was twice the artist that he was in handling a stencil-plate. The poor chap came to me and said that he had made up his mind to commit suicide or to leave the business. He said that Jimma—for that was the girl's name—seemed to hate him. "Once she used to admire me in my great meat-eating act," said the Wild Man. "Now she says that it is perfectly disgusting to eat raw meat, and she can't endure my black paint. She tells me that it's a low line of business to be a Wild Man, and that she thinks that sword-swallowing is perfectly lovely. I say it ain't nothing of the sort. A sword ain't half as digestible as raw beef, and I don't care who says it is."

"You give her up, my boy," I said. "Don't waste your time over her. You're in the very front rank in your line, and that is something to be proud of."

But the Wild Man refusing to be comforted, the manager concocted a plot. For the stencil-plates generally used be substituted a set of his own, and as the Frenchman could neither read nor write and the lady could not see her own

back, the result came up to his expectations. He describes her appearance before the audience:

She couldn't help noticing that people stared at her more than usual when they came in, and she supposed that the stenciling must have been done extra particular well.

What they were staring at, however, was her forehead, which was stenciled "J. M. H.," being my initials, and they naturally wondered how the ladies came to tattoo a girl with English letters. But it was when the lecturer began to explain her, and turned her chair round so as to show her back, that the fun began. Across the back of her neck was "Keep Dry," in big letters; a little farther down was "Very Fragile," and "Handle With Care." One arm was marked "Strictly Private" and the other "This Side Up," and, as good luck would have it, the Frenchman had not got a single plate upside down.

Well, when the people saw it, they first laughed themselves sick, and then got mad. They said they had been swindled, and that the girl had never been near no Indians. One fellow said that seeing as she wasn't a leopard, she couldn't change her own spots, and that, consequently, I had changed them for her, and was a thief and an impostor. And how they chafed that poor girl! I really felt sorry for her, though I knew she deserved it all. As for the lecturer, he left as soon as the first egg hit him on the head, and the girl would have left, too, if she had been able to get out of the crowd.

After this episode, the Wild Man was restored to favor on condition that he should take up some other business. He consented, and became a Sword Swallower, the manager ending the narrative as follows:

So he set to work, and learned the sword-swallowing act, though a Sword Swallower doesn't command more than half the average wages of a first-class Wild Man. He's doing sword-swallowing in my museum now, and don't like it very much. He told me the other day that he hankered for his old life. "Thishyer swallowing business is too conventional for me," he said; "there ain't no room for the display of histrionic talent, like there was in that raw-meat act. But she won't have it, and I must do what pleases her."

They calculate to be married in about two months, and then I'll lose them both, for of course they'll quarrel, so that I shall have to get rid of the pair of them. Well, it was what might have been expected, after letting a Frenchman into the show. If it wasn't that she is a mighty handsome woman, and has got the best stenciling in the profession, I'd bribe her to leave on the sly, and I'd get her lover to go back to the Wild Man business. It's the only line fit for a man of his talent, and he's just throwing himself away, as you might say, now that he's only a Chinese Sword Swallower.

Very few of the incidents have so peaceful a termination as this idyl, many of them ending in a sudden change of base, like the catastrophe which happened to the Marquesas Mermaid. Through the malice of the Dwarf and the jealousy of the Beautiful Circassian, her tank of water was heated almost to boiling point when she entered it. As before, it is the manager who tells the story:

She had to take her choice between being boiled and giving herself away, and, naturally, she chose the latter. At first she tried to get out of the tank without opening her lips, but when she had swung herself up to the rim of the tank, and was hanging over it, the tank began to tip up, and presently the whole thing went over with a crash, and pretty near drowned the people that were standing under it. The Mermaid, when she saw what was going to happen, called out: "Save me!" as loud as she could, and when she was picked up, with her fish-skin extension hurst opeo, and her feet showing through it, she knew the game was up, and she thought she might as well relieve her feelings with language. She stood up and made a speech to the public, saying that some scoundrel had tried to boil her, and threatened to kill him the first minute she could find him.

I can overlook a good deal that people, and especially women, may say when they are excited, but the language the Mermaid used was really too much, and the public wouldn't stand it. As soon as they had got over their first surprise, they felt that they had been swindled, and they said so. It was a tough job for me to get the Mermaid away and to get rid of the people. Of course I had to give them their money back; but they said things about me that were very discouraging to a man whose living depends on the confidence that the public has in his honesty. That affair broke up my New York season, for I didn't dare to face the public again, and I just shut up shop and moved my company on to Philadelphia the next day.

The Dwarf drew a double salary, being an orang-outang in the afternoon, a dwarf at night. His success in the former capacity was due to a mechanical tail which he had himself constructed of steel, and which worked by a concealed spring. One afternoon, however, it failed to work, and, in consequence, the Dwarf's experiences as a monkey were brought to a close. It occurred in this fashion:

It happened in the course of the afternoon, when the house was pretty full, and there was a big crowd round the monkey's cage, that the Dwarf accidentally let his tail slip through the bars and hang down where the people could reach it. There was a woman standing close to the cage, and she thought it would be smart to take hold of the end of the tail and give it a pull. Accordingly, she did so, and the minute she took the tail in her hand, it curled round her wrist, and there she was, held fast. As I told you, the tail acted automatically, and whatever it took hold of it held on to till the Dwarf touched the spring that released it.

Of course, as soon as the Dwarf saw what was up, he tried to let go his hold of the woman's hand, but the spring wouldn't work, and the woman began to get frightened and cried for help. Two or three men came to her assistance, and tried their level best to untwist the tail, but it was made of the best steel, and they couldn't do anything with it. Then, seeing that the woman was half frightened to death, a man pulled out a knife and started to cut the monkey's tail off. He hadn't more than turned the edge of his knife on the steel, and cut his own fingers, when another man—a big fellow, who had something to do with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty—fetched him one under the ear that laid him out, remarking, as he did so, in a quiet way, that there wasn't going to be no cruelty to no animals while he was on hand.

All this time the Dwarf was fumbling away, trying to make the spring work, and so get his tail loose before anything serious should happen. It wasn't long before it did happen. The big man who was opposed to cruelty to animals said that all that was needed to make the monkey listen to reason was firmness and gentleness, and that if any one would pull steadily on the tail, the monkey would be glad to let the woman loose. Accordingly, he laid hold of the tail, and two or three other chaps laid hold of it, too, just to show how have any effect on the monkey except to haul him tight up against the bars, and the man who had been knocked down for trying to use his knife began to relieve his feelings by getting the big man by the collar, and trying to pull him backwards. What with hanging on to the tail, so as to keep himself on his feet, and what with being a little excited, the big man pulled harder than he meant to, and the men that were helping him pulled their heaviest.

The long and short of it was that the tail, which had never been built to stand such a strain, gave way, and most of the public that were standing close to the cage went down on the floor in a heap. When the big man got up, waving the tail in the air, with its leather fastenings, and buckles, and such, in plain sight, the Dwarf knew that it was all up with the N'Shugie-Gumbo.

Another incident is connected with the love-affairs of the Combined Female Contortionist and Strongest Woman in the World and the Living Skeleton. The former found another admirer in the Gorilla, who was added to the troupe under the following circumstances:

About three weeks ago, a chap from California—so he said—came to see me in my office, and wanted a situation as a Gorilla. He was

ragged and thin, and said that he was starving. When I asked him if he'd had any experience as a Gorilla, he was honest enough to say that he hadn't, but he said he had been a conductor on a Chicago street-car, and he calculated that the Gorilla business would come middling easy to him. Well, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and then I knew that a good Gorilla is one of the strongest attractions a Dime Museum can have. I hadn't any Gorilla, for the last one I had died of delirium tremens, and I was waiting till I could find one who was a Blue Ribbon man. I asked the mao if he was a steady drinker or only a periodical drinker, and he swore that he had never touched a drop of whisky in his life, and had a medal at the pawnbroker's that John B. Gough had huog around his neck with his own hands. I was fool enough to believe this, though I know as well as anybody else that a Californian who says he never drinks is only saving up his thirst till it gets good and strong, and then just you look out for him. I hired that fellow then and there, and had him measured for a suit of Gorilla skins that very afternoon.

In spite of all his efforts, the Gorilla could not oust the Living Skeleton from the affections of the Strongest Woman, and one afternoon, in the course of the exhibition, he gave way to his feelings. He left his cage and, after knocking down two or three by-standers, he advanced toward his rival. But the latter had a defender:

The Fat Woman gave a shriek and, waddling between them, fell on the Gorilla and floored him. The crowd cheered, and for a minute the betting on the Fat Woman and the Gorilla was about even; but he managed to get on his feet again, and, owing to the Fat Woman's having torn a hole in her stocking during the struggle, her bran began to flow, and before she could get to the dressing-room, she was reduced to her natural size, and her reputation was gone forever.

The coast being now clear, the Gorilla grabbed the Skeleton by the waistband, and was going to heave him clean across the room, when the Strongest Woman walks up to him, and, without saying a word, gives him one in the right eye, straight from the shoulder. It knocked him off the platform, and when he pulled himself together and got on his legs again, he was the most astounded Gorilla you ever dreamed of. However, seeing as he was fighting drunk, he wasn't going to be contented with one flooring. He climbed on the platform again and went for the Skeleton a second time, but the Strongest Woman was there before him. She took him by the collar of his skin and his right leg, and giving him a gentle swiog, so as to get the best of him, you understand, she hove him about thirty feet straight through the air. He brought up against the side of his cage, and when some gentlemen, desiring to see the thio out, picked him up and sponged him off, he said he had had enough. About half of his ribs, I should judge, was stove in, and he's in the hospital this very minute.

I arrived just as they were picking him up, and as soon as I knew how things stood, I made the people a speech. I asked them if, as honest men and gentlemen, they could deny that they had their full mooney's worth; and they owned that they had. I said: "Gentlemen! there's tricks in every trade, and I don't pretend to say that my Gorilla and my Fat Woman are not to a certain extent works of art. But tell me in what other show you ever saw such a heavenly fight and such a magnificent display of the beauty, nobility, and purity of woman?"

At one time the manager himself, as well as the public, was taken in by an artificial freak in the shape of a Two-Headed Girl, who was really separable, though it was only at the end of a profitable season that he made the discovery. With the Boston public, which as a rule "don't care for natural freaks," she took well. The Boston audiences are thus described:

Well, I advertised my Two-Headed Girl the next day, and when night came the house was packed. Ralph Waldo Emerson himself couldn't have drawn better. The very best classes of Boston society came to see the Two-Headed Girl, and more women with more spectacles and more false teeth came into the show than I had ever seen before in my whole professional experience. The men and women used to stand by the hour in front of the sofa where the Two-Headed Girl sat and argue about her soul, which, considering that her soul wasn't on exhibition, seemed to me a loss of time. They made out, in some way that I don't pretend to understand, that the Girl had something to do with philosophy, and that her two heads proved something or other that Mr. Emerson used to teach.

You've heard of Mr. Emerson, of course. He was what they called a philosopher, and drew better than any "freak" or primer donor that ever visited Boston. I couldn't see anything in him myself. I went to hear him lecture once, and it seemed to me that he wasn't to be compared with Artemus Ward. However, that was none of my business, though at one time I did think of making him a handsome offer to join my combination.

There wasn't the least doubt about the success of the Two-Headed Girl. In the very first week I took in two hundred and thirty dollars more than I had ever taken in one week in my life before. The museum was crowded day and night, and every mother in Boston brought her children.

The manager enlarges thus upon the natural susceptibility of Fat Women:

Yes, sir (continued the door-keeper). Fat Women are more sentimental than any other women. The fatter they are, the more they fall in love. Though, to tell the truth, the most sentimental Fat Woman I ever had wasn't by any means the fattest. She only weighed two hundred and eighty pounds when she came to me, and I lost her when she had just got up to three hundred and forty; and very sorry I was to lose her, for she had a great future before her if she had only been willing to stick to business and had kept up her pride in her profession.

For the first six months I had her, I thought she was a jewel. She never took the least bit of exercise, and she died as carefully as if she had been a dyspeptic with a stomach in ruins, who was trying to put himself to rights again by eating nothing but the most disagreeable kinds of food.

One day I noticed that the Fat Woman looked a good deal smaller round the waist than usual, and I charged her with lacing. At first she denied it, but I told her it was no use, and that she couldn't deceive me, and then she admitted that she was wearing a corset. "What's got into you?" I asked her; "have't you no sense and no pride in your profession? Here you are actually trying to make yourself look smaller than you are, when you know perfectly well that you ought to be trying to do just the opposite. I tell you what it is, Melioda, you've got your eye on some mao and want to make your self look pretty."

"And what if I do?" said she. "Do you think that a Fat Woman hasn't got any feelings? I'm a woman, if I do weigh three hundred pounds, and I've got a woman's feelings, though none of you men seem to think so." I told her that there wasn't any question about her feelings, and that I had no concern with anything but her weight, and that if she began to lose flesh she couldn't expect me to stick to the contract. "Just put all this foolishness out of your mind," I said, "and try to work yourself up to four hundred pounds. That's an ambition worthy of a sensible woman, while this yer falling in love is only fit for women who haven't got brains or flesh to earn their own living."

The romance has an exciting termination, but we will leave the appreciative reader to discover the dénouement for himself, as well as the tale of the Beauty Show which ended in a scrimmage, and the Baby Show where the babies got mixed. What with these and other attractions, the book reads very like a day spent on the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair.

The many sketchy little illustrations scattered through the volume are clever enough to make it a matter of regret to separate them from the text.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York: \$1.25.

THE OATHS OF THE MARQUISE.

How a School-Girls' Prank Routed an Invading Army.

The Marquise Thérèse de Lionne, the most adorable old lady in the world, a grandmother, with fluttering little curls and the laughing eyes of a child, has but one fault, and that so grave a one that you would hardly believe it. Dainty and pretty as she is, and *grande dame* to the tips of her taper fingers, she punctuates her most ordinary conversation with the strangest of oaths. At the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all, she will come out with "the deuce!" or "the devil!" or even a "damn!" that shocks every one who hears her. "It's an old habit of mine," she explains, "and I cling to it because it is an old one. And then," she adds, with a gay smile, "it saved me once from the greatest peril a woman can run."

And here is the story as the marquise tells it:

"Old though I am, I am not a very serious person; but, as a little girl—ah, how long ago that was, how long ago!—I was the greatest madcap that ever got out of breath chasing butterflies, or tore her gown and left her hair-ribbons on the hawthorn-trees: though that did not prevent me—egad! would you believe it, at fourteen!—from being very much interested even then in the handsome hussar, gold-laced, embroidered, and bedizened, who adorned the front pages of the romances of that day."

"Naturally, my friends were hardly less feather-brained than I; you would have to search long to find a dove-cote more full of turbulent chatter, and laughter, and flights of song than the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where I took my vows—never to be a nun."

"It was in the evening that we used to play our greatest pranks. We had discovered a way to slip out of the dormitory without waking up the sister who was supposed to guard over us. As soon as she was asleep, we would creep down-stairs into the great dark garden, carrying with us tablets of chocolate, a coffee-pot, and an alcohol lamp, and, climbing up to a favorite perch high in an old oak-tree, we would make chocolate and drink it triumphantly in the darkness."

"In the town where this convent was, there was also a garrison. The walls of our garden were very high, and we never so much as set eyes on a uniform; but walls that prevent seeing do not prevent hearing. The officers and common soldiers—naturally attracted by the presence of so many girls, I suppose—used to stroll along on the other side of our wall in the evenings, chattering together, and we girls used to listen. We could hear them so well! They would describe what they had done in battle, or what they would do in case there should be a war, and when they got excited, they used to talk in the most blood-thirsty way. It was terrifying to hear them, but so fascinating! And what formidable oaths they used! We could remember a few of them."

"One day, as we were walking together in one of the paths, Eveline de Sabran exclaimed: 'By thunder, girls, this is a devilish fine evening!'

"It was a revelation! From that time forth, the entire convent, inspired by her example, began to pepper their conversation with oaths that would have done credit to Napoleonic veterans. And we did not content ourselves with the garrison expletives overheard across the wall. We recalled peasant profanity we had heard years before, and hunted through romances to find the oaths of fine gentlemen, roysterers, and serving-maids. It was not long before we had acquired a special and remarkable erudition in that line."

"As you may imagine, it was not in the classes, before the pious ears of the sisters, that we aired our new accomplishment. In the day-time, we swore only before the abbess, who was deaf as a post. But as soon as night came—oh, we did not think of chocolate any more, you may be sure—we met on the lawn under the big oak and had a grand time. 'Deuce take it!' Jane de Seaux would begin. I would follow with 'By thunder, blast your eyes!' and the others would chorus 'Devil fly 'way with me!' 'Demme, sir!' 'By 'r lady!' 'Ten hundred thousand devils!' 'Grape and canister!' 'Thunder and lightning!' 'Confound it!' To see us strutting about with our hands on our hips or twirling imaginary mustaches, with our little voices coming from the bottoms of our boots, you would think we were more terrible than a regiment of dragoons."

As she said this, the marquise burst into a peal of merry laughter, and imitating the childish uproar of the precocious blasphemers, the gentle old lady swore delightedly.

"It must have been an amusing scene," we said, laughing; "but we don't see the danger it saved you from."

"Devil take you, my dears," she replied, "how impatient you are!" and checking her laughter, she continued her story:

"After the convent comes marriage—after the mother-superior, a superior of another kind. M. de Lionne was presented to me—a fine-looking army man. I thought immediately of the hussar of romance. He could talk the part well, too. And, zounds! why shouldn't I marry him? Thirty-five years of age, but much younger in spirit, of proved courage and unquestioned honor—in fact, how shall I say it?—he pleased me very much. Only one thing kept me from saying 'yes' at once. Novels were already being written at that time; I had read some—far too many—and they had put a lot of absurd ideas into my head. If I were to give myself to a man forever, I must know his intimate thoughts, his past, above all."

"One fine evening, then, between two cups of tea, I said bravely to M. de Lionne:

"Well, yes, I love you. But come, tell me frankly, looking me straight in the eye—it is not very disagreeable to do so, is it?—have you nothing, absolutely nothing, to reproach yourself with—if not as regards men, as regards women?"

"Nothing," he replied, with an ingenuous earnestness that made me wish to throw myself into his arms."

"Then he suddenly blushed. 'I had forgotten one incident,' he said. 'I confess that I have committed; or almost committed, a bad, a very bad, action.'"

"Blushing at first, he had now turned pale. I almost regretted having asked him. But it was too late to curb my curiosity."

"Tell me everything."

"I obey. Twelve years ago I was in garrison at T—. There was talk of war in the air at the time, and this, added to our youth, gave us an audacious, almost a ferocious, gayety. One evening when we were all tipsy—for we got tipsy in those days, which I hope you will pardon—a sub-lieutenant, more tipsy than the others, proposed that we scale the walls of a convent in the neighborhood and frighten the nuns and pupils in their sleep. It was a stupid, an infamous idea! Wine is a bad counselor: not a man there, brave and honorable though they were, slapped the face of the man who had made the wretched proposition. We rushed out of the tavern, found ladders I don't know where, scaled the wall, and ran across the garden like looters in a captured city."

"Oh! I cried."

"You despise me, do you not? You will never be my wife?"

"I have not said that yet. I sincerely hope you did not carry out your horrible project!"

"Chance saved us. As we reached the convent door, we heard deep voices in the garden, swearing the strangest oaths. There could be no doubt that rough fellows of some sort—gardeners or peasants come to pay their rent—were near at hand in considerable numbers. Yes, they were countrymen, for under the trees we could see garments that looked like skirts—they must have been long blouses. We began to be less courageous, remorse seized us, and we fled to the ladders; and no one ever knew that we had entered the convent garden. But I have always had a bitter recollection of that night's escapade."

"The dear fellow! I assured him that I thought none the worse of him for it, and, a month later, I was the Marquise de Lionne."

When we had finished laughing—for, it must be confessed, the adventure was amusing—we demanded of the marquise: "And did your husband never know the truth? Did he never learn that it was you and your schoolmates?"

"Perhaps he guessed it. The night we were married, just as he was about to take me in his arms and kiss me, I suddenly sprang away, crying: 'Dammé, sir! Ten thousand devils! By thunder!'

"But he didn't run away that time."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by L. S. V.

M. Lippmann, the distinguished French investigator, has succeeded in reproducing perfectly all the colors of nature on a sensitive photographic plate. His explanation of the phenomenon, as cabled to the New York Sun, is, in brief, this: Light rushes through the camera, as through all space, at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. With this velocity it leaves traces of its energy in the photographic picture in light and shade, but it is colorless because the forms of the individual waves or vibrations are not depicted. To secure this result, M. Lippmann places behind the thin, transparent gelatine film a mirror of mercury. This stops the rays of light and reflects them, thus rendering the vibrations practically stationary, as the result showed. They then leave on the film the impress of each separate prismatic color and shade. These effects are not similar to those of a pigment, which can be seen in any direction. The film remains transparent and its hues are like those of a soap-bubble or other substances in themselves colorless. The photographic plate, which is developed in the ordinary manner, must be held at a certain angle in order to see the chromatic effects. At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution in London, M. Lippmann showed by reflected electric light a number of pictures produced in this manner, several being the simple colors of the spectrum, and others photographs of natural objects and scenes, including portraits.

There has been a battle waging for three years past in Iowa between the champions of the nude and of draperies over the design for the proposed statue of "Iowa." The original design showed a female figure, nude from the waist up, symbolizing the fruitfulness of the fields; her hands support her breasts, signifying nourishment. This was accepted at first, then the puritanical-minded had it rejected, and finally the original design has been accepted again. The only woman member of the present Iowa Monument Commission voted in favor of the undraped figure.

A grewsome tale of the sea is that of two children who were found recently drifting about alone in mid-Atlantic in a small schooner. Their father had set out with them from Newfoundland for Lisbon, but he had died eight days before they were discovered by a passing ship. A sailor was put on board, and he brought schooner and children safely to Cadiz.

An English lady was riding her bicycle near Sarbiton, recently, when a gentlemanly looking person called to her that her tire was out of order and offered to inflate it for her. He potted around the wheel, got on to try it, rode gently down the street, and disappeared around a corner. He has not returned the wheel yet. And he was such a nice man, too.

A curious advertisement which we find in an exchange is that of a correspondence bureau in Washington. It announces that there are more than four thousand government appointments made annually without political influence, and that it prepares candidates by mail for the prerequisite civil-service examinations.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cecil Rhodes's income as managing director of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company last year was more than \$1,650,000.

Seven colleges have conferred the degree of LL. D. on General Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Senator Quay preserves every scrap of paper he receives and a copy of every letter he writes. All these papers are filed away, classified, and indexed.

The nearest living relative of Professor Röntgen is said to be his first cousin, the Rev. Dr. J. H. C. Röntgen, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Cleveland.

Among well-known names to be found in the list of new members of the L. A. W. from New York city are Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, and E. Berry Wall.

Mrs. J. M. Savage, of Boston, has been a cyclist for five years, and in that time she has made thirty-three centuries and covered nearly twenty thousand miles. Last summer she rode 5,437 miles.

Mrs. Krüger, the wife of President Krüger of the Transvaal, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed, and always taking a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner, the good lady dons a white apron and performs the office of butler.

The richest man in the world is said to be John B. Robinson, of South Africa. Eighteen years ago, he kept a grocery-store in the Orange Free State, and was in debt. He and his wife begged their way to Kimberley, where Robinson picked up a rough diamond worth \$1,216. This was the foundation of his fortune, which is now estimated at \$340,620,000.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, has been laying up treasures on this side of the great divide. Pictures printed in Southern papers show his new home in Georgia to be quite palatial. There are fine horses in his stables, thoroughbred dogs in his kennels, and other comforts of wealth. Mrs. Jones takes special pride in a collection of souvenir spoons said to have cost five hundred dollars.

Lord Arthur Hill, who seems likely to be appointed Governor of Jamaica, is the man to whom the words of "In the Gloaming" were addressed. Years ago, his mother, the Marchioness of Devonshire, had as companion a young lady with whom he fell in love. She reciprocated his passion, but, thinking such a marriage would injure his prospects, she suddenly disappeared. He sought her out, however, and she is now his wife. It was this episode which she embalmed in the well-known song.

The late Edward Pardridge, who played with millions in the Chicago wheat-pit as if they were pennies, was one of the most plainly dressed and inconspicuous men on the floor. He used to walk unconcerned about the exchange on the most exciting days, never looking up except to give a slight signal that would set his brokers buying or selling like mad. He made and lost many fortunes. When he "went broke," he would disappear for a few days, and in a short time he would wrest another fortune from the pit and settle all his indebtednesses. He never gave notes. He leaves a fortune of about a million dollars, and his wife has twice as much more, given to her at various times and always kept inviolate in his darkest days.

Representative Hitt, of Illinois, was in 1880 a stenographer in the Senate, reporting the debates. In his reporting work he gained the friendship of strong public men, and secured the post of secretary of legation at Paris when Grant was President. That opened the way to a fortunate marriage and to subsequent influence in the public life of Illinois. He is now chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, an authority on all international questions, and a leader in the best intellectual circles at the capital. He was always a very companionable fellow, and a wide experience in business, politics, diplomacy, society, and travel has added enormously to his topics for talk. "I wonder how a man of such scholarship, such brilliancy, and such a wide range of intellectual resources," E. V. Smalley writes of him, "can control a country constituency in Illinois so as to be returned to Congress term after term. Country constituencies are generally jealous of really bright and able men."

The father of Baron de Hirsch was a Bavarian merchant, by the name of De Gereuth, who was knighted in 1869. Baron de Hirsch was born in 1833; before his eighteenth year he became a clerk in the banking-house of Bischoffsheim & Goldsmidt. Soon he married the daughter of one of the partners—Mlle. Bischoffsheim. The successful promotion of the railway system from Budapest to Varna, on the Black Sea, brought him money, but not a fortune. M. Lagrange Dumonceau, the Belgian financier, went to pieces in 1869. De Hirsch secured from the wreck the almost worthless Turkish railway bonds. With them he built up a fortune that in the short space of fifteen years equaled that of the Rothschilds. The superstition that he was a possessor of the evil eye was based on the many victims of misfortune among his intimates, among whom may be cited the late Crown Prince of Austria, who was killed at Meyerling; Count Wimpfen the Austrian ambassador to France, who committed suicide in Paris; Baron von Blaschke, the Austrian cavalry officer who blew out his brains at Venice; Baron de Hirsch's principal factotum, Henry Coward, who cut his throat; Count Pompey Coronini, who lost both name and reputation in a poisoning case; and last, but not least, the baron's only son Lucien, who died suddenly and unaccountably four years ago.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

After a deal of delicate negotiation, extending over many weeks, the San Francisco Gaslight Company and the Edison Light and Power Company have agreed on terms by which a consolidation will be effected. The men in charge of the negotiations were, for the Gaslight Company, the President, Joseph B. Crockett, and George W. Prescott, a large stockholder. The Edison Light and Power Company was represented by L. P. Drexler. Now that negotiations have been concluded on terms satisfactory to both parties, the consolidation will soon be effected. The old certificates of stock in both companies will be called in and new certificates issued in place of them, on an agreed plan of subdivision. The stock of both companies has been much agitated during the past few weeks, notably that of the Gas Company, which rose steadily from \$70, selling as high as \$95 when the consolidation was agreed upon, shading off slightly since to \$92.50. The Edison Light and Power Company's stock remained quiescent for many weeks, taking a sudden jump when the consolidation was agreed upon.

It is the belief of stockholders in both companies that the consolidation will result in a benefit all around—will lower the rates of gas and electricity to consumers and will increase the dividends to stockholders. In fact, the new company has already announced that it will lower its rates to the city, and it expects to pay a six per cent. dividend on par.

In the meantime, before the consolidation, the San Francisco Gaslight Company has concluded to clean up its large real-estate holdings. The company owns a large quantity of real estate fronting on Howard, First, Fremont, and Beale Streets, and the directors intend to sell all the real estate which is not used purely for the purposes of the corporation. The sale is being arranged now, and the property subdivided. The date and terms will soon be announced. It will be one of the most important sales held here for many years, and it will have a marked effect in determining real-estate values in that quarter of the city, which have been unsettled for some time. After the sale is effected, the stockholders of the old San Francisco Gaslight Company will receive a dividend—how much, of course, can not be determined now, as it will depend upon the proceeds of the sale, but probably several dollars per share.

As we write—on the twenty-ninth of April—the startling news comes that John Hays Hammond and his associates on the Keform Committee at Johannesburg have been sentenced to death for high treason. It is needless to state that the news has created a profound impression on the Pacific Coast, where Hammond is well known, and particularly in San Francisco, where he long resided, and where he has hosts of friends. But it is impossible to believe that the sentence is intended to be carried out. It is our impression that later dispatches will foreshadow a commutation of the sentence. The mere fact that Hammond, Phillips, Farrar, and Colonel Rhodes pleaded guilty would seem to imply a pre-arrangement. Inasmuch as they could suffer no greater punishment than death, there was no reason for them to plead guilty of high treason unless they were assured of a commutation of sentence. They had, on the other hand, every inducement to plead not guilty, and to fight as long as there was any hope. Therefore we are convinced that their plea was made by pre-arrangement with the government of the Transvaal.

Further than that, we are convinced that the imposition of the sentence of death is merely a formality. The Transvaal courts have convicted these men of high treason. The punishment for high treason is death. There is probably no other method of carrying out the law but to impose the sentence. However, after sentence is pronounced, it may doubtless be commuted in various ways, under the procedure of the Transvaal courts. That is the legal and technical view of it. It may be that, if the men plead guilty, the law is mandatory that they be sentenced to death.

There is another view of it—that President Krüger wished the law carried out with the utmost strictness, expecting that the two great governments interested would sue for clemency. The Transvaal republic has no quarrel with the United States, but it has a quarrel with Great Britain. It must, therefore, be a sweet morsel for the Boers to roll under the tongue to see Great Britain upon her knees, begging for the lives of these Englishmen whose necks are threatened. The fact that an American is among them is merely accidental. But the Transvaal Government could make no exception in his case without weakening its position concerning the convicted Englishmen. But even in that case, the Transvaal Government would not be unwilling to have a great power like the United States beg for the threatened life of one of its citizens. It would place us under obligations to them. It is in line with the diplomacy of President Paul Krüger. If he had recommended his courts to exercise clemency, and to abstain from imposing sentence of death, the effect would not have been dramatic. It would only have been what was expected. But the action of the courts of the South African republic in imposing sentence of death, the subsequent suing for mercy by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, and the probable granting of clemency by President Krüger, attracts the attention of the civilized world, and the leniency and moderation of the Transvaal Government will be thrown into bold relief.

If all these reasons which we have adduced were not sufficient, we would repose our faith in the safety of the condemned men on the extreme common sense of Paul Krüger. Whatever else he is, he is a man of most remarkable shrewdness, not to say cunning. To carry out the death sentence upon these men would shock the world. It would irritate the United States and it would inflame Great Britain. The Transvaal republic is a weak power,

although the men who make up its walls, like those of Sparta, are hardy soldiers. Still, in military resources, it is only as a mole hill to a mountain compared to Great Britain. If that power should determine to invade it, the Transvaal would be crushed within its grasp as would an egg-shell. If these condemned men were executed, it would be impossible for any British Government to remain in power which did not declare war upon the Transvaal. Such a war would have the tacit approval of the United States, despite the present friction between our country and that of Great Britain. It would have the tacit approval of every European country except Germany, and the result would be that the Transvaal republic would be wiped from the map of the world as with a sponge.

A DINNER TO DALY.

The Shakespeare Society Honors the New York Producer of Shakespeare's Plays—Speeches Eulogistic of Augustin Daly—He Responds, and Toasts Ada Rehan.

Last night the Shakespeare Society of New York celebrated the birthday of the Bard of Avon by a dinner to Augustin Daly at Delmonico's. It was given, as announced by the society, as a testimonial "to his distinguished success in the production of Shakespearean comedy." The committee signing the invitation included Walter S. Logan, Charles Phelps, Charles W. Dayton, Morris K. Jesup, Nelson Wheatcroft, Harrison Grey Fiske, Henry E. Ahhey, General Ferdinand P. Earle, Wilton Lackaye, and Reuben Skinner. Mr. Daly accepted the invitation in a very modest letter, in which he said that it was not his custom to accept testimonials in his honor, but that considering the cordiality of the invitation, he could not refuse this honor.

The dinner took place at Delmonico's, and Walter S. Logan presided. It took place in the big banquet-hall, and the guests were seated about a huge square, which occupied nearly the entire hall. The middle of the square was filled up with tables covered with different colored roses, and in the middle of them all stood a group of tall white lilies. Mr. Daly was seated on the right of President Logan, with Appleton Morgan, president of the society, on his left. Nearly a hundred guests sat down.

The menu-card was Shakespearean, of course. Of late years we have not had so many of the old-fashioned menus, which used to be overloaded with quotations. They became rather a bore, it is true; but still they afforded opportunity for talk. The guests read the Daly card with much attention. Without boring you with the entire card, I may pick out two or three of the quotations. One thing that has always struck me is the fact that Shakespeare is so rich that you can find quotations for modern dishes undiscovered when he died. For example, coffee has always been a stumbling-block. On the Daly menu-card it read "Coffee. 'Is water with berries in it'—from 'The Tempest.' I remember going to a dinner once where the same difficulty was overcome by placing opposite the coffee the quotation from 'Othello'—'Haply that I am black.' But it was not so good as this. Another one—'And any pretty little tiny kickshaws'—is overworked, and has figured on many menus. A good one was just before the dessert: 'I will make an end of my dinner! There's pippins and cheese to come'—from the 'Merry Wives.'

Another Shakespearean feature of the dinner was the programme of musical selections, most of which were Shakespearean songs. Among them were "Should he Uphraid?" from the "Taming of the Shrew"; "Come Unto these Yellow Sands," from "Twelfth Night"; "Ye Spotted Snakes," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and happily for a finale, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," which is not from Shakespeare, but was written by that sturdy tosspot, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's hosom friend, who doubtless often tossed pots with him in the Mermaid Tavern.

The guest of the evening was toasted by Appleton Morgan, who spoke at not very great length, eulogizing Augustin Daly as a Shakespearean scholar. "By this," said Mr. Morgan, "we do not mean a man letter-perfect in the matchless text." Mr. Morgan went on to say that he thought Mr. Daly a Shakespearean scholar, but did not quite explain why. He closed his speech with the remark: "No one but William Shakespeare could have written those plays, and nobody but Augustin Daly could have so presented them." This sounds a trifle inflated. I would not myself bracket Daly with Shakespeare. But, none the less, in an after-dinner speech, a man may say things of which he would not deliver himself in the cold gray morn.

Daly made quite a lengthy speech in response, in which he touched upon many features of interest in his career. It is a fact that Augustin Daly is not liked. In New York he is very unpopular among actors, newspaper men, and men about town generally. The people who say they like him are those who do not know him. But he may have attempted to explain this dislike when he said: "I have known every phase of the struggle to make the play-house what it should be; a place where the most thorough entertainment can be had while distinct encouragement is given to the highest literary and artistic efforts. A man who has a clear purpose in what he does is apt to be a man of a single purpose. To that single purpose all else is subordinated. Hence complaints of the man's method of doing business, of his manners, and of his so-called peculiar ways. It does not tend to make a man companionable, or sociable, or clubbable to have engrossing ambition; it does not make a man tolerant of easy-going indifference, nor of cruel rallery. It may, in truth, sow his path with small resentments. There are a great many more talkers than doers in the world."

Mr. Daly may have made this as an apology *pro sua vita*. If so, it was very well received. He went on to discuss the question of the endowed theatre, of which he does not approve. He says it would have a host of enemies from the start, and there would begin an outcry for an endowed

magazine or an endowed daily newspaper. He said that he felt nothing but pity for the manager of such a theatre, who would continually run the gauntlet of critical assaults for his unfortunate choice of pieces, for his unfortunate choice of performers, and for his unfortunate distribution of the cast, "by which Mr. Blank (who would have been an ideal Rosenkranz) has been so oddly dumped, so to speak, into the part of Guildenstern, while the many admirers of that tried and charming favorite, Miss Dash, will learn with regret that she has been gradually supplanted by Miss Starrs, who has little beside her youth and a certain measure of good looks to recommend her." Mr. Daly went on to speak with much enthusiasm of "the theatre which is independent of all powers except the public approbation." It is very evident that he does not believe in endowments.

Mr. Daly closed his speech with an eloquent tribute to his most valuable player. He said: "It is the merest justice for me to name one who is inseparably associated with the fame of Daly's Theatre—with whose bright and gracious personality the charm of the performance seems to be inseparably linked; who began with the smallest parts in that company which you have been pleased to call famous, and who has enchanted two continents; who, in her sixteen years of arduous work, has never disappointed her public, has ever been the kind comrade to her fellow-players, has ever been the patron of loyalty to the theatre in which she served, and who, in the midst of her greatest triumphs, has forgotten self. The occasion in which you in so signal a way honor her manager should also be one of especial honor to Miss Rehan."

General Horace Porter spoke next on the "staging of Shakespearean plays." General Porter did as well as usual. He told a number of stories more or less germane to the subject. Among other things, he said he supposed that they would have empty dishes placed before them, saying, "This is soup," or "This is roast," just as the case might be, in the style of Shakespearean stage-mounting. He also told that venerable anecdote of a manager producing Shakespearean plays, who was visited by a man who had some patents to sell. The man said to him: "I have a patent to dispose of here, which, in case of fire, will take the people out of your house quickly." "No," replied the manager, "I don't want anything of that kind, but if you want to make money, just find me a patent that will bring people into the house." As there has been much talk lately in New York about the impression our foremost after-dinner speaker, Chauncey Depew, made in San Francisco, it might be interesting to give you an idea of the style of oratory his only rival, Horace Porter, puts up.

There were a number of other speakers, among them Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He replied to the toast, "The Stage and the Pulpit." He closed his speech by telling an anecdote to the effect "that the poor-boxes in St. Patrick's Cathedral had recently been enriched by large contributions from an unknown hand. A watch had been set upon this anonymous alms-giver, when it was discovered that he was no other than Augustin Daly."

There is a moral in this. If the good hook says that you should not let your right hand know what your left hand doeth, a more modern hook speaks of the gentleman who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. Such has been the case with Mr. Daly. Father Lavelle ought to put some more detectives on his poor-boxes, and he might increase the receipts. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1896.

It is proposed, during the electrical exhibition in New York next week, to send a telegraphic message around the world as nearly as the existing telegraph lines and submarine cables will permit. The route is from New York to Penzance, in Cornwall; thence to Lisbon, under the Mediterranean to Suez, and under the Red Sea to Aden; thence under the Indian Ocean to Bombay, across India to Madras, under the sea to Madras, thence to Australia, and finally to Melbourne and Sydney. As there is no transpacific cable, the message will then double on its track, and go to the east coast of Africa, to Cape Town, to Lisbon again, to Pernambuco, Brazil, and thence back to New York. The entire distance covered will be about twenty-four thousand miles, and it is proposed to send the message by electricity, generated at Niagara Falls. The entire time of transmission is expected not to exceed a few minutes. Chauncey M. Depew is to send the message, and he is now closely closeted with himself, thinking up an epigram worthy of the occasion.

The first shareholders in the syndicate that controls the pneumatic-tire business in Great Britain paid \$1,300,000 for their stock, and have since received in premiums and dividends \$3,290,625, the profits in 1895 amounting to \$1,540,000. A few days ago, the rights were sold for \$15,000,000, the original shareholders receiving \$14,437,500. The new company is now capitalized at \$25,000,000.

Under the new constitution of the State of New York, the five-thousand-dollar limit on the amount recoverable for loss of life is removed. In a recent case, where a wife sued for damages for the loss of her husband's life, he having been drowned through a ferry company's fault, the jury awarded her twenty-one thousand dollars.

The championship game of foot-ball between Scotland and England at Glasgow, last month, attracted sixty thousand persons, who paid a shilling entrance-fee each. The previous record was forty-five thousand.

The Austrian Empress Elizabeth amused herself while in Naples recently by buying up the entire stock of a toy store and distributing it among a crowd of delinquent children.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance by Sonia Kovalevsky.

The absorbing interest in the life and character of Sonia Kovalevsky, that strange, gifted being, aroused by her "Reminiscences of Childhood" and by the biographies written of her, will be stimulated anew by the appearance in English of her novel, "Vera Vorontzoff," recently translated by Anna von Rydingsvard. This work, it has been said, sustains her claim to literary power in equal degree with her mathematical genius. While this assertion may be called an exaggerated one, the work is nevertheless that of a gifted woman.

The story, which is told with singular directness, is the recital of a young girl's life, of the influences which shaped her character, and of the final self-sacrifice which ended her career to the world she knew. That exaltation of mind peculiar to Russians, and the tragic environments which tend to develop it, are not dwelt on, but are brought out clearly in the telling of the tale. In one instant, by administrative decree, the man Vera loves is exiled, his estates confiscated, and his life practically ended. Stunned at first by the blow, she rouses herself to take up socialism as her creed, and espouses revolutionary ideas and nihilistic doctrines. Her work lies among the people, and there are scenes retailed which read like, and no doubt are, descriptions of real events.

Plenty of faults stand out in the book, immaturity in the novelist's art and lack of variety being noticeable. Nihilists, too, have ceased to offer a novel degree of interest; but, nevertheless, the story is distinctive, owing to a certain photographic fidelity allied to intensity of feeling. It is easy to believe that with experience and ripened powers a far finer work might have been achieved. The cover of the book is eminently Russian in appearance, and is genuinely pleasing to the eye.

Published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Tale of the Grand Monarch.

"In the Days of Adversity," by John Bloundelle-Burton, is another outgrowth of the romantic and historical fiction now so much in vogue. The epoch chosen—that of France in Louis the Fourteenth's day—has already been well explored, but it appears to be inexhaustible. A new feature is given by making the hero, who is an unrecognized duke of France, serve as a galley slave and suffer the terrible existence to which these unfortunates were condemned.

The historical details are attended to with care, the vessels and manner of warfare being elaborately described. Glimpses are given of Louis himself, of Louvois, and other personages of the times, and the battle of La Hogue plays an important part in the tale.

George St. George, whose varied and exciting adventures are narrated, is really the Duc de Vannes, though he never comes into his own. His life and that of his child are in incessant danger, conspired against by some secret enemy. But no matter how closely he is pressed or how great the odds, the book is of the sort that inspires the confident conviction that all will be well in the end, and so it proves.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The announcement of Mark Twain's authorship of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" falls rather flat at this late day. Still, his publishers, the Messrs. Harper, make it now, apropos of an intimate sketch of Mr. Clemens by his friend and pastor, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, with which the May number of *Harper's Magazine* opens. The frontispiece to the number is a portrait of Mark Twain, engraved from his latest photograph.

The Messrs. Appleton & Co. have on the press a book on the lines of Nordau's "Degeneration"—though it is not exactly an answer to that much-discussed work.

Following is the table of contents of the May *Century*:

"The Painter Diaz," by Royal Cortissoz; "The Crowning of a Car," by Mary Grace Thornton; "Sir George Tressady"—VII., by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Impressions of South Africa"—I., by James Bryce; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The Pinnacle of Earthly Grandeur," by William M. Sloane; "Mas' Craffid's Freedom," by Harry Stillwell Edwards; "The Harshward Bride"—Part I., by Mary Hallock Foote; "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," by Felix Moscheles; "Photographing the Unseen. A Symposium on the Röntgen Rays"; "Cinderella Up to Date," by Elizabeth Pulleo; "The Election of a Pope," by William Roscoe Thayer; "The Alaska Boundary Question," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore; "Are Nervous Diseases Increasing?" by Philip Coombs Knapp; verses by Edith M. Thomas, Mary Ainge de Vere, Harriet Boyer, Dora Sigerson, Charles A. Collman, R. W. Gilder, John Vance Cheney, and Arlo Bates; and the departments.

Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days" was published in April, 1857, and November of the same year saw the fifth edition on sale. Since then it has been reprinted between fifty and sixty times in England, the sale altogether amounting to over half a million copies. In the United States an almost equal popularity has attended it. It has been translated into French, and, for the benefit of short-hand students, into phonography. Mr.

Hughes wrote the book while he was a teacher at a night-school. It was rejected by one publisher after another, and there is a story told that Mrs. Hughes, who believed in it from the first, offered to forego her annual holiday in order that the author might have funds to print it himself.

The *Illustrated London News* is publishing a serial by Mr. Frank R. Stockton. Only a short time ago it published one by Mr. W. D. Howells.

Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard, who is said to have been the first in the United States to make a successful Röntgen photograph by the cathode rays, gives a full description of principles and methods in his forthcoming book, "What is Electricity?" which will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The work covers the entire ground of modern electricity.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is seeing through the press a poem said to be longer and more important than any which has come from his pen in years. In rhymed measures it tells the story of Balcan, taken from Malory, with very few departures from the original text.

The table of contents of the May *Harper's* is as follows:

"Mark Twain," by Joseph H. Twichell; "Through Inland Waters"—Part First, by Howard Pyle; "England and America in 1853: A Chapter in the Life of Cyrus W. Field"; "The Dabur Explorations," by Jacques de Morgan; "The German Struggle for Liberty"—XI., by Foulton Bigelow; "At Home in Virginia," by Woodrow Wilson; "The English Crisis," by an Eastern Diplomatist; "Little Fairy's Constancy," by Julian Ralph; "The Fringing of the Rose," by Harriet Lewis Bradley; "Three Old Sisters and the Old Beau," by Mary E. Wilkins; Mr. Black's novel, "Briset," is completed; and poems by Dora Reade Goodale, Z. D. Underhill, Louise Imogen Guiney, Mary Allen, and Lulah Ragsdale.

Aurelien Scholl is writing his memoirs. For half a century the brilliant journalist has seen everything worth seeing of Parisian life, and known everybody worth knowing.

The Messrs. Appleton will bring out, with illustrations, Mrs. Everard Cotes's (Sara Jeannette Duncan's) new novel of social and official life in India, called "His Honor and a Lady." The serial publication in England was secured by Mr. W. W. Astor for the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

"In Bohemia with Du Maurier" is the title of an article by Felix Moscheles, which is printed in the *Century* for May, with seventeen illustrations by Du Maurier himself.

The sale of the late Alexandre Dumas's household effects has been a great financial success in Paris. His widow and daughters bought in many works of art. The proceeds of the sale reached nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars was paid for an unbound edition on Japanese paper of "La Femme de Clémenceau," illustrated in water-colors by Meissonier, Heilbuth, Beaumont, Leloir, Boulanger, and Vibert.

The full title of Mr. Gilbert Parker's new romance, published by D. Appleton & Co., is "The Seats of the Mighty: Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment."

Thomas Nelson Page has completed a play founded upon his story, "Polly."

Beatrice Harraden's new story, "Hilda Stafford," is only a short tale. Her long novel she may complete before she returns to England in June. An English paper says of it:

"Miss Harraden has been much impressed by the home-sickness of those who have gone out to Californian ranches. If the men, who are occupied, feel this, the women naturally feel it even more. The absence of society preys upon their minds. Besides it is, as a rule, impossible in California to calculate on anything like a steady income. All that a man has accumulated during years of labor and self-sacrifice may be swept away in a storm. Out of materials like these, Miss Harraden has constructed a really vivid and fresh tale."

The May *Century* contains an account of the crowning of the Czar—Alexander the Third—from the journal of Miss Thornton, the daughter of Sir Edward Thornton, who was then British ambassador to Russia.

It is announced from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly* that "The Annual Literary Index for 1895," which is about ready for delivery, "includes for the first time what is practically an index to the daily newspapers, being an alphabetical index to dates of the principal events of 1895."

The great success of *Cosmopolis*, the new international periodical, has already inspired one imitator at least. In Holland, a magazine is shortly to appear under the title of *Janus*, with text in English, French, and German. Medical biography and history are to be the chief subjects treated, but there will be contributions on other subjects.

Henry Houssaye has been elected president of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

It is reported from London that the proofs of the English edition of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems have not yet reached the printer. Mr. Kipling has been revising and revising his ballads. The book is expected to be brought out in this country early in the summer.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Poets at Sea.

(Macaulay, who made it.)
Four, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The tea-pot of her sires.

(Tennyson, who took it hot.)

I think that I am drawing to an end;
For, on a sudden, came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands and blinded eyes
And a dark darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah!—kindly pass the milk.

(Swinburne, who let it get cold.)

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the beat of the summer's beginning
Is past in the winter of love;
O purity, painful and pleading,
O coldness, ineffably gray!
O hear us, our handmaid, unheeding
And take it away.

(Cowper, who thoroughly enjoyed it.)

The cozy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup;
Pray, Mary, fill the tea-pot up,
And do not make it strong.

(Browning, who treated it allegorically.)

Tut! Bah! We take as another case—
Pass the pills on the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
Light-poised—bah, it's spilt on the bed! well let's on
go—
Hold Bobea and sugar, Sir; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bobea be Congo?

(Wordsworth, who gave it away.)

"Come, little cottage-girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream,
Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic woodland grin.
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?"

"Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied,

"My proper name is Ruth,
I call that milk"—she blushed with pride—
"You bade me tell the truth."

(Poe, who got excited over it.)

Here's a mellow cup of tea, golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings
to me!

Oh, from out the silver cells

How it wells!

How it smells!

Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.

And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,

With a desperate desire
Aod a crystalline endeavor,

Now, now to sit or never,
On the top of the face-faced moon,

But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea,
tea, tea,

Tea to the nth—

(Rossetti, who took six cups of it.)

The lilies lie in my lady's bow
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.
She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

(Burns, who liked it adulterated.)

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
For ane orither;
For, gin I take the first, I'm fou,
Aod gin the next, I'm dull as you,
Mix a' together.

(Walt Whitman, who didn't stay more than a minute.)

One cup for my self-bod,
Many for you. Allons, comrades, we'll drink together
O hand-in-hand! That teaspoon, please, when you've
done with it.

What butter-colored hair you've got. I don't want to be
personal.

All right, then you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.

Eightpence if the hottles are returned.

Allons, from all bat-eyed formulas.—B. E. O. Pain.

Henry James (says the *Book-Buyer*) is, probably, the one native author living, of more than national reputation, who was born in New York city. Though American by birth, he was educated abroad, and has lived there so many years that America is to him virtually a foreign land.

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D. APPLETON & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

The Warfare of Science with Theology.

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom. By ANDREW D. WHITE, LL. D., late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. In 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth, \$5.00.

In this important, suggestive, and instructive work, which embodies the study and researches of twenty years, the author "simply tries to let the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. . . . My belief is that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large."—From the Introduction.

The Reds of the Midi.

An Episode of the French Revolution. By FELIX GRAS. Translated from the Provençal by Mrs. CATHERINE A. JANVIER. With an Introduction by THOMAS A. JANVIER. With Frontispiece. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"In all French history there is no more inspiring episode than that with which M. Gras deals in this story: the march to Paris and the doings in Paris of that Marseilles Battalion, made of men who were sworn to cast down 'the tyrant,' and knew 'how to die.' His epitome of the motive power of the Revolution in the feelings of one of its individual peasant parts is the very essence of simplicity and directness. His method has the largeness and the clearness of the Greek drama. The motives are distinct. The action is free and hold. The climax is inevitable, and the story has a place entirely apart from all the fiction of the French Revolution with which I am acquainted."—From Mr. Janvier's Introduction.

The Dancer in Yellow.

By W. E. NORRIS, author of "A Victim of Good Luck," "Mademoiselle de Mersac," etc. No. 190, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Middle-Aged Romance.

"Sleeping Fires," by George Gissing, is a middle-aged romance. Langley, an Englishman of means, while traveling in Greece, meets an old college mate, who is acting as tutor to a lad of eighteen. The youth takes his fancy in an unusual degree, partly from a natural attraction between them, partly because he is the ward of Lady Revill, a baronet's widow whom Langley had loved and failed to win in the past.

The circumstances of the wooing were peculiar. He had reason to believe that his love was returned, but before speaking to the lady, impelled by a conscientious scruple, he related to her father a youthful indiscretion which had resulted in making him the father of a child. The mother, who was not a piece of virtue, had subsequently married, and though Langley had offered to provide for his boy, he had never since heard of mother or child.

His scruple of conscience played him a bad turn, for the parents of Agnes, who had hitherto favored him, now declined him in their daughter's name, and she soon after married a middle-aged baronet.

Now Langley discovers that by some strange chance Louis Reed, the young ward of Lady Revill, is his own son, whose existence had separated them in the past. The old love, which had never died out on either side, soon revives, but a marriage between them seems as difficult to arrange as ever. Both have harsh things to say to one another, and, as always with this writer, the man proves a finer character than the woman.

Langley, indeed, comes nearer to being a manly fellow than we are accustomed to in George Gissing's heroes, but with Lady Revill he has not made a success. She is a good woman, as well as a rigidly virtuous one, but the cloak of conventionality in which she wraps herself makes her appear cold and unattractive, and we doubt whether Langley would not have done better to remain a bachelor than to marry her.

Mr. Gissing has yet to learn the art of creating an attractive group of people into whose fortunes one can enter with genuine sympathy. Insight he possesses, and an admirable style, but warmth of feeling is lacking to him.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

An Irish-American Story.

"Tom Grogan," F. Hopkinson Smith's latest story, is an Irish-American drama. With the exception of the blonde Swede, who speaks a dialect of his own, and one or two stray Americans, the speech of every one is seasoned with the brogue—and very good brogue it is. We have all kinds of Irish-Americans. Tom himself—for Tom is a woman—splendidly healthy and wholesome, fresh as an ocean breeze, a truly womanly woman, in spite of her stevedore's occupation, represents the highest type, such as any country may be glad to claim. From her and her fine old father we run down the gamut till we reach such scum of humanity as McGaw, Crimmins, and Quigg, the villains of the story, men who represent the union which is making war upon Tom, and trying to crowd her out of a livelihood.

On the way we meet Cully, a sprightly gamin of the Chimmie Fadden type, whose lively wit brightens many a page and who has his own part to play in the development of the tale. And Tom's pretty daughter, Jennie, and Carl, the foreman, supply the needed touch of young lovers' happiness.

In spite of a certain warmth of temperament in the author, tending to exaggeration, all these people might have stepped into the book from real life. They are not delineated with the exquisite art which characterizes "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," but rather with the hold strokes and vivid coloring by which broader effects are reached. A strongly dramatic quality pervades the tale throughout. The scenes have to do with the putting in of bids, the awarding of contracts, and the signing of documents. But it is a mine of wealth, nevertheless, for the dramatist who seeks a fitting climax for each fall of the curtain, and it abounds in character types which can be transplanted to the stage without a hair's-breadth of alteration.

Altogether, it is a fresh, wholesome, and interesting story, vigorous in tone, warm in humanity, fine in workmanship, and not the least of its merits is the *exposé* of the system pursued by trades-unions and of the methods of the walking-delegate.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Tale of the Duello.

"The Wrong Man," by Dorothea Gerard, is a tale of contrasts. Two young officers in the Austrian army fight a duel, and, as a result, the challenged man, Stepan Milnovics, loses his arm, and is obliged to leave the service. Radford, his opponent, soon discovers that his challenge was a mistake, that the words attributed to Stepan had not been uttered, and in an agony of remorse he resolves to devote his life to atonement. He is the child of good fortune, Stepan of unhappiness. The latter is the son of a Ruthenian priest, and when he returns to his humble home and becomes

the village school-master, Radford follows, and, in spite of Stepan's hard and unforgiving attitude, devotes himself to brightening the lot of the whole family.

But every kindly act seems to rebound and add to his own good fortune, and the culmination is reached when he wins the love of the girl who might have married Stepan if she had never seen Radford.

It is an interesting story, working naturally and inevitably to its climax. Scenes and people are well rendered, the characters of the two men being sharply defined, and the sympathy follows each, though the melancholy of Stepan's fate clouds the triumphant love of Radford and Antonina.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A Girl with Business Talent.

The woman reporter who acquired notoriety, not long ago, by playing the part of a London chambermaid in several wealthy houses, and afterward writing up her experiences, has been put into a book. "A Woman Intervenes," by Robert Barr, contains a capital sketch of a woman of this type, and her adventures as chronicled are almost identical. She is young and pretty, however, and in spite of the mischief she almost succeeds in working, she is not all bad and is by no means beld up to detestation. The author gets so fond of her, indeed, that he keeps her in the story much longer than she has any right to be there.

The other heroine—the woman who intervenes—is of quite a different type. She is an English girl with a business talent inherited from her millionaire father, and the two situations where she saves the day, in spite of the fact that they have to do with syndicate companies and minerals, hanks, options, and accounts, are pleasantly exciting.

The story is lively, amusing, and thoroughly modern. It is not remarkable for fine finish, nor has it a distinctly literary quality, but it is a book which will hold the attention to the end, for, in his own robust fashion, Robert Barr is a natural teller of tales.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's popular novel, "A Flash of Summer: The Story of a Simple Woman's Life," has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Sihyl; or, The Two Nations," Disraeli's novel of the condition of the people, with a critical introduction by H. D. Traill and illustrations by F. Pegram, has been issued in the reprints of famous novels published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Two little English plays, "A Woman of Sense" and "A Hair-Powder Plot," have been arranged for translation into French by Alfred Hennequin, with grammatical, idiomatic, and dramatic notes, and are published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 40 cents.

One of the first books in the deluge of political literature that is to be poured upon us in the next few months is "A History of the American Tariff," by Eugene C. Lewis. The author's point of view is non-partisan, and the period he covers is from 1789 only up to the opening of the war period, in 1860. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"La Tâche du Petit Pierre," a children's story by Jeanne Mairet, which was "crowned" by the French Academy, with English notes and vocabulary by Edith Healy; and "Le Chien de Brisquet and Other Stories," by Charles Nodier, Alexandre Dumas, Claretie, Daudet, Tbeuriot, Merimee, and others, edited for school use by L. C. Syms, have been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents each.

The first and second books of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shakespeare's "Tragedy of Macbeth," annotated for school use, in the Eclectic English Classics (20 cents each); "Elementary English," by Robert C. Metcalf and Orville T. Bright (40 cents); "Laboratory Work in Chemistry," by Edward H. Keiser (50 cents); and "English Grammar for High Schools," by W. M. Baskerville and J. M. Sewell (90 cents), have been published by the American Book Company, New York.

The latest book on Sarah Battle's favorite game is "Whist Laws and Whist Decisions," by Major-General A. W. Drayson, author of "The Art of Practical Whist." It first states the laws and the etiquette of whist, following with the American Whist Laws adopted at the Third American Whist Congress, in 1893—those of 1894 are also given—and then gives one hundred and fifty illustrative cases, with the decisions. An index makes the book convenient for reference. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Magda," the authorized English version, made by G. E. A. Winslow, of Hermann Sudermann's "Heimat," has been published in the Sock and Buskin Library. It is the story of a prodigal daughter, put in a modern German setting; the

story of a girl who leaves an unhappy home and returns in later years when she has become a great actress, petted by the people, but not all her Puritanical relatives could wish. The play has had a great success in the United States and England, as well as on the Continent, and numbers among the actresses who have presented its heroine Mme. Duse, Olga Nethersole, and Mme. Modjeska. Published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

A third edition of "California of the South," by Walter Lindley and J. P. Widney, has been issued, the work being re-written and printed from new plates. It is a complete guide-book to Southern California, discussing the physical geography, climate, mineral springs, resources, routes of travel, and health resorts of Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, San Bernardino, Ventura, Santa Barbara, and Riverside Counties. The text is supplemented with many maps and illustrations, and the book is elaborately indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The love of animals and pets which overflows the heart of childhood occasionally survives in grown folks. It certainly has in Olive Thorne Miller, and she gives expression to it in a pleasant little book called "Four-Handed Folk." Her pets are not entirely confined to the monkey tribe, but they are nearly so, and she has experiences to tell of various unfamiliar specimens which she has housed and tended. Kinkajous, lemurs, marmosets, and chimpanzees are among her pets, and she knows, too, all about monkey babies, and recounts some droll anecdotes of them. The book is full of information, is agreeable in style, and well illustrated. Children will take especial delight in it, though it is meant for all animal lovers, young and old. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A book that will prove of great value to singers and teachers of singing is "Voice Building and Tone Placing," by Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis. It begins with a chapter on the origin of music, and then describes the anatomy and physiology of the larynx and the phenomenon of respiration, and shows, as the result of recent scientific investigation, that the overtones introduced by the proper method of placing tones in the facial resonators induce a new plan of vibration of the vocal cords, whereby the restitution of cords injured by improper vocal methods may be effected by the teacher as well as by the physician. The author has had a vast experience with singers, and his book is recommended by some of the greatest among them. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

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THROUGH INLAND WATERS

by canal-boat, from New York to Lake Cham-
plain, during which he sketched bits of pictur-
esque life and landscape by the way.

JACQUES DE MORGAN

the Egyptologist, describes his important dis-
coveries during 1895 in a paper called

THE DASHUR EXPLORATIONS

With Illustrations and Maps.

England and America in 1863: A Chapter in the life of Cyrus W. Field
Showing the attitude of England toward the Civil War in America, in two letters written in
1862 and 1863 by WILLIAM E. GLAUSTONE to the late CYRUS W. FIELD.

An analysis of The English Crisis is contributed by an Eastern diplomatist. Professor WOODROW WILSON has no other Paper on George Washington.

SHORT STORIES

By MARY E. WILKINS, JULIAN RALPH, and HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY

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In the three weeks just terminated, Richard Mansfield played six pieces, four of which were adaptations from books. "The Scarlet Letter" might be called an old book, "Rodion" and "The Parisian Romance" middle-aged books, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" a new book. Simultaneously with Mr. Mansfield's first week, Frank Mayo played an engagement at the Columbia which showed the dramatization of another kind of book, a "befoh de wah" story of Mark Twain.

Surveying the dramatic horizon for coming theatrical events and reviewing the past season, one realizes the growing popularity of the play taken from a novel. Just why this should be it is hard to say. It may be that the novelist, the trained and seasoned student of public taste, knows better what pleases Tom, Dick, and Harry than the playwright. It may be that the playwright finds it easier to clothe with dialogue the "reach-me-down" story that he finds between the covers of the latest literary success, than to make a story of his own. It may be that the public find a double pleasure in seeing the hero and heroine they have been reading about, in their habits as they live, acting out their joys and sorrows on the stage.

Whatever the reason be, the dramatized story is the play of the moment. The writer of good dialogue, the clever adapter, is more important than the well-equipped dramatist who can conceive and construct a plot, write telling scenes, reel off fiery dialogue, and work up star parts. The man who can say "I can make a play out of 'Robert Elsmere,'" is the man of the moment in stage circles. In the days when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The New Magdalen" were laboriously sawed out of two popular books, the adapter was regarded as a sort of literary carpenter who hardly merited having his name on the bills. Who has ever heard who adapted "Jane Eyre" or "East Lynne"? two of Clara Morris's great pieces. Only writing people, even in San Francisco, know that "The Golden Age" was arranged for the stage by George Denmore, a local dramatic critic. Had he waited till the present day, his fame would have spread from sea to sea. But twenty years ago the adapter was a mere journeyman whose honest talent and labor counted for little.

In this country, the boom of the staged novel was fairly started by "Lord Fauntleroy" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Of course hundreds of adapted romances had lived and died before that. Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade had been adapted and had adapted other people with the noble rage of the true play-writer. Charles Reade made a drama out of Zola's "L'Assommoir," and had the wash-house scene done very realistically, the stage swimming in real water and the women pulling each other's hair. Some one tried his hand on "The Tale of Two Cities" with poor success, and some one else tried to make something out of Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man." They resurrected "Jane Eyre," and Clara Morris made it go. They turned "East Lynne" into the finest piece, next to "Camille," that ever was given to an emotional actress.

But the idea of dramatizing the popular book, just because it was popular, had not yet penetrated the public mind. No one had ever conceived the idea of making free with any of George Eliot's novels. It would have been regarded as sacrilege, and would undoubtedly have emptied the theatre. Had Thackeray lived to-day, we would have seen all his people on the boards, and Becky, and Blanche Amory, and Lord Steyne would have been something delightful if they had been well done. But nobody dared to think of a living representation of these great creations of a great mind. Which is just as well, too, for if there is a painful experience, it is to see the gods of your literary idolatry represented on the stage by dull, dead, mindless actors, who have not even got the sense to dress well and talk intelligibly.

It was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" that started the campaign for the book-born play. The novel-devouring world were still shuddering from their perusal of that ghastly allegory, when a young actor appeared upon the scene with an acting version of it. The delightful "creeps" that the book gave people were given all over again by the play. It was never a good play, and it is only the eerie ugliness of Mansfield's make-up and the daring idea of the change in the face of the audience that have kept it going for so long. But it still gives "the creeps" better than anything else on the stage, unless it may be "The Bells," with

Henry Irving as Matthias. And if there is one thing an audience likes better than another, it is to have "the creeps."

Stevenson's story was followed by "Lord Fauntleroy"—a perfect example of the book-play. "Lord Fauntleroy" was one of the best juveniles of its day. It passed through *St. Nicholas* with quiet triumph, and thousands of mothers bought it for the consumption of their young. The outside world of Grub Street never realized the dramatic possibilities of the tale that was delighting hundreds of little people, who listened open-mouthed as nurse or mother read it by the nursery fire. But the popularity of the book among the class it was directed to was enormous. The attempt made to pirate it in England was probably the first suggestion its author had of its stage possibilities. She herself, with some professional assistance, arranged it for the boards, and with it made one of the dramatic hits of the decade.

A play, successful because of its appeal to the sense of terror, and a play successful because of its representation of an attractive study in child life, were the two pieces that started the vogue of the dramatized story. Since then no popular tale has passed without the challenge—"will it do for the stage?" Authors who have never dreamed of the glories of the drama find their works, with a few cunning turns and cuts, made ready for the other side of the footlights. Throned on high amid the tuneful choir, the adapter sits aloft and runs his eagle eye over the floods of light literature that pour from the English and American presses. When a success is made, he pounces on it, and if there is the least possibility of wringing a play out of it, the play is wrong.

In the past two seasons, most of the stage successes were dramatized novels. This winter, in New York, "The Prisoner of Zenda" was the theatrical hit of the season. It was served while the book was still warm. One of the Frohman companies, after repeated failures, fell back upon an adaptation from Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," the gospel of youth in the forties, and, after a week of tremulous uncertainty and fierce pruning, "Bohemia" struck the taste of the town. In the West here, we are quite ready to admit that "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is the best thing the metropolis has sent us for many moons. If the dramatizing of books is going to give us such lively, amusing plays, for heaven's sake let the dramatist disappear and the novelist and the adapter divide his laurel wreath.

Never was the singular attraction of the drama made from a novel better illustrated than in the case of "Trilby." The charm of the book was so great that it drew people to the play, as the grave of the departed draws those who are left to mourn. Paul Potter's "Trilby" was the most utter rubbish that ever cumbered up the stage. It was not a drama, it was not a pantomime; it was like nothing that ever was on the earth, or over the earth, or in the waters under the earth. But there was magic in the name of "Trilby." People bought hats, and neckties, and parasols because they were called "Trilby." How much more, then, would they go to a theatre where they might catch glimpses of the figures that peopled those realms of fancy—might even see in the flesh that unreal, exquisite creature who was, after all, only a man's impossible dream?

"Trilby," the play, attacked people like an epidemic. It was extraordinary in its attraction for all sorts and conditions of mankind. In England, where the book had enjoyed only a child popularity, the adaptation took a violent hold upon all classes. Its success was so startling that one began to look for an avalanche of dramatized popular fiction. One did not know at what moment "The Heavenly Twins" might not fall like a bolt from the blue, or "Ships that Pass in the Night" be advertised as the leading attraction of the coming season. So far, these two stars in the firmament of fiction have been left to twinkle there unmolested. Had they appeared after "Trilby," they would have been on the stage by now. Du Maurier's masterpiece has broken down the barrier, and the adapter is free to work his wicked will of any novel, ancient or modern, that strikes his fancy.

He has taken advantage of his freedom, and we hear of him hard at work on book and story. In England he tried "The Manxman," but, though the story of Uriah, the Hittite, from which Hall Caine drew his idea, is one of the most dramatic in literature, "The Manxman" was not a success. Now "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has fallen under his axe. "Tess" is to be the dramatic event of the season in London. The leading rôle has been given to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the best actress procurable in England, and she is doing it up in style, studying the dialect in its native county and otherwise perfecting herself in the manners and customs of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex" folk.

In New York, the range is even broader, extending, as it does, from Mürger's *Musette* and Mimi to Chimmie Fadden, from the dead and dusty forties to the latest figure of the *nouveau siècle* literature. Meantime, lesser lights are rising from the obscurity of little-read pages to the prominence of the fierce white light that beats upon the stage. "The Social Highwayman" was the success of the Holland Brothers' season. It was only a magazine story, but it made a good play. Hopkinson Smith's

"Tom Crogan" is to be put upon the boards soon. "The Daughter of the Tenements" is to be done into a rattling melodrama, and so forth and so on. Of making many books there is no end, and plays are even worse.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

Richard Mansfield concludes his engagement at the Baldwin Theatre with this (Saturday) evening's performance, when he will be seen in the dual rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He has presented six plays in the three weeks, including his own "Story of Rodion, the Student." This seems to be the least popular of his plays, judging by the size of the audiences present, and "Beau Brummell" the best liked.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," with Eddie Foy in almost a star part, will be the Baldwin's attraction next week. The play, which is still running in London, is broadly farcical, after the manner of "Charley's Aunt," the Miss Brown being a man who marries a ward in chancery without the consent of the proper authorities, and then, to avoid the consequences of his act and yet be near his bride, he dons feminine attire and becomes an inmate of the boarding-school where she is a pupil. The other pupils soon see through his disguise, and naturally have no end of fun with him.

The piece will be presented every evening, including Sunday.

A Popular Light Opera.

"Blue Beard" is in its last nights at the Tivoli Opera House. It has been an elaborate spectacle, with plenty of good things in both the first and second "editions," but the popular craving is for frequent change, and that the management is determined to give.

The next opera, to be given on Monday night, is not a novelty; on the contrary, it is one of the longest-lived of comic operas. "The Chimes of Normandy" was first given in this city, if our memory serves, by Alice Oates, at about the Year One of the "Pinafore" craze, and that is nearly twenty years ago. But it is a perennial favorite, having an interesting story and abounding in pretty music. In it Ferris Hartman will have the rôle of Gaspard, the miser, a character which, though it is out of his usual comic vein, he preselects with notable strength. Raffael will be the Marquis de Corneville, Martio Pache the Grenacheux, West the old halcyon, Kate Marchi the Serpolette, and Carrie Roma the Germaine.

Dellinger's romantic opera, "Lorraine," will be the next production, and in it W. H. Tooker will make his first appearance as a member of the Tivoli stock company.

Morrison's Scenic Production of "Faust."

Lewis Morrison has returned to San Francisco after an absence of many years. He was always a popular actor here, but since he began his career with "Faust," he has been here but little. His scenic production of Goethe's story has been remarkably successful, its name being associated with Mr. Morrison's as "Monte Cristo" is with that of James O'Neill. It must be nearly eight years now that he has been presenting the play almost continuously, in the West, the South, and New England, with occasional appearances at the New York homes of the transpacific drama. The secret of the play's perennial popularity lies, doubtless, in the remarkable electric effects Mr. Morrison has introduced, notably in the Broken scene. These would have seemed quite wonderful a few years ago, before electricity had been made a familiar servant of mankind, and they are ingenious and startling to-day.

Mr. Morrison begins an engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, May 4th.

Primrose and West's Minstrels.

Roland Reed's engagement at the California Theatre comes to an end this week, the last performance of "The Politician" being given on Sunday night.

Primrose and West's Minstrels follow him. The organization comprises forty white minstrels and thirty negroes, among whom are some clever artists in their line. The managers have been in the minstrel business for a great many years, and certainly have had enough experience to know what the public wants. There are two distinct first parts, with the usual comic songs, sentimental ballads, part-singing, and minstrel jokes, and the second part is made up of the usual material of such shows. One of these latter is "The Vanishing Greasers," and another is Miller Brothers' descriptive views. The instrumental section of the company comprises three military brass bands, one of which is a pickanion band.

"Virginius" at Morosco's Grand.

The Austrian military drama, "Lady Lil," is the attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week, but it will be taken off on Sunday night, and on Monday the popular tragedian, Edmund K. Collier, will begin an engagement at Sheridan Knowles' play, "Virginius."

After the long season of melodrama at Morosco's, tragedy should be a welcome change to its patrons, and if the engagement is not a success it will not be for lack of pains on the part of the management. This production has been in preparation for six weeks past, and the scenery will be entirely new. It will also be historically

accurate, Mr. Chidley having painted the scenes from authentic models of Roman streets and buildings.

Mr. Collier will be supported by the stock company, the cast of characters being as follows:

Virginius, Edmond K. Collier; Appius Claudius, Fred J. Butler; Caius Claudius, E. J. Holdeo; Deotatos, Frank Hatch; Nomentinus, Harry Beorimo; Icilius, Eugene Moore; Locius, Hugh Ward; Marcus, H. E. Humphreys; Titos, Frederick Fairbanks; Servius, Edward Browning; Oesius, Clement Hopkins; First Citizen, George Nicholls; Second Citizen, William Gibson, Jr.; Goad, Ed. Wilson; Virginia, Lisle Leigh; Servia, Julia Blanc; Female Slave, Fannie Warren.

Bristol's Trained Horses.

The exhibition of Bristol's Eques-Curriculum at the Auditorium did not get the patronage it deserved in the early part of the week, but its popularity has grown with each performance. It is not inspiring to hear a "professor" begin the show with an "overture" on a rattly-bang piano; but directly the curtain goes up, those who are fond of horses know they have found a remarkably trained lot of animals.

They do a number of tricks at their master's command, each answering to his own name and fetching a table, getting a handkerchief out of a desk, helping his master on and off with an overcoat, pulling off his overshoes, finding hidden articles, and the like; they also perform unusual feats of balancing and go through a military drill. Perhaps the most remarkable animal of the lot is Sultan, the "mathematical horse." He is asked various arithmetical problems, the number of the month, the day of the month, the hour of the night, and other questions to which numerical answers may be given, and he answers each correctly by pawing the ground a certain number of times.

The performance commences its second week on Monday night, matinees being given on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

Notes.

Hoyt's Australian "Trip to Chinatown" company is to follow the minstrels at the California.

Payson Graham, one of the girls in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," is a native of this State.

Robert Maottell will be at the California Theatre next month. During his season he will produce a new play.

May Irwin celebrated the three hundredth performance of "The Widow Jones" last week in New York.

Charles Frohman will send a company to play "The Gay Parisians" on the coast during the summer months.

A notable feature of Lewis Morrisoo's "Faust" is the singing of the choir in the scene in the church at Nuremberg.

John Drew will present "The Squire of Dames" during his engagement at the Baldwin, which begins next month.

Palmer Cox's "Brownies" will be seen at the Baldwin late in the year. Ida Mülle will be a member of the company.

Nat Goodwin is coming to San Francisco next month. Gus Thomas's play, "Missouri," will be a feature of his repertoire.

Amy Lee and Frank Doane are the leading persons in "Miss Harum-Scaram," a farce-comedy soon to be seen at the Columbia.

Duse's entire tour has been canceled for the present, Messrs. Friedlaender, Gottlob & Co. announce, owing to her recent illness. She sails for Italy next week.

William D. Roberts, Olive Martin, Annie Lewis, and Mrs. E. J. Vandenhoff are members of Morrison's "Faust" company to appear next week at the Columbia.

Young Salvini is to play an engagement at the Baldwin after the summer season. He has recently added "Hamlet" to his repertoire, and will soon try "Othello."

During the first week of the Daly engagement at the Baldwin, Ada Rehan will be seen in two plays that are new to us, "The Countess Gucki" and "The Two Escutcheons."

Chauncey Olcott, who used to be a popular minstrel balladist in the Charlie Reed régime at the Standard, will soon be seen here as a star in a play of the same style as J. K. Emmett's.

"The Village Postmaster," the latest example of rural realism on the stage, is an inverted tank drama. The tank has been hoisted to the flies, and at the end of the first act the water comes pouring down in a thunder-shower through holes in the bottom of the tank.

The latest phase of the living-picture fad in London places of amusement is a development of the kinetoscope, whereby moving photographs of lively scenes—at a factory gate at the closing hour, at a railway station as a train is leaving, at a sea-side resort where men are diving and women paddling in the water, and similar pictures of life—are thrown

on a screen. It is the great attraction at the Empire, at the Alhambra, at the Olympia, at every place of the kind.

Dixey is back in New York, and created the principal rôle in a new farcical comedy, "Thoroughbred," at the Garrick last week. He has the part of a Puritanical mayor of a country town, who, through a misunderstanding, becomes the owner of a race-horse and tries to live up to it. Fritz Williams and Agnes Miller are also in the cast.

Helen Dauvray, at one time known as "Little Nell, the California Diamond," has been married for the third time. It is not very long since she secured a divorce from John M. Ward, the famous New York base-ball player. Her new husband is Lieutenant Albert G. Winterhalter, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*. They first met in this city, a few months ago, when Miss Dauvray was playing "Ooe of Our Girls" at the Columbia, and their marriage took place last Wednesday in Alameda.

De Wolf Hopper produced "El Capitan," the new comic opera for which John Philip Sousa wrote the music, in New York, a few nights ago, and it has been voted a decided success. The story is an entertaining one of a Spanish viceroy in Peru a few centuries ago, who assumes the rôle of a certain famous brigand—El Capitan—to escape a usurper of his power, and his efforts to live up to the reputation of the dead bandit furnish some amusing situations. There are several fine marches in the score, which is approved in other respects also.

Since T. D. Frawley engaged Maxine Elliott to be his leading lady during his coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre, he has been having as much trouble as an operatic impresario with two prima donnas on his hands. Mr. Frawley had already engaged Mary Hampton to play the same line of characters, and when she heard of Miss Elliott's engagement, she kept the wires hot with messages to the manager. She declared that she must always have the choice of parts; he replied that, as manager, he reserved the right to cast plays as he chose, and the result has been that Miss Hampton is out in the cold, and Amy Busby will probably be engaged to play her rôles.

Eleanor Calhoun, the actress, is here from London and Paris. In the latter city she played in French with a French company, an unusual achievement for an American actress, and in London she has been appearing in a number of excellent companies for two or three years past. She comes here in search of rest and fortune. While on the stage in London recently, she suddenly found herself stricken dumb. Her overtaxed vocal cords had given way, and absolute rest is the only thing that will restore her voice. The fortune she is interested in is that left by the noted Montana miner, Andrew J. Davis, which is said to amount to sixteen millions of dollars. Miss Calhoun's grandmother, Mrs. Snell, was a Miss Queen, and she claims to have married Davis when she was a mere child in Arkansas. He left her in 1849, and on receipt of news of his death, Mrs. Davis married again.

Mrs. Francis Edgerton will deliver a lecture on "Portia, the Perfect Woman," at the Century Club Auditorium, 1213 Sutter Street, next Wednesday evening, May 6th, at 8 o'clock.

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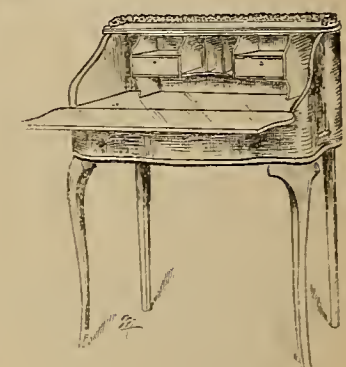
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VANITY FAIR.

The theatre-hat legislation in Ohio has attracted a great deal of attention, not only in the United States, but in Europe as well. Late London papers to hand are full of comments upon the Ohio law, and all of them approve of it. It is evident from these articles that the London theatre-goers are also much annoyed by theatre hats, although there are parts of the London theatres where women are not allowed unless bare-headed. Still, it is evident that this rule concerning the stalls is not general enough, and that people in other parts of the house suffer. In the *Saturday Review*, Bernard Shaw said, the other day, that in one London theatre "the stalls were filled for the most part by quite the most disagreeable collection of women I have ever seen. They all wore huge, towering hats, piled up, for the more effectual obstruction of the view, with every conceivable futility, vulgarity, and brutality (in the dead-bird line) that a woman can wear." It is interesting to note that the bill was passed in the Ohio legislature through the influence of women. When it was introduced into the lower branch of the legislature, it was regarded as a joke. But, after being modified so that the manager of the theatre became responsible for the obstructiveness of hats, and not the women who wore them, the House passed it. It halted in the Senate, and it looked as if it would be dropped; but it was warmly taken up by a woman's paper in Cleveland and by a number of influential ladies in Columbus. Then it was passed. The bill throws the burden of abolishing the obstructions on the managers, and not on the women themselves.

All feminine Russia is wild with excitement over the approaching coronation of the Czar. According to a St. Petersburg correspondent of *Vogue*, every aristocratic feminine head is filled with the devising of gala toilets. All of them are leaving their diamonds at the jeweler's to be reset, and they are ransacking their grandmothers' trunks for antique laces and quaint, old-fashioned ornaments to be renovated by modern artificers. Many jewels are going to be worn. In fact, there is a fashion setting in toward the wearing of jewels which will be accelerated by the brilliant festivities of the coronation. Everything to-day is being set with turquoises, pearls, amethysts, and other stones. Watches, card-cases, combs, bouquet-holders, napkin-rings, whips—almost everything is jeweled. It is a pretty fashion, but it doubtless will be unpopular, when it strikes America—among the husbands.

Vogue, which is gradually coming to be an authority in fashions, pronounces against bloomers. It also says that women are abandoning leggings, "which are hot and serve no purpose whatever except the demands of prudery. Women do not need leggings in riding bicycles, as, on the other hand, they do need leggings in playing golf. Women should wear plain Scotch stockings and ties in riding." This seems sensible.

One of the most important changes of fashion that have taken place for some time is the contemplated modification of the exaggerated sleeve and the godet skirts. The skirt has gradually come to be almost the same as the crinoline which was so much ridiculed years ago. As for the sleeves, the incoming sleeve is to be tight-fitting to above the elbow, and then there is a slight fullness drooping becomingly downward. There is no doubt that the enormous sleeves that women have been wearing of late have reached such a point that they are becoming ridiculous. In fact, the woman on a bicycle nowadays clad in bloomers and with big sleeves, looks, as a newspaper humorist expresses it, not unlike "a double-barreled balloon."

The wheel is slowly, but surely, affecting our social life. In England we learn that girls are becoming independent of the maternal guardianship, owing to the fact that materfamilias is too heavy, as a rule, to ride. Now, in England, it is not at all uncommon to see a couple of girls wheeling all over the country through the shady lanes, unaccompanied even by a bicycle attendant. It is not uncommon, also, to see a young couple—a young man and a young woman—bicycling together without a chaperon. This is a new phase of social life, and, until all the chaperons learn to ride, it would seem as though chaperonage would have to cease. The *London Queen* suggests that in the not distant future mamma may follow her bicycling progeny in an auto-motor, or horseless carriage. Another phase of the bicycling mania is that the couples are generally semi-detached, like the pilgrims to the Bayreuth shrine of Wagner. The musical husband leads about another fellow's musical wife; the one musical sister of a family completes the party with some one else's brother; and so on. One of two sisters, with only one bicycle in the family and no available brother, comes attended by the bicycling husband of a delicate wife. It seems all right, so long as you are bicycling.

Even these traveling days there are many people who do not care for traveling. There are

some to whom it is an affliction. There are others to whom it is a bore. Therefore an advertisement now running in the New York papers is calculated to catch the eye of many such. In staring letters, you read: "Why travel when you can telephone? A journey in New York is an annoyance. A journey out of town is an expense. A journey to Chicago is a calamity. The telephone will save you all." There is no doubt that this will appeal to many people who are not fond of traveling, even if they are not fond of telephoning. Of the two, telephoning is less of a nuisance.

Along the Riviera this winter there has been a vast amount of bicycling. There have been a number of accidents also, particularly among the English riders, for the reason that on the Continent when riding and driving you turn to the right instead of, as in England, to the left. The result was that many English men and women have collided with cabbies and other Jesus with results melancholy to themselves. In most of the hotels along the Riviera, such has been the bicycle craze that the managers have provided accommodations for the machines and their care and cleaning. In many of the hotels there were over one hundred machines stabled at a time.

The question recently came up in a suit in England as to "what is a reasonable amount to be spent on dress by the wife of a man who has an income of one thousand pounds a year?" The suit was brought by a fashionable dressmaker against a husband to recover the price of dresses supplied to his wife. She testified that in her opinion the wife was entitled to one-tenth of her husband's income for dresses—that is, five hundred dollars a year. Her dresses were not considered costly by the court. One hundred dollars for a velvet dress was not extreme, but the question was whether the wife of a man with five thousand dollars a year ought to have a velvet dress. It scarcely seems to be a question for an ordinary jury to decide. Why would it not be well to impale a jury of matrons?

In fashions for men, the most notable thing is the fancy waistcoat. It has prevailed in London for the past year, and now it has broken out in America. There are any number of buffs and browns and drabs and yellows to be seen in New York. The brown holland single-breasted is much worn with lounge-suits. The most fashionable are made of a species of smooth, cloth-like flannel, with a plaid or check pattern. Trousers are unchanged. In the country, men are now wearing golf or bicycling clothes a good deal. To show how giddy is the style worn abroad, the uniform of a Scottish golfing club consists of a scarlet lounge-coat, with a green collar and green cuffs. A fancy waistcoat is worn with this, and cream-colored flannel breeches. Brown stockings and shoes and gaiters complete this costume. Black boots and shoes for men are again the fashion, with round toes. The russet shoe is somewhat on the decline. The Tuxedo, or dinner jacket, is worn more than ever. Some are wearing it with peaked lapels. Next to the fancy waistcoats, the greatest craze is for colored shirts. They are wearing more colored shirts and with more color in them than ever before.

John Gilmer Speed has recently tried interviewing Ada Rehan, and found to his consternation that she never consented to be interviewed. She saw him, however, but, as he says, she made him do all the talking. Miss Rehan has always had the same peculiarity as Mme. Duse, the Italian actress. She does not care to have her private life invaded. Mr. Speed skates very delicately over the question of Miss Rehan's age, saying: "She has been so long a conspicuous feature of the American stage that some of us are apt to think of her as a veteran who has passed the meridian of life. But, measuring her age by the years she has lived, she is yet a young woman, and is eligible for membership in that interesting and captivating Philadelphia ladies' organization which has adopted

the descriptive title of 'The Under Forty Club.'" Mr. Speed goes on to say that he first saw Miss Rehan in her first season, "when she belonged to Macauley's stock company in Louisville, exactly twenty years ago, when she could not have been more than seventeen." This makes her thirty-seven, which is very kind of Mr. Speed. Miss Rehan could not have been more than seventeen twenty years ago. It is like all the pretty widows who have grown up children. They were always married when they were sixteen. By the way, the Under Forty Club is a striking idea. But how impressive, how melancholy, how indescribably mournful must be the exit of the lady who is obliged to leave the Under Forty Club for reasons.

Last week a diamond tiara was given to Mme. Nordica, in New York, on the occasion of the return season of the opera troupe. The tiara contains two hundred and thirty-three diamonds ranging in size from one and a half to one-eighth of a carat. The total weight of the diamonds in the tiara is about thirty carats, and its cost is in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. The tiara is built upon a round wire of gold. At its ends are loops into which hair-pins may be fastened to secure it to the head. The centre-piece of the crown can be separated from the rest and used thus as a single ornament for the hair. The idea of making a gift to Mme. Nordica was taken in hand by James Otis, who invited the singer's friends to contribute for the purpose, limiting the contributions at ten dollars each.

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Is bodily comfort. This unspeakable boon is denied to many unfortunates for whose ailments Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a promptly helpful remedy. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the nervous, persons troubled with biliousness or chills and fever, should lose no time in availing themselves of this comprehensive and genial medicine. It promotes appetite and nightly slumber.

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FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND THROAT DISORDERS "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual remedy. Sold only in boxes.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

That was an excellent answer (Admiral Jovett once remarked) an able seaman gave to a land-lubber visitor to a man-of-war, who asked: "What do you sailors do?" "Well," responded the jolly tar, "we do about what we please until we are told to do something else, and then we do that pretty d— quick."

Dr. Coke, at one time chaplain of Greenwich Hospital, was (according to James Payn) "a churchman of the tawny-port-wine school." When called in to minister to one of the patients on his death-bed, and finding him perturbed as to his ghostly welfare, he comforted him by saying: "Don't concern yourself about that, my dear fellow, that's my affair."

Walter Savage Landor, though he often handled his fellow-men somewhat roughly, hated to see an old tree felled, and even shrank from plucking a rose. One morning he collared his man-cook and flung him out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering on what "hed" in the garden the man would fall, the flower-loving Landor exclaimed: "Good heavens! I forgot the poor violets!"

Lord Ligoier's death was once erroneously announced in the newspapers, and he was eager to prosecute them. His lawyers, however, assured him that he had no case, having suffered no damage. "There," he said, "you are very much mistaken, for I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four. The papers said I was eighty, and now she will not have me."

Frederick Locker-Lampson, in his recent autobiography, tells of a patient in an English hospital who one morning told his servant that he was sure his last illness was beginning: "I'm very ill. Go for the doctor; I have lost my appetite; I can't get through my penny roll." "Well," said John, much relieved, "when the haker came this morning, all the penny rolls was gone, sir, so I gave you a two-penny roll."

The Duchesse de Moilly, who was one of the ornaments of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, came late into church one day, and had to derange several persons before gaining her seat. "What a fuss, and all about a catin!" (*cocottes* were so called in those days), exclaimed a querulous old gentleman. The duchess turned toward the censor, and gently said to him: "Monsieur, since you know me so well, do me the favor to pray for me."

One day Thomas Carlyle went into a tobacconist's shop in London, and asked for a certain brand of tobacco. The shopman, not having the kind asked for, and not knowing who he was dealing with, produced another sort, which he thought might pass for that desired. Carlyle took the tobacco in his hand, and examined it; then, looking at the shopman, he said: "Deal in the veracities, sir—deal in the veracities," and stalked out of the shop.

At assizes held in a small English county town, where the courts were inconveniently near each other, the door between them being left open, the loud tones of Sergeant A.'s address to the jury hurt from one court into the other. The judge in the latter court, being much annoyed, shouted aloud, "Mr. Under-Sheriff, please to shut that door," and then, in an under-voice, added, "I'll be hanged if Sergeant A. shall convince two juries at once!"

Audley, the great money-lender of the Stuart times, purchased an office in the Court of Wards, which practically placed the fortunes of what are now called "wards in chancery" in his hands; and to one who asked the value of it he replied: "It might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who, after his death, would instantly go to heaven; three times as much to him who would go to purgatory; and nobody knows what to him who would venture further."

A man visiting a lunatic asylum, recently, was conversing with some of the outdoor patients, when a man rode up on horseback. The pace called for comment among the party, and one of the patients said he had seen a horse running much faster than that one. "Oh," exclaimed the visitor, *sotto voce*, "I have seen a horse flying." "Dinna let the doctor hear ye sayin' that, my man," interjected an old Scotch lunatic; "there's fouk in here for far less than fleelin' horses."

"Brick" Pomeroy was at one time engaged in Milwaukee as city editor of the *News*. A hotel at a Lake Michigan resort, seven miles from the city, caught fire and burned to the ground. The other Milwaukee papers reported the incident at great length, but the *News* had no mention of it. Pomeroy called in his only reporter, and began to reproach the unfortunate staff. "But, Mr. Pomeroy," urged the writer, "I have a good excuse for failing to get that." "Damn your excuses," replied the angry city editor; "I can hire a man for

five dollars a week to make excuses. What I want is news."

Two drummers in a Houston hotel, that contained only one room, were discussing the omniscience of hotel clerks. "I'll bet you the drinks," said one, "that if you open that newspaper to your hand, select the first phrase that meets your eye, and then walk over to the clerk and say it over to him, he will respond in some way without a moment's hesitation." The other drummer opened the paper by chance at a political article, and the first words he saw were: "The greatest good to the greatest number." He walked over to the clerk's desk, leaned his elbow on it, and said, seriously: "The greatest good to the greatest number." The clerk smiled pleasantly, tapped a bell, and said to the bell-boy: "Take a bottle of whisky up to room nine."

RECENT VERSE.

The Serenader.

I saw a youthful cavalier,
In raiment rich and rare,
With gems a-hanging from his cloak
And twinkling in his hair:
They glittered as he swept along,
A million sparks of flame,
And then methought I heard his voice
A-singing as he came.
He lightly thrummed a mandolin,
Its tones right cheerily rang,
Like raindrops pattering on the eaves,
And this is what he sang:

"Heigho! Demoiselle Daisy,
Loosen your wimple white,
Heigho! Violet darling,
Open your blue eyes bright.
Heigho! grasses and leaflets,
Hear you my tender call?
Heigho! Come, pretty Mayflower,
You are the shyest of all.
Heyday, come, Pussey-Willow,
Wrapped in your hood of fur.
Heyday, come, Daffodilly,
Prithee arouse and stir.
Heyday, gone are the snow-drifts,
Gone is the hitting blast.
Heyday, wake, pretty maidens,
Summer is coming at last."

A hundred pretty heads peeped out
To hear the gentle sound;
A hundred pretty heads peeped out
Above the frozen ground.
He flung his jewels o'er them all,
A crown of heathless flames:
A fascinating cavalier,
To wake a hundred dames.

"Who are you, sir?" I anxiously cried,
"I fain would learn your power."
The Serenader laughed, and said,
"My name is April Shower."
—Anelia Burr in *Youth's Companion*.

The Goose Feather.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN SONG.

Black lake, black lake—
The wild goose hid within the brake;
The string upon my bow fell loose,
The arrow slipped and missed the goose.
He heard my step and flew away;
I found a feather where he lay.
Arrow thin, arrow thin—
I struck the black goose feather in.
Black lake, black lake—
A goose lies dead within the brake.
This morn his own black feather whirled,
And sped the shaft that killed the bird.
—Charles A. Collmann in *May Century*.

Be Ye In Love With April-Tide.
Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith, in love am I!
For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis frost, and now 'tis flower,
And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed,
And now 'tis Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, O slower glide!
Still smile and frown, O sky!
Some hearty unforeseen I trace
In every change of Laura's face—
Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith, in love am I!—*Clinton Scollard*.

The Old Spinnet.

It was in Wardour Street I met
With that "Most Curious Old Spinnet,"
I hardly wanted it, but yet
I needs must buy it:
For old sake's sake, 'twas dear to me;
They lived so long ago, you see,
Who touched to tune each yellow key;
And while I try it,

I hear their long lost voices sing
Songs sung when George the Third was king,
In which I seem to catch the ring
Of some sweet passion;
Which warmed fond women's hearts what time
They wore the dancing plume sublime,
And hoop in all its swollen prime
Of Paris fashion.

I see their saccue with trailing down,
Which charmed alike and swept the town,
Their ruffled sleeve, their damask gown
Of flowers in season;
Then might no woman smoke nor shoot,
Nor wear things which beyond dispute
Suggest she's eaten of that root
Which robs the reason.

I hear their long lost voices tell
Of the great wizard Cupid's spell,
Which wasted once short-waisted helle
And beau brocaded;
Are loves, I mused, the dead days weaved,
In which our forebears joyed or grieved—
Those lasting loves, as they believed—
For ever faded?

The old spinnet thus answered me:
"Alas! our fondest loves must flee,
Or they from us, or from them we;
Not one is spared, not
One." The vendor's voice broke through
My dream, with claim for money due;
Of lost loves not one whit he knew,
And more—he cared not.
—*James Mew in May Pall Mall Magazine*.

A Lay of a Laugh.

Here I am, perched at my open casement,
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen miss
That comes rippling up from some room in the basement
Just below this.

Morning, noon, and night I can hear her
Babbling away with her chatter and chaff,
And it seems as if all creation near her
Was just one laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it?
Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit,
Could she be so solemn, d'ye think, if paid for it?
Divil a bit!

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting,
And see the smooth corners upward run.
I can catch her eyes with the frolic glinting,
Brimful of fun.

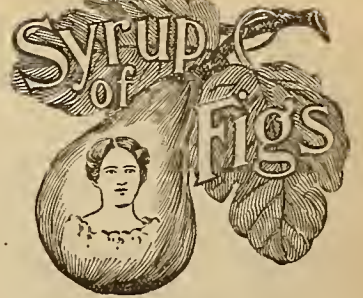
She must be pretty to laugh so prettily—
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;
Humorous, too, to see things wittily—
Probably plump.

There, now! She's off again. Peal upon peal of it,
Clear as a carillon, soft as a bell,
Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel of it!
Chuckling as well.

What was I dreaming? That musical melody
Trips up the scale, arpeggio,
So like a voice that was hushed—ah! well-a-day,
Long, long ago.

Heigh-ho! to think of what little straws tickle us!
Just a girl's laugh—and my laughing one lies
Silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous—
Tears in my eyes!—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Teething babies and feverish children need
Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

The Brandt-Cohn Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Cohn and Mr. Ernest Henry Brandt took place last Wednesday noon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California Street. The bride is the niece of Mr. de Young, and of late years has passed much of her time in Europe, devoting herself to study. The groom is a mining engineer by profession, and is at present representing an English syndicate in mines in San Andreas, Calaveras County.

There were about one hundred relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties present at the wedding. Miss Ida Callaghan was the maid of honor, and escorted little Phyllis de Young, who was the bridesmaid. Mr. George Heazlett acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Northrop Cowles, and Dr. Louis Deane. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Rev. Father Mulligan.

At its conclusion the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, and then an elaborate breakfast was served in the art-gallery under the direction of Ludwig. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Brandt left to make a tour of Southern California. They will pass the summer at San Andreas, but eventually will go to England to reside. They were the recipients of many elegant and costly gifts.

The Osbourne-Durham Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Durham and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, son of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, took place on Monday, April 13th, at Honolulu. Owing to the recent death of Mr. Stevenson, the wedding was quietly celebrated, only a few intimate friends being present. Rev. A. Mackintosh officiated.

The Whittell Lunch-Party.

Mrs. George Whittell entertained a number of ladies at luncheon last Tuesday at her new residence on California Street. Her guests were:

Mrs. James Cunningham, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. William E. Hopkins, Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. A. D. Moore, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. John A. Darling, Mrs. J. R. Garniss, Mrs. A. P. Whittell, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. W. F. Bowers, Mrs. Thomas Breese, Mrs. Harry A. Benson, Mrs. Edgar J. De Pae, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. W. J. Jones, Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Frank McClellan, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. John Hunt, Baroness von Schröder, Mrs. William Whittell, Mrs. William L. Ashe, Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mrs. John Deane, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Breeze, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Stow, and the Misses Lillian and Maud O'Connor.

Notes and Gossip.

It has been announced that the engagement formerly existing between Miss Anna Head, of this city, and Lieutenant A. J. Mountenoy Jephson, of England, is broken off.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Sadie Hecht and Mr. William L. Gerstle. Miss Hecht is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, and Mr. Gerstle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Lydo Thompson and Mr. William L. Dudley, Jr. Miss Thompson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rees B. Thompson, of Oakland, and Mr. Dudley is the son of Hon. and Mrs. William L. Dudley, of Stockton. The wedding will take place on Tuesday, June 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a dinner-party recently at their residence, in honor of Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., who will leave soon for the East, where he will join his aunt, Mrs. George Loomis, and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, and the entire party will proceed to Europe

to pass the summer. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were Miss Smith, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Walter Lennard Dean, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, and Mr. W. R. Whittier.

Miss Ella Morgan gave a progressive-euchre party last Monday evening at her residence, 2211 Clay Street, and pleasantly entertained a number of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a dinner-party recently at their residence in honor of Governor W. J. McConnell, of Idaho.

The Pacific Yacht Club will hold its opening-day celebration on Saturday, May 9th, at the clubhouse in Sausalito. There will be music and dancing in the afternoon and evening.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Paderewski's Kindness to Musicians.

All great musicians are often besieged by ambitious amateurs, but few of them are so kind in their treatment of aspirants for public honors as Paderewski. During his engagement in this city, he received a note from a young lady in San José, asking him to hear her play and advise her whether or not to study for a public career. He accordingly had her come up to the Palace Hotel, and, as she was embarrassed at the presence of several of his friends in the room, he led her to the window, and chatted with her until her compunction was quite restored. Then he had her play several pieces, and, at the end of the *sonata*, not only advised her to go abroad to study, but gave her letters to a teacher in Vienna and to a lady there who could be of great service to her in a social way.

A more public evidence of this same spirit was shown in his donation of ten thousand dollars as a fund for the endowment of triennial prizes for American musicians. The money was sent to William Steinway, of New York, and with it a note, written in English by the pianist himself, in which he desired Mr. Steinway to invest the sum, after deliberation with Colonel T. W. Higginson, of Boston, and Dr. William Mason, of New York, in such fashion as to establish the following triennial prizes for composers of American birth:

1. Five hundred dollars for the best orchestral work in symphonic form.
2. Three hundred dollars for the best composition for solo instrument with orchestra.
3. Two hundred dollars for the best chamber music work, and the balance to be used for the expenses connected with the competition for these prizes.

This was sent the day before Paderewski sailed for Liverpool. He added that he would soon send further details and a list of the judges.

Carr Testimonial Concert.

A concert was given to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr last Thursday evening at Golden Gate Hall by her many friends as a testimonial prior to her departure for England. Mrs. Carr has been associated with the local world of music for many years, and has done much to arouse and keep alive the spirit of music here—notably by the long series of Saturday Popular Concerts which she gave with the able assistance of Mr. Sigmund Beel. Her departure is a matter of regret to her friends and to the music-loving public. The hall was filled on Thursday evening, and, with the assistance of Miss Sofia Newland, Miss Constance Jordan, and Mrs. J. Conning, as accompanists; the San Francisco Quartet, comprising Mrs. Carrol Nicholson, Miss Millie Flynn, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, and Mr. Thomas Rickard; a double quartet from the Loring Club, comprising Mr. J. Desmond, Mr. D. Lawrence, Mr. B. Somers, Mr. R. Blair, Mr. J. Morris, Mr. J. Fife, Mr. W. C. Stadfeld, and Mr. W. Nielson; and also Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. John Josephs, the following programme was presented:

"Bedouin Love Song," Arthur Foote, double quartet from the Loring Club; trio for strings, Dvorak, Messrs. Beel, Josephs, and Jaulus; (a) "The March of the Maguire," V. Stanford; (b) "A June Song," Mary Carmichael; Mr. Willis E. Bacheller; (a) "Sonnet d'Amour," Tbone; (b) "Valse des Libellules," Guy d'Hardot; Miss Sofia Newland; violin solo, "Airs Russes," Wieniawski, Mr. Sigmund Beel; "Celeste Aida," Verdi, Mr. J. H. Desmond; (a) "Hunting Song," Benedict; (b) "In Silent Night," Brahms, the San Francisco Quartet; fantasia for viola, Joachim, Mr. Bernat Jaulus; (a) "Absence," Hatton; (b) "A Thousand Times Again," Seifert, double quartet from the Loring Club; theme and variations from Sonata II., Raff, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel.

Ladd Piano Recital.

Miss Pearl Ladd, a twelve-year-old pianist, gave her first public recital last Wednesday evening with marked success. The programme was as follows: Sonata No. 7, Mozart; impromptu No. 2, op. 90, Schubert; fantasia No. 1, op. 16, Mendelssohn; rondo capriccioso, Mendelssohn; polacca brillante, Weber; (a) waltz No. 2, op. 34, (b) polonaise, op. 40, No. 1, (c) waltz No. 6, Chopin; two Hungarian dances, Nos. 7 and 8, Brahms; "Rigoletto" fantasia, Liszt.

The Loring Club will complete their nineteenth year of active musical work on the evening of Monday, May 4th, when they will give the fourth concert of the present season in Odd Fellows' Hall. Among the numbers on the programme is Dudley Buck's "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," for tenor solo and male voice chorus, with accompaniment by a quintet of strings, flute, piano, and

organ. By request, the club will repeat Brewer's "Sing, Sing, Music was Given," for baritone solo, male voice chorus, and piano accompaniment, with obligato of violin and violoncello, which was sung by them at the first concert of the present season. The programme also includes one of the double choruses from Mendelssohn's "Oedipus at Colonus" (which has not been heard in San Francisco for five years), the celebrated "Chorus of Dervishes" from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Franz Abt's "Ave Maria," and other numbers. The club will have the assistance of Mme. Seminario, soprano, and Mr. Bernat Jaulus, who will play Joachim's two Hebrew melodies for solo viola, with piano accompaniment. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr will, as usual, be the pianist and accompanist of the evening, and the concert will be under the direction of Mr. D. P. Hughes, the conductor of the club.

Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, who is soon to leave for the Eastern States to continue her musical studies, has been tendered a testimonial benefit, which will take place on Friday evening, May 15th, at the First Presbyterian Church in Oakland. She will have the assistance of a quartet consisting of Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mr. Thomas Rickard, Mr. Benjamin Clark, and the beneficiary, and also the choir of the church, consisting of forty voices. An interesting programme is being prepared.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a phenomenal soprano, will appear here in June in a series of concerts, assisted by Maximilian Dick, violinist, and Miss Georgiella Lay, pianist.

The present management of the San Francisco Art Association wishes to improve its school of painting and architecture; to establish a night class in drawing; to arrange for popular lectures on art topics at the institute; and to provide a suitable fire-proof gallery for its accumulating treasures. To provide funds for these purposes it is proposed to increase the membership. Those who join now will be helping an admirable institution at a trifling cost to themselves.

"Love me little, love me long," she warbled. "Yes," said he; "but will you love me when I am short?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Pommery Sec.

The firm of Veuve Pommery Fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vassier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pommery Sec. occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

At the recent public wine sales the following were the prices obtained for cases containing 12 bottles:

Pommery Sec.	83 to 89 shillings
Moët & Chandon.....	77 to 82 shillings
Veuve Clicquot.....	77 to 82 shillings
G. H. Mumm.....	72 to 77 shillings

Tourists to the Continent of Europe also observe the higher price which Pommery invariably commands at the better hotels and resorts.

—DO NOT MISS THIS RARE CHANCE TO procure strictly first-class goods at less than cost. Mr. A. Hirschman, 113 Sutter Street, one of our oldest and best known jewelers, is about to retire from the retail business, and offers his magnificent stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., set in the latest designs, as well as plain and complicated watches, sterling silverware, novelties, etc., at less than cost.

—STATIONERY, WITH MONOGRAM, ILLUMINATED by hand in water-colors. Cooper & Co., art stationers and engravers, 746 Market Street.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—SPECTACLES WHICH CAN BE WORN ALL DAY without discomfort. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

BLOOD DISEASES.

The Iron Spring at Byron is known as a cure for many and various blood diseases. For years invalids have used this water as a cure for malarial troubles. Its action is tonic, diuretic, antacid, and laxative, and is used with success in all diseases tending to destroy the vitality of the red-blood corpuscles and their manufacturing organs. The secret of the effectiveness of this spring lies in the kind of iron it contains—peroxide.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Cal.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

PERUVIAN BITTERS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Superior Court aforesaid. The petition of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, a corporation, respectfully shows:

That your petitioner was formed and incorporated under the laws of this State on the first day of August, 1891; that its articles of incorporation were originally filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco; and that your petitioner owns and controls certain real property situated in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the present name of your petitioner is Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum; that the name proposed to be taken by your petitioner and for which its present name is proposed to be changed is Goldberg, Bowen & Co.; that the reason for such change of name is that L. Lebenbaum, one of the persons by whom your petitioner was formed, and whose name formed a part of the name of your petitioner, has ceased to have any interest in the capital stock or business of your petitioner; and that your petitioner desires to cease the use of the name of said Lebenbaum in the further conduct of its business.

That the number of directors or trustees of your petitioner is seven, and that this petition is signed by a majority of said directors or trustees.

Wherefore, your petitioner prays that, after notice given as required by law, an order be made changing the name of your petitioner to Goldberg, Bowen & Co., and that such other and further order be made as is meet in the premises.

And your petitioner will ever pray, etc. GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, By JACOB GOLOBERG, President. HENRY A. BOWEN, Secretary. JACOB GOLDBERG, HENRY A. BOWEN, HUGO D. KAIL, GEO. W. WHITNEY, Directors.

W. S. GOODFELLOW, Attorney for petitioner.

ORDER.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

Upon reading and filing the petition and application of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum in this cause, it is ordered that the same be heard before this Court in the court-room of Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the first day of June, 1896, at the hour of 10 A. M., and that a copy of said petition be published for four successive weeks in *The Argonaut*, a newspaper published and printed in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, April 27, 1896. CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge.



The best house-keepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead of soda and cream of tartar or saleratus and sour milk. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. By its use only may the finest flavored, most wholesome food be produced.



A Long Life DRINK

There is health and long life for your children in

Ghirardelli's Cocoa

Let them drink it daily and abstain from stimulating drinks that are a wear and tear to their delicate nerves, that disturb their sleep and prematurely impair the elasticity of muscles and tissues. And it has such a fine flavor! and its so good when properly made and sweetened. A drink for old and young. Do not take a substitute for what you know is the best.

Ghirardelli's or None!

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Double-Faced Silks,
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SAXONY, and other parts of Europe.

NOVELTY LACE.....\$7.50 per Pair.
ARABIAN\$10.50, \$14.00, \$17.50 per Pair.
RENAISSANCE.....\$18.50, \$21.00 per Pair.
EGYPTIAN\$7.50, \$9.00, \$12.00 per Pair.
EMBROIDERED.....\$7.50 per Pair.
LOUIS XIV.....\$15.00, \$18.50, \$22.00 per Pair.

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GOBELIN PANELS.....\$3.00, \$10.00, \$12.50.
FROU-FROU SILK.....\$7.50.
LEATHER APPLIQUE.....\$35.00, \$48.00.

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Toilet Articles. Gray and bleached hair restored to its
natural color. Ladies' and children's hair dressed, cut,
singled, and shampooed by the latest process. Hair-
dressing for brides and veil adjusting a specialty.
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to the mouth by the aromatic

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which makes the teeth as white and as radiant
as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient
that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.
The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in
their praises of

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ITO, SOTOMI & COMPANY,
JAPANESE RUGS
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A SPECIALTY.

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Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Leland Stanford left for Washington, D. C., last
Wednesday evening in her private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitlaw Reid have arrived here from
Phoenix, A. T., where they have been passing the winter,
and are the guests of Mr. D. O. Mills, at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon will soon leave
for Paris, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. Edward G.
Schmedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard sailed from New York
last Saturday for Liverpool.

Mrs. M. M. Estee, Miss Mabel Estee, and Miss Anna
Wainwright will attend the rose carnival at Santa Rosa
next week.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer is making a visit to friends in
Southern California.

Mr. Hugo Toland is here from New York on a visit.
Mrs. Philip Cadoc has returned to the city, and is re-
siding at 100 Pine Street.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston sailed from here last Tuesday on
the steamer *Australia* for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs returned from their Eastern
trip last Sunday.

Seator and Mrs. A. P. Williams have gone East, and
will be away about six months.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, will soon leave to
pass the summer in the Eastern States.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Heleo Woolworth
sailed from New York last Thursday on the steamer
Teutonic for Europe.

Mr. William S. Blair was in Chicago last Tuesday, en
route home from Europe.

Mr. H. E. Huntington returned last Tuesday from a
prolonged visit to the southern part of the State.

The following San Franciscans attended the Los An-
geles La Fiesta hall and celebration: Mr. and Mrs. H.
E. Huntington, Mrs. Prentiss, Mr. and Mrs. A. A.
Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Miss Fannie
Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane, Mr. Wil-
liam B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes, Hon. W.
W. Foote, and Judge Henshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson leave for the East
early next week, to be gone for about sixty days, and
will then return to their San Rafael home for the summer
season. Mrs. Henry Glass and son arrived this week
from the East, and will occupy Mr. Johnson's residence
in San Rafael during his absence. Captain Henry Glass
remains East in command of the battleship *Texas*, and
has just been offered the presidency of the War College
at Newport. It is doubtful if Captain Glass will accept
the appointment, as he is desirous of returning to this
coast.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenreid, Mr. and Mrs. J.
Stern, and Mr. Philip Barth, of this city, sailed last
Saturday from New York for Liverpool.

Mr. William H. McKittick is at the Holland House
in New York city.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster arrived in New York city
last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kaufman, accompanied by Miss
Isabel Wolf, leave this evening to make a tour of
Europe.

Mrs. A. H. Vail and her two children sailed for Sydney
last Thursday on the *Mariposa*.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin came up from the
Los Angeles fiesta last Tuesday and went to Oroville,
where their daughter, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, has been
visiting Mrs. Bredon for a couple of weeks. They re-
turned to the city on Thursday, and went to Golden Gate
Cottage at Santa Cruz on Friday. They will pass the
entire summer there.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has
ordered Batteries B and M, now stationed at Fort Canby,
to the Presidio and Alcatraz. Battery H will go to Fort
Canby. Battery E will go from Alcatraz to Fort Mason.
Battery C will go from Alcatraz to the Presidio. Battery
I will go from Fort Mason to the Presidio. Captain A.
W. Vogdes, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been placed in
command of Fort Masoo.

Lieutenant-Commander F. W. Crocker, U. S. N., has
been promoted to the grade of commander.

Senator George C. Perkins recently introduced a bill in
Congress directing that the name of Colonel G. H.
Mendell, of the Corps of Engineers, be placed on the re-
tired list as brigadier-general. A long preamble to the
bill recites Colonel Mendell's long and excellent service
for the government, and recites the fact that he was
passed over at the time the last promotions were made,
although he was at that time within five months of the
retiring age.

Miss Ida Irwin, eldest daughter of Colonel J. B. D.
Irwin, U. S. A. (retired), was married recently in Chicago
to Mr. David L. Barnes. They have gone to Europe, and
will reside in Chicago when they return.

Chief-Engineer George F. Kutz, U. S. N., has reached
the age of retirement, and will soon be detached from
active service. He will reside in Alameda.

Lieutenant Paul F. Straub, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.,
has been ordered to continue on temporary duty at the
Presidio.

A dancing-party was given at Fort Masoo last Monday
evening which was attended by many of the officers
and ladies at the posts around the harbor. Mrs. Albert
C. Blont and Mrs. Gillette had charge of the affair.

Mr. Horace G. Platt, president of the Bohemian
Club, was called East suddenly last week, owing to
the death, from pneumonia, of his brother-in-law,
Andrew Wesley Kent, of New York city. Mr.
Platt's sister, Mrs. Nina Kent, is well known in this
city. They both have the sympathy of a host
of friends here in this their hour of bereavement.
Mr. Kent was but thirty-five years of age, but was
recognized as one of the leading attorneys-at-law
of New York. In 1831 he incorporated the Chi-
cago and Atlantic Railway Company, and was one
of its directors. He held the same position in the
Chicago and Erie Railroad Company which suc-
ceeded it. He incorporated the Postal Telegraph
Cable Company in 1836, and was a director in the
company for several years. He leaves a son, Platt
Kent.

—CAMERAS—'96 MODELS, FROM \$5.00 TO \$20.00.
Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St.

Horace Fletcher's Visit.

Horace Fletcher, of New Orleans, is passing a
brief period in San Francisco as the guest of Mr.
and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt. Mr. Fletcher was
formerly a well-known resident of San Francisco.
He was one of the most successful presidents of
the Olympic Club, and was also a leading member
of the Bohemian Club. At one time Mr. Fletcher
conceived the idea of starting a chain of vast em-
poriums for the handling of Japanese art goods,
one to be in Yokohama, one in San Francisco, one
in New York, one in London, and others in the
great cities of the world. The one here was called
the "Ichi Ban," and many San Franciscans re-
member with regret the closing of that establish-
ment. It was a beautiful place, filled with beautiful
works of art. Mr. Fletcher left here some ten years
ago, having acquired by inheritance interests in
Louisiana, and has since made his home in New
Orleans. There he has become a prominent citizen.

Old members of the Bohemian Club remember
well his enthusiasm in the affairs of that club, and
particularly in the "Midsummer Jinks" in the red-
wood groves. In fact, he was once director of an
athletic entertainment at the "Low Jinks." A
regular circus-tent was pitched, and those of the
Bohemian Club who were athletes gave an enter-
tainment which was by no means destitute of merit.
Fletcher himself was then an athlete of no mean
renown, although with years he has taken on
weight. Among the legends of the club, there
is handed down the history of the Græco-Roman
wrestling match which took place there in the red-
woods between him and Barbour Lathrop, a well-
known newspaper writer, who, by reason of his
volubility, was humorously dubbed "the man with
the iron jaw." The match was a hotly contested
one, but Fletcher was victorious. Since then,
Lathrop, too, has left San Francisco, having also
by inheritance acquired a fortune, and has since
devoted his time to travel.

Mr. Fletcher has been cordially welcomed on
every hand in San Francisco. Although he is in
business in Louisiana, having large interests there,
he has not lost his old love for art and letters. He
recently published a book, called "Menticulture,"
which is a philosophical work on the power of the
human mind to repress the evil passions. A work
of such a description could scarcely be looked
upon as being popular, but, none the less, we note
with interest that, according to the reports of the
Bookman, it is selling in the Eastern cities with
the leading books. Among the "favorite sellers"
at present are such books as "Beside the Bonny
Brier Bush," by S. R. Crockett; "The Chronicles
of Brigadier Gerard," by A. Conan Doyle; and
"Menticulture," by Horace Fletcher. It must be
gratifying for its author to reflect that a philo-
sophical work should sell as well as popular novels.

The Art Association.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art
Association, which is now being held at the Mark
Hopkins Institute of Art, is attracting a much
larger attendance than has been the case in years
past. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the
exhibit is of a most interesting character, and con-
tains many meritorious paintings. The concerts
on Thursday evenings, under the direction of Mr.
Henry Heyman, and the organ recitals on Sunday
afternoons, also serve to attract many visitors.
Many of the pictures are for sale, and no commis-
sions are exacted.

The concert on Thursday evening was well
attended. The programme was as follows:

Organ, "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel, Mr. Otto
Fleissner; song, "On Wings of Song," Meodelsohn,
Miss Gerda Wismer; violin solo, "Vision of Jeanne
d'Arc," Gounod (with organ), Mr. Henry Heyman; aria
"Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Henriette Grothwell;
organ, "Allegretto Pastorale," Gambini, Mr. Otto
Fleissner; song, "Solvej," Grieg, Miss Gerda Wismer;
violin solo, "Album Leaf" (op. 40, No. 2), Vieuxtemps,
Mr. Henry Heyman; duet, "Lakme," Delibes, Miss
Wismer and Miss Grothwell; organ, grand march,
"Triomphe," Hime, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

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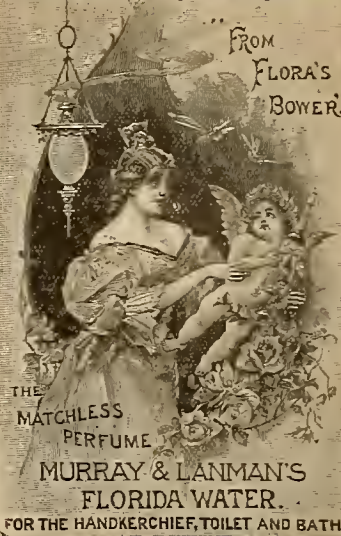
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same period:

	BURGLARY ARRESTS.	FIRE ALARMS.
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1892.....	423	374
1893.....	376	497
1894.....	431	471
1895.....	420	445

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The hostess—"I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?" *The caller*—"Not in that way."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A difficult case: *Marie*—"Have you given him any opportunities to propose?" *Heleen*—"Yes; but I couldn't tell him they were opportunities."—*Puck*.

The landlady—"That Köntgen discovery is a wonderful thing." *New boarder* (glancing at the chicken)—"Yes, madam, but it isn't always necessary."—*Life*.

Miss Sweetly—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?" *Mr. Plainman*—"I saw it in the papers this morning."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Miss Swift is learning to ride a wheel, she tells me." "But she rode one last year. Why does she have to learn again?" "Another fellow is teaching her."—*Life*.

Teacher—"What is taxidermy?" *Johnnie*—"I guess I know, teacher." *Teacher*—"Well, Johnnie." *Johnnie*—"It's putting down carpets."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Lucy—"Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?" *Mamma*—"Why do you want to go over there, dear?" *Lucy*—"Oh, I just want to gangle my feet in the brook."—*Truth*.

"Old chap, I've been duck-shooting, don't you know." "Duck-shooting? Why, you don't know a tame duck from a wild one." "Oh, yes, I do—the wild ones got away."—*Chicago Record*.

Gibson girl—"Why are so few of your members of the nobility present? I came over expressly to meet them." *Du Maurier girl*—"Why, most of them are in the United States on business."—*Life*.

Fair patient—"You are the only physician of all I've consulted who hasn't advised me to go to Europe." *Doctor*—"They can afford it. They've got more patients than I have."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

De Safety—"I once held thirteen trumps in whist, and took only one trick." *Softleigh*—"Nonsense." *De Safety*—"No, fact; my partner led an ace, I trumped it, and they threw me out of the window." *Judge*.

Cobble—"That Miss Stimson is a very sensitive girl. She didn't like it because I called on her last night without being shaved." *Stone*—"What did she say?" *Cobble*—"She said she felt it very much."—*Life*.

Judge—"Last time you were here you promised solemnly never to steal again." *Burglar*—"And I fully intended to keep my word, your honor, but this was such a difficult case that they had to call in an expert."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Have a good time vacation, Boh?" "Great. Met the sweetest girl in the world." "Why, I didn't know you went to Wilkesbarre." "Didn't. What's Wilkesbarre got to do with it?" "That's where the sweetest girl in the world lives."—*Bazar*.

"I made these biscuits myself, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, with honest pride. "They look very nice, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, picking one of them up and making an effort to split it; "and they are still hot. How long ago did you—ah—cast them?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Walker—"Er—when you run into a mao, the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?" *Wheeler*—"You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into only lost a front tooth, while I had four spokes broken and my sprocket wrenched all out of true!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"See that old guy across the road?" said Wheeler to Scorchier; "the meanest man in town." "What did he do?" asked Scorchier, with much wit. "He's got his clothes lined with tacks—points sticking out, you know. Isn't a man in town dares to run over him."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"For some reason, I just date on rainy days," said the young woman whose specialties are large dreamy eyes and sentiment. "Well," said the short young lady with the raven hair and sharp nose, "if I didn't have any spring clothes, I think I would feel that way myself."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Fire chief (shouting)—"Climb that ladder to the fifth story—crawl along the cornice to the third window—drop down two stories and catch that wooden sign—swing yourself along that to the next window—break in the glass and rescue the occupants—bury up!—what are you waiting for?" *Charley Brown* (lately appointed)—"I'm waiting for pen and ink, sir; I want to hand in my resignation."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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Argonaut

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 11, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The *Argonaut* (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The *Argonaut* may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors *Argonaut*, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The *Argonaut* Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The *Argonaut* Publishing Company."

The *Argonaut* can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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During all the telegraphic clamor about McKinley and the American Protective Association, the San Francisco daily papers editorially have been dumb. In their telegraphic columns there have been columns concerning the opposition of the American Protective Association to McKinley, but apparently the able editors who direct these organs are unaware of what is in their telegraphic columns. But it is only seemingly that they are unaware. Their silence is due to fear. They do not dare even to comment upon this opposition to McKinley for fear of getting into trouble with the Roman Catholic Church. Some of them had their fingers burned by meddling in the local controversy between the American Protective Association and the Roman Catholic clergy some months ago. Some of them have not yet recovered from

those burns. Hence they are very careful to say nothing at the present juncture. They talk glibly about the troubles in the Transvaal. They write fluently about aiding the oppressed Cubans. They declaim eloquently on taking up arms to preserve the integrity of the Venezuelan frontier. But concerning the opposition of the American Protective Association to McKinley, the San Francisco dailies say not a word.

The *Argonaut* is not so dumb. The *Argonaut* has already spoken on the subject, and in no uncertain tones. The stand of this paper concerning the Roman Catholic Church is well known. It is also well known that it is by no means hostile to the American Protective Association. But, as we have already stated in these columns, we will not uphold the American Protective Association or any other organization when we believe it to be in the wrong, and we believe it to be in the wrong in this McKinley matter.

When the rumor first came that the American Protective Association had declared war on McKinley, the *Argonaut* suspended judgment. We waited until something more authoritative than mere newspaper rumor could be found to pass comment upon. At last it came in the shape of a document from the advisory council of the Ohio branch of the American Protective Association. From this we learned that the charges against McKinley were that he had failed to appoint certain members of the Ohio American Protective Association to office, and that Mark Hanna, his friend and campaign manager, had failed to see a committee who called upon him in Washington. This was the head and front of McKinley's offending. It seems incredible, but these frivolous accusations constitute the gist of the indictment against McKinley. Charges so trivial as these could not but fall to the ground by their own weight. They left his record for patriotism and Americanism utterly unstained. So the *Argonaut* stated, and so the *Argonaut* believed and still believes.

It is gratifying to us to find that the interior press—which has been left in the dark by the daily papers of San Francisco—has widely reproduced the plain statement of the *Argonaut* concerning the opposition of the American Protective Association, and its further statement concerning the unimpeachable American record of William McKinley. Among the various papers that have reproduced the *Argonaut* article, we note the *Eureka Times*, which says: "The *Times* has been uninformed as to the reason the American Protective Association is bitterly opposing the candidacy of McKinley for the Presidency. The last issue of the San Francisco *Argonaut* furnishes the desired information. As the *Argonaut* has been for years past and is still opposed to Roman Catholicism, and has an unchallenged reputation for veracity, its statements in the case will have great weight with persons of intelligence and fairness." Following this, the *Times* reproduces almost the entire article. Another paper which has had to depend upon the *Argonaut* for the truth about McKinley is the *Arcata Union*, which says: "The *Argonaut*, one of the most pronounced anti-Catholic papers in California, has this to say about McKinley," following which the *Union* copies the *Argonaut's* American record of McKinley, closing with our words: "If McKinley is not a good enough American for the members of the American Protective Association of Ohio, we think he is a good enough American for the rest of the order throughout the Union." By implication, the *Union* shows that the *Argonaut's* anti-Catholicism would impel it to oppose McKinley if there were any truth in the accusations made concerning him—which is correct. Another Pacific Coast paper, the *Rohnerville Herald*, also copies the *Argonaut's* statement of McKinley's record, prefaced by the remark: "We take the following from the *Argonaut*, one of the most reliable papers in the United States," following which comes again the *Argonaut's* article, closing with the same paragraph as in the extract just quoted. The *Eureka Standard* also condenses the *Argonaut's* statement of McKinley's American record, and tells its readers that "the *Argonaut* vouches for the anti-Catholic history of McKinley and his ancestry,

which, it tells us, were of the strictest sect of the Methodist Church." Another paper which depends upon the *Argonaut* for the truth about McKinley is the *San Diego Tribune*, which also reproduces our editorial in part.

As we said, it is most gratifying to see our interior contemporaries reproducing the *Argonaut's* statement of facts in this McKinley matter. We gave in that statement what we believed to be the truth. Had we not believed McKinley's skirts to be clean, we would not have printed it. We think we see already a weakening in the opposition of the American Protective Association to McKinley, and we hope that order will withdraw from the stand it has taken. This is the first time the order has figured in national politics. It is a turning point in its history. If it opposes McKinley, who is the spontaneous choice of the entire people, it will most assuredly meet with a crushing defeat. Further than that, it will excite disaffection among the members of its own order, and it will arouse hostility to the order in the minds of many people who at present are its friends. Opposition to McKinley based on such trivial grounds as those advanced by the Ohio members of the American Protective Association will inevitably cause a revulsion of feeling which will help him with the people at large. Therefore it is most ill-advised for the American Protective Association to continue its opposition. We warn the leaders of that order that if they continue to oppose McKinley and are defeated by him, as they will most infallibly be, they will meet their Waterloo. Let them be warned in time.

The fact that the Baron Hirsch is reported to have thoughtfully softened the grief of the Prince of Wales for his death by bequeathing him five millions of dollars, has caught the attention of a curious world. It has long been an open secret in Europe that the prince was deeply in the baron's debt. Some authorities had it that the money was lost to the millionaire in gambling on the turf and at cards; some that it was loaned to enable Albert Edward to pay his gambling debts to others. There was great intimacy between the two, an intimacy which grated upon the sensibilities of the nobility and gentry, for in England there is a peculiarly strong social prejudice against the Jews.

But his royal highness preferred the baron's friendship, and access to the baron's purse, to countenancing this prejudice, either at home or abroad. He stood by the opulent Hirsch in a manner that would deserve to be called noble, could we be sure that it was disinterested. The prince even took public snubs of trip-hammer severity on account of his immensely rich Hebrew friend. It will be remembered, for instance, that about two years ago Wales was invited by Count Tassilo Festetics, a Hungarian nobleman of ancient lineage, enormous wealth, and vast estates, to visit him for the shooting on his famous preserves. It is the custom for the Prince of Wales, when invited anywhere, either to send a list of the guests whom he desires to meet, or to revise the list which the host is required to submit to him. He forwarded to the count a roster which embraced Baron Hirsch. The haughty Hungarian nobleman returned the roll with his pencil run through the baron's name. It is needless to record that the royal visit was not made. Rumor at the time said that the count's objection to the baron was that the latter happened to be a Jew, and the prince was criticised for attempting to take his friend to a house where he knew he would not be welcome, and so exposed him to the risk of the mortification involved in such a rebuff. It was even intimated that Wales was so heavily in debt to Hirsch that he could not help himself.

The Prince of Wales is not the only royal personage whose need of money induces intimacies that are regarded by their people as injurious to their dignity. There are monarchs and princes in Europe who quite openly court the favor of pawnbrokers and money-lenders. Indeed, there is a class of men known to these necessitous kings and princes as "benefactors," who hear to them the same relation as "angels" do to actresses in need of financial back-

is affirmed that when Sir James Mackenzie, the millionaire hatter, died some seven years ago, his executors suddenly called on the Prince of Wales to repay upward of a million dollars borrowed, and threatened to make a public scandal if the disrespectful, not to say disloyal, demand were not complied with. Baron de Hirsch was given the credit of coming to the rescue. Another hatter, created Duke of Santona by King Alfonso, had his pocket open to and well picked by that ruler. Count William Douglas, whose ancestors came to Germany during the Thirty Years' War, was Emperor William's "benefactor" before the latter came to the throne, and has been repaid in smiles and honors. The head of a great pawnbroking house in Vienna has suffered at the hands of ex-King Milan of Servia. King Leopold of Belgium for years bled Sir William Mackinnon, a millionaire merchant, who was dazed by the honor of visits from his majesty, who frequently ran over to England to ask his advice, and another small loan. Colonel North, the late "nitrate king," succeeded to the shoes of the late Sir William. The colonel dropped his *h's* and ran to flowered dressing-gowns, and in general was afflicted with the most hopeless sort of British vulgarity, but King Leopold consorted with him—and borrowed his money.

An ex-diplomat, writing to the New York *Tribune*, describes a scene that occurred during the congress of German sovereigns at Frankfurt in 1863. All the rulers present were assembled in a reserved salon engaged in animated conversation and the absorption of refreshments. Suddenly, with one exception, they rose to their feet and advanced to meet a small and insignificant-looking man, who had just entered the room. They showered greetings and smiles upon him. It was Baron Rothschild. Prince Adolph of Hesse was the one royalty who did not rise. "I don't owe him anything," he explained.

Times have changed. The good old days are gone when kings, and princes, and nobles desiring a loan from a rich Jew or other subject demanded it as a right, and on signs of hesitation extracted his tooth or his toe-nails as well as the money. The borrowings of this paled and diminished era are part of a story that has yet to be finished. Royalty can not survive this dependence on the purses of commoners. Huxley went deep when he wrote that the danger to the throne in Britain lies in "the constantly increasing tendency of monarchy to become slightly absurd, from the ever-widening discrepancy between modern political ideas and the theory of kingship. As Hume observed, even in his time, people had left off making believe that a king was a different species of man from other men; and since his day, more and more, such make-believes have become impossible." As for the "benefactors," the poor toad-eating victims of royal rapacity, they are entitled only to that doubtful sort of pity which is the due of all snobs, to whose vanity the "patronage of the great" is as strong drink to more masculine brains. And as for dignity, a king or prince diligently "workiog" a benefactor shows no more of it than does a gambler working a "sucker" at a country fair.

The platform which has just been passed by the Republican Convention of California is one which will meet with the approval of most Republicans. It contains some innovations. It begins with a plank favoring the extending of the elective franchise to women. It favors the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. It pledges the Republican party to the enactment of legislation for making good roads. It demands national legislation restricting foreign immigration and keeping out paupers, criminals, diseased persons, and anarchists. It demands "that none but non-sectarian free public schools shall receive public aid." It indorses the Lubin project for reducing the cost of transportation of agricultural products from American sea-ports to foreign sea-ports. It favors aiding and protecting the miner, and "promoting and encouraging the business of mining, including hydraulic mining, whenever and wherever the same can be carried on without injury to the other interests of the State." It denounces the tariff policy of the Democratic party. It instructs the delegates of the convention "to vote for William McKinley and to work for the success of McKinley as long as there is a reasonable prospect of his nomination." It commends "the course of the California delegation in Congress in opposing the proposed funding schemes of the Pacific Coast railroads."

The platform as a whole is a good one. We are not inclined to think that the convention was very much in earnest in incorporating the plank on woman suffrage, nor do we believe that the voters of the State, either Republican or Democratic, are much in favor of extending the elective franchise to women. But if a majority believes in so extending that franchise, it is no more than fair to give them an opportunity to amend the constitution and try it. We doubt also whether a majority of the voters of California

believe in "the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." The *Argonaut* has always been a friend of silver, and has persistently advocated an extension of its use. But so long as the State of California remains a gold State, and so long as it has upon its statute books the "specific contract law," by which not more than five dollars in silver is legal tender, it is folly for Republican conventions to pass such resolutions. Until the gold law of California is repealed, silver planks in California platforms are sound and fury, signifying nothing. The planks in regard to restricting foreign immigration meet with our earnest approval. As for the Lubin scheme for "reducing the cost of transportation on agricultural products," we do not understand it, and we do not think the members of the convention understood it either. The plank in regard to aiding the mining industry meets with our warm approval. The *Argonaut* has devoted much time and space to that industry, and is glad to see that the Republican party is inclined to help it. As to the plank opposing the funding bill and demanding that the railway companies be compelled to "settle their indebtedness in some reasonable and business-like way," there can be no doubt that it voices the sentiment of the entire State of California. There is one plank in the platform which meets with our most earnest approval, and that is the one which demands that "none but non-sectarian free public schools shall receive public aid." This is the first time that any such strong American plank has been incorporated in a Republican platform in California. We are glad to see that the heaven is working. The Republican party is becoming Americanized. The *Argonaut* has always been a Republican paper with strong American leanings. It has not believed in splitting the Republican vote by running American party tickets, but it has done all it could, within the lines of Republicanism, to Americanize the Republican party. From this plank it is evident that the Republican party in the State of California is fast becoming Americanized.

If the war spirit shown by the United States Senate were sincere, the country would have reason to be ashamed of its highest legislative chamber, for this nation has no present cause to be at enmity with any other. But as it is, we have double reason to be ashamed of the Senate, for its war spirit is merely a demagogic assumption, and demagoguery necessarily inspires contempt. For months the senators of the United States have been sbaking their fists at the world and breathing fire, yet when the point of making actual preparations for combat is reached, the Senate betrays its insincerity without a blush.

If we are to be a fighting power, nothing is more obvious than that we must supply ourselves with weapons of offense and defense. Our navy, in comparison with that of England, is insignificant. She can put seventy-five fighting ships of all classes into a line of battle, we only sixteen. Nevertheless, the Senate, as well as the House and the administration, has swaggered before Great Britain and bullied her over the Venezuelan boundary. But when it is proposed to add four battle-ships to our little navy, Gorman, Maryland's senatorial warrior, moves that the number be reduced to two, and the readiness of the Senate to concur gives us a precise measure of the earnestness that was behind all the wild war-talk of a few weeks back.

There are many people who think that the money raised by taxation in the United States could be better spent than by investing millions of dollars in battle-ships. These people are not ghost-dancing Jingoes who delight in the counterfeit ferocity of the Senate. Every reasonable American desires that the nation should be prepared to defend itself; but defense is one thing, the power of aggression another. A great navy would tempt to war, whereas adequate coast-defenses would have in them no such peril. Therefore, the intelligent conservatism of the country favors expenditure for fortifications rather than for war-ships. But the Senate is as averse to voting money for one purpose as the other.

Senator Squire, of Washington, and Senator White, of California, the other day, urged the need of prompt and great appropriations, but without effect. The Senate puts its trust in wind. Mr. Squires showed that our navy would be hopelessly crippled by the destruction of our undefended navy-yards, depots of supplies, dock-yards, powder mills, and arsenals. Such defensive works as we have, he pointed out, are of a character incapable of resisting modern artillery. The evidence taken by the Committee on Coast Defenses demonstrates that "destructible property, estimated at not less than ten billions of dollars in value, is exposed to attack, or at least to heavy assessment for the purpose of securing immunity from destruction." In the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City alone, property worth four billions is at the mercy of an enemy. The situa-

tion was put with brevity and alarming force by Senator Squires, when he said:

"We are encircled as a nation with a chain of foreign fortresses and coaling-stations impervious to attack, while our rich sea-coast cities and ports all lie exposed and helpless against the attack of any foreign power that possesses a navy. Our foreign commerce and our coasting trade are alike without harbors of refuge behind land defenses. Our dry-docks and ship-building yards, our forts, factories, and powder-mills near the coast are subject to easy destruction."

And yet the Senate, instead of voting money to arm the nation's coasts, talks war and does nothing. At the instance of Gorman, again, it refused even to make an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to establish a naval training-school at Goat Island. Senator Perkins offered to accept fifty thousand dollars and raise the other fifty thousand dollars by subscription from the citizens of California. But, no. The Senate could not bring itself to defray the cost even of instructing seamen for the navy.

This action, petty and short-sighted beyond characterization, in itself reveals the utter incompetency of the Senate as now constituted to deal with the country's military necessities. Senator White sought to rouse the chamber to the dangerous absurdity of its inertness by quoting the Secretary of War to the effect that at the present rate of progress, it will take seventy years to complete the system of fortifications provided for by the Endicott board. Mr. White uttered only the plainest common sense when he said that "we should either provide for respectable fortifications, as well as a navy, to be constructed during this generation, or we should announce to the world that we do not intend to fight, and that we are prepared to submit to any conditions our rivals may see fit to impose." He quoted also from the testimony of General Miles before the committee on coast-defenses, declaring that we are practically without fortifications. General Craighill's testimony was to the same purport, and finally, Admiral Walker's authority was advanced for the statement that in the event of war with England, "our entire navy would soon either be captured or sunk." The fatuous popular faith that should war come upon us, we, by some magical means, would find ourselves equipped for it, is evidently held by the senile Senate, which is as wasteful of time as it is niggard of money. General Flagler, Chief of Ordnance, has given the information, which the Senate ignores, that not a single 16-inch gun of modern make belongs to the United States, and that three years will be required to make the first gun of this kind, against a shot from which no ship afloat would be invulnerable. We have one torpedo-boat in commission, England has one hundred and thirty-one.

Time was when brains, and knowledge, and statesmanship dominated the Senate, but there has now been herded into the chamber many men whom the vanity of mere wealth has moved to seek entrance to it. Added to these we see aged cranks by the dozen, the representatives of that ignorant discontent for which every politico-economic heresy has an irresistible attraction. Mixed with these misfits are political jobbers of the Gorman type and a discouraging supply of voluble nobodies, better fitted for rural debating societies than for membership in a responsible legislative body.

The political troubles in the Transvaal are certain to have widely felt consequences, and California is not unlikely to profit by them. Mining has received a set-back in the Rand, and capital is sure to feel an impulse to get away from a country where war and confiscations are among the constant probabilities. The Boers have always felt jealous of the whole movement of development by foreigners, and the Jameson raid has not tended to promote greater liking for the Uitlanders and their works. Other causes have contributed to bring about an unsatisfactory state of affairs. The wages of natives have risen from six to sixteen dollars a month. The correspondent of the New York *Engineering and Mining Journal* says "the mines in the Transvaal are undergoing a hard experience, not the least of which is the excessive price charged for explosives, owing to the monopoly granted by the Boer government." There has been a considerable falling off in production. In May last, the yield was 200,941 ounces; in July, 203,573 ounces. Since then the decline has been steady, the total for February of this year being only 167,018 ounces. The correspondent says that "the deeps are still an unsolved problem—that is, the possibility of working them at a profit." He adds:

"Real and serious difficulties have been ignored or kept out of sight. There has been indulgence in an immensity of bounce and twaddle. The situation is not cheerful for the stockholder, however it may be for the well-paid engineer and the manipulator of stocks. Johannesburg is no bonanza mining city."

Nevertheless, operations are conducted on a gigantic scale in South Africa. The total number of natives employed on the Rand in March last was about fifty thousand. Were such an army of miners set at work on the ledges of

THE CALIFORNIA
REPUBLICANS'
PLATFORM.

THE CALIFORNIA
AND SOUTH
AFRICAN MINES.

California, the stream of treasure would amaze the world, as did that which flowed from the placers in the fifties. And if the capital which is taking chances in the disturbed Transvaal among the hostile Boers could be induced to come to friendly California, about the richness and depth of whose mineral deposits there is no doubt, it would be well for the capitalists and the world too.

But what California most requires just now for the furthering of her mining welfare is brains. It is the curse of the people of this State that they can seldom agree to stop fighting among themselves long enough to secure outside help in anything. This is as true of them industrially as it is politically. At a time when it ought to be obvious to every reasonable man that the greatest need of California is the uncovering of her gold, delegations have been sent to Washington to prevent Congress from making an appropriation for restraining dams which would enable hydraulic mining to be resumed without injury to the rivers and the adjacent agricultural lands—a scheme indorsed by the highest engineering authority. It is natural that the farmers should demand every guard, but it is to their interest as well as to that of the State at large that mining should be encouraged. The farmer who, out of mere habit of opposition, or willful ignorance of what the government engineers pronounce to be a perfectly practicable and safe method of impounding debris, clamors against hydraulic mining and the creation of a market for his own products, is, to put it politely, not a wise farmer. Senseless opposition to congressional aid merely postpones the inevitable, and profits nobody save the lawyers who have the unintelligent among the farmers for their clients.

The gold output of California is growing, and will continue to grow. Last year showed an increase of \$1,471,000 over the product of 1894, and there is every likelihood that 1896 will exhibit a much greater advance. The number of paying mines augments month by month, and districts which have been all but idle for years are springing into activity. The regular reports in the mining journals prove that the revival is general. The mining regions are astir, not only with expectation, but with men hard at work opening new and re-opening old mines. Numerous strikes give encouragement, and the great dividend-payers offer no signs of failing. The prospector is out, and hidders for promising properties find them readily. Local capital, following the lead of foreign capital, is waking up. The mines of California have again become a field of investment for San Francisco money. Progress of this kind is necessarily solid, for it is based on the unquestioned natural wealth of our mountains. Every strike, large and small, accelerates the movement which is destined to become a boom. Another bonanza or two like that in the Utica will give the great impetus which is needed to draw capital hither as it has been drawn to South Africa. That such bonanzas will be discovered is certain, since it needs but the searching now going on to find them.

In view of the depression from which this State, in common with the whole country, has been suffering, and of the prosperity that a legitimate mining boom would bring to us, it is only just to say that the narrow people who are exerting themselves to keep the hydraulic mines closed are enemies of California. Every ounce of gold taken out is an advertisement for the State that has in it more attraction for capital than any other that can be devised. Gold is the best magnet to draw gold.

The *Argonaut* is continually receiving from various quarters of the world appeals for financial aid to Roman Catholic institutions. We do not know whether these are sent with the belief that this journal is interested in such institutions, or whether they are simply sent to us by readers knowing our peculiarities and prejudices. However that may be, we continually receive such appeals. One of the latest to hand is a small circular of four pages which comes to us under envelope cover; inclosed there is a card on which is fastened a little wooden crucifix about an inch high. The circular is dated Clichy, France, and favors us with these facts:

"At the gates of Paris there is a little church which will hold scarcely four hundred people. It is there that St. Vincent de Paul was parish priest, in 1612. But the alleys through which St. Vincent walked have become streets and boulevards, and the fields which he blessed are covered with mills, factories, and thousands of workmen's cottages. The little commune of Clichy has become a city, and the population has gone from four hundred to thirty-two thousand. Everything, in short, is transformed at Clichy except the church, and it is in this little place [*en même temps*, dans sa pauvre nef] that all the marriages, funerals, catechisms, and baptisms take place."

If these various proceedings are going on at the same time, as stated in the circular, the church must be rather crowded. But having stated his case (for this circular comes from Father Grea, parish priest of Clichy), the reverend gentleman gets down to facts. He says:

"I demand of you charity in the name of St. Vincent de Paul, the apostle of charity. We desire your help. We wish first to pre-

serve in its integrity the little church built by St. Vincent de Paul. We wish to build our future church a few yards from this sanctuary. We will build it without luxury, but spacious, as St. Vincent would have done, and we wish to build it quickly. It is for this reason, then, that we extend to you greeting, and ask for an offering in the name of St. Vincent de Paul. At the door of the old church there stands a tree which was planted by him two hundred and eighty-two years ago. We send you a little cross made of the wood of the tree planted by him, and we beg that in return you will make us an offering, if it be only the price of a single stone or one handful of plaster."

This eloquent appeal of Father Grea has received the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who says under date of the twenty-second of January, 1896:

"We hereby bless the work begun by the Curé of Clichy for the construction of his parish church. We hope that the faithful will respond to the appeal which is made to them in the name of St. Vincent de Paul."

† FRANCIS, CARDINAL RICHARD,
"Archbishop of Paris."

Following this is a long list of names of the committee for securing offerings for the construction of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, and the notice says that "all offerings may be sent to the treasurer, to the curé, or to the members of the committee." A further paragraph informs us that the little wooden crucifix inclosed in the envelope "has touched the relics and the crucifix of St. Vincent de Paul."

It may be hard-hearted, but we will freely confess that the little cross which has touched the relics of St. Vincent de Paul does not touch us. Neither shall we allow the parish priest of Clichy, France, to touch us, either. There are hundreds of churches in the United States to which we would willingly give before we would give a stiver to the parish church, at Clichy, of St. Vincent de Paul.

Another begging letter has been sent us, headed "The Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, or institution founded and directed by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, for the formation of young missionaries." This also contains an inclosure, a beautiful colored picture of His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth, with a "certificate of affiliation to the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart." We learn from the circular that "the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have founded at Ottawa an institution sufficiently spacious to afford accommodations for one hundred students." At present, "they have under their direction about sixty young men, and desire to increase the number. Hence they have recourse to the public in order to secure sufficient funds." It seems that the colored card of which we spoke is a Papal benediction, and that its magic influence extends to those "subscribing to the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart." The circular thus tells its solemn tale, with price-list annexed:

"In addition to the Benediction granted by the Holy Father, we offer to our benefactors the following advantages: A mass will be celebrated every month by each of the Fathers in charge of the Juniorate for its benefactors, living and dead. A monthly Communion in their behalf will be offered by the Brothers and students of the Institution. A solemn Requiem Mass will be chanted in the first week of November for deceased benefactors. Plenary indulgences may thus be gained: First, on the day on which your name is inscribed upon the Benefactor's List; second, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and of St. Joseph; and third, at the moment of death. A Partial Indulgence of three hundred days may likewise be gained every time a work of charity is performed on behalf of the Juniorate. The Indulgences are applicable to Souls in Purgatory."

This is approved by "† J. Thomas, Archiepiscopus Ottawienensis," so that there is no fraud about the matter, and it may be seen that the indulgences are authorized. Now as to the rates:

"The Spiritual Privileges above mentioned are accorded as follows:

- "For ten years to every one offering an alms of twenty-five cents.
- "For ten years to every family offering an alms of one dollar.
- "Forever to every person offering an alms of five dollars.
- "Forever to every family offering an alms of twenty dollars."

After thus enumerating the regular tariff, the Oblate Fathers, like the daily papers, throw in a premium to induce people to subscribe. The circular closes with the following touching remark:

"To all persons sending us ten dollars we shall send a beautiful crucifix as a feeble tribute of our gratitude. Please remit all sums of money by postal order or by registered letter."

To this appeal, as to the other, the *Argonaut* is deaf. It has always advocated protection and opposed free trade, and believes in each community looking out for itself. Therefore, we look upon these attempts of French and Canadian churches to work in the field of the faithful here as invading the home market for indulgences. What is the matter with Clichy and Ottawa running their own churches? Why should Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and J. Thomas, Archbishop of Ottawa, poach upon the ecclesiastical preserves of P. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco? Are the churches of the diocese of Archbishop Riordan trying to extort money from the faithful of France and Canada? We trow not. The *Argonaut* is not loved by the Roman Catholics here or elsewhere, but we think that the local Catholic sky-pilots will stand in

with us when we say that we think the foreign churches had better skin their own eels, and leave our local gudgeons alone.

We are glad to note a gradual change of heart, during the past three months, on the part of our war-like daily contemporaries. When Mr. Cleveland issued his celebrated war message,

toward the end of last December, and announced that the United States would hack up Venezuela in preserving the integrity of her frontier—which frontier, by the way, an American commission has been laboring over for four months, and has not yet succeeded in defining—the *Argonaut* vigorously contended that the Venezuelan frontier was none of our business. This journal was almost alone in maintaining that common-sense view. As for our daily contemporaries, they shrieked for war. The shrill falsetto of their war-songs still rings in our ears, but apparently it does not ring in theirs. For such is the volatility of the daily journals, such the shortness of their memories, that they have now executed a complete somersault, and are ridiculing the Senate for indulging in the war-like capers which they themselves were excelling three months ago.

In several numbers of the *Chronicle* last week, there were articles in which that journal's war-like tone of three months ago is notably moderating. In fact, the *Chronicle* seems really to be coming to its senses. In the *Examiner* of May 5th, there is an article headed "The Senate and the Navy," in which that journal says: "The reason assigned for curtailing naval appropriations is that the war scares which senators have spent their time in fanning are mostly flickering out." This language from the *Examiner*, when we consider how "its voice was still for war" three months ago, is surprising. Was the *Examiner* honest three months ago, when it was actively advocating war over the Venezuelan frontier, or is it honest now when it speaks of the Senate as "fanning war scares" that "are mostly flickering out"?

Do the editors of these daily papers fancy that their readers have such short memories that they can not remember for three months? Do they think that their readers have not intelligence enough to notice the marked change of attitude which they have assumed toward the Venezuelan question? If so, they very much underrate the intelligence of their readers. But they must do that habitually, for their papers are edited as if they were designed to be read exclusively by inmates of asylums for the feeble-minded.

When the daily press was heating the tom-tom and the Congress of the United States was dancing the ghost-dance three months ago, the *Argonaut* was one of the few journals in the country which had the courage and the independence to say what it thought about the preposterous threats of war with Great Britain over Venezuela. We got a good deal of slang-whanging at the time, and one esteemed contemporary, the *Sacramento Bee*, went so far as to declare that the *Argonaut* "was not an American paper." The *Argonaut* has been accused of many faults, but never of that before. We are glad to say that we do not want the approval of the kind of Americans who think the *Sacramento Bee* is an American paper, nor do we want the approval of the *Sacramento Bee*. The mere fact that it should condemn our notions in any question touching patriotism and Americanism would confirm us in the belief that ours was the patriotic and American course. The *Argonaut* does not hesitate to say and to do what it thinks is right. As for the *Bee*, it is sufficient to recall that that paper, purely for a sensation, two years ago, denounced the California legislature in vile terms, and printed a blackguard article concerning the personal habits and dispositions of its members merely to sell copies for nickels. When the indignant legislature turned upon its vilifier, and introduced resolutions moving that the capital of the State be transferred from Sacramento to San José, that lofty journal, the *Sacramento Bee*, fell down upon its marrow-bones, weeping slimy tears as it howled for mercy; when the outraged tradesmen of Sacramento, fearing that they would lose business through the action of the *Bee*, withdrew their advertisements from that high-minded and courageous journal, it crawled on its belly through the streets of Sacramento licking the hands of the tradesmen and begging them not to take away their advertisements. Yet there had been no change in the legislature of California, although the *Bee* ate its own words, and declared the legislators to be pure and incorruptible statesmen. All this for revenue only. Such a sheet does not know what principle means.

But while many patriotic, but, in our opinion, mistaken Americans may have condemned the *Argonaut* for its course three months ago, we think that with the passage of time most sensible men now agree with it. The fact that the drum-beating and nickel-chasing daily newspapers are singing a different tune shows that they feel the change in public opinion.

THE UNSEEN FOE.

A Strange Story of an Astral Experiment.

"And may I ask," said Allen, still gazing out the window into the wet, dreary twilight, while the other man turned about on the piano-stool and looked at his friend's back—"and may I ask how long you have been playing with this nonsense?"

"You may, certainly," returned Grant, good-naturedly, clasping his hands about his knees and half-closing his eyes—"two months or more."

"And may I ask," persisted Allen, raising his voice a trifle, but otherwise remaining as before, "how long you intend to keep it up?"

"You may," said Grant, smiling slightly and closing his eyes a bit tighter, "and I will answer, as long as I find amusement in it. Come, Allen," he added, briskly, as he pulled his trousers up at the knees and leaned forward earnestly, "you know quite well there is nothing impossible in this thing. Other people have proved the existence of astral bodies; why, then, do you deny me the possession of one?"

"Deny you?" repeated Allen, turning about slowly on his heel and gazing languidly at his friend, "my dear Grant, I do not deny you anything. Take your astral body, by all means—two or three of them if you like—but don't, I beg of you, insist that I shall believe it can be made your messenger and body-servant on this earth, to fetch and carry material substances like a good dog. The next thing you'll be asking me to do will be to witness the astral portion of your being playing valet for the material part, or else rushing off down-town to attend to business, while the worldly half indulges in some worldly pastime, like tennis or golf. Take all the spiritual twins you want, my dear boy; have one for every day in the week, and two on Sunday, if you must, but for heaven's sake do not expect me to be always on the look-out that I do not step on them or run over them on the stair. And, above all, don't go around town talking about your experiments like a driveling idiot, if you want to keep any of your friends."

"As to the last, you need not be in the least alarmed," said Grant, quite unruffled by his guest's remarks, "for I've mentioned this subject to no one but yourself—and as a friend, you know, you never did count. As to the other, I haven't asked you to believe half as much as you say, and I certainly have not declared I could send my astral existence on material errands, for I can not, as yet. That I hope to be able to do so some time in the future, I acknowledge is true; but you needn't be a witness to the performance if you do not care to be, Allen."

Allen shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Thou wert ever a fool, Grant," said he, "and a faddist of the rankest type. What you haven't had a shy at in the way of odd things, isn't worth mentioning. I acknowledge you have achieved some rather startling results with one or two of your weird amusements, but this——" And he shook his head as if there were nothing further to be said on the subject, while he picked up his hat and umbrella.

"Going?" asked Grant, calmly ignoring what had just been said.

"Yes," returned Allen, "I must be wandering homeward. You'll be around to-night, will you not? That's a good fellow; it's devilish lonesome now with every one out of town, and even you and your coterie of astralites are preferable to one's thoughts for company. No charge for the compliment. By the way," he added, with his hand on the door-knob, "if you get that errand-running, material-handling existence of yours trained to do something worth while in a month or so, I speak to manage your tour, for, of course, you'll go on the stage. *Au revoir!*" and he was gone before Grant could answer. As he ran lightly down the stairs and out into the wet dusk, the other man turned from the window, where he had stood for a moment watching him go, and putting his thin hands behind him, he fell staring at the cheery fire upon the hearth.

"In a month," he repeated, thoughtfully; "yes, in a month, or less. For even now——" He paused, straightened himself suddenly, and concentrated his gaze upon the piano at the further end of the room. A moment passed, and then the ivory keys of the instrument were depressed as if by invisible hands, and a wild minor chord floated out on the still air. This was followed by another and another, until the strange melody seemed to fill the room. Grant's pale face grew whiter and whiter as the seconds passed, and his hands shook nervously at his sides, while his thin lips moved and twitched now and again. Then, as the strains died away and finally ceased altogether, he sank into the chair near him, with a hysterical laugh, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

When Allen had said his friend was a faddist of the most pronounced type, he was not exaggerating matters to any great extent, for certainly no one he knew had dabbled in the Unknown as much as Grant. Hypnotism, occultism, and the hundred and one other inexact sciences had been freely investigated by him, and more than one of his friends had seen cause to remark, "Grant has a finger in every mysterious pie going, and one of these days he'll be making a mysterious end of himself." As for Allen, he regularly lost his temper over him, and quite as regularly lectured him on the evil of his ways.

"It makes no difference how you go at it, religiously or otherwise," he would say, with unfeigned impatience, "it is tempting Providence to put an end to you, and that's all there is to it. You're juggling with things you have no business touching, and I tell you you'll get hurt one of these days, as sure as you persist in your foolishness. And because you are a passably good chap when you're in your right mind—which isn't very frequently nowadays, beaven knows!—I want you to cut it all and behave like a sensible animal."

At all of which Grant would smile indulgently, as he

always did at Allen's harangues, and answer soothingly: "There, there, old man, don't worry about me. I'll take care of myself."

A month passed, during which the two men saw each other for a few moments each day only at the club. It was that time of year when Allen was busiest, and he had quite forgotten his last talk with his peculiar friend, when, one evening, just as he was beginning to congratulate himself that the hardest work was over and he would have an evening off occasionally, the telephone rang, and, answering it, he found Grant himself at the other end, inquiring if he had forgotten where he lived.

"Certainly not, youngster," returned the older man, "unless you have recently moved."

"Then come around and see a fellow, can't you? Come to-night, if you've nothing better to do."

"All right, I will," said Allen; "he there in the course of an hour."

"Good," said Grant, and added, after a short pause: "By the way, I'll have something to show you," and, replacing the receiver quickly, he rang off before his friend had time to question him about it. Half an hour later, the two men were lighting their pipes together in Grant's comfortable rooms, and Allen was asking:

"What did you mean by that last remark, anyway?"

The other laughed and answered: "Well, I've succeeded in my astral experiment, and I thought you might like to know about it."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Allen, in mild astonishment; "do you mean to say you've kept up that idiocy I was lecturing you about a moon or two ago?"

"Yes," replied Grant, "and if you want the managership of my tour, as you once hinted, now is the accepted time to apply for it. I've got that astral body of mine to work."

Allen said nothing, but sat looking at the other man as if he doubted his sanity.

"It handles material things," continued Grant quietly, without noticing Allen's disgust, "and does quite well as a valet. Occasionally we have a difference of opinion, I must admit, but usually we work together in fine style. It acts independently of me at times, or almost so, while——"

"Never mind, old chap," interrupted Allen, placing one hand upon Grant's knee and smoothing it, "that's all right. You'll feel better in the morning."

"Don't imagine I'm off my head," returned the other, "for I'm quite sane, I assure you. You don't believe it? Very well, I'm here to prove it—in fact, I asked you to come to-night that I might show you how well my astral twin gets on. Are you willing to look?"

"Go ahead," said Allen, shortly.

"Certainly. Sit perfectly still and watch that magazine upon the piano, for instance; we'll bring it to you," and he turned his gaze upon the book that lay face down twelve feet away. Suddenly Allen, keeping his own skeptical eyes upon it, saw the magazine lifted quietly from the piano and brought across the room, as if by invisible hands, and laid on his lap. Grant had not stirred an inch or even ceased smoking. As the book was dropped upon his friend's knee, the latter imagined he felt a movement in the air near him like a tiny draft, but in a second it was gone, and he was staring in turn at his host.

"What does—how in —— he began, and then stopped. "I verily believe you are the devil himself, Grant!" he exclaimed at last, picking up the book gingerly and dropping it on the table beside him.

"Not quite," replied Grant, quickly, while his eyes seemed to brighten and his voice trembled with excitement, "but akin to him. Watch the rapiers there next," and turning his deep-set eyes upon the thin swords that hung crossed upon the wall opposite, he held out one hand toward them. For a minute there was a deep silence in the room, and Grant seemed to be having an internal controversy of some sort, for he frowned and shook his head once or twice; but in another moment his face cleared, and a second later the slender weapons of steel were jerked down from their resting-place and floated across the space between it and Grant. As they came, he laid down his pipe quietly and held out both hands for them. Immediately the handle of one was thrust into his outstretched palm, but as he reached for the other it was abruptly pulled back, and quick as a flash a savage thrust made at his breast with the point.

Grant saw the blow coming, and sprang aside, and then, like another flash, his own weapon was in position and parrying the succession of murderous cuts and thrusts that were rained at him by the other sword as it leaped about before him.

"Good heavens!" screamed Allen, springing to his feet, his blood running cold at the strange scene and realizing that something was terribly wrong, "what is it, Grant? What are you doing?"

But there was no reply. With perspiration already dripping from every pore, Grant thrust and parried and parried and thrust like mad, while the other rapier, as if possessed of an evil spirit, swung about in mid-air, and strove to get beneath his guard and wound him. Up and down, above, below, it flashed and flashed again, while the two slender blades clinked together, one upon the other, and the man, his face wet and eyes filled with a nameless horror, fought desperately for dear life.

Allen, after the first few lightning-like strokes, sank back into his chair and watched the fight with a fascinated horror, hardly realizing what it meant, yet gathering something of the reason for Grant's evident fear from what he had said before. For several minutes the fierce duel raged, and in the terrible excitement Allen noticed that Grant was wounded in several places. Then suddenly the swords were locked at the guards—an old trick of Grant's—and a second later the hewitched weapon rang upon the floor. As it did so, Grant lunged forward twice in rapid succession, and the rug in front of him stirred as if moved by a falling body, and then was still.

Without taking his eyes from the spot, Grant moved backward until he stood beside the table again.

"The decanter, for God's sake!" he whispered, and, without a word, Allen shoved it across the table and a glass after it. Once—twice—thrice—the trembling man filled and emptied the glass down his throat; and then he laid the rapier he still held across the table, and turning to Allen, looked at him with an expression that sent the shivers up and down his friend's spine.

"You saw?" he said, slowly, while his breath came fast and hard.

"Yes," replied Allen, passing his hand over his eyes uncertainly; "but—but——"

"It is hard to understand," finished the other man, grimly. "It—we—had a quarrel before you came, and when it saw the chance, it attacked me—and you saw the rest."

"But where is——" began Allen, shivering again as he spoke.

"There," answered Grant, pointing to the rug—"there, where it belongs! You can not see, yet look!"

As he spoke, he walked steadily across the room a few steps, and touched the invisible body with his foot. "Yes," he said, with a curious smile upon his deathly white face and lips, "it's safe enough now. Rather odd experience, was it not? A sort of psychological suicide!"

Allen staggered to his feet and backed to the door. Grant remained motionless, staring straight before him.

"Yes," replied Allen, hoarsely, "a kind of soul-death. But if the soul die, what becomes of the——" He paused a moment, and then shrieked: "For God's sake, Grant, are you mad—or am I?"

There was no reply.

Without a sound from its set lips, the body of Grant, who had died upon his feet, fell heavily across the rug to the floor.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1896.

A CYCLING NOTE FROM LONDON.

The bicycle craze is on the increase. People who sneered openly at it a few months ago are daily going in for it themselves. Hyde Park of a morning is a sight to behold. And the streets resound to the jingle of the bells on all sides.

You have to be doubly cautious now when and where and how you cross a street. You laugh at the 'huses, and snap your fingers at the hansoms. So long as there isn't a lady on a bicycle within a dozen yards, you don't care a hutton about dashing into every jam of vehicles you encounter. There is no danger of anything else howling you over. A 'hus you can dodge, a hansom you evade, but a lady on a bicycle is a car of Juggernaut. Everything in its way must go under.

The police regulations, too, are especially severe in England. Not only must everybody have a bell on his bicycle (and ring it), but a lamp as well, which must be lit every night shortly after sunset—otherwise a fine. Riding on the sidewalks is another offense. You hear every day of some one or other "had up" for this, one of the latest offenders in this respect being the famous Marquis of Queensberry, who was fined fifteen shillings for riding on a foot-path at Cobham a few days ago.

Of course it isn't right for bicyclists to use the sidewalks for riding, and it is most proper that the law should prohibit and punish them. But pedestrians shouldn't be allowed to walk in the roads—much less stand in them. What is sauce for the goose should be made sauce for the gander. Yet how often do you see great hulking fellows and female cyclophobists purposely sauntering along and willfully blocking up the way. Yet you dare not run them down. No doubt in time all this will be remedied. Cycling is a power in the land, and will compel protection in its turn.

LONDON, April 15, 1896.

COCKAIGNE.

Secretary Carlisle's recent address in Chicago contained about nine thousand five hundred words. It involved numerous and extensive marshaling of figures running in groups up to thousands of millions; it set forth many arrays of percentages, and required for its argument ratios and equations appertaining to wages, prices of commodities, the fluctuations of depreciated currency, and voluminous comparative statistics affecting labor and life in various countries. It was delivered without manuscript, or notes, or reference to notes, except in two instances, one to show the rise and fall of silver and wages in Chile, and a second to cite the report of a Senate committee covering wages and prices of commodities for a designated period in the United States. The entire speech, exactly as it was delivered, was put in print before Mr. Carlisle went to the platform. Not a syllable or a comma was altered in the delivery. It was a great feat of memory. Many another man would have been carried away by his copious diction and alert imagination into at least divergent language, even while remaining faithful to the same material. The double faculty that can coldly design such a speech, commit it, and pronounce it as if spontaneous and of the instant, was less rare in the last century than in this, and is growing rarer.

An ingenious New York bicyclist has got around the Raines Sunday-closing law. He has converted the centre-post of his wheel into a storage tank, with a small faucet near the bottom, and he finds he can carry more than a pint of whisky in it. This gives a new and pleasing significance to the manufacturers' announcements that "all tubing is being made larger this year."

An English trades-union has refused to work with men who ride to their work on bicycles, on the ground that they have an unfair advantage in being able to work longer at the shop and yet get home at the same time as those who walk.

A temperature of 4,000 to 5,000 degrees can be produced only between the carbon points of an electric arc-light. The next hottest place in the world is in the crucible of an electric furnace.

STEVENSON AT SAMOA.

Extracts from Mrs. Isobel Strong's Introductory Article in "Scribner's"—The Famous Novelist at Home, as Sketched by his Step-Daughter.

Mrs. Isobel Strong is contributing a series of chatty papers on the life of the Stevenson family in Samoa to *Scribner's*, under the title of "Vailima Table-Talk"; the first installment is printed in the May issue. They are made up from notes jotted down by Mrs. Strong from day to day, with Stevenson's knowledge and consent, but not in any way revised or edited by him. The result is a series of scraps of conversation which present a delightful picture of Robert Louis Stevenson in his home life, entirely unaffected by the self-consciousness of the man who is being reported.

It is necessary to preface any extracts from the article with a *dramatis personæ*, a list of the personages of the household, with their Samoan and English names: Stevenson was Tustiala, "the writer of tales," or Le Ona, "the rich man" ("McRichie" he himself translated it); his wife, Mrs. Strong's mother, was Aolele, meaning "beautiful as a flying cloud"; his mother was Tamaitai Matua, "the old lady"; Mrs. Strong was Teuila, "the decorator"; Lloyd Osborne was Loia; Austin Strong was Ositini; Graham Balfour, Stevenson's cousin, was Palema; and Sossimo and Mitalele are two house-boys.

How Mrs. Strong served Stevenson as amanuensis is shown in this extract:

I have been writing to Louis's dictation the story of "Aone de St. Ives," a young Frenchman in the time of Napoleon. Some days we have worked from eight o'clock until four, and that is not counting the hours Louis writes and makes notes in the early morning by lamp-light. He dictates with great earnestness, and when particularly interested, unconsciously acts the part of his characters. When he came to the description of the supper Anne has with Flora and Roodal, he bowed as he dictated Aone's polite speeches and twirled his mustache. When he described the interview between the old lady and the drover, he spoke in a high voice for the one and a deep growl for the other, and was all in broad Scotch, even to "coma" (comma).

When Louis was writing "Ballantrae," my mother says he once rushed into her room to look in the glass, as he wanted to describe a certain haughty, disagreeable expression of his hero's. He told her he actually expected to see the master's clean-shaven face and powdered head, and was quite disconcerted at beholding only his own reflection.

And here is a discussion of Stevenson's work by himself:

I was sitting by Louis's bedside with a book, this evening, when he asked me to read aloud. "Don't go back," he said; "start to just where you are." As it happened, I was reading "the Merry Men"; he laughed a little when he recognized his own words. I went on and finished the story. "Well," he said, "it is not cheerful; it is distinctly not cheerful."

"To these stories," I asked, "do you preach a moral?" "Oh, not a mite," he said. "What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral!"

"Could you not give God's moral," I asked, "in a pretty story?" "It is a very difficult thing to know," he said; "it is a thing I have often thought over—the problem of what to do with one's talents." He said he thought his own gift lay in the grim and terrible—that some writers touch the heart, he clutched at the throat. I said I thought "Providence and the Guitar" a very pretty story, full of sweetness and the milk of human kindness.

"But it is not so sweet as 'Markheim' is grim. There I feel myself strong."

"At least," I said, "you have no mannerisms." He took the book out of my hand and read "it was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many, many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars'!"

But I maintained that this, in itself, was a good sentence, and pre-empted a picture to the mind. "It is the mannerisms of the author who can't say 'says he' and 'says she' that I object to; whose characters hiss, and thunder, and ejaculate, and syllable—"

"O my dear," he said, "deal gently with me—I once failed!"

Mrs. Strong gives this picture of the whimsical author in his days of illness:

O poor Anne! Louis has been laid up with threatenings of a hemorrhage and is not allowed to speak. It is a cruel blow just when we were getting on so well with "Aone." When I went in to his bedside this morning, he wrote on a slate: "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dumbley!" He was leaning against a bed-rest, to which he called my attention. It was the one Sir Percy Shelley gave him; Aolele had taken all the upholstery out as being too warm for this climate, putting in a back of wovee cocoanut sionet, which is very neat and pretty, and very comfortable besides. He can not speak nor lean forward to write, for fear of starting a hemorrhage, and yet he does not look ill at all. He is tanned a good brown, has a high color, and very bright eyes. In illness he is never pale; as he lies back against the rest in his blue and white Japanese kimono, with a wide red sash, so fresh and bright, looking at you with such a pleasant, smiling face, it is hard to realize he is in great danger.

He has a slate by his side and writes on it. "I'm a rose-garden invalid wreathed in weak smiles." To a visitor who asked "How are you?" he wrote: "Mr. Dumbley is no better and he hanged to him!"

To pass the time I showed him how to make *a, b, and c* on the hands, and we were getting some entertainment out of it, when suddenly the brilliant idea struck us both to dictate "Aone" in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. It was slow work, and I often made mistakes, but we got on pretty well to the extent of five pages.

In the afternoon Aolele entertained him by playing patience on a table drawn to the bed. For his amusement she learned a game from a book, and he is always pleased and interested to see it played, making signs when she goes wrong and pointing at cards for her to take up.

We are only allowed to go to him once at a time, when we all try to be entertaining and recount cheerful adventures of the household. Aolele is very successful at this, but she leaves her smile at the bedroom door; indeed, we are all terribly anxious.

Louis is better to-day, and we did seven pages in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. The only concern he has betrayed over his illness was at the first sign of improvement; he wrote: "O Belle, I am so pleased!" and the tears stood in his eyes.

Some of these notes were written during a trip to Australia. Mrs. Strong relates an amusing incident that happened during their stay in Sydney:

Both Louis and Aolele like to read trash, that is, if it is bad enough to be funny. My mother was tired, and sent us out to buy some ovals for her. As we went along the street, we saw Louis's picture in many of the shop-windows, and people turned and looked after us in a way, Louis said, that made him feel very self-conscious. We went into a big shop and had picked out an armful of books. A young clerk came up to Louis, with great respect and recognition in his eye. "What have you been getting, Mr. Stevenson?" he asked. "We have all the best authors—Meredith, Barrie, Anstey—" and then his countenance changed; he cast a most reproachful, disappointed look at Louis as he read the titles of the chosen works: "The Sin of a Countess," "Miriam, the Avenger," "The Lady Detective." He retired, and took no further notice of us. We felt it keenly.

In this passage Stevenson compares painters and writers:

I asked Louis why painters, who live in much the same atmosphere as literary men, are less interesting and more narrow-minded; at least, that had been my experience. He offered an explanation that sounded reasonable enough. The study of music or painting does not expand the mind in any direction save one. Literature, with its study of human nature, events, and history, is a constant education, and to that career a man can not stick at one place, as the painter and musician almost invariably do. He studies his one pin's point of a talent, enlarging that, perhaps, and deepening it, but in no other direction does his mind work. The bank clerk, whose daily life is spent in adding up figures, knows that his intelligence is cramped, and is more apt to devote his leisure to study and improvement; but the painter believes his work to be a culture, and thinks he needs no more.

I was inveighing against painters as a class, when Louis reminded me of Millet, to whom he takes off his hat. How he made money for years doing ordinary popular work, and then, in spite of starvation and a large family, proceeded to paint what he thought was true art.

"And yet," I said, "if I were one of the large family, I might not think it so fine. A painter might sacrifice his family to his art; would you? Would you go on writing 'Willery Millery' if we were all starvings, and 'Miriam, the Avenger,' would save us?"

Louis gave in. "You know well enough I would save my family if it carried me to the gallows' foot."

The arrival of the mail from the outer world was a great event in the life at Vailima. Mrs. Strong thus describes it:

The mail has just come in and stopped all work for the day. It was brought up as usual on horseback by Sossimo, in a big waterproof-bag, and carried to Louis's room, followed by the family in great excitement. Louis always empties the mail-bag himself, and parcels out the letters, while we all sit in an expectant semicircle on the floor. We betide the person who tries to snatch a letter from the pile! We have to wait our turn as Louis throws them out; he gives Austro all the picture papers to open, and as he looks over his own letters, he gives me those from strangers or autograph collectors; I feel neglected if I don't get ten or twelve at least. On rainy days, or dull afternoons, I get Louis to write out a lot of autographs, "plain and colored," with and without a sentiment (such as "smoking is a pernicious habit"), and parcel them out at my own discretion.

Mail-day unsettled Louis for work, so we took a walk in the forest; we wore no hats and went barefooted under the big spreading trees in the cool shade. We sat on a stone by the upper waterfall and talked about a story we are both reading in *Longman's Magazine*, called "A Gentleman of France." Louis was so pleased with the opening chapters that he said he was going to write to Mr. Weyman and congratulate him on his work. He is always so pleased when a new man comes deservedly to the front.

The many admirers of Stevenson's early story, "Will o' the Mill," will be surprised to read the following:

"Will o' the Mill" made a great impression upon Palema in his youth, and he declares that his character and life are molded upon that story. Louis repudiated the tale altogether, and says that Will's sentiments upon life are "cats-meat."

Conversation at table:

PALEMA—It is the best thing on life that has been written this age.

LOUIS—Rather remarkable how little stock I take in it myself.

PALEMA—If you had stood by your words, I would have gone down on my knees to you. But how did you come to write what you don't believe?

LOUIS—Well, I was at that age when you begin to look about and wonder if you should live your life—

PALEMA—To be or not to be?

LOUIS—Exactly. Everything is temperance. Well, I did the other fellow's temperance—held a brief on the other side—to see how it looked.

PALEMA—Mighty well you did it, too.

LOUIS—No doubt better than I should have done my own side.

One evening, Mrs. Strong asked Stevenson how one could tell good literature when one saw it. The conversation is thus reported:

"It is capable of explanation, I think," he said; "when you see words used to the best purpose—no waste, going right around a subject. Also they must be true. My stories are not the truth, but I try to make my characters act as they would act in life. No detail is too small to study for truth. Lloyd and I spent five days weighing moony and making calculations for the treasure found in 'The Wrecker.'"

I asked him why Charles Reade was not a stylist, though his writing answered to the description.

"You are right," Louis said, "he is a good writer, and I take off my hat to him with respect. And yet it was in continuity that he failed. In the 'Ebb Tide,' that is now under way, we started on a high key, and oh, haven't we regretted it! If I wanted to say 'he kicked his leg and he winked his eye,' it would be perfectly flat if I wrote it so. I must pile the colors on to bring it up to the key. Yet I am wrong to liken literature to painting. It is more like music—which is time; painting is space. In music you wind in and out, but always keep in the key; that is, you carry the hearer to the end without letting him drop by the way. It winds around and keeps on. So must words wind around. Organized and packed in a mass as it were, tight with words. Not too short—phrases rather—no word to spare."

"There are two kinds of style, the plastic, such as I have just described; the other, the simple placing of words together for harmony. The words should come off the tongue like honey. I began so as a young man; I had a pretty talent that way. I must confess."

I asked him if he thought his present full, entertaining novels, crowded with people and adventure, an improvement upon his earlier honey-dripping essays. But he refused that. He could not, he said, criticize his own work or see it well enough. But in others, he had noticed that the writers who began with honey-sweetness often developed in later work a certain brusqueness and ruggedness.

"Did they do it well?" I asked.

"You bet they did!" said Louis. "Both Beethoven and Shakespeare are good examples of it, in their different arts. Shakespeare's earliest works were plain, dull, unimpassioned verse. Next came his first singing note—such as 'Romeo and Juliet'; ah," he quoted:

"My love is boundless as the sea."

"The words are like music. Then a strange thing happened—surely some evil woman must have crossed his path and driven him to the hideous work of 'Troilus and Cressida'; and yet, but for its indecency and brutality, it might have been his greatest work. He took the plot from Chaucer, who had told it quietly and prettily, and made of it the horror it is. Then came his later works, full of strength, and broke with flashes so delicate he might have touched them with his tongue and passed on."

Here is a little bit showing the playful character of the man:

Louis is often charged with being secretive. He turned one day to his mother, who had been questioning him about some trifling matter, and took hold of her shawl.

"Who gave it to you?"

"I bought it."

"Where did you buy it?"

"At Gray & Macfarlane's," answered his mother.

"Why?" persisted Louis.

"I don't know," said Tamaitai Matua, laughing.

"Good heavens, woman, why so secretive? Why can't you answer a simple question? Why put me off with a Gray & Macfarlane?"

It was all nonsense, but the phrase survived, and when Louis is asked where he is going, he answers, "To call on Gray & Macfarlane!" and when his mother begged to know from whom an important-looking letter had come, he said, in broad Scotch: "From Gray, mem, with Macfarlane's compliments!"

The article is one of the most widely interesting pieces of personal reminiscence that have been printed in a long time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that Justin McCarthy has made one hundred thousand dollars from the sales of his "History of Our Own Times," and that the entire sum has been devoted to the Irish cause.

Clara Schumann, the renowned pianist, suffered an apoplectic stroke recently, at her home in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, from which she is not expected to recover. She is now seventy-six. Her first appearance was as a juvenile prodigy in 1820.

Bismarck is only a strong man by fits and starts now, and shows unmistakable signs of his age, though his mental faculties are unimpaired. His worst foe is his neuralgia, and his hardest battle is to keep his daily number of pipes of tobacco down to a minimum.

Manly M. Gillam, the noted "ad" constructor, lately in charge of the advertising of Hilton, Hughes & Co., of New York, has been made general manager of that once famous house. Under his management the business may regain the prestige it once held as A. T. Stewart & Co.

Prince Henry of Orleans, though he is a possible Royalist pretender, has been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government in recognition of his services to geography and commerce. He has just returned to Paris from Tonkin, Thibet, and other little explored regions of Asia.

Richard Wagner, of Vienna, is no relative of the famous composer, but he is profiting by the identity of names. He is a linen-draper, and he has had a portrait of the musician registered as his trade-mark, and sells "Richard Wagner sheetings" and "Richard Wagner toweling." Frau Wagner recently sued to have him restrained from using her illustrious husband's features in this way, but the court decided against her.

The recent death of Ernest Duez, the French painter who died of a congestive stroke while riding his bicycle in the forest of Saint Germain, recalls a conversation he had, some years ago, with Guy de Maupassant on the subject of death. Duez declared that so long as a man must die, it is better to die in bed, surrounded by one's family. Maupassant exclaimed: "The worst thing about death is the illness. It is far better to drop down without feeling it." Neither had his wish.

Alma Tadema, the artist, has the most beautiful home in England. The wall of the drawing-room is paneled with tall, slim pictures, each of them by a different painter—Leighton, Boughton, Sargent, Whistler, and a score of other artist friends each contributing to this remarkable decoration. Another interesting feature is the oak and ivory piano, on the inside lid of which are inscribed the autographs of the most celebrated singers and musicians in the world.

Henry Villard has abandoned his intention of publishing the memoirs he has been writing; the type-written copy is to be bound in black morocco and locked up as a legacy for his children. He changed his mind about publishing the work as soon as he got well along into the war period of his recollections. His criticisms on the veracity and the generalship of certain famous Union heroes would raise a storm about his ears if he were to put them in print. Villard was one of the most indefatigable and successful of the war correspondents, and was at Bull Run, at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Fredericksburg, and in the Wilderness fights.

Miss Elizabeth Banks, the American woman reporter who created a sensation in England, a year or so ago, by posing as an American heiress in search of a titled husband, recently had an interesting midnight holocaust. When her article was published, she received offers of large sums for the return of some of the letters fortune-hunting noblemen had written her; she sent them back without taking any reward. Others were sent back through friends who came to intercede. But the bulk of the letters remained in her desk. The responsibility of possessing them preyed upon her mind so heavily that finally, one night, she got up and made a bonfire of them.

Bismarck's epithet, "Austria's idiot archdukes," seems not undeserved. Carl Ludwig, apparently Austria's future emperor, is so parsimonious that he allows his cook only two florins (ninety-two cents) a day for each member of his household, and on this the cook must provide four meals a day. His daughter-in-law, wife of Archduke Otto, pays her board from her husband's allowance when she visits him. Carl Ludwig is also fond of embroidering beautiful vestments for his clergy. His younger brother, Ludwig Victor, is a confirmed woman-bater. In his palace in Vienna he employs but two women-servants—a housekeeper and her maid, who are under the strictest injunctions to keep out of the way of their imperial master under pain of instant dismissal.

Constantin de Grimm, the well-known cartoonist, whose death occurred in New York a few days ago, was born, fifty years ago, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where his father was chief instructor of the children of Czar Nicholas. He was educated in the law and destined for the diplomatic profession; but his facility with pen and pencil soon drew him to newspaper work. He served through the Franco-Prussian War, receiving the Iron Cross for bravery at Gravelotte. At the close of the war, he resigned his commission to become assistant editor of *Kladderadatsch*, the leading Berlin comic weekly, and later became manager of *Le Tribunal*, a Paris comic paper, and Paris correspondent of several London journals. Twelve years ago Mr. de Grimm came to this country at the instance of James Gordon Bennett.

THE MIGRATION OF DELMONICO'S.

A New Building for an Old Establishment—Six Miles North of the Original Place—The Social History of Delmonico's—Celebrities as Habitues.

To-morrow morning the workmen begin excavating for the foundations of the new Delmonico's.

Some two years after the New York *Herald* had carried business uptown with a swing, negotiations were begun between Charles Delmonico and Theodore A. Havemeyer for the erection of a structure on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fourth Street, on ground belonging to Mr. Havemeyer. It is at present occupied by a building called the Sherwood House. Delmonico has taken a lease for fifteen years at \$60,000 per annum, with the privilege of renewal on terms like those of the Columbia College leasehold, which provides for reappraisements at fixed periods. The amount to be invested in the structure by Mr. Havemeyer will amount to \$1,750,000. Strangers to New York may remember the location by the fact that the Fifth Avenue Bank, an establishment much used by women, was on the ground floor of the Sherwood House.

James Brown Lord is the architect of the new Delmonico building. The style of the structure is to be Italian Renaissance, something like the Metropolitan Club. The plot of ground measures sixty-five feet on Fifth Avenue by one hundred and forty feet on Forty-Fourth Street. The Fifth Avenue front, on the first floor, will be occupied by the ladies' restaurant, and on the other side of the stairway the café will be located. Back of the stairway will be a great palm garden, two stories high, with a glass dome, to be occupied as a ladies' and gentlemen's café. The second floor will be devoted to the large ball-room, with an accompanying banquet-hall. Above, there will be apartments set aside for small dancing and large dinner-parties. On the fourth floor, there will be quarters for the bachelors. A number of bachelors have occupied rooms in the old Delmonico's for years. One of the best known among them is T. Henry French, the theatrical manager. On the roof there will probably be a summer garden, but the details of that are not as yet arranged. There is also to be a winter garden on the Forty-Fourth Street side, with a glass roof and front, from which diners may look out over the lower part of the city. The ball-room will be thirty-six by eighty-one feet, much larger than the one in the present Delmonico's, which is only forty-five by fifty-two feet.

This move of Delmonico's is an interesting one to old New Yorkers. The new place must be fully six miles further north than the original Delmonico's, away down on William Street. This will give an idea of how far New York has drifted north in seventy years.

It was in 1827 that John and Peter Delmonico came from Switzerland and started a confectionery at Nos. 21 and 23 William Street, where they sold fancy cakes and ices. In 1832 they opened a branch at 76 Broad Street, and Lorenzo Delmonico, a nephew of Peter and John, came to this country and joined his uncles in business. In 1835 the Delmonicos bought and built on the property at the junction of Beaver and South William Streets. This building was torn down in 1890, and a fine modern structure erected there. John Delmonico died in 1842, and in 1843 Peter took Lorenzo into partnership. In 1845 the Broad Street place was destroyed by fire, and in 1846 the Delmonicos occupied the premises on the corner of Broadway and Morris Streets. In 1848 Peter retired from business, and left his nephew, Lorenzo, as sole proprietor. In 1855 the lower Broadway house was given up, and a new restaurant opened on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. In 1861 the handsome place on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street was opened. In 1876 the Chambers Street restaurant and the Fourteenth Street establishment were given up for the present building, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street.

Lorenzo Delmonico now found himself with the cares of all the restaurants on his shoulders, so he got his brother Siro to join him, and afterward his nephew Charles C. Delmonico. Lorenzo died in September, 1881, and Siro died only a few months later, leaving Charles C. Delmonico as the head of the house. In January, 1884, Charles C. Delmonico became demented, and wandered over into the woods on the New Jersey shore, where he died of exposure. His young nephew, Charles Crist, assumed by law the name of Charles Crist Delmonico, and is to-day the representative of this long line of famous restaurateurs and the sole proprietor of the Delmonico establishments.

There are servants in the employ of Delmonico to-day who have been there since they were youngsters. The Delmonicos have a system of giving pensions to old and tried servants.

There is a social as well as a business history to Delmonico's. In the old Beaver Street establishment danced the great-grandmothers of to-day's debutantes. The downtown Delmonico's was the centre of most of the social gayety of the city in the ten years preceding 1855. Louis Napoleon, when exiled in America, used to live there. Jenny Lind always breakfasted and dined at Delmonico's. Boss Tweed and Dick Sweeney, of the old "ring-rule" days, were regular habitués. When Tweed's daughter was married, he gave her what he called "a bang-up supper," and five hundred people attended. In those days you could see daily at Delmonico's John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, Oakey Hall, Horace Greeley, Fernando Wood, Henry J. Raymond, and the flamboyant Colonel Jim Fisk, who was killed by Stokes, the present proprietor of the Hoffman House.

The Fourteenth Street Delmonico's became the centre of social life after 1861. It was there that the smart balls of the day were given, in which Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Maturin Livingston, and Mrs. Cutting were the belles. A famous fancy ball was given there, at which the Misses Minnie Stevens, Consuelo Ynaga, Jessie Duncan, Pessie

and Tiny Livingston, and other belles of the day—matrons now—wore fancy costumes which dazzled the eyes of the dudes of the day—now gray-haired and bald-headed fathers and grandfathers.

There are many who think the new Delmonico's will be too far uptown. A restaurant was opened some six months ago in Forty-Second Street, near Fifth Avenue, which was most elaborately fitted up. It was decorated in the style of such Parisian restaurants as Durand's, Voisin's, and Pailard's. But although it was excellently run and the cooking was exceptionally good, it failed, and at the expiration of six months the proprietor was forced to close it, and the property was leased for stores. Delmonico's is to be two blocks further uptown. It is doubtful whether people will go so far up. Much of the afternoon patronage of Delmonico's Twenty-Sixth Street place has gone of late years to the Waldorf. But whether it will go up so far as Forty-Fourth Street is a question.

I think Delmonico's needs a new building, or something of that kind, to restore its prestige. Not only have the new hotels, like the Waldorf, and new society fads, like Louis Sherry, deprived Delmonico's of much of its old patronage, but the establishment has deteriorated. Delmonico's has acquired such fame in the course of seventy years that it is known all over the United States. Out-of-town people, rural magnates, millionaires from Squeedunk, Oshkosh, and Kankakee make a bee-line for Delmonico's as soon as they come to town. It is for this reason, perhaps, that sometimes you will be served at Delmonico's with what purports to be canvas-back and is not. And it is not infrequently the case that you will get a mediocre dinner poorly served there. This is unpardonable, considering that the prices are the highest charged in New York city. The Hoffman House, on the other hand, never serves a poor meal. Delmonico's has been running down at heel of late years. Let us hope that the removal will force it to improve its service. As to the café, that part of Delmonico's has always been an abomination. It has been filled every afternoon and evening with cheap actors, cheap sports, and cheap rounders of every description. These tin-horn sports would spend hours there over a pack of cigarettes and a single glass of green mint. Why they were ever tolerated I could never conceive. All they did was to fill up room which might have been taken up by more profitable customers. They probably will not go so far uptown as the new Delmonico's, and, for the sake of those who want to go there, it is sincerely to be hoped that they will not.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1896.

FLANEUR.

Much rye bread was eaten in this country in the beginning of the century, and much rye and Indian—a healthful compound that disappeared when stoves superseded the huge brick oven in which the maize ingredient was rendered digestible by being cooked all night. The snowy wheaten loaf, as the staple bread of the land, dates only back to the cultivation of the wheat-fields of New York in the early part of this century; and simultaneously there seemed to arise a "fashion" of white bread. The using of bread made from anything less than "the best Genesee flour" was thought a mark of poverty. About 1840 there appeared about an even distribution of dyspepsia throughout the Northern and Eastern States, more especially among those well-to-do people who used only the "best Genesee." One investigator announced that the root of the mischief lay in robbing the wheat of its best elements in the process of milling, and taking away its outer coating. This man was Sylvester Graham—a monomaniac on his own hobby; but he rendered an important service to the science of alimentation, though the epithet "bran bread" was derisively applied to the sort that still bears his name.

Aubrey Beardsley is ill of pneumonia in Brussels, according to a cablegram dated May 6th. Few young men have shot so suddenly into fame as he, or have been so much discussed. He began publishing his remarkable drawings only two or three years ago, and they at once attracted the attention of two continents and created a school of imitators. His chief work was done in *The Yellow Book* and later in *The Savoy*, both of which were exponents of the cult in art and literature professed by the class to whom Max Nordau's epithet of "degenerates" is most applicable. There was distinct originality and not a little power in Beardsley's earliest work, but latterly it has been nothing less than revolting and obscene.

A German case that resembles that of the famous Jukes family has recently been reported by Professor Pellman, of Bonn, who has traced the careers of 709 of the 834 known descendants of a German woman, a drunkard and a thief, who was born in 1740. Of her descendants, 106 were born out of wedlock, 208 were professional beggars, 181 prostitutes, 76—including 7 murderers—got into jail; in seventy-five years, these persons have cost the State more than \$1,200,000. Professor Pellman has gathered these statistics to prove the injurious effects of alcohol, but they seem to show that it does not diminish fecundity, and that the proportion of children reaching maturity is far above the average.

The telephone was put to a novel use recently during the Cuban War. A Cuban general, Pablo Olivia, arriving at the outskirts of a town in which was a Spanish garrison, found a telephone, and, ringing up the Spanish commander, called on him to surrender within the hour, under penalty of having the town burned. At the end of the hour, he called up the fort again, and found the garrison ready to surrender, upon which he entered the town without firing a shot.

Cecil Rhodes holds the record for having paid the largest passage-money from Suez to Beira. The steamer he was on ran aground, and, after waiting two or three days, he chartered the steamer *Orestes* to complete his journey at a cost of \$17,500.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lost Sheep.

De massa ob de sheepol' bin,
Dat guard de sheepol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?
Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
Dey's some dey's black and thin,
And some dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all hung in,
But de res' dey's all hung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepol' bin,
Dat guard de sheepol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepol',
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain pat,
War de sleet ta' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in;
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

—Sally Pratt Maclean.

When the Cows Come Home.

With kingle, klangle, klinge,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy twinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-klung, ko-klung, ko-klinglelele,
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows are coming home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florinel,
DeKamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Sch'll,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, go-lingelelele;
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringlelele,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starline, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-link, to-linklelele,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver Queen,
When the cows come home.

With a kingle, klangle, klinge,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-lingelelele,
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

—Agnes E. Mitchell.

Tired.

Would I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover cool and soft, and scented sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient rush,
And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining wisdom's call, or duty's hush.
Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—
Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song;
Our souls require at times this free unseathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.
And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do—
I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty,
Its looser beads with no straight string run through.
Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

—Mary Ashly Townsend.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In reading the convention letters written by General W. H. L. Barnes to the *Examiner*, we have not failed to be struck by the melancholy with which they are tinged. It is very natural that they should have this melancholy color, for an old warhorse like General Barnes, who has sat in so many conventions, who has presided over so many, and who has so often swayed the convention hither and thither by the spell of his magic tongue, must feel slightly discontented when he seats himself at a reporter's desk amid the humble pencil-pushers, and reports a convention. Who could ever have believed of Barnes that he would close a long and honorable career by writing for the *Examiner*? *Eheu fugaces! Ilium fuit!* Barnes was!

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, however weak he may be on religion, is very sound on politics. When interviewed, the other day, in Omaha concerning the political situation, he said: "McKinley will be nominated at St. Louis and have lots of delegates to spare. The people associate McKinley with protection, and they associate protection with prosperity. They think that the hard times were created by fooling with the tariff, and they want good times. They are tired of Cleveland and Democratic mistakes. They want McKinley and they will have him."

Ingersoll never said a truer word. The people associate McKinley with protection, and he is being heralded as "the advance agent of prosperity." We have had enough Clevelandism. We want a little more McKinleyism.

A curious incident, showing how polyglot is the population of San Francisco, took place in a court here the other day before Justice of the Peace Groezinger. Suit was brought by O. H. T. Wettirok to endeavor to recover certain moneys of Eureka Lodge of Hermann Sons. Inasmuch as the judge, the attorneys, the plaintiff, the defendant, the witnesses, and even the clerk of the court, all spoke German, it was decided to conduct the case in that language. The plaintiff lost his suit, and the question now is in what language the decision shall be filed. A decision in the court of a justice of the peace has very little weight, but we do not think that any case should be conducted in a foreign language in any American court. Such a procedure reflects upon the dignity of our courts. In an English-speaking commonwealth, the procedure of the courts should be conducted entirely in English—with the exception of the testimony of such witnesses as need the services of an interpreter. We hope never to hear again of a case being conducted in German, or in any other foreign language, in an American court.

The Sacramento convention has resulted in a victory for the Spreckels wing of the local Republican party over the Kelly-Mahoney wing; it has resulted in a victory for the *Call* over the *Chronicle*; and it has resulted in a personal victory for John D. Spreckels over M. H. de Young. For Spreckels has insisted that his name shall be substituted for that of De Young as member of the Republican National Committee. It is true that Spreckels and the *Call* have had to swallow a bitter pill in the defeat of Allison, the man they were trying to boom for the Presidency. But it is no more bitter than the pills now being swallowed by Reed, Morton, Cullom, and Allison himself. No one could stand up against the McKinley boom. So Spreckels and the *Call* made the best of it. They came out on top in the convention by some clever manipulating and some curious alliances. By the way, it is evident that the American Protective Association backed up Spreckels in the convention. How will that affect the *Call*? Will that paper stand up for its new allies? Or will it disown them through fear of losing Roman Catholic subscribers and advertisers?

It is a little puzzling, in reading the stenographic reports of the recent Republican convention at Sacramento, to note the importance attached to apparently unimportant speeches. The reporters speak with bated breath of certain "fiery" and "vehement" speeches made by Knight, Kowalsky, Spencer, and others. Yet when one peruses these speeches, neither fire nor vehemence is discoverable. It must have all been in the manner of delivery—and as words mean the same, whether spoken or written, the "fire" and "vehemence" noted by the reporters must merely have been in the amount of wind with which the words were accompanied. Some of these reported passages sound almost ludicrous when read. One, for example, put in the mouth of Knight, so impressed both reporters and artists that they made a picture of him in the act of delivering it—"It's a long way from the belfry of a millionaire's silk hat to a poor man's heart." This may have had some meaning when uttered, and those who heard it may have discovered what the meaning was, but to those who read it, it is as incomprehensible as a cryptogram.

We have received a number of letters from correspondents requesting particulars as to the insolvency of William McKinley. These are the facts: In February, 1893, one Robert L. Walker, a banker of Youngstown, O., with large credit, a handsome home, and a high business reputation, became a bankrupt. He was an intimate personal friend of William McKinley, and when Walker's assignees took charge of his affairs, they found that McKinley had indorsed \$118,000 worth of Walker's promissory notes. The liabilities of Walker were \$225,000. H. K. Taylor was made assignee, and he

looked to McKinley for \$118,000 of this amount. The result was that McKinley was forced into bankruptcy. At that time McKinley was governor of Ohio. He at once stated that he would pay every dollar of this indebtedness incurred by indorsing his friend's notes, and to do so, he made to Herrick, a Cleveland banker and friend of his, H. H. Kohlsaat, now editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, and Judge Day, of Canton, O., an assignment of all of his and all of his wife's property. It made a clean sweep of his possessions. It left him with absolutely nothing. But he succeeded in meeting his obligations, incurred through standing by his friend. It was then that a movement started spontaneously all over the country, to make up to McKinley the amount of his lost possessions. McKinley refused persistently to accept it, but finally his associates concluded that he was quixotic in declining it, and they forced McKinley to accept. This is the truth of the many malevolent rumors about McKinley's insolvency.

On the first day of the Republican convention at Sacramento, it was stated freely that John D. Spreckels had been heard by reporters to say that if the convention would instruct for McKinley, that he, Spreckels, would not go to St. Louis; that he would abandon politics; that he would withdraw his personal, political, and financial aid from the Republican party; some rumors went so far as to say that he would holt the party. Subsequent developments show that Mr. Spreckels's lieutenants saw the folly of these statements, if they ever had been made by him, and at once began to disavow them. They worked so diligently that the effect of the first report was almost lost. There still, however, remains in the minds of many Republicans a belief that Mr. Spreckels did make these remarks, but they believe that he made them only in the heat of anger.

The *Argonaut* is under no particular obligation to John D. Spreckels, but we have no hesitation in saying that we think his withdrawal from politics would be a loss to the Republican party. Mr. Spreckels is the kind of "boss" we ought to have in politics. The *Argonaut* may not always agree with him nor with his methods, but it is our belief that he is an honest and square man, and that he will generally be on the side of good order, good government, and the interests of the Republican party. The average political "boss," as a rule, is "in it for the stuff." Spreckels is a man of such large wealth that he can not be suspected of mercenary motives. Further than that, he is allied with so many industrial and corporate enterprises that his own interests lie with those of the property-owning class. If he has a taste for politics, it is fortunate for the community, and it is unfortunate for the community that more men like him do not possess such a taste.

But John Spreckels, who is just entering upon a political career, should take warning from the excitement caused by the words he uttered at the Sacramento convention. If there is one thing that is indispensable to a successful politician, it is loyalty to party and loyalty to his political friends. Spreckels is a man of a strong and domineering temper, and has been used to having his own way. He will find that he can not always have his own way in politics. Politics is made up of compromises. Politicians must be politic.

Let Mr. Spreckels reflect on the fate of many politicians—many of them much greater men than he—who thought they were strong enough to fight their party. Take one case here in California. We refer to Newton Booth. When Newton Booth made his celebrated speech from the balcony of the Grand Hotel, many years ago, he announced that he had left the Republican party and "burned his bridges behind him." Such was the magnetism of Booth, such was his eloquence, such was his political following, that he succeeded in organizing a powerful faction of the Republican party known as the "Dolly Vardens," and succeeded also in so handling his forces in the legislature that he was sent to the United States Senate. But his faction melted away like snow before the morning sun, and Newton Booth sat for five years in the United States Senate representing nothing—without a constituency, without patronage, without influence—merely a formal representative of California. So, too, with Roscoe Conkling—he quarreled with the Republican party, and sulked in his tent, but the party went on without him. The list is long. But it is scarcely worth while to recapitulate it. No Republican is greater than his party. Those who have thought so have always come to grief.

Phineas Fogg's tour of the world in 80 days can be beaten by a fortnight now. Starting from London, one can go to Brindisi, Italy, in 2 days, and thence, by the P. and O. steamer, to Bombay in 16½ days from London. Thence one goes to Yokohama in 32½ days from London, and the remainder of the trip—across the Pacific, the North American continent, and the Atlantic—can be made in 21 days, making a total of 63½ days. When the Trans-Siberian railroad is completed, one can go from London to Moscow by rail in 4 days, thence to Tomsk in 6 days, and thence to Vladivostok in 10 days more. Two days will suffice to cross the Sea of Japan, and 21 days more will take the traveler to London, the entire journey having taken only 43 days.

Though Mr. Gladstone gives promise of many years more of life, that he knows his powers are failing is evident from a remark he recently made to President Faure at Cannes. He said: "When one is old, deaf, and half blind, it is better to remain at home with one's relatives."

The water system and the telephone service in Amsterdam are now under municipal management, and it is expected that the city will soon have control of the gas-works and street-cars also.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

Anecdotes of a Famous Oxford Professor—Wit and Shrewdness of Benjamin Jowett—His Epigrammatic Sayings and his Sound Sense.

A volume of memoirs has recently appeared, entitled "Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol." It is written by Lionel A. Tollemache, who became a pupil of the distinguished Oxford professor in 1856, and thereafter remained his disciple and friend. While his attitude toward Professor Jowett is that of personal affection, the view given of his character is a clear and unbiased one. The book is interspersed with characteristic anecdotes, a few of which we quote.

Jowett's opinions on the woman question—not very serious ones probably—are rather implied than expressed in this reply to a question:

On my asking him, long ago, whether he wished to give the franchise to women, he merely answered, with a radiant smile: "I have a friend who says that he would rather see England governed by her five most incapable men than by her five ablest women."

This is interesting as an evidence of his keen sense for simplicity of style:

He once read to me Bacon's famous sentence, "Men fear death, as children fear to go to the dark"; and then he added, "Men can't write like that now."

And following pat on that is his advice to an aspirant to journalism, together with his opinion of the profession:

"Ooe thing especially should be noted. You must, above all things, try to be clear when you are writing for the general reader. Don't be too subtle for him." It is remarkable that he spoke so patiently of the possibility of my becoming a journalist; for he seems to have felt a somewhat unaccountable horror of journalism, and particularly of writing for the daily papers. I am told that G. H. Lewes once extolled the daily press in his presence, and dilated in glowing terms on the mighty and beneficent weapon which is wielded by journalists. Jowett listened with an attention which at first seemed like acquiescence, but he presently rejoined: "Why, yes; but, for my part, I'd rather break stones on the road."

It seems that in his old age Jowett regretted that he had not indulged more in sociability, and he wrote a sermon on the art of conversation. Tollemache relates this whimsical feature of it:

He took for his text, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth." Ear-witnesses tell me that he sometimes gave the text in this form, and sometimes added the concluding words, "of God." In all cases, however, these words, so full of significance in the original text, were practically dropped out of the sermon.

This incident is the only one where a petticoat flutters:

The sister of an under-graduate who was ill at Balliol went to stay with the master, and received from him the utmost kindness and attention. When she was taking leave, she first hesitated, and then said that before parting she would venture to ask a very particular favor. As she again hesitated, the master grew uneasy and looked interrogative. At last out came the request: "Will you marry me?" He paced up and down, and blushed deeply as he replied: "That would not be good either for you or for me." It was now the lady's turn to blush. "Oh—oh—I meant to say I am going to be married, and would you perform the service?" Poor girl! she had been refused by Jowett without having proposed to him!

The subjoined comment on Jowett's character, though made by another person, seems to express Mr. Tollemache's opinions:

"There are two things in Jowett," said my friend, "which I especially admire: First, his power of seeing through and through a philosophical question; and, second, his power of stimulating men to work. But I distrust his judgment of men. Some men, when writing for him their weekly essays, manage to bring into them some of his opinions expressed in his own peculiar way. These men he overrates; and, by comparison, he underrates others. His geese are sometimes swans, and his swans are sometimes great geese."

Jowett and Professor Freeman were uncongenial. On the subject of their intercourse, the following is related:

A good story is told at Oxford that, when Jowett was vice-chancellor, some question of university politics arose, involving a historical difficulty. It was thought expedient to consult Freeman. Whereupon Jowett, instead of sending a note, told his servant to ask Professor Freeman to come to see him. The historian, forecasting from his irregular summons some grave and immediate disaster, straightway forsook his studies and made haste to call on the vice-chancellor. But, to the meantime, the difficulty had been solved; and Jowett bowed out his visitor, with the brief explanation: "Thank you, Freeman, I've found out what I wanted, good-bye." They say that Freeman was sore displeased.

Concerning Professor Jowett's enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the writer says:

Before I took my degree, he wished to know what books I was reading, with a view to it. On my mentioning the names of a few books indirectly bearing on the examination, he cut me short with the paradoxical advice: "You had better read Shakespeare instead."

His opinion of the coarseness of French literature is conveyed in this story:

He asked an under-graduate what motto was written over the gate of hell. The under-graduate suggested some motto to the effect that there is no escape. "No," replied the master, "the inscription is 'Ici on parle français.'"

Here is a characteristic incident:

A distinguished man who had spent some time in the East, and had become in a manner deaculturalized, dined with Jowett; and a party of Oxonians, including some under-graduates, was asked to meet him. The orientalized veteran, after the ladies had left the room, told some anecdotes about Eastern customs, the narration of which in the presence of young men was far from edifying. One anecdote, in particular, threatened to be more startling than its predecessors. There was a general wish to check the unconscious transgressor, but there was a no less general unwillingness to say anything which might hurt his feelings. At last Jowett, after giving the signal to rise from the table, said to him: "Shall we continue the conversation when we have joined the ladies?" Could any better example be given either of Jowett's irony or of his tact?

This anecdote is not vouched for, but we will give it for what it is worth:

My readers may remember the story of the somewhat priggish youth who told Jowett that he could not cooivice himself of the existence of God? "I can not see any signs of Him in Nature, and when I look into my own heart, I fail to find Him there. J—You must either find Him by to-morrow morning or leave the college."

In the recollections there are numerous opinions quoted on theological and other questions, as well as comments on the writers of the day. For these, and to gain an idea of the genial personality and peculiar charm of the man, it will be necessary to turn to the book.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York: price, \$1.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Idyl of a Red-Headed Minx.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware," Harold Frederic's new novel, is a disappointing book. The author has turned aside from his favorite subject of politics and plunged into a study of religious influences. The theme is the degeneration of a young Methodist minister, whose promising prospects are blighted and his strength of character sapped away, partly through Roman Catholic influences, partly through his own inherent instability of purpose. It is a study of character, but it is in the nature of a cold dissection rather than a sympathetic presentation. The reader is forced into the uncomfortable attitude of disapproval of everybody concerned, and from an artistic standpoint, too, there is room only for condemnation. The Theron Ware whom we see at the opening conference, sharing his hopes and aspirations with his loving young wife, could not develop into the man whose feeble and sickly nature is so easily played upon by the jesuitical circle of Roman Catholics; and Celia Madden, the "red-headed minx of lewdness" for whom he conceives so violent and unlikely a passion, is quite bewildering to her unlikeness to any woman ever born, whether Roman Catholic, Methodist-Episcopal, or Neo-Platonic in her views.

In a twofold direction sect prejudice will have occasion to be up in arms. Roman Catholic sentiment will be antagonized by the picture of the feline priest, whose luxurious life is so sharply contrasted with those of his toiling parishioners; and certainly the view taken of Methodism must offend and repel its votaries. The descriptions of camp-meetings and revivals, of conferences and "debating meetings," are quite one-sided enough to incense.

Though we have glimpses here and there of those better qualities which we are already familiar, the book is a disagreeable one, and not likely to add to Mr. Frederic's reputation. There is evidence in it throughout of straining for effect which is inconsistent with true art, and is quite unlike his work in the past. The book must head the list of his poorer works, and let us hope that it may end it, too.

Published by Stoeck & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

An Etherealized Cookery-Book.

The craving of the inner man is the subject of a happy series of papers by Elizabeth Robins Pennell called "The Feasts of Autolycus," and with the sub-title "The Diary of a Greedy Woman." If it were not such a pleasing bit of literature, the volume might be called an etherealized cookery-book. To be sure, no tabulated lists of recipes are to be found within it, but every page describes, in whimsically superlative terms, the preparation of some alluring dish, and its aim is to be "a guide to the beauty, the poetry that exist in a perfect dish" is cunningly executed. Mrs. Pennell desires also to prove that a woman may have the proper knowledge and appreciation of the claims of good living, and so well does she succeed that her book might turn an ascetic into a glutton. Such toothsome breakfasts and dinners, such succulent dishes as the thought-taking traveler may fare on, were never more seductively set forth. The household that rejoices in the possession of this particular greedy woman is to be envied, though it is not unlikely that in her vicinity not good digestion but gout waits on appetite.

Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Tempted Husband.

"Diao's Hunting," by Robert Buchanan, is a story of very light texture, which relates a married man's successfully resisted temptation. It comes to him in the shape of a beautiful actress, who takes the leading part in his new play, and who only waits a word from him to become his *chère amie*. He has, however, a loving little homespun wife and a Diogenes of a friend, who together enable him to keep in the straight and narrow path. It is a brief tale, written for a couple of hours' amusement, and may suit unexact people who have the hours to spare.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Two Unusual Young Women.

"Clara Hopgood," like all the books signed by Mark Rutherford's name, is marked by a peculiar independence of thought and trenchancy of diction which set it apart from the average work of fiction. But in this instance the author has set himself a difficult task, and he wins little sympathy for the two unusual young women whose story he tells. The action of Madge, a reversal of the usual episode of the modern novel, is unnatural. In spite of his urgent entreaties, she refuses to marry the father of her child, because she believes the union would not be a true marriage, on a plane with the lofty ideal she has formed. And Clara's sacrifice in putting aside her own happiness and giving up the man she loves to her disgraced sister, though less abnormal, is sufficiently quixotic to arouse more impatience than admiration.

Like Thomas Hardy, the author has a fashion of

returning to neighborhoods already explored, and to this, as in other tales, he glances at one of those upheavals of socialism which stirred England some fifty years ago.

Unusual in manner and substance, the book is written with a degree of art which compels interest.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Scotch Village Life.

"Dr. Congalton's Legacy," by Henry Johnston, chronicles the happenings in the Scotch village of Kilspindie. The most important of these is the eccentric will of Dr. Congalton, made with a view to bringing together in matrimony his brother and a certain sonsy village lass. But the plan does not meet with favor in the eyes of the two most interested, and their destinies as related in the story are quite different from the good doctor's intentions.

There is a sprinkling of dialect throughout when the village folk talk, but it is not of the most rampant sort, and, in the main, the story is told in excellent English. The book is written in a quiet, leisurely vein, at no time rising to any great height of interest, and the character sketches are faint in outline. But the style is graceful and the impression left is a pleasant one.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"His Heart's Queen," by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, is issued in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; price, 25 cents.

A "Key to Short Selections for Translating English into French," by Paul Bercy, has been published by William R. Jenkins, New York.

"The Minor Chord: A Story of a Prima Donna," by J. Mitchell Chapple, has been issued in paper covers by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's," by K. Douglas King, has been issued in the Waldorf Series published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Maurus Jokai's story, "Pretty Michal," a story of Hungary in the seventeenth century, has been issued, in translation, in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Readings from the Bible," selected for schools and to be read in unison, under supervision of the Chicago Women's Educational Union, has been published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago; price, 30 cents.

"Desperate Remedies," with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a map of Wessex, has been added to the new edition of Thomas Hardy's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Hypnotism up to Date," by Sydney Flower, is a "popular" presentation of the substance of a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, in the Illinois Medical College, of Chicago. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Dr. Lamar," Elizabeth Phipps Train's first novel, in which she broaches the question of a physician's right to terminate the life of one suffering from an incurable disease, has been issued in paper covers by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Psychology and Psychic Culture," by Reuben Post Halleck, is a text-book intended to make this abstruse study intelligible to the average person. It presents the latest ascertained facts of psychology, as well as of introspective, psychology. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A volume of "Poems by John Keats," edited, with introduction and notes, by Arlo Bates, has been issued in the Atheneum Press Series. It contains only a selection of the poems, which are arranged in such order that the emphasis of place falls upon what Mr. Bates considers the worthiest work. The editor has also modernized the spelling and punctuation. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10.

"A History of Architecture," by A. D. F. Hamlin, gives in condensed form a very complete sketch of the various periods and styles of architecture from prehistoric times down to the present. Though designed primarily as a text-book for college students, it is so sufficiently popular in form to make it a work of interest to a wider circle of readers. Many illustrations accompany the text, adding much to the value of the book. Published by Loegmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The title of "The Failure of Sybil Fletcher," by Adeline Sergeant, is to be taken in an opposite sense, that which, according to the world's verdict, is a failure, proving a very happy marriage. Sybil is a young and pretty woman, a successful artist, and a member of a gay London set, who marries for love a simple, unlettered countryman, giving up for him her metropolitan life and living a rustic existence in

a little English village. The episode is, however, unconvincing from first to last, all probability being sacrificed to novelty of plot. The chief merit of the tale lies in a certain facility of style. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The new edition of "Pepys's Diary," issued in seven volumes, is now complete, the last having just appeared. Pepys's famous prattle can never lose popularity, for, besides the unique charm of absolute candor and *naïveté*, it gives a picture of London life in the seventeenth century, during the reign of Charles the Second, which stands quite alone in its completeness. The new edition should be a popular one, the volumes being in convenient form, and the notes accurate and carefully prepared. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 per volume.

"Mrs. Romney," by Rosa Nouchette Cary, is a tale without much sequence or skill in construction. It relates a cooecement practiced by a loving wife toward a loving husband for no particular reason apparently except to make a story. Her secret is an innocent one, forgiven as soon as revealed, and not at all worth making a mystery about. There is nothing very real in the atmosphere of the story, but very young girls will probably take pleasure in the adoring attitude of the husbands and lovers. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Undertones" is a dainty little volume of verse by Madison Cawein. The poems show a genuine feeling for beauty, with but a limited power of expression, and the self-consciousness which is the most marked defect of modern verse is not lacking. A monotonous mediocrity of quality pervades the volume, nothing in it rising above mere prettiness. "The Headless Horseman," by the way, hears a pallid resemblance to that extraordinary poem of Robert Browning called "Through the Metidja," with its haunting refrain of "As I ride." Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, 75 cents.

William Cranston Lawton has gathered together the papers on Homer—themselves expanded from his University Extension lectures—which he has contributed to the magazines recently, and publishes them, with some additions, in a little book called "Art and Humanity in Homer." The scope of the work will be shown by a list of the essays, which is as follows: "The Iliad as a Work of Art," "Womanhood in the Iliad," "Closing Scenes of the Iliad," "The Plot of the Odyssey," "The Homeric Underworld," "Odysseus and Nausicaa," and "Post-Homeric Accretions to the Trojan Myth." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Cid Campeador," by D. Antonio de Trueba y la Quiroga, has been translated from the Spanish by Henry J. Gill. The Cid was the traditional hero of Spain, as Alfred was of England and Roland was of France, and the Spaniards consider this their great national romance. The author built it up from "The Chronicle of the Cid" and from the songs of the people, making of them a homogeneous whole, with the result that his story is one of deep interest, both for the thrilling adventures of its hero and for the pictures it presents of Spanish life and customs in feudal times. The outward appearance is such as befits a classic. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

A second edition has been issued of "The French Law of Marriage, Marriage Contracts, and Divorce," revised and enlarged by Oliver E. Bodignon. The first edition was issued almost contemporaneously with the promulgation of the divorce law of 1884; the second contains a review of the decisions rendered since then; also a chapter on the procedure of divorce as established by the law of 1886. The various systems of marriage contract are classified, and recent decisions on the subject of putative marriages are reviewed. The text and translation of the new articles imported into the code by the divorce laws of 1884 and 1886, as well as those relating to the marriage contract, have been added. Published by Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

A curious example of Napoleonic literature is "A Metrical History of the Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William J. Hillis. It is a collection of poems and songs, making up a sort of poetical history of the great Corsican and his times, arranged with introductory notes and a connecting narrative. Beginning with "Corsica," by Anna Letitia Barbauld, there are nearly one hundred and fifty of these poems, among which we notice "The School Boy King," by Walter Thornbury; "Ca Ira"; "The Marseillaise," by Rouget de Lisle; "The Grand Army," by Victor Hugo; "Napoleon and the Sphinx," by Charles Mackay; "Casablanca," by Mrs. Hemans; "The Battle of Hohenlinden," by Thomas Campbell; and other poems by Byron, Whittier, Scott, Southey, Copée, Browning, Wordsworth, Béranger, Præd, Thomas Moore, Prince Louis Napoleon, and, strange to relate, Francis S. Saltus. The book is a handsome one, with twenty-five photogravure illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$5.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Highwayman in Love.

A highwayman for a hero is an old fashion sprung up anew. "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by J. C. Snaith, purports to be a narrative from the memoirs of Sir Edward Armstrong who, in his youth, fought for Monmouth on Sedgemoor Field, and, escaping with his life from fierce Jeffreys's "Bloody Assizes," became an outlaw and took to the road under the name of Black Ned. His conscience appears to worry him a good deal, but not to the extent of making him give up his evil trade even after he falls in love with Mistress Dorothy and she turns him from her door with a cut of the whip when he tells her where he gets his gold. When a price is set on his head, matters change. Dorothy comes to his aid, helping him to escape, and he takes to politics instead of cutting purses. William of Orange takes him into his service, and his past appears to be no one's concern.

There is no lack of adventure in the tale, and it has various historical touches to set it off. But the moral seems to be: Never rob unless you can do it without being found out.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Mrs. Bloomer's Biography.

"The Life and Writings of Amelia Bloomer," by D. C. Bloomer, LL. D., is the latest issue of the Arena Library. There is nothing particularly interesting in it, except the statement that Mrs. Bloomer was not the originator of the garment that bears her name.

It was after her marriage to Mr. Bloomer, and while she was living in Seneca Falls, N. Y., that Mrs. Bloomer first saw the costume. It was worn by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, who was visiting her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, and after Mrs. Stanton had tried it, Mrs. Bloomer followed her example. She then advocated the new garb in the *Lily*, a temperance paper of which she was editor, and the New York *Tribune* introduced her to the world by copying and commenting on this article. The new costume was immediately talked of all over the country, and was soon known as the Bloomer costume.

Mrs. Bloomer wore it as a matter of principle for about eight years, and then gradually abandoned it. "The high winds which prevail here much of the time played sad work with short skirts, and I was greatly annoyed by having my skirts turned over my head and shoulders on the streets. . . . Finding hoops light and pleasant to wear and doing away with the necessity for heavy underskirts, I gradually left off the short dress. . . . I felt my influence would be greater in the dress ordinarily worn by women than in the one I was wearing."

Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

A Romance of Rural England.

S. Baring Gould is a singularly uneven writer, not always finding it worth while to put forth his best efforts. His latest novel, "The Broom-Squire," will not rank among his most successful hooks. Though it is too crowded with sensations to be called dull, it wears the patience by the unceasing misfortunes that follow Mehetabel, the wife of the murderously inclined broom-squire. In her dolorous history it is easy to trace the influence of Thomas Hardy.

The action takes place in rural England early in the century. The author has too much experience and skill as a writer not to make a success of his setting; but the characters are roughly drawn, and the book has the air of having been written hastily, with little thought for artistic finish.

Mehetabel's career as a baby and that of her son both come perilously near to supplying a comic instead of a tragic element, and somehow bring to mind the clown in the circus handling his rag-baby.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Wedlock of Consumption and Insanity.

In "Robert Atterbury," by Thomas Brainerd, the question of hereditary conditions in relation to marriage is discussed. Robert Atterbury, a man of consumptive tendency, loves a woman in whose blood the seeds of insanity run. Though she loves him in return, neither can conscientiously marry; but, nevertheless, they resolve to have each other's life companionship, and she becomes his wife in name. As a result of this peculiar union, a craving for children awakens within her, and the unsatisfied motherhood of her nature rises in revolt. The scenes describing the manifestation of this feeling are far from awakening sympathy, however. The theme is morbid, the story morbidly told, and, though it has some power to move, it has none to convince.

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Mysteries, Murders, and Carhuncles.

In "The Carhuncle Clue," by Fergus Hume, a mysterious murder is committed in the first chapter and the murderer is discovered in the last. The intervening pages are devoted to haffling the reader's guessing powers by the simple expedient of

weaving damaging circumstances around every one in the story except the guilty man. To this end, quite a procession of people are found to have secretly visited, on the night of the murder, the chambers where the crime was committed, each leaving indubitable tokens of his presence. Having aroused suspicion of each in turn by producing the letter, the perfume, the marked sixpence, and other knickknacks left behind by the innocent ones, the astute detective of the tale triumphantly points out the real criminal, at the same time retailing the mental processes by which he has been tracked.

The difficulties of writing a story of this sort can not be extreme, but it is another matter when it comes to reading it.

Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Bookman* announces that Rudyard Kipling has just finished a long story that is wholly American in its subject and scene. It extends to a length of some fifty thousand words, and is a study of life among the fishermen of the North Atlantic banks.

An important collection of letters to be published in *Cosmopolis* is made up of the correspondence of Tourguenieff, and includes letters to Mme. Viardot, Flaubert, Dumas fils, Guy de Maupassant, M. Zola, and others. They will be published in six installments. The first series will run through the July, August, and September numbers. The second will be published in January, February, and March, next year.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford states that her story, "A Flash of Summer," just published by D. Appleton & Co., is not a purpose-novel on the marriage problem, and she says the plot occurred to her eight years ago.

George Munro died at his country-house in the Catskills on April 23d, of heart disease. His life is thus summarized:

Mr. Munro was born in Nova Scotia in 1825, and from 1850 to 1856 was instructor in mathematics in the Free Church College, Halifax, completing at the same time a course in theology. He went to New York in 1856, and was first employed by the American News Company. He started, in 1857, *The Fireside Companion*. This was followed, in 1877, by the Seaside Library, the first numbers of which were "East Lynne," "John Halifax," "Jane Eyre," "A Woman Hater," "The Black Indies," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "Adam Bede." The profit was small, but the business grew rapidly, and Mr. Munro acquired a fortune. Mr. Munro endowed professorships of physics, literature, philosophy, history, and constitutional law in Dalhousie College, Halifax, his benefactions aggregating nearly five hundred thousand dollars. He also gave liberally to the New York University, of whose council, at the time of his death, he was a member.

W. D. Howells has just finished his short novel, "The Day of their Wedding," and will begin the publication of a new story in the *Century* in June; a third, called "The Landlord of the Lion's Head," will be commenced in *Harper's Weekly* in July; and *Scribner's* will publish still another by him next year under the title "The Story of a Play."

Count Tolstoy has about completed a new novel, and an English translation of it will appear at the same time as the original.

Max Pemberton's new story is to be called "A Puritan Wife," and the period is the early days of Charles the Second. It will develop a new field in fiction, showing aspects of the plague, not only in London, but also in the neighboring country, where the fields were full of refugees and tents.

It is said that one of the leading magazines has decided to expend about thirty thousand dollars for wood-cuts during the ensuing year.

The *Chap-Book* is to remain in Chicago. It will have on its title-page H. S. Stone & Co., instead of Stone & Kimball, as before. Herbert S. Stone continues as editor, and Harrison G. Rhodes as assistant editor.

Apropos of the fact that James Payn continues his entertaining *causeries*, though illness has made him give up editing *Cornhill*, it is interesting to read the following answer to one who inquired of him: "How do you manage when you are ill or out of spirits to write in the same unmistakably cheerful strain as usual?"

"I have often wondered myself, but without consciousness of the difficulty thus suggested. In times of trouble of many kinds, of severe physical ailments, of domestic bereavement, and even with death under the very roof, my pen, when I found myself at my desk, has turned to ordinary matters with perfect facility, and treated them in its habitual airy manner. It may not be a good manner" (Mr. Payn's forte is humor), "but it has become my own, and misery itself has no power to make it sad. I write these very lines in the acutest pain from rheumatic gout in my gnarled fingers."

Clement K. Shorter's long expected "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle" will be published in October. The work contains much heretofore unpublished material, letters, etc.

The hycle is the theme of a novel, "A Widow on Wheels," soon to be published in London.

The manuscripts of the posthumous works of Paul Verlaine are in the house where he died, in the home of his friend, Mlle. Krantz. The valise which contains them has not been sealed, and Mlle. Krantz refuses to deliver it, as she is a cred-

itor of Verlaine's to the amount of sixty-odd dollars. She has intimated her intention of consulting some literary woman, and turning over to her the work of classifying and publishing the manuscripts.

Paul Bourget has written a series of short stories entitled "Voyageuses."

Mr. Crockett's new book "Cleg Kelly," just published by the Appletons, was originally suggested (according to the *Bookman*) by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson appreciated the sketches of slum life in Edinburgh published in "The Stickit Minister," and advised Mr. Crockett to develop the subject and make a hook of it.

Of Mr. Gladstone's refusal to write an article for the *Cosmopolitan*, even at the extraordinary rate of a dollar for each word, the *Bookman* says:

"This offer is, we believe, the most liberal ever made by any publisher to an author, except that made by *St. Nicholas* to Tennyson, and accepted by him. Robert Bonner paid nearly this rate, however, to Dickens for the very feeble story 'Hunted Down,' originally published in the New York *Ledger* in 1851. The manuscript contained about seven thousand words, and Mr. Bonner paid for it the sum of five thousand dollars. Such offers, of course, have no definite relation to the intrinsic value of the work, but are in the nature of advertisements; so that Mr. Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan*, was much more fortunate than Mr. Bonner; for he has had the full benefit of the advertisement without having to pay out any money, except for the five-cent postage-stamp that carried his offer to Mr. Gladstone."

Despite his expressed contempt for the Academy and the publication of his novel, "L'Immortel," it is said in Paris that Alphonse Daudet may be elected by his friends to fill the *fauteuil* of Dumas fils. Zola is a candidate, of course, and is Daudet's strongest rival.

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No book by a player and of a player's life has attracted more attention than the "Memories" of Mary Anderson. She states that the book is especially addressed to the girls aspiring to the stage laurels that were once hers. They will read it to see by what path the star they follow worked out her fate to fame, and glory, and riches. Others read it to see what is this life of the actress, and what the girl was like who one day became the theatrical goddess of her world. The admiring, who believed her the successor of Sarah Siddons, read it to rejoice. The unbeliever, who regarded her as only the coldly beautiful statue, read it with cynical curiosity.

Her history, as it stands forth in her memories, and the picture of her that is left in the remembrance of her countrymen, are singularly compatible. The splendid stage figure that the footlights so often shone upon, and the charming woman that the memories reveal, are the outward seeming and inward expression of a consistent personality. The stage Mary Anderson is one with the book Mary Anderson. This is just the temperament, the mentality, the point of view, that one would have suspected in her. This honest, modest, frank, kindly creature is the woman one saw beneath the tragic anguish of Juliet and the gay innocence of Galatea.

In her own country, Mary Anderson never attained the first position. Even when she returned from her English successes, her name had not achieved a place among the immortals. Previous to the European tour, she never had risen in the East beyond the position of an outside star, with a wide and wandering Western orbit that sometimes made a sweep through New York. In the West and the South, the field was her own, and there she queened it in the early splendor of her pagan beauty and her bombastic elocution. That she had supporters and adherents in the metropolitan citadel of art, could not lift her beyond the altitude of the small Western luminary who plays summer engagements and never gains the following of the discriminating and the chosen. Mary Anderson's American following was large, if not distinguished. Her popularity was great, and arose from what has only just been recognized as a powerful factor in a player's popularity—a personal liking for her as a sweet, unaffected, honest girl, a personal approval of her as an immaculate and dignified woman in a position in which immaculate and dignified women have not been in the majority.

For this the great mass of the people loved and were proud of her, and with a sort of family self-gratulation called her "Our Mary." And harking these fine characteristics of the woman came the splendid attributes of the stage figure—great beauty of an unusual and noble type, a superb presence, and a sonorous voice. The combination made a highly successful actress, but it could not make an artist. This Mary Anderson has never been, and any one who has a doubt upon the subject has only to read her book to realize how completely and aridly inartistic she was.

The soul development, the insight and sympathy with those who live and suffer, the fullness of life, the comprehension of the great world outside, the sensitive over-consciousness that thrills and vibrates to the touch of emotion—all that indicates the artist and his complex, tormented spiritual growth were non-existent in her. Her poise was perfectly, appallingly sane. There was something child-like in the simple, healthy directness of her mind. The statue of Galatea had never truly awakened. The queen in her garden, with its high, sheltering walls, only heard the hum of the world's hive faintly in the distance.

At the core of Mary Anderson's personality lay the artistic blight of individualism. A real artist can not be an individual. That is the great price that must be paid. Everything is paid for, nothing given, in this world, Napoleon once said, and the artist pays highest of all. He is merely the instrument that gives forth music to the listeners, the vessel that holds the wine they are to rejoice with. He makes the sacrifice of his existence—it is the world's, not his. He pays for his glory with his heart's blood and his heart's secrets.

But to the shrinking and delicate reserve of the woman, the life of secluded and studious self-development was the life that charmed. After the first flush of her enthusiasm was over, the glamour of the stage's romance gone, the longing for quietude, for seclusion, arose. From the middle of the book—the period of her career's most exciting success—these plaints of the stage-sickened girl go on to the end. She longs for retirement—

"I had a greater desire than ever to work, but away from the direct eye of the public," she says; words that no real artist in the splendid dawn of fortune ever could have said. She desired study in privacy, intellectual expansion in the peace of the country or the walled-in garden—"to be protected by that privacy that is so dear to most women." Unquestionably it is dear to most women, especially to the reserved and domestic type to which Mary Anderson belonged. But not to the artist, not to the creature who knows that his life is the world's, not his own.

In the midst of the intoxication of success and adulation, this desire to leave the stage augmented steadily. It is curious to read the comments of this young and beautiful woman, praised and sought on every hand, rising to the height of popular acclaim. She wearies of it all. Her work becomes distasteful to her, not alone for its fatigues and inconveniences, but because of the publicity of it all. She quotes Fanny Kemble, who said that she never presented herself before an audience without a feeling of reluctance, and never retired after a performance without thinking the excitement she had undergone unwholesome, and the personal exhibition odious. These are the words of a woman never meant for the stage. It is a desecration of the domestic temperament to place it in such an uncongenial position. How could an actress, feeling thus, throw herself into the character of Juliet or Rosalind? In such words speaks the being who has so dainty a sense of self-respect, so keen a desire for individual perfection that the seclusion of home in the full sense of the word is the only atmosphere in which she can reach her true growth.

This strain of working against the grain, against sentiment and conviction, broke down even Mary Anderson's splendid constitution. A broken American engagement and a nervous collapse ended her career as the favored star of the day. Some time after that she married. She ends her book with these lines, in which she voices her opinion of the domestic, as opposed to the stage, life:

"Il eo couste trop cher pour briller dans le monde, Combien je vais aimer ma retraite profonde; Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés."

So the Philistine has the last word. The noble Philistine, high-minded, honorable, sweet in nature, affectionate, and steadfast—but still the Philistine. "Pour vivre heureux!" There lies the root of the difficulty. Lives there the artist with soul so dead that his ambition is to be happy?—and to find happiness, hide, creep away, and cover up the mouth of your hiding-place with vines and trees so that the laughter and cries and groans of the world outside can not penetrate to where you have hidden, trying to find happiness? No artist could have felt that, only a woman who wandered for a space in the artistic by-way, but finally, feeling the stones and the briars, turned out of it into the great highway where the millions of women have walked peacefully since the beginning of the world.

But if it is not artistic, the character revealed by the book is always charming and sometimes quietly noble. Now and then the writer is amusing in her artless revelation of her own gay and child-like inexperience of life and hardship. She speaks of writing her own memories that the severe experiences she passed through may be a warning to girls who are blindly determined to try the stage. But these stumbling-blocks in the road are never very serious. There were draughty dressing-rooms and leaking river-boats to contend against, but a splendid constitution baffled these mischances. There was a bad quarter of an hour in San Francisco, when press and public alike frowned upon her, but where has there ever been the beginner who has had but one set-back to record? The elder Salvini was hissed when he was twenty-eight.

All the world seemed to smile upon the handsome, gawky, ambitious girl. Players to whom she recited were invariably kindly. George Vandenhoff roared at her elocution at first, and McCullough was impatient. But they left her believing that the raw Kentuckian school-girl had a future. It was, indeed, her own ambition and determination that made her. These are the qualities that helped Mary Anderson to the front rank. She was undaunted and undismayed by lack of means, by her obscurity, by her small advantages. Her self-confidence was amazing, her industry unflagging, and her belief in herself superb.

It must have been this that caught the eyes of the various players who, from her first crude mouthings of the hards, prophesied future glory. Will-power in these days will move mountains. It moved the ranting, awkward school-girl of sixteen to be the star of the English firmament. Her entire intellectual force seems to have concentrated in will and self-confidence. She would have acted the most difficult part in Shakespeare before the most critical judge. There was something splendid in her refusal to act Lady Anne to McCullough's Richard, "because she did not want to play second fiddle, even to the creator of Sparta." When a girl of sixteen can speak with such a note of authority as that, one may expect to hear of her later as in some way "towering above her sex," like the virtuous Marcia.

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The Death of Alice Harrison.

The older generation of theatre-goers in this city, those who remember the days of the old stock company at the California Theatre, were shocked to learn of Alice Harrison's death in New York last Saturday. She had been ill with Bright's disease for some time past, and an attack of pneumonia hastened her death. She was born in London, forty-four years ago, and her earliest successes were made in soubrette rôles at the California Theatre, when Tom Keene, Mestayer, Henry Edwards, and C. B. Bishop were shining lights in the company. At the dissolution of that company, Miss Harrison joined her brother, Louis Harrison, in a sort of farce-comedy entitled "Photos," and enjoyed several successful seasons.

It was in this last company, while at the Bush Street Theatre, that Miss Harrison made one of the few speeches of her career. During the second act, there seemed to be an unusual commotion behind the scenes, and presently smoke began pouring in on the stage from the wings. The audience took alarm, and there were signs of a panic, when Alice Harrison stepped to the footlights and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there's no cause for alarm. There's a jewelry store on the back street, on the other side of a brick wall, and it's on fire, and some of the smoke has come in here through a broken window. But, I repeat, there's no cause for alarm, or"—dropping into the vernacular—"you bet your sweet life I wouldn't be here!"

This was sufficiently reassuring, and the orchestra playing a quick-step at her command, the audience filed safely and cheerfully out of the building.

For Trade with China.

An enterprise has been set on foot in Chicago, having for its object the establishment of an American-Chinese chamber of commerce at Shanghai, China. The intention is to maintain a permanent exhibit of American products, in order that the Chinese may become acquainted with the manufactures of this country, and the exports of the United States to China may be increased. During the last few years the trade of this country with China has been falling off, while the trade of other countries has been increasing. It is hoped that the new enterprise will effect a reversal of this condition of affairs.

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Monday, May 18thA Trip to Chinatown.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Good Minstrel Show.

That the public is not tired of negro minstrelsy has been abundantly proved by the size of the audiences at the California Theatre this week and by their evident hearty enjoyment of the performance. Primrose and West have gathered about them almost all of the clever people still in the minstrel line, and their company can not be criticised on the score of incompleteness. The performance begins with a presentation of old-time minstrelsy by real negroes, with some excellent part-singing in it, and this is followed by a regular minstrel "first part," with the white singers attired in court dress of satins and laces that makes them look like embarrassed lackeys. The second part is made up of specialties and "acts," the best of which is the really remarkable wing-dancing by three negroes; other features are a military drill, a humorous monologue by George Wilson, an exhibition of skill with a drum-major's baton, an eccentric musical trio, and the diorama.

Primrose and West begin their second and last week next Monday, and on May 18th they will be followed by "A Trip to Chinatown."

Collier in Melodrama.

The engagement of Edmund Collier at Morosco's Grand Opera House began on Monday night with a presentation of Sheridan Knowles's tragedy, "Virginius," which is being continued through the week. Mr. Collier is a tragedian of trained ability, and his presentation of the Roman father was ably supported by the stock company. Classic tragedy is a great change from the line of modern melodramas in which they have been appearing, but the constant succession of plays in which they appear gives them a versatility that stands them in good stead now. The play is handsomely mounted, and the scenery is notable for historical accuracy.

Next week there will be a return to melodrama. Mr. Collier will have the leading rôle in the romantic modern play, "The Cross Roads of Life." It is full of stage realism, some of the scenes representing life on board of an Atlantic steamer and others showing a United States life-saving station.

A Revival of "Fra Diavolo."

"The Chimes of Normandy" has proved a popular revival at the Tivoli Opera House this week. The music is familiar, but one does not weary of it, and the opera is well mounted and sung by the stock company. It has been curious to see Ferris Hartman in the rôle of Gaspard. It must be confessed at the outset that he can not sing a little bit, but the erstwhile comedian does some strong acting in the miser's great scene in the chateau.

Another perennial favorite, Auher's romantic opera, "Fra Diavolo," is to be revived for one week, commencing on Monday night. The cast will include Martin Pache in the title-rôle, John J. Raffael as Lord Allcash, Arthur Boyce as Lorenzo, W. H. West and Ferris Hartman as the two bandits—Beppo and Giacomo—W. H. Tooker as Matteo, Kate Marchi as Zerlina, and Carrie Roma as Lady Allcash.

For the following Monday night, May 18th, the long-promised musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is announced. A number of specialists are being specially engaged for the production, including a number of darkies to sing plantation melodies.

"Faust" Semically Up to Date.

Lewis Morrison is not in the company now presenting "Faust" at the Columbia Theatre, but it is his version of Goethe's famous play, with all the remarkable electrical effects which he has introduced, and the company was selected by him. The play is so elaborate in the scenic way that it may be classed with holiday spectacles. In one scene a cross starts into light on the church wall to daunt the fiend; in the scene where Marguerite gives herself to her lover, flowers leap into glowing blossom as if by magic; and the Broken scene is a culmination of stagecraft in the use of electricity to obtain surprising results.

The company is not all that could be desired, most of them being given to extravagant ranting, Valentine, whose voice is excellent and his enunciation particularly distinct, would do well to assure himself by the aid of a dictionary that there is no such word as beau-tu-ons.

"Faust" will be continued all next week. On Monday, May 18th, a company headed by Amy Lee will appear in "Pawn Ticket No. 270."

A Man in a Young Ladies' Seminary.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" was doubtless called into being by the popular success of "Charley's Aunt." In that play, a young collegian, having invited some ladies to tea, makes a chum don feminine attire and take the place as chaperon of an absent aunt. The situation gave rise to many amusing scenes, and immediately the hack dramatists turned their attention to making plays in which the hero assumes feminine disguise. In "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," the hero is a young Irishman, an army officer, who marries a ward in chancery without the lord chancellor's consent, and to escape arrest and carry off

his bride, who has been taken from him and returned to school immediately after the marriage ceremony, he disguises himself as a Miss Brown and enters the school as a new pupil. He is aheted in his plan by a brother officer, another Irishman of the kind Charles Lever used to depict in his novels, while against him are arrayed the school-mistress, a Scotland Yard detective, and a German professor of music, who is also in love with the ward.

The fun is naturally of the fast and furious kind; but it is low comedy, and Eddie Foy makes a mistake in bringing to his presentation of the titular rôle the extravagant methods of burlesque. He is also unnecessarily vulgar in some of his antics with the school-girls. The other characters are well taken, notably those played by Harry Brown and J. E. Sullivan. The latter, as the German professor, was rewarded with rounds of applause after two of his scenes.

There will be Sunday evening performances at the Baldwin during the run of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," which will continue until the beginning of the Daly season on May 18th.

The Daly Season.

The announcements of the Daly season at the Baldwin, which begins on Monday, May 18th, refer to it as "the engagement of Ada Rehan, accompanied by Mr. Augustin Daly's company." The company, however, includes several of the old favorites, such as Mrs. Gilbert, James, Lewis, and George Clarke. Charles Richman, who was here for a week with the Frawley Company, is the present leading man, and other members of the company are Edwin Stevens, Herbert Gresham, John Craig, Edwin Varrey, Thomas Bridgland, William Hazeltine, Hobart Bosworth, Henry Gunson, Robert Sherhard, Frederick Truesdell, Sidney Herbert, George Wharnock, Sybil Carlisle, Helma Nelson, Mildred Holland, Marie St. John, and Felie D'Arcy.

The repertoire for the three weeks is announced as follows:

First week—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Saturday matinee, "The Countess Gucki," by Franz von Schonthan, dedicated to Ada Rehan, and adapted by Augustin Daly; Thursday and Friday, "The Two Escutcheons"; Saturday evening, Sheridan's "The School for Scandal."

Second week—Five nights and Saturday matinee, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday evening, "The Last Word."

Third week—Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "Twelfth Night"; Wednesday evening, "The Hunchback"; Thursday evening, "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honeymoon"; Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday matinee, "The Taming of the Shrew."

It will be observed that there will be a Wednesday matinee in the third week, when "Twelfth Night" will be given.

Notes.

John Drew will open his engagement at the Baldwin with "The Squire of Dames."

C. F. Godfrey has written a play called "Vanity Fair," in which Georgia Cayvan is to be a star next season.

Helen Dauvray, whose marriage to Lieutenant Albert G. Winterhalter we mentioned last week, has announced her intention of retiring permanently from the stage.

The Holland Brothers' tour of the Pacific Coast in their successful play, "A Social Highwayman," will be directed by Messrs. Friedlander, Gotlob & Co., of the Columbia Theatre.

Maxime Elliott and Frank Worthing, two seceders from the Daly Company who will be in the Frawley organization this summer, have been engaged by T. Henry French to star jointly next season.

Nat Goodwin's repertoire during his engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next month will include "Ambition," "Missouri," "A Gilded Fool," and the double bill, "David Garrick" and "Lend Me Five Shillings."

The cake-walk that is to be a feature of the minstrel performance at the California Theatre next week will be open to any colored citizens who wish to compete for the prizes, in cash and otherwise valuable, that are offered. At least fifty couples are expected to enter every evening.

Edward Harrigan finished up his season's work in Jersey City, a few nights ago, and has retired from the stage for a whole year. He has been in the harness now for many years in succession, but he will not be quite idle during his twelvemonth rest. He will write a play, which he will bring out in 1897.

The Frawley Company will present an interesting repertoire during their season at the Columbia Theatre this summer. Among the new plays are "The Two Escutcheons"—which is also in the Daly repertoire—"Brother John," "Geoffrey Middleton," "On Probation," "His Wife's Father," and "The Social Test."

The first anniversary of the Columbia Theatre, under the management of Friedlander, Gotlob & Co., will fall on next Wednesday, and the occasion will be fittingly observed. The year has been a

very prosperous one to the house, and the managers are to be congratulated on the deserved success that has attended their efforts.

In the company that will play "Pawn Ticket No. 270" at the Columbia, after the "Faust" engagement, are Amy Lee, Marion P. Clifton, May Buckley, Julia Melrose, Lelia Darcy, Primrose Semon, Frank Doane, Joseph P. Winter, Alex. Gaden, David Murray, Frank B. Clayton, Jay L. Packard, William P. Nielson, E. A. White, Percy F. Bolton, Thomas B. Dunn, Master Marty Semon, and Buttons (a donkey).

Kate Stokes-Stetson, the widow of the late John Stetson, the manager of the Globe Theatre, in Boston, did not long survive her husband. He died on April 18th, and her death took place last Monday, May 4th. Her father was in the circus business, and she and her sister, Ella Emma Stokes, were noted harehack-riders some years ago. Kate Stokes was a very beautiful woman. By the way, the telegraph announces that Adah Richmond, another well-known stage beauty of some years ago, declares that she was married to Stetson in 1871, and may claim his estate.

Arrangements for the sale of seats for Ada Rehan's coming engagement at the Baldwin are as follows:

Choice seats will be given for subscribers who purchase seats for every change of play. Those now holding first-night privileges may secure their seats for every change by notifying the box-office before Friday, May 8th. Subscribers' seats ready Monday, May 11th, and must be called for that day. Regular sale of seats for the entire three weeks will commence Tuesday, May 12th. The prices will range from two dollars to fifty cents, according to location.

Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller are playing in "The Twentieth Century Girl." They will be seen at the Columbia during the holidays.

The company that is to introduce the Hoyt brand of farce-comedy to the antipodeans will play an engagement at the California Theatre prior to its departing for Australia, commencing on Monday, May 18th. Harry Conor, the original Welland Strong, is to have the same rôle again. Frank Lawton and George A. Beane, recently here with the "Milk White Flag" company, will be in the cast, and other members are Geraldine McCann, who plays the widow; Patrice, who plays Willie Grow; J. Aldrich Lihy, a baritone; Arthur Pacie as Norman Blood; Sadie McDonald, a new-comer in San Francisco, as the French maid; Amelia Stone, a débutante, as Isabelle Dame; and Madeline Lack, who recently made a hit in New York in "The Last Stroke."

A very interesting programme of events is being presented every afternoon now by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the Ingleside Track. There are at least five races, and sometimes seven, every afternoon in the week except Sunday, and the large number of excellent stables now at the track makes the entries plentiful and the events exciting. The track is to be reached either by the Southern Pacific train from Third and Townsend Streets, or by the Mission Street electric line.

El Campo is becoming more and more popular as a Sunday resort as the season advances. The ride across the bay in the steamer *Uhiak* is delightful, and at the grounds every accommodation is made for the comfort of the guests.

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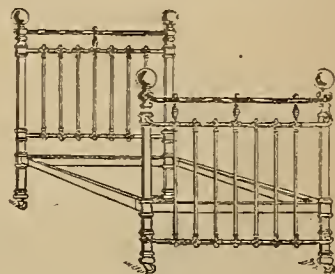
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are usually a sign that a woman has more than enough to do; that all her time and strength are utilized in doing heavy work; that she don't use GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER. If she did use this great cleaner, her heavy work would be so lightened that the little things needn't be neglected.

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gives a woman time to rest, time to go, time to read, and time to sew. Every housewife should have a supply of this great help.

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VANITY FAIR.

A writer in an Eastern journal suggests the plan of having peripatetic ladies' maids who shall serve a number of mistresses, just as syndicates of half a dozen men or more employ one man to perform the duties of valet for all of them. The scheme does not seem feasible, however. It is possible enough for one active man to look after the clothes of a dozen masters, lay out their linen, and perform similar services preliminary to the actual work of dressing. So, too, a maid could do a lot of mending for several women in a day. But she would be a sewing-woman, and not a maid. The latter's chief function, as it seems to a mere man and a bachelor at that, is to assist her mistress in putting on and taking off her gowns, performing the little personal services that are most important before and after a ball or dinner. And how would the several mistresses manage at such a time? The maid could not be in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and the mistresses would have to draw lots to determine in what order they should have her services. The position of most of them would be as enjoyable as that of a San Francisco girl who postponed engaging the hair-dresser in vogue to do up her hair for a *bal poudré* until the last moment, and then found that all his hours were taken except eight o'clock in the morning. She had to be up at that unchristian hour and to remain up all day, lest her coiffure should be disarranged.

Miss Helen Gould has bought two new bicycles this season, although she already has a dozen others of various weights. They are not all for her own use, however; they are intended to be used by the friends who will visit her at her country place this summer. J. J. Van Alen—he who did not go to Italy as American Minister—has also bought three ladies' wheels for his country place. Bicycling has been found one of the most universally enjoyed pleasures that an out-of-town host can offer his guests, for every one rides now, and delightful parties can be made up for runs on cool afternoons or moonlit evenings. But, while men who join a house-party now generally take their own wheels with them, women riders seldom do. Hence the need for extra wheels. Moreover, in most large country places, like those of Miss Gould, Mrs. Astor, and Mrs. Norton, where house-parties are held all the summer, a room for the accommodation of bicycles, with servants to clean and burnish them, is as much a matter of necessity as stables and grooms.

The women of Boston have found a champion in a New York man who has recently visited their city. He acknowledges that they clothe themselves in most sad-fitting and unbecoming raiment. "In Boston," he says, "the woman's bonnet, if it be not of purely domestic design, must have been planned on the English side of the Channel. The ordinary Boston head-gear for ladies is as unattractive as the bonnets of the Salvation Army lasses. And this bad style of dress extends through the whole outfit, and is especially remarkable in gloves, boots, cloaks, and skirts. The skirts, by the way, seem to be in imminent danger of falling off, while beneath this dowdy drapery there is always an incongruous show of drooping petticoat." Still, he thinks the women of Boston are very well to see; in their faces they show their high intelligence, and in conversation they betray an insatiable desire for knowledge. "Your Boston girl—or matron, for that matter—can ask more questions in a given time," he asserts, "than a cross-examining lawyer. This kind of inquisition, when the result of mere curiosity, is rather rude and disagreeable, but the Boston woman appears to make it pleasant and flattering. There is a suggestion that you can teach her something, and she receives what you say with a manner which indicates that she has waited long and earnestly for the opportunity to explore your stores of information and learning." This sort of flattery ought to arouse in the man who is its object the same pleasant sensations a new kind of hug would experience when under the Boston woman's microscope.

Fainting was the great resource of our grandmothers when they found there was nothing to be done by arguments or denials. Equal rights destroyed this citadel. Beauty in our time scorned to faint until the other day, when Mlle. Marsy's swoon prevented the introduction of an embarrassing document while she was on the stand in a Paris court. Her tactics have already found not a few imitators, and this revival is considered of a piece with gigot sleeves and pelerines. Fainting as a mode was imported to France from England in the last century, after the Abbé Prévost attempted to moralize French society by translating Richardson's novels. The sensibility of Pamela found numerous imitators in court circles. The Revolution did not cure Josephine of her Richardsonian sensibility. Directly Napoleon found fault with her milliner's bills, she sank back apparently lifeless on a sofa. Her last faint was when he announced his determination to divorce her. Lady Hamilton captivated Nelson by availing the first time she set eyes on him. The swoon obliged the whole court to rush to her

assistance, and vastly flattered the hero. From that day forward, the pretty Lady Nelson seemed a cold, unimpassioned bore. One of the most adroit fainters of our grandmothers' generation was Mme. de Krudener, the Egeria of Alexander the First. Her first known feat of this kind was at a *soirée*, where the eloquence of Mme. de Staël was enthraling all the men. Somebody related an anecdote of the guillotine, on which Mme. de Krudener went into a dead faint. It had not been previously noticed by those who rushed to help her what a pretty blonde she was. Encouraged by success, she attended Garat's concerts—then the rage—and fainted whenever he got to a vocal climax. He was at first subjugated. But he found that while she was in her swoon, nobody paid the least attention to him. This turned the sweets of a dawning romance into acid. The fair Lithuanian's tactics were then used to captivate Napoleon. At a court concert she thought fit to faint again as Garat was singing. The First Consul ordered her to be taken to a bedroom, placed under a doctor's care, and the musicians to go on with their programme. This insensibility turned her into an enemy. She left France, set up as a prophetess in Germany and Russia, predicted the fall of the Black Angel of the Revolution, prophesied and fainted herself into the favor of Alexander the First, upset the Treaty of Tilsit, and, in 1814, prevented the imperial crown descending from the abdicated Emperor of the French to the King of Rome.

Julian Ralph declares that the very worst things he has seen in England are the shoes—boots, they call them—that men and women wear. They are all clumsy and unshapely, from the little things that one sees the babies wear, each with an adult heel under it, to injure the child for life, up to the very best men's and women's shoes in the West End. They are not only heavy and unshapely, but the fashion appears to be to make them all too short, in consequence of which the English walk is a vile one, suggesting that the people are more or less crippled. The cheaper machine-made American shoes are coming into the market in great numbers, and the evident superiority of their shape leads shoe-dealers all over the metropolis to advertise American shoes. Even when Americans take old shoes to the best shops to be used as patterns the result is not successful.

Mme. Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," has returned to England after a tour of the Continent in search of health, and reports that she learned to ride the bicycle in France. She considers the French teachers much better than the English; they pay particular attention to teaching you to mount and dismount properly, and the last three lessons are entirely devoted to learning how to sit upon your machine gracefully. "Every one there, of course, wears the *culotte*," said Mme. Grand, "and at first our English ideas were quite horrified at the amount of leg shown by our Parisian sisters; however, after a few days we forgot all about that. For choice, I should never wear a skirt for cycling again." The *culotte*, she considers, is much more modest, in its way, than the skirt; "with the former, you see everything there is to be seen at once—one shock does it all—while with the latter, one is constantly expecting it to blow up, or catch somehow; and it's much the same thing with the divided skirt." Nevertheless, Mme. Grand will always wear the skirt in England; "the *culotte*," she says, "really seems too much for the susceptibilities of the English people to overcome, but I should never think of wearing a skirt in Paris or on the Riviera."

COMMUNICATIONS.

The American Line.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos of your American Line editorial and Mr. McCullagh's objection thereto, it may interest you to know that the writer, with a spirit of patriotism in his breast, took passage on the *St. Paul* from Southampton last November, and was greatly dis-

appointed to hear that of the officers controlling the ship only the captain and first officer were Americans, the stewards were either English or French, the former predominating, with a sprinkling of other nations, except Americans. This was also the case with the crew, firemen, etc., majority being English, but no Americans. It was also understood by the employees that the line is controlled by Englishmen, a theory that has some foundation in the facts that all contracts are made in Southampton, and that the London and South-Western Railway, which is supposed to be a heavy stockholder, issues tickets from both Havre and London under its own name, and does not charge for passage from either place to Southampton.

It was the feeling among those employed on the ship that things were not run right, the English stewards, for instance, being on the side of the English head-steward, while the Frenchmen stood by the French cook. This sort of thing in all departments of the ship.

The same state of affairs exists on the *Paris*. It was the opinion of the steward in the writer's section that the name of the company was adopted more to catch the dollars of an unsuspecting public than because of any Americanism in its make-up.

The writer confesses to being one of that public, and to having a very much hattered opinion of the American Line's patriotism, being inclined to believe the story that the *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* were built in America with the expectation of evening up the extra cost, as against Scotch ship-builders, with the shekels of patriotic Americans.

The writer went aboard ship with an earnest wish for the success of an American line, and such information as he picked up was gathered in that spirit.

Very truly yours,

Advice of Librarians Wanted.

OFFICE OF THE ARGONAUT "UNION,"
ARCATA, CAL., May 2, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is a movement on foot here to establish a circulating library. I should like to hear from any member of a like institution or any person who is familiar with its workings and methods.

In making up a list of books, the literary notes and book reviews of the *Argonaut* will prove valuable aids. Will you kindly give space to this note?

Sincerely, R. M. WILEY.



YALE MIXTURE
is a GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but its fragrance pleases the ladies. A box of this tobacco makes a most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT to husband, brother or friend. CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL CITIES AT LEADING TOBACCO SHOPS. "MARBURG BROS." NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE IMPORTERS FOR THE ARGONAUT "UNION," CALIFORNIA.

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RIPANS TABULES

Mr. J. C. Nelson, editor and proprietor of the *Bath County World*, published at Sharpsburg, Ky., writes, under date of June 18, 1895: "I have recently commenced using the Ripans Tablets for constipation. Mrs. W. T. Duckworth, of Thomson, Clark County, Kentucky, who is visiting here, has tried Ripans Tablets and found them a good thing. She used to suffer greatly with headache, due, no doubt, to indigestion and constipation, and tried every kind of remedy, but could find no relief until she began using Ripans Tablets. The first Tabule gave relief, and now headache is a stranger. The indigestion and constipation disappeared and she never felt better in her life. She considers Ripans Tablets the best medicine in the world for the above disorders and never intends to be without them again. (Signed) MRS. W. T. DUCKWORTH."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

Young Mrs. Phyfe
—Is a model wife:
And a right good cook is she.
Such bread and cake as she doth make
'Twould gladden your heart to see.
And doughnuts brown—the best in town:
Her pies are fit for a queen:
And her success, as you might guess,
Is due to COTTOLENE.

COTTOLENE
the most healthful as well as the most economical shortening and frying medium known.
Genuine Cottolene has trade-marks—"Cottolene" and eagle's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK CO., St. Louis, Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some time ago, in a New York club, some one was telling about a woman who had just married her third husband. "By the way," the gentleman asked, "where is her first husband buried?" "He was cremated," was the answer. "And the second?" "Also cremated." "By Jove!" observed Fred Wright, Jr., the comedian, "that woman has husbands to burn."

Mrs. Wilson tried to get Mrs. Jones's cook away from her (relates the Boston Traveller), and actually went to Mrs. Jones's house when she was out and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner, Mrs. Jones did not notice her. Some one who sat between them said: "Mrs. Jones, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" "No, I believe not," said Mrs. Jones; "she sometimes calls on my cook, I understand. Waiter, some ice."

A Swede employed by the boom company on the Menominee River was working on one of the dividing piers, and the logs were coming faster than he could handle them. He asked the foreman to send a man to help him, which was done. A couple of hours later he repeated his request for assistance. "Why," answered the foreman, "I sent Pat down here to help you; wasn't he all right?" "Yas, Pat hane purty good mon," was the reply, "hut about one bours ago he jump on a log and fall in watter, and he don't come oop again. Ay tank hees kavit his yoh."

The late Sir Richard Burton was exploring an unknown corner of Afghanistan once, and had adopted the disguise of a Mohammedan fakir. He played his part so well in one village that the inhabitants formed a very high idea of his sanctity. Naturally, he was pluming himself on his success, when the elders came privately to him one night and begged him to go away at once. "Do not the people like me?" asked Burton, in great surprise. "Indeed they do," was the reply; "they were considering whether it would not be a good thing to possess your tomb, they are so enchanted with your holiness." Sir Richard made the best of his speed away.

When Mark Twain was married, his bride's father thought and furnished a handsome house for the young pair. Twain (says the May Harper's) knew nothing of it until after the wedding, when it was shown to him in all its completeness by a party of his wife's relatives, and, of course, his wife, who at length broke out: "It's our house—yours and mine—a present from father." He choked up and, with tears in his eyes, stammered out to his father-in-law: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here and bring your hag with you. You may stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent!"

The late John Stetson, the shrewd but illiterate theatrical manager of whom so many stories are told, once had a business manager under him whose name was Sharp. One day Stetson came around to the theatre and saw a big sign in front of the door that said: "Matinée to-day at two o'clock, sharp!" "Hello!" said Stetson; "seems to me that fellow's putting on pretty big airs. Take that sign in and put out one: 'Matinée to-day at two o'clock. Stetson.' I'm running this theatre." The Kralfys were playing an engagement at his Globe Theatre, in Boston, once, and had managed to secure the insertion in their contract of a clause providing that "extras" should be provided for by the house. Thus it happened that while the receipts for the week figured up nearly six thousand dollars, Stetson's share came to just six dollars and a half. He accepted this without a murmur, but took his vengeance by heading his advertisement in all the Sunday papers with the announcement in large type: "Positively the Last Appearance of the Kralfys under at the Globe Theatre Forever and Ever."

Shortly after the Chicago Board of Trade put the stamp of disapproval on a "put" and "call" trading, a club which wished to trade in these privileges was formed and a room rented in an adjacent alley. The dues assessed were two dollars a head per month. All of the late Ed. Partridge's brokers, nearly a dozen in number, were provided with tickets, but Partridge failed to secure one. On his way home, one afternoon, he strolled over to the place intent on giving a broker an order, but was denied admission by the door-keeper. The fact that he had been "turned down" at the rate of two dollars a month so amused him that he began scattering silver dollars among the telegraph messenger-boys who were carrying the dispatches to and from the place. His silver soon gave out, but his entire force of brokers was sent post haste to buy up all the silver and small change in every saloon and place of business in the vicinity. The supply of silver was soon on hand and the shower of silver commenced. No messenger-boys were available to deliver orders, the members poured out of the pit and call-room to watch the scramble, and business in the "puts" and "calls" for that day

was broken up. It cost Partridge five hundred dollars, and would have cost more if there had been any more silver in the neighborhood.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Writer's Experience.
Once I wrote a tragedy,
"Twas a greswome thing!
Homicide and suicide,
Blood and poisoning!
Took it to a mauager;
How he shook his head!
"Dialogue has merit, but
"Tisn't Art!" he said.

Straight I wrote a novel, then,
Psychological,
Scientific, mystic, weird,
Neological.
Published 'twas—at my expense—
Down it fell like lead;
Oskosh Tribune noticed it—
"Tisn't Art!" they said.

Then I penned an epic grand;
In it I told how
Everything has happened from
Genesis to now.
Yet the critics howled it down,
Roared in accents dread,
While they shook their frowly locks,
"Tisn't Art!" they said.

Then I sought a printer out,
Had the whole thing "pied,"
Published it in green and white,
Weird designs inside.
What it meant I never knew,
All the nation read,
Critics hailed it with delight—
"This is Art!" they said.—Puck.

Rules for Prayer.

Before you venture on the main,
Pray once you may return again.
Before you into battle go,
Pray twice you may escape the foe.
But ere you take a wife—perdie!
Your prayers should not be less than three.
—From the Spanish in the Century Magazine.

An Every-Day Event.

I've a letter in my pocket
That I would not, could not show,
For its dainty superscription
Was indited long ago.
And the dimpled hand that penned it
Was a hand I used to hold,
When we spooned among the shadows
Of the summer days of old.

She became my wife soon after,
And, upoo our wedding day,
Handed me a little letter,
Saying: "Post it right away."
So I put it in my pocket,
With a vow to mail it soon;
But I had much to remember
On that busy day in June.

And to-day my clothing-cleaner,
With an air of mystery,
Brought a package to my office
To be opened secretly.
He is married. In the package,
Soiled and marred with crease and blot,
With its dainty superscription,
Was the letter I forgot.—Chicago Record.

A Trinity of Evils.

Biliousness, sick headache, and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, and nervousness. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. Creme Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

Teething babies and feverish children need Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Shoulder to shoulder: "What a strapping girl that is!" "If it wasn't for the straps, she'd be a Venus!"—Pick-Me-Up.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



have been prescribed with great success for more than 50 years, by the leading physicians of Europe, in the treatment of female patients. Specially recommended for **Poorness of the Blood and Constitutional Weakness.** Imported by E. Fougere & Co., N. Y. To avoid imitations **BLAUD** is stamped on each pill.



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United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

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Majestic.....	June 3	Majestic.....	July 1
Germanic.....	June 10	Germanic.....	July 8

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Secoud cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco. H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

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MADE BY
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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896.
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in
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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 9, 14, 19, 24, 29,
and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay,
Steamer Pomona, at 2 P. M. May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and
every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles,
and all way ports, at 9 A. M. May 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31,
and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping
only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles,
Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, May 6, 13, 17,
21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.
For Esenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz,
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SOCIETY.

A Picnic at Farnside.

At the invitation of Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Lizzie Carroll, and Miss Frances Curry, a number of their friends assembled at Farnside, the home of Mrs. A. A. Cohen in Alameda, last Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed a picnic on the spacious grounds. The ball room of the residence was thrown open and the Presidio Band played for dancing until six o'clock. Refreshments were served, and a delightful afternoon was passed. Among those present were:

Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. Jovett, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Lucas, of St. Louis, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Amy Regua, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Alfred Clement, Mr. William Pringle, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Edward Sessions, Mr. Charles Fernald, Mr. Douglas Waterman, Mr. Arthur Allen, Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Mr. Frederick Magee, Mr. Walter Magee, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Stanley Jackson, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Alfred Williams, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Mr. S. C. Pardee, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Dr. Philip King Brown, Mr. William Blake, of Boston, Mr. George H. Wheaton, Mr. Prentiss Hutchinson, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Lieutenant John W. Jones, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. M. Irwin, U. S. N., Mr. Irwin, Mr. Hussey, Mr. E. D. Peixotto, and Mr. R. Peixotto.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Hannah Neil Williams and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart will take place next Tuesday noon at the home of the bride in San Rafael. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. The marriage ceremony will be performed by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. E. A. Hartmann, of St. Paul's Church, of this city. Miss Juliette Williams and Miss Ella Hobart will be the bridesmaids and Mr. Harry N. Stetson will act as best man. After the ceremony, there will be a breakfast, and in the afternoon the bride and groom will go to the Hobart villa at San Mateo, and in a short time will make an Eastern trip.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Josephine Delmas to Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald Kenny. Miss Delmas is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, of this city, and has been traveling in Europe during the past year with her mother and sister. Mr. Kenny is a cousin of the Earl of Westmeath and a direct descendant, by a younger son, of the eighth Earl William Thomas Nugent, who was also known as Lord Riverston, of Ireland. The wedding will take place in London on Thursday, May 21st.

The wedding of Miss Louise Collins and Mr. John Caxon Klein took place at the Colonial on Thursday, April 30th. The bride is the granddaughter of the late John M. Risdon, of this city. Mr. Klein is a special writer for the New York Herald. They have gone to New York city to reside.

Invitations will soon be issued for the marriage of Miss May Harley and Mr. Livingston Jenks. Miss Harley is the daughter of the late Charles Harley, who will be remembered as a prominent and wealthy resident of San Francisco. The bride-elect resides with her mother at 329 Scott Street. Mr. Jenks is the son of Mr. Chancellor L. Jenks, a leading citizen of Chicago. He is a graduate of Harvard University and the Harvard Law School, and is practicing in this city.

A reception will be given at the University Club next Saturday, from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, to the ladies of members' families and those who hold cards entitling them to the privileges of the ladies' café. Light refreshments will be served during the afternoon and evening.

The Skull and Keys will give their annual play at Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, on Saturday evening, May 16th.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire gave a dinner-party at the California Club, in Los Angeles, last Saturday evening, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes, and Miss Fanny Danforth, of

San Francisco, Mr. W. A. Lyon, of New York, and Mr. H. J. Fleishman, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. John P. Jones entertained a number of her friends last Saturday at her home in Santa Monica. Several games of tennis, played for handsome prizes, added much to the interest of the affair.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton, the well-known teacher of elocution, lectured at the Century Club auditorium on Wednesday evening last before a large and fashionable audience, her subject being "Portia, the Perfect Woman." The lecture was full of praise for Portia, as portrayed by Shakespeare, and was listened to with marked attention.

There will be a match game of polo at the Burlingame Club grounds this afternoon between members of that club and the Riverside Club. A train will leave Third and Townsend Streets at half-past one o'clock, returning at half-past five o'clock. The two teams gave an exhibition game yesterday at the fiesta in San José. The Riverside team comprises Mr. Bettner, Mr. Waring, Mr. C. Maude, and Mr. W. Maude. The Burlingame team includes Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Robert Clark McCreary, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will hold their spring opening reception this afternoon and evening at the club-house in Sausalito. A tug-boat will leave Mission Street Wharf at seven o'clock to-night to convey guests to the club.

The Sao José Carnival.

Amid the many fiestas, carnivals, and floral fetes that have been going on throughout the State, the one at San José has been a notable success. Owing to its proximity to the city, many more San Franciscans attended it than was the case in the fiestas held in Southern California. The affair was very well managed, and surprised strangers by the effectiveness of its arrangements. The procession on the first day was a remarkably long one, and the floats were elaborate and beautiful. Although the Garden City abounds in flower-gardens, it had set out over one hundred acres which had been planted in flowers for carnival uses. The quantity of roses, marigolds, callas, and carnations used to decorate the floats and private carriages was marvelous. The floats were, many of them, very artistic, and prizes were awarded for floats and for the decorated coaches and other trappings.

The list of prizes would not interest San Franciscans were it not that several prizes were won by them. Charles A. Baldwin, of the Burlingame Club, got first prize for a decorated four-in-hand mail-coach. The Misses Hubbard, of San José, took the second prize in the same class.

In double teams, the first prize was won by Miss Ann Clark, of San José, who was accompanied by Miss McNutt, of San Francisco. These young ladies drove in a trap drawn by two handsome bays, the harness and trappings all being white; the trap itself was a mass of syringas, snowballs, and smilax, and the effect was very beautiful; two white rods, like coach-whips, rose from either side of the seat, and from their tops white ribbons ran to the horses' heads.

The first prize for single rigs was won by Miss May Hoffman, of San Francisco, driving in a high cart belonging to Mrs. James A. Robinson. This was entirely covered with crimson flowers. The horse, a handsome black animal, wore a harness which was also crimson. Miss Hoffman's colors were white and crimson, and she was accompanied by Mr. Tarn McGrew, who wore the crimson of the Stanford University.

A prize was also won by Miss Elena Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, in the cart class.

On Thursday, the second day of the carnival, a polo game took place between the Burlingame and Riverside teams, and in the evening a promenade concert at the pavilion.

Friday, the third day, was "Stanford Day." About eight hundred students went from Palo Alto to San José for the carnival. The third of the inter-collegiate games of base-ball was played between Stanford and Berkeley. An athletic tournament was held, and in the evening a grand ball was given at the Pavilion, attended by many San Franciscans.

Saturday, the last day of the carnival, is to be given up to the masked revels of King Cole and his crew.

A number of San Franciscans were to be seen upon the streets of San José during the carnival. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Jessie Newlands, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mamie McNutt, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Belle Gwin, Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. Marshall Bond, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Wiltse, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Glass, Miss Glass, Mrs. J. M. Neville, and many others.

"Didn't I tell you, Norah, that I should be at home to no one?" "Yis, ma'am; but the lady has on just the foineest new hat yez iver laid eyes on, an' I t'ought it me Christian joty to hev yez see it."—Bazar.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

The members of the Loring Club gave their fourth concert of the nineteenth season last Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. D. P. Hughes. The hall was crowded with a fashionable audience. The club was assisted by Mme. Y. Seminario, soprano; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist; Mr. B. Jaulus, viola; Mr. H. Bretherick, organist; and a sextet consisting of Mr. B. Jaulus, first violin; Mr. H. Susman, second violin; Mr. C. Shernstein, viola; Mr. R. Patek, violoncello; Mr. F. Angerstein, double bass; Mr. A. Paulsen, flute. The following programme was presented:

Roundelay, "Awake! Ye Lords and Ladies Gay!" Rheinberger; "Sing, Sing, Music Was Given" (by request), Brewer; "Ave Maria," Aht; viola solo, two Hebrew melodies, Joachim; double chorus from "Edipus," Mendelssohn; "At Sea," Buck; solo, "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear," Kücken; "Chorus of Dervishes" ("Ruins of Athens") Beethoven; "In May Time," Billeter; "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," Buck.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given last Thursday evening at the San Francisco Art Association in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. There was quite a large attendance, who viewed the pictures and enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

Organ, overture, "Le Macon," Auher, Mr. Emilio Cruells; overture, "Semiramide," Rossini, Alhambra Club; song, "For All Eternity," Mascheroni, Mrs. A. Fried; duet, "Valse Brillante," handurria and guitar, Lombardero, Professor J. Lombardero and Professor J. Sancho; organ, "Austrian Hymn Varié," Guilman, Mr. Emilio Cruells; intermezzo, Nevin, Alhambra Club; song, "Forget Me Not," Suppé, Mrs. A. Fried; march, "Chicago Hussars," Sancho, Alhambra Club; organ, march from "Rienzi," Wagner, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall next Thursday evening, prior to his departure for Europe. He will have the assistance of some of the best local musicians in the presentation of an excellent programme.

The pupils of Mme. Julie Rosewald will give a vocal recital at the auditorium in the Young Men's Christian Association building at half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, May 16th.

A negress with a soprano voice, one of the several who are known as "The Black Pati," will give a series of concerts at the Auditorium in September.

The Stanford University Glee and Mandolin Clubs will give a concert at the Auditorium on Friday evening, May 22d.

— DO NOT MISS THIS RARE CHANCE TO PROCURE strictly first-class goods at less than cost. Mr. A. Hirschman, 113 Sutter Street, one of our oldest and best known jewelers, is about to retire from the retail business, and offers his magnificent stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., set in the latest designs, as well as plain and complicated watches, sterling silverware, novelties, etc., at less than cost.

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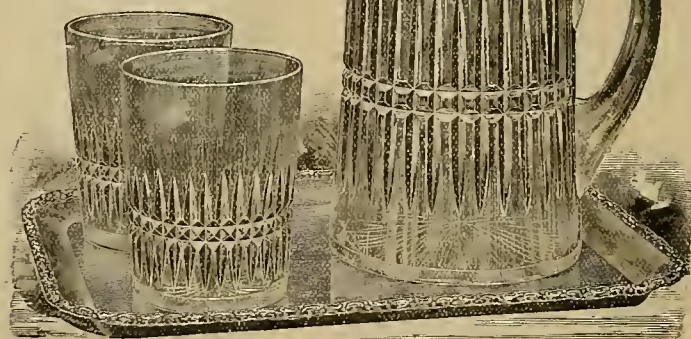
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Argonaut removed from the
old offices which it has
occupied for so many years
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quarters, on the north-east
corner of Grant Avenue and
Sutter Street, a few doors
north of our former loca-
tion. There we have taken
the entire second floor of
the new "California Build-
ing," erected by the Mac-
donough Estate. This is a
handsome modern building,
with electric lights and all
modern conveniences. The
floor which we occupy con-
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of which are devoted to
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Miss Maud Howard, of Oakland, who is attending
lectures at Stanford University, will leave on May 15th,
with her brother, Mr. Karl Howard, for Newport, R. I.,
to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. O. Shafter
Howard, and Miss Mollie Hunter.

Miss Eleanor Wood left for the Eastern States last
Tuesday, and will be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder moved over to Elythdale
last Monday, where they have secured a cottage for the
season.

Miss Ella Kelton has returned from a six months' visit
to relatives in Boston and Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor
sailed from New York city last Wednesday for Europe.
They will be away all of the summer, most of which they
will pass in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mollie Thomas
will close their city residence on May 23d, and go over to
San Rafael to reside for several months.

Miss McNitt, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Jennie Blair,
and Miss Laura McKinstry have been the guests during
the fiesta of the Misses Clark at their home in San José.
Mr. Frederick R. Webster sailed for Europe last Wed-
nesday from New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will go over to San Rafael
next Friday to reside there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin have leased the cot-
tage of Mrs. A. Page Brown, at Burlingame, where they
will reside during the summer.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will leave the city
on June 1st to pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe returned to Santa Cruz last Sat-
urday, and is occupying her cottage, Concha del Mar.
Dr. Clinton Cushing returned last Wednesday from a
visit to Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and their niece, Miss
Clark, will leave on May 16th for the Eastern States,
where they will travel for several months.

Mr. O. Shafter Howard, of Oakland, arrived in Wash-
ington, D. C., last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, *née* Hohart,
have been visiting in Santa Monica.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll visited friends in San José
during the carnival.

Mr. Edgar Painter, of Alameda, has returned from a
trip to San José and Mount Hamilton.

Mr. Horace G. Platt has returned from his Eastern
trip.

Miss Ethel Cohen and Miss Lizzie Carroll went to San
José on Friday to witness the rose carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, who have
been at Monte Carlo for some time, are now in Paris.
They will not return home until next October.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Selby, Mrs. Thomas H. Selby,
and Miss Selby came up from Menlo Park last Wednes-
day for a brief visit, and stayed at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Philip L. Crovat, formerly of this city, but now of
Boston, arrived here last Wednesday, and will return to
the East to-day.

Mrs. Jerome Case Bull, *née* Jarboe, has been quite ill
recently at Concha del Mar, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Peck, who have recently been
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, left for their
home in Vermont last Monday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander E. W. Sturdy, U. S. N., ex-
ecutive officer of the *Olympia*, has, after trial by court-
martial, been sentenced to two years' suspension, and
the loss of ten numbers in his grade. The charges
against him will not be known until the arrival of the
next mail from China. He has been ordered to return to
the United States, and will be succeeded by Lieutenant-
Commander F. H. Delano, U. S. N., who has been acting
as executive officer of the *Wabash*, and has received
orders to proceed at once to China.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, U. S. A. (retired), has left
Seattle, and is residing at 2135 Spruce Street, in Phila-
delphia.

Major Cullen Bryant, U. S. A. (retired), is residing in
San Rafael.

Medical Director A. L. Gihon, U. S. A. (retired), has
removed to 8 West One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh
Street, New York city.

Captain Ashton B. Heyl, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.,
has been relieved from duty at Fort Thomas, and, upon
the expiration of his leave of absence, will report for
duty at Fort Canby.

Chief-Engineer Joseph Trille, U. S. N., has been
ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Passed Assistant-Engineer H. G. Leopold, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the *Monterey*, ordered home, and
granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., has gone to
New Mexico, but will return in about a week. Lieut-
enant and Mrs. Lyman have leased a cottage at Blythe-
dale, which they will occupy during the summer.

Lieutenant Benjamin Brooke, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.,
has been relieved from duty at Fort Canby, and upon
the completion of his examination, will proceed to Fort
Thomas for duty.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
has been granted six months' extension on his leave
of absence.

The *Concord*, which has been on duty at the Asiatic
Station, arrived here last Sunday, and will be put out of
commission. This is the first visit of the vessel to this
port.

Troops B, C, I, and K, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., left
the Presidio, on May 3d, under the command of Lieut-
enant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., to guard the
Yosemite National Park and the Sequoia National Park
during the summer.

Captain John McClellan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was
granted leave of absence for ten days last Wednesday.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover,
U. S. N., have rented the Charlotte Cushman villa at
Newport, R. I., for the summer.

Captain Benjamin K. Roberts, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Oscar I. Stranb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take
effect about June 15th.

A change in the Mare Island Navy Yard is soon to be
made. Captain Howison's three years' tour of duty
at that station expires in July. The command of
Mare Island is regarded by many officers of high rank as
a most desirable billet, and several applications for the
position have been made to Secretary Herbert. Among
the applicants are Captains John W. Philip and Louis
Kempff. Captain Philip is now the captain of the Bos-
ton Navy Yard, and Captain Kempff is a member of the

Naval Examining and Retiring Board. Both are re-
garded as officers of ability and zeal. It is understood,
however, that Secretary Herbert is inclined to appoint
an officer of even higher rank as the commandant of the
Mare Island Station. That navy-yard is so far distant
from Washington that the Secretary is of the opinion
that either a commodore or a rear-admiral should be at
its head. Rear-Admiral Kirkland has been mentioned
in connection with the station, but it is learned that
there is little probability of his getting the billet. The
naval authorities seem disposed to keep the admiral on
waiting orders for a further period. They have not, re-
ports say, forgiven the admiral for certain acts of his
while in command of the European Station, which, ac-
cording to gossip, led to his recall home a few months
ago, after only a short tour of duty as commander-in-
chief of the squadron. Rear-Admiral Ramsay, chief of
the Bureau of Navigation, whose duty it is to make
recommendations to the Secretary of the Navy as to
details of officers for shore and sea service, is said to
favor Commodore Norton as commandant of the Mare
Island Navy Yard. Commodore Norton is now en route
home on the *Newark* from South America, where he
served as commander-in-chief of the South Atlantic
Station.—*Army and Navy Register*.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association
illustrates the work that this organization has done
to elevate the taste of this community. It now
desires to extend the scope of its operations, and,
to that end, an increased membership is essential.
The management call upon all those interested in
art to assist in the work. It is desired to establish
a night class in drawing, to have a series of popular
lectures at the institute, where masters of the art
will expound the principles to the public, and to
improve the school of painting and architecture.

At the annual meeting of the Pacific Yacht Club
the following officers were elected for the ensuing
term: President, General John H. Dickinson;
vice-president, Mr. Hugo D. Keil; commodore,
Mr. John D. Spreckels; vice-commodore, Mr.
Martio B. Roberts; measurer, Mr. A. Svenson;
directors, General John H. Dickinson, Mr. Charles
H. Crocker, Mr. Hugo D. Keil, Mr. William A.
Powning, Mr. John T. Dare, Mr. F. Hohmeisner,
and Mr. J. D. Maxwell.

"It must be awful nice to be a farmer," said the
city girl; "nothing to do but sit around and let
things grow." And the young man, who did not
know that the first eighteen years of her life had
been spent on a farm that eventually proved to be
in the gas belt, was wonderfully impressed.—*Indi-
anapolis Journal*.

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been droo so many fires, der safe manufacturers
want it for an advertisement."—*Puck*.



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rendering capture almost certain, tends to keep those criminals away from insured premises, through fear of conse-
quences, thus exempting the home from molestation and the person from consequent physical danger.

Arrests for burglary in San Francisco for the past five years as compared with the number of fire alarms for the
same period:

	BURGLARY ARRESTS.	FIRE ALARMS.
1891.....	333	474
1892.....	423	374
1893.....	376	497
1894.....	431	471
1895.....	420	445

Rates and any additional information that may be desired will be furnished on appli-
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MR. WARNER TEMPLE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
12 Phelan Building, No. 806 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE
of California, in and for the City and County of San
Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG,
BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change
of name.

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Superior Court aforesaid.
The petition of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, a cor-
poration, respectfully shows:

That your petitioner was formed and incorporated
under the laws of this State on the first day of August,
1891; that its articles of incorporation were originally
filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and
County of San Francisco; and that your petitioner owns
real and personal property situated in said City and
County of San Francisco.

That the present name of your petitioner is Goldberg,
Bowen & Lebenbaum; and that the name proposed to be
taken by your petitioner and for which its present name
is proposed to be changed is Goldberg, Bowen & Co.;
that the reason for such change of name is that L.
Lebenbaum, one of the persons by whom your petitioner
was formed, and whose name formed a part of the name
of your petitioner, has ceased to have any interest in
the capital stock or business of your petitioner; and that
your petitioner desires to cease the use of the name of
said Lebenbaum in the further conduct of its business.

That the number of directors or trustees of your peti-
tioner is seven, and that this petition is signed by a
majority of said directors or trustees.

Wherefore, your petitioner prays that, after notice
given as required by law, an order be made changing the
name of your petitioner to Goldberg, Bowen & Co., and
that such other and further order be made as is meet in
the premises.

And your petitioner will ever pray, etc.
GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM,
By JACOB GOLDBERG, President.

HENRY A. BOWEN, Secretary.
JACOB GOLDBERG,
HENRY A. BOWEN,
HUGO D. KEIL,
GEO. W. WHITNEY,
Directors.

W. S. GOODFELLOW,
Attorney for petitioner.

ORDER.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE
of California, in and for the City and County of San
Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG,
BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of
name.

Upon reading and filing the petition and application of
Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum in this cause, it is
ordered that the same be heard before this Court in the
court-room of Department No. 10, thereof, in the New
City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on
Monday, the first day of June, 1896, at the hour of 10
A. M., and that a copy of said petition be published for
four successive weeks in *The Argonaut*, a newspaper
published and printed in the said City and County of San
Francisco.

Dated, April 27, 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge.

THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE WHITE HOUSE, which is the Great Dry-Goods Establishment of San Francisco, situated at the north-west corner of Kearny and Post Streets, is depicted in the above illustration. The institution is a source of pride to the citizens of San Francisco and a natural surprise to the owners of large establishments in the Eastern States, who have not known that we can boast of such a great store.

THE WHITE HOUSE is a complete establishment of the most modern style, embodying every fin-de-siecle improvement. It is divided into Seventeen Distinct Departments, each with its own separate system, yet in perfect harmony with each other. There is, in fact, a system and a degree of order in the entire institution that is something remarkable.

The same aim is noticeable in each department—to sell the most goods at the lowest possible prices. These two vital principles of large sales, combined with small profits, have served to make THE WHITE HOUSE the most popular dry-goods establishment in this city.

The readers of the ARGONAUT and the patrons of THE WHITE HOUSE must bear one thought, particularly, in mind. An idea has existed that THE WHITE HOUSE catered for but one class of trade—namely, the elite. But this is not so. All classes are welcome there and the same courteous attention and care is shown to all.

Every variety of Dry Goods is sold there. Dress Goods, Silks, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Trimmings, Parasols, Ready-Made Ladies' Suits and Cloaks, all have departments of their own. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods are also carried in great variety. A trip through the Art Department is as interesting as a visit to a European Museum. The basement is also a world of itself. Visitors will find there the Mailing Department for Country Orders and General Shipping and also a Supply Department for each department in the entire building.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"If we were out to a canoe, I would kiss you." She—"Take me ashore instantly, sir!"—*Truth.*

"I tell you, I am in the habit of saying just what I think." "Dear me! Is that all?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Dolly—"Is Charlie so expert rider yet?" Madge—"Quite enough so for me. He can ride with one hand."—*Truth.*

Pater—"Has my daughter ever offered you any encouragement?" Suitor—"Oh, yes, sir! She said if I married her, she'd work you for the rest."—*Puck.*

"No," said Mr. Wickwire, "I haven't tried to get funny around the house since I told the hired girl to boil the ice—and she did."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Alberta—"I see that Miriam and Mr. Bert-whistle's engagement is off." Alethea—"Yes; he bought a bicycle that wasn't the same make as hers."—*Puck.*

Impressionist—"That's my last, there on the easel. Now that is a picture, Squibs." Squibs—"Yes, so it is. I can tell that by the frame."—*Harlem Life.*

Mr. Fussy—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to

fill them." Mrs. Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"—*Bazar.*

"A-a-h-h!" he yawned, as the cars stopped at a way-station; "I think I'll get out a moment and stretch my legs." It was the India-Rubber Man.—*Rockland Tribune.*

"Doctor," said the anxious mother, "Willie can hardly speak above a whisper." "Indeed? Has he taken cold, or did he go to the ball game?"—*Washington Star.*

He—"Your vast wealth ought to enable you to do a great deal of good." She—"It does. I have established the credit of any number of young men."—*New York Herald.*

"That was a sad accident to Buogler. An explosion blew him into atoms." "Yes, it affected me very much." "Are you a relative?" "No, I am an undertaker."—*Truth.*

A SLIGHT COLD, IF NEGLECTED, OFTEN ATTACKS THE LUNGS. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and effectual relief.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Bound volumes of the Argonaut from 1877 to 1895 inclusive—Volumes I. to XXXVII.—can be obtained at this office.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 18, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The sweep of the McKinley hoom, the eagerness of State after State to fall into line and march in the triumphant procession, induces some rather unpleasant reflections in the large head of the "Original" McKinley Man. It is a distinction, of course, to be an Original McKinley Man; but in order that this distinction should possess material as well as sentimental value, it is necessary that there should not be too many of him. Not very long ago every State in the Union owned an Original McKinley Man, who felt that he rose above the plain of Republicanism even as the Pyramid of Cheops towers above the sands of the desert. His sense of eleva-

tion elated him and moved him to beat cymbals, calling national attention at once to his existence and his height.

He was exceeding happy and privately hopeful, but now he is very tired. It was the unselfish conviction of the Original McKinley Man, on what he deemed the summit of his lonely conspicuousness, that he would be as obvious to the view from the White House as is the Washington monument. In those not remote days, there were Allison men, Cullom men, Reed men, and Morton men. It was the natural desire and expectation of the Original McKinley Man that these various kinds of men would cling each to the cause of his favorite until he went down in defeat and oblivion at the St. Louis Convention. Then would the Original McKinley Man augment in prominence as an extension ladder does in vertical length at a fire, and an admiring country would applaud a grateful President for calling the Original McKinley Man to the Cabinet, or sending him as ambassador to the Court of St. James, or to Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg.

But now, as we have said, the Original McKinley Man is feeling tired. The expected has not happened. The spectacle which afflicts him is not the eleventh-hour men of the vineyard, casting away their Allison, Reed, Cullom, and Morton weapons after the fight, and coming into the temple shouting loudly, like the Pharisee in the front benches of the temple, drowning the voice of the faithful Original McKinley Man. There is to be no battle; there are no hostile hosts to engage in combat and overcome for glory and the spoils. Everybody is for McKinley, and the Original McKinley Man finds himself, to speak profanely, lost in the shuffle. His priority was so excessively brief that what seemed to him to be his tall and solid pillar of stone was but a transitory jet of water, and himself, instead of being a fixed, stately, and statuesque figure, was, after all, but the hobbling hall at the summit of the jet.

There is only one whoop coming from any politician's throat, and that whoop is for McKinley. It is seen that to be an Original McKinley Man in 1896 marks one off for eminence no more than did the blue uniform in the early '60's. The Original McKinley Man can calculate. The man who is first in the field for any Presidential candidate is always gifted in that way. The Original McKinley Man knows that President McKinley will have a good many offices to give out. There are 8 statesmen needed in the Cabinet, not to speak of the diplomatic corps. Then there are 3,116 employees in the Interior Department at Washington, 3,642 in the Treasury Department, 2,213 in the Government Printing Office, 1,829 in the War Department, 70,000 post-offices, offices of high dignity and emolument in considerable numbers at and near the head of each of the departments, 110 collectors of customs, 42 surveyors of customs—in all, under government, about 158,000 employees. But what are 158,000 offices in comparison with the demand that will arise after the fourth of March next, when William McKinley has been inaugurated President of the United States? If Original McKinley Men should get them all, there would still be myriads of Original McKinley Men left unprovided for. All the politicians of the party already, before the convention has met, being for McKinley, they can justly claim to be Original McKinley Men, and the Original-Original McKinley Man has reason to feel tired as he works his pencil and exercises the mathematical department of his brain. The use of these proves to him that there are 70,000,000 people in the United States. Of this total, 35,000,000 are males, and of these males 12,000,000 are voters, and of the voters 6,000,000 are Republicans. As near as we can gather, all these 6,000,000 Republicans are McKinley men, though it is only May, and the election does not occur until November. Inquiry among these 6,000,000 Republicans, we are sure, will demonstrate that 5,400,000, or ninety per cent., have been for McKinley from the very first, and never thought of anybody else for the Presidency. They are, therefore, Original McKinley Men, and will say so themselves, especially when President McKinley is deciding upon what Republicans shall be given office under him. He will be made happy by knowing that for every office in

his gift he has not less than 1,000 Original McKinley Men to choose from in bestowing it. The dearth of offices and the superfluity of Original McKinley Men will offer one of the most stupendous phenomena known to the political history of the republic.

Grayheads will recall how, during the War of the Rebellion, many minds were troubled by the problem of what should be done with the gigantic armies of the United States when the enemies of the Union had been conquered. There was a pervasive dread among students of the past that these hardened men of war, accustomed to the fierce joy of battle and the freedom of life in the camp, would refuse to return to the tame and orderly ways of peace, and might imitate the legions of Rome, put the Presidency up at auction, subject us to a military despotism, and subsist on donations distributed by the purchasers of their voices. But when the war ceased, all that befell was a magnificent rendezvous at the national capital, a march in review, disbandment, and the vanishing of the legions. Thus instructed, President McKinley may safely be trusted to deal with the situation. When he has installed in office all the Original McKinley Men the country has use for, he can stand on the steps of the White House while the unnumbered thousands of other Original McKinley Men file past, give them his attention and blessing, and advise them to return to their homes and go to work for their living, as did the soldiers of the Union.

We have received a pamphlet containing a bill introduced in the Senate of the United States on December 19, 1895, by Senator Carter, entitled "A bill to establish a bureau of military education, and to promote the adoption of uniform military drill in the public schools of the several States and Territories." The remainder of the pamphlet is taken up with a series of articles opposing the passage of this bill on various grounds, one being that from a physiological standpoint, "military drill does not meet the physical requirements of boys"; another, that it "teaches boys to look forward to war and cherish a desire for fighting," and that it "will develop in school-boys the war spirit, the spirit of murder." All of these theories are carried out at great length. Accompanying the pamphlet is a note, running as follows: "The American Humanitarian League sends to the Argonaut the inclosed pamphlet, and hopes that you will publish as much as possible of it in your columns, and use your influence against the proposed bill."

Our compliments to the American Humanitarian League. We will neither publish their pamphlet, nor will we use our influence against the proposed bill. We see no reason why we should oppose it; we see every reason why it should be passed.

Our readers know the Argonaut is not in favor of causeless war. It is not in favor of this country engaging in wars of invasion. It is not in favor of this country becoming entangled in foreign wars. It is not in favor of interfering in the affairs of other countries with threats of possible war. It is not in favor of straightening the kinky boundaries of kinky-haired peoples, like the Venezuelans, by dragging this country into war. It is not in favor of hacking up acts of rapine, arson, and murder committed by coffee-colored convicts like the Cuban insurgents. In short, the Argonaut does not believe in any unjust, causeless, or cowardly war.

But the Argonaut does believe in war when it is right. It believes in defensive war. It believes in war when it is waged for the assertion of a principle, as in our American Revolution, and when it is fought for the preservation of the country, as in our Civil War. It believes in war always when it is right, and war never when it is wrong. For this reason, the Argonaut believes that every able-bodied citizen of this republic should be prepared to bear arms. If the curious collection of old women, in Senate and House, who now alternately threaten war with the universe and still refuse to provide guns and train men, shall continue to govern the United States, it is not impossible

we may be invaded by the allied powers of Europe. The *Argonaut* believes as the great Washington said: "In time of peace prepare for war." Next to the building of fortresses, the construction of ships, the forging of guns, there is the drilling of men. There must be men behind the guns. The *Argonaut* believes that every young man who is reared in the public schools of the United States will not be harmed by being taught how to shoulder a musket.

The *Argonaut* again presents its compliments to the American Humanitarian League, and very much regrets that it must deprive itself of the pleasure of using its influence against the proposed bill.

This journal is highly favored as the recipient of circulars issued in the financial, and incidentally in the spiritual, interest of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. They come from all parts of the world, and come continually. Last week we printed two of them, both offering salvation, or at least a lowering of the temperature of purgatory, in return for cash contributions to churches, one in Canada and the other in France. This week the most interesting circular that reaches us is altogether out of the ordinary. Though not formally speaking in the name of Rome, it yet has a highly religious flavor. Its peculiarity is that in exchange for good American money, it offers a solid temporal benefit instead of a magical charm against the wrath of heaven in the next world. The paper sets forth the great merits of a preparation called "Keca," which has been invented by the Rev. Father J. M. Conway, of San Francisco.

"Keca" has been on the market only since December, 1895, but it already has worked marvels equal to those performed by the relics of saints. From the glowing testimonials in the circular, its claim that Father Conway's "Keca" "produces and improves the growth of hair, heals the scalp, and expels dandruff," appears to be well founded. Many of the testimonials are from holy men like Father Conway himself, and would indicate that priests, who should shave the head, have a love for hair not surpassed by the fondness of a woman for the tresses which are her crowning glory. Why the cloistered monk and the meek-eyed parish priest, both vowed to celibacy, should care whether they are bald or not fails to occur to the secular mind. Since no feminine eye may without sin rest with admiration on the sacred person of the ecclesiastic, baldness in the clergy should be encouraged rather than attacked with carnal medicaments.

However, this is evidently the unregenerate view, for Father Conway's testimonials show us that the most saintly of men are as solicitous about their good looks as the most worldly. There is the Rev. Father P. A. Fitzgibbons, O. P., for instance, president of the Dominican Order in the North-West. In a letter dated from the Church of the Holy Rosary, Portland, Or., March 1, 1896, he states that eighteen years ago he suffered the grief of losing his hair. The presumption is fair, therefore, that the president of the Dominican Order in the North-West is no longer young. Yet when he heard of "Keca," he reached for it as a catarrhine cousin would for a nut. "I have applied your specific," he announces to Father Conway and the public, "only a few times, and a new growth of fine hair begins to appear on what seemed to be a hopelessly bald head. I consider 'Keca' will prove a great boon (sic) to the bald."

The Rev. Father G. Leggio, S. J., of St. Ignatius College, this city, is no chicken. We have not the spiritual and social advantage of a personal acquaintance with Father Leggio, S. J., have never seen him, in fact, but we draw our inference that he is past his fiery and gallant youth from his announcement by letter to Father Conway that he has been as bald as Mount Shasta "for twenty-three years." Yet if our probably agreeable and fascinating friend Leggio can get back his hair, he wants it. "With pleasure I inform you," he wrote from the college on December 30, 1895, "that your specific has already started the growth of hair." He hopes Father Conway will build up a big business, and concludes, "I remain yours faithfully in Xt." This signature sounds like a profane remark, but probably is not so intended.

The Rev. Father Powers, of Livermore, wastes no time in making confidences, or reminding Father Conway that they are both engaged in the great work of evangelizing this world, but seizes his subject, as it were, by the hair. "I wish," he writes, breathlessly, "that you would send me two more bottles, and oblige." There can be no doubt about the state of Father Powers's scalp. One can hear the hair growing.

If what is averred by these men of God be true, and only the heretic will be so graceless as to doubt their veracity, two propositions prove themselves. One is that in "Keca" Father Conway has a good thing, and the other, that within a year or two we shall have on the Pacific Coast a race of priests whose locks will rival those of the pious cavaliers of

the martyred King Charles. In self-defense, the laity will have to resort to "Keca," or no coy glances will be for them.

"Keca," as we have said, is not officially a Roman Catholic restorative, and we take it that the profits go into the private purse of the enterprising Father Conway. This may annoy the hierarchy, but the purveyor of "Keca" is clearly within his rights. The California Supreme Court has already decided in a leading case that purely personal functions do not affect the legal maxim, *qui facit per alium, facit per se*, and that an individual moving within the scope of his own employment does not affect his master. This is found in the celebrated action for damages for a nuisance, brought against the Western Pacific Railroad, which is familiar to the bar. Father Conway, when selling his hair-grower, is not laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, but is working his own vineyard—the soil being bald heads, the crop, hair. None the less, there is an undeniable sacerdotal, or semi-ecclesiastical, air about "Keca" which will induce many of the faithful to buy that "boone to the bald" who would not buy it were it manufactured by any one out of holy orders. Therefore, in equity, Father Conway could be called upon by Archbishop Riordan to divide. Besides, it is not to be questioned that Father Conway has entered into direct competition with the church, which has miraculous means of curing everything, baldness included. That no saint's attention has been turned in this particular direction must be attributed to an oversight.

It is easily within the limitations of rational possibility that Father Conway's humble beginning may lead to vast and astounding results. Should he be obdurate on the point of sharing profits, what is to hinder the church from summoning a few of the idle saints on the calendar and detailing them for work on the hairless scalps of the earth's population? On this globe there are, according to Boehn and Wagner, 1,500,000,000 people. One-half of these are males—750,000,000, half of whom are adults—375,000,000; half of these adult males are civilized—187,500,000; half of these civilized males, including priests, are probably bald—93,750,000. By miraculously producing hair on these 93,750,000 males at, say, the low charge of one dollar a head, the Roman Catholic Church would at once come into possession of an enormous treasure, convert countless unbelievers, and have the retributive satisfaction of knocking Father Conway and his "Keca" out of the market.

Now that California, Indiana, and Michigan have declared for McKinley, the bosses have practically given up the fight. It is true they make a faint attempt at keeping up the contest, declaring loudly that the unexpected may always happen, but they privately admit that their fight is hopeless. McKinley's strength is nearly double that of the opposition. As we write, the conditions are as follows:

McKinley, 498; Reed, 103; Morton, 58; Quay, 48; Allison, 35; Bradley, 16; unpledged, 52; to be elected, 112; total number of delegates, 922; necessary to a choice, 462; McKinley's vote to date, 498; McKinley's majority, 36.

While McKinley has been gaining votes, the other candidates have either been losing or barely holding their own. Reed, with 103 votes, Allison, with 35, and Bradley, with 16, remain just where they were a fortnight ago. Quay and Morton have not done so well. They have lost delegates, and there is great difficulty in holding together the Morton delegates as it is.

The Republican bosses now admit that McKinley will be nominated for President on the first ballot. None the less, all the managers will present the names of their candidates. The names of Reed, Allison, Quay, and Morton will be submitted. Cullom has withdrawn. All that the bosses are hoping for now is some accident. "There is always," they say, "the possibility that a popular candidate like McKinley may do something foolish." This is possible. The bosses have been moving heaven and earth to place McKinley in an embarrassing position on the silver question, and there is no doubt that they are behind the recent disgraceful attempt to stah McKinley through the American Protective Association. But both of these attempts have failed. As we write, the Supreme Council of the American Protective Association is holding its annual session at Washington, and has not yet come to a conclusion, but we are firmly convinced that the trivial charges brought against McKinley by certain disappointed politicians in the American Protective Association will not meet with the approval of the Supreme Council.

As to the candidacy of Harrison, that seems to be a moot point, like the rumored intention of Grover Cleveland to run for a third term. Harrison explicitly declined to be a candidate, but his friends hint that in certain contingencies he would run. The recent action of the Indiana State Republican Convention, however, would seem to put a quietus on the candidacy of Harrison. Indiana has swung into the McKinley column with an enthusiasm that shows she knows

but one allegiance. The plank of the Indiana platform seems fervid even for convention platform rhetoric. The Indiana Republicans say:

"We favor the nomination as President of the United States of the man who perfectly represents a protective tariff and the cardinal principles of the Republican party; a man who has devoted his life to the defense of his country in war and in peace; one who, at the age of seventeen, fought with Hayes, and Crook, and Sheridan at Antietam and in the Shenandoah, in defense of our flag against foes within, and for fourteen years in Congress contended against our country's foes from without, beating back British free trade and aggression, which finally, under the present Democratic administration, obtained possession of our markets and has almost destroyed our industries—that loyal American citizen, soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman, William McKinley, of Ohio; and the delegates to the Republican National Convention selected by this body are directed to cast their votes for William McKinley as frequently and continuously as there is any hope of his nomination."

The Republican convention was one of the most enthusiastic held in Indiana since the days of the Civil War. The Indiana delegation to St. Louis ranks high, having among its number "Uncle Dick" Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," and one of McKinley's most ardent and loyal supporters.

When Illinois turned her back upon Cullom, her favorite son, and went for McKinley, that settled the question of the Republican nomination in the minds of all shrewd observers of the political situation. But when Indiana—casting aside the possibility of Harrison being a candidate in last resort—pledged its delegation to McKinley in the strong terms that we have quoted above, that leaves the matter without the shadow of a doubt.

Englishmen with guns in their hands have never failed to find the Boers good fighters, and victors besides. Events are proving that in the domain of diplomacy, as on the field of battle, the Boers are more than a match for the British. President Paul Krüger, by his sagacity, patience, and firmness, excites admiration everywhere except in England. There, of course, his coolness of judgment and ability to save himself from being overreached cause him to be denounced by the English press as an insolent semi-barbarian who is fast earning the punishment of a bloody extinction. And in precise proportion as his determination not to be deluded by British cunning becomes manifest, does the wrath of Christian England against him grow.

Krüger has out-generated Chamberlain beautifully. The foreign secretary, it will be remembered, shortly after the Jameson raid, followed up his disclaimers of governmental responsibility for that crime with a pressing invitation to the President of the Transvaal Republic to come to London for a conference. Krüger replied that he would come as soon as the Volksraad gave him permission. Weeks passed. Again Chamberlain cabled, this time more insistently, asking why he had not come; and Krüger responded that the Volksraad had not given him permission. More weeks passed, and Chamberlain inquired by cable if the Volksraad would not consider the visit. Krüger replied that the Volksraad had not yet convened. Yet more weeks, and Chamberlain asked when the Volksraad would convene. Next year, explained Krüger. Chamberlain urged that an extra session be called. Krüger to this gave answer that the Volksraad would not let him go unless the terms of the conference and the subjects for discussion be strictly prearranged. In brief, President Krüger has evinced the true Boer shrewdness in obtaining that which is of most value to his country at the present time—delay.

Chamberlain, so far as his transactions with Krüger go, stands exactly where he stood three months ago, while the position of the Boers has been strengthened in the opinion of the civilized world. Chamberlain has been forced to show his hand with reference to Cecil Rhodes, the arch-conspirator, who for the present is to be permitted to retain his official prominence in South Africa. And while England is gnashing her teeth at the Boers for having dared to kill attacking Englishmen, Jameson's trial is being put off, and that defeated freehunter who, under the laws of nations and in moral justness, might have been hanged by Krüger, is being made the popular hero of his native land. England drove the colonizing Boers year by year farther into the African wilderness, and then followed them up whenever they had settled, in order to rob them of what their industry had created. What the English have never yet been able to steal from these valiant Dutchmen is their liberty. Jameson's was the latest attempt.

This Boer republic is going to be a very hard nut for the British to crack. The sympathy which Americans feel for the burghers who are ever ready to fight and die for their freedom is a sympathy felt wherever civilization is known—outside of Christian England. The Boers have committed the unpardonable sin of successfully defending their homes against British aggression. But just how England is successfully to play the bully, and soothe her wounded sensibilities by confiscating the property of the burghers, is

not clear. An attack upon the Transvaal would instantly consolidate all the men of Dutch blood in South Africa against her, and the Boers would have the countenance and help of men of other nationalities there. Thousands of European colonists would side with the Boers. It would mean civil war throughout South Africa. The Orange Free State would join hands with the Transvaal, and hosts of volunteers from the northern parts of Natal and the Dutch districts of Cape Colony would rush to the aid of their brethren. The Boers would thus be assured of an army two or three times as large as that of the United States. It would be as sturdy as any in the world and not excelled as marksmen. Military experts calculate that England would need to send from fifty to sixty thousand men, and where is she able to get them when her army is so variously and fully engaged? England's prestige has suffered greatly among the three or four million blacks of South Africa, and what would they be doing for revenge, plunder, and freedom while she was fighting the Boers? And Germany? The Germans regard the Boers as of kindred race. Germany disputes England's right to force Portugal to sell her Delagoa Bay. That acquisition would shut the Transvaal from the sea for good, and Great Britain will not find herself permitted peaceably to make the purchase. It may be that, under pretense of quelling the Matabele rising, England will rush troops into South Africa, but should that be tried, the clear-eyed Krüger can be depended on to sound the alarm in time. In the event of war coming, there would be sympathy, money, and men for the Boers, plenty of allies, covert or open, to give England a mighty task, and one pregnant with direful collateral possibilities to her.

Great Britain has been the aggressor all through in this shameful business. The spectacle of a handful of Boers standing on guard for their lives lest she descend upon them like a thug earns her the abhorring scorn of mankind. She is now placed where she must either decide to curb her love of plunder and let the Boers alone, or declare war upon the republic. It will be better for her interests, we think, if she shall prudently decide to let the Boers alone.

Elsewhere there will be found a summary of the political situation since Indiana and Michigan declared for McKinley, and of the probable numerical forces when the Republican Presidential candidates line up their delegates at St. Louis. As will be seen, everything points unmistakably to McKinley. The question of the Presidential nomination being thus practically settled, the political quidnuncs are now turning their attention to the Vice-Presidency. A favorite name is that of Reed, of Maine.

There are those who say that he would not accept the Vice-Presidential nomination. We do not see why not. It has become the fashion of late years to speak lightly of the second office in this great republic. But an office which has been filled by such men as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, Hannibal Hamlin, and Chester A. Arthur, is not one to be sneered at. As for the Vice-Presidential office "shelving its incumbent," we may point out that Jefferson, John Adams, and Van Buren succeeded in reaching the highest office in the nation's gift, despite the "obscurity" into which their occupancy of the Vice-Presidential chair had plunged them, while Tyler, Fillmore, Arthur, and Johnson acceded to the Presidency by the death of the incumbent.

Next to Reed, the name most frequently mentioned for the Vice-Presidential nomination is that of Benjamin F. Tracey, ex-Secretary of the Navy. It is considered that a man from New York would be desirable for the second place upon the ticket, and that a man from the East is indispensable. Other Eastern men mentioned are Senator Proctor of Vermont, Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut, Senator Warner Miller and J. Sloat Fassett of New York. It is said in New York city that McKinley favors General Horace Porter, of that city, as the nominee; but if this be true, he has made no intimation to that effect. Mark Hanna, his intimate friend and the manager of his campaign, says that McKinley has not committed himself to any candidate. "William McKinley," says Hanna in a *Herald* interview, "is in favor of whom ever the convention chooses to nominate for Vice-President."

Under the circumstances, therefore, it would seem to us that Reed is the man for the place. He is from "away down East"—from Maine; he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency two months ago; he is popular with his party and with the people; nothing but the irresistible sweep of the McKinley boom could have caused his chances for the Presidential nomination to dwindle; his record as a congressman is without flaw; as Speaker of the House he has left an indelible impress upon American constitutional history and the growth of parliamentary law. As presiding officer of the Senate, he would regenerate that body. He

was the first man with the courage to apply common sense to the rules of the House. With Thomas B. Reed presiding over the deliberations of the Senate, some of the hoary nonsense which clogs around that body might be swept away. The American people have come to look with ill-concealed impatience on the delay, the injustice, the demagoguery, and sometimes the chicanery rendered possible by what is called "the courtesy of the Senate."

We hope that Reed will not allow his chagrin over his dwindling forces to prevent him from accepting the Vice-Presidential nomination. It would make a strong, an invincible ticket:

"For President, William McKinley, of Ohio.

"For Vice-President, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine."

We are now within a few weeks of the great national conventions, and Mr. Cleveland's long expected letter on a third term has not yet materialized. The silence of the President is significant. It is now evident that he is imbued with the idea that in certain contingencies he might be induced to accept the nomination. Senator Brice, Senator Gorman, and many other Democratic leaders believe that Mr. Cleveland is waiting to see what the Republicans will do with their financial plank before he writes his famous letter. He believes that he can be elected in case the Republicans do not come out strongly in favor of a single gold standard. In fact, there are some who believe that if both Republicans and Democrats should weaken slightly on the financial question and incline toward silver, Mr. Cleveland will run as the nominee of a third party—the East against the West, gold against silver, Mugwumps against the field. This would give both Democrats and Republicans a chance to rally around a standard-bearer according to their ideals, for they seem in the East to be committed to a single gold standard and a low tariff, regardless of anything else. In the meantime, a number of incipient Democratic Presidents are considering that Mr. Cleveland's silence is in bad taste. They have intimated that his formal withdrawal would clear up things. Henry Watterson in his paper daily demands that Mr. Cleveland shall declare himself, and says that as long as the silence of Cleveland continues it will be impossible for Carlisle to carry Kentucky for sound money. Even the members of Cleveland's Cabinet claim to be as much in the dark as any one else. They all say that Cleveland declines to discuss with them the question of his renomination.

When the last Democratic Congress was in session, the American people had an opportunity to see how they liked legislation by trusts. The Sugar Trust, working through Democratic leaders like Gorman, Brice, and others, "held up" the people, and forced upon them a tariff which disgusted even the Democrats. It was so palpably a fraud—so openly in the interests of the Sugar Trust and other allied iniquities—that its putative father disavowed it, and Grover Cleveland refused to sign it. None the less, it became the law—the Democratic law—the Sugar Trust law—of the United States.

Now the American people have another opportunity to observe the power of the Sugar Trust. For a year a guerilla insurrection has been going on in Cuba. Bands of white, mulatto, and black bandits—a majority black—have devastated the island, applying the torch to fields of sugar-cane, blowing up mills with dynamite, derailing trains, and sacking plantations and small villages. Many of these men are mere mercenaries—soldiers fighting for hire—"patriots" who are patriotic for revenue only. Their general-in-chief, Maximo Gomez, is neither a Cuban nor a Spaniard; he is not a "patriot," and not even a "rebel" against Spain; he is a native of Santo Domingo, and has as much actual and patriotic interest in the Cuban cause as a Native Son of the Golden West would have with the uprising in the Soudan. The sword of Gomez has been for hire and has been hired in many countries in Spanish-America. He is hired now in Cuba.

Who hires Gomez? The Sugar Trust.

In Key West, in Philadelphia, in Boston, and in New York, there are news bureaus which furnish carefully cooked-up dispatches to the press associations. These dispatches conflict so radically with the Spanish dispatches—and with themselves, for that matter—that the most skilled newspaper editor can not extract a kernel of truth from the vast chaff-heaps of falsehood.

Who maintains these news bureaus? The Sugar Trust.

In several large cities of this country, there are dailies of wide circulation which are subsidized to distort and color the news from Cuba.

Who subsidizes these dailies? The Sugar Trust.

It is needless to say that all the dailies which print news in the interest of the Cubans are not subsidized. Those

which are not subsidized print the same kind of news, as it is all that is furnished them by the subsidized news bureaus. Then most of the editors of the country believe that the Cuban is the popular cause, and print the news of the subsidized news bureaus and the subsidized newspapers because they believe it to be popular.

Scarcely a week passes that there is not news of a filibustering expedition fitted out from some American port to aid the Cuban insurgents. To-day it is Tampa Bay, yesterday it was New York, the day before it was New London. Ships laden with men, with guns, with cartridges, sail for Cuba. Ships, guns, and cartridges cost money; American citizens who sail for foreign countries to fight their battles scarcely do it for "patriotism"—they do it for hire.

Who charters these ships? Who hires these men? Who pays for these cartridges and these guns? The Sugar Trust.

Yet in the midst of all this excitement in the press of the United States over the Cuban insurrection, the press of Mexico, Central America, South America, and the West Indies is silent. Why are these papers silent? Why do the journals of kindred peoples, of the same blood, and speaking the same language, remain mute, when the press of an English-speaking country like the United States devotes thousands of columns daily to this semi-Spanish, semi-mongrel war? The answer is plain—the insurrection is kept on its feet solely by working on the sympathy of the United States. The insurrection is enormously profitable to the Sugar Trust; therefore it pays for keeping alive that sympathy and fanning the flames of war.

Every cane-field burned in Cuba means money to the Sugar Trust; every sugar-mill blown up in Cuba means money to the Sugar Trust—not only now, but for years to come, for it will take a generation to repair the damage done in the last year. The price of sugar is steadily rising; the price of Sugar-Trust certificates is steadily going up; and the Sugar Trust is adding millions to the millions it already possesses, the price paid being blood, and flame, and tears.

The American people know now that the Sugar Trust entered into the councils of their highest legislative body when it was Democratic, and defiled the statute books with a corrupt law, passed by bribery. The American people know this, and are ashamed. Some day they will know that this same powerful trust has used the press and the legislators of this country to accomplish its evil ends by entangling us with foreign powers. The American people apparently do not know it now. Some day they will know it, and they will be more ashamed.

Elsewhere we have discussed in a somewhat light vein the "Original McKinley Man" and his chances for office. But, to speak seriously, there is a vast amount of Cabinet-making and office-filling going on now throughout the country. The Cabinet slates which have been made up for McKinley strike us as being the work of his enemies. While there are good names upon the list, they are, as a whole, a danger to his candidacy. For example, Hanna and Grosvenor—both intimate personal and political friends of McKinley, and both from Ohio—are put on to encourage the idea that Ohio is to have two places in the Cabinet. It is also intended to irritate the Foraker faction in Ohio, by leading them to believe that they will not be recognized by McKinley. Kearns is down for a Cabinet position in order to excite the hostility of his rival, Chauncey Filley. David Martin is assigned a position on the Cabinet to recognize Pennsylvania. This is done for the purpose of exciting the hostility of Quay, who is a bitter enemy of David Martin. M. H. de Young, of California, is also put down on the Cabinet slate for the purpose of stirring up his enemies in California, of whom he seems to have a large, active, and undesirable crop. It is needless to say that all these Cabinet slates are simply gauzy nothings, engendered in the brains of too credulous editors listening to the honeyed tales of foxy politicians.

As a matter of fact, the continual yarns set afloat in the Democratic press concerning McKinley's promises of offices are destitute of foundation. As we have repeatedly said in these columns, it is always a good rule to apply one's knowledge of local conditions to national conditions. There have been no McKinley bureaus, no McKinley managers, and no McKinley promises of patronage in any far Western States. There have been no authorized promises in California. There has been no McKinley bureau here. There has been no McKinley manager here. The only person who by the utmost stretching of probabilities could be looked upon as McKinley's "manager" is Judge James A. Waymire, and he has simply been an ardent supporter of McKinley's candidacy. The McKinley boom in California grew by itself without any fostering. There has been no need for McKinley to promise offices in order to secure supporters.

BLACK BUTTERFLIES.

How they Presaged Evil for the Girl who Loved Lieutenant Taunton.

The devotion of her look was affording amusement to the chaperons and elderly officers, who, by reason of physical infirmities, were convinced that dancing is a hollow vanity, and therefore abstained from it, but not from comments upon people and frocks, which have been definitely proven not to be vanities, and are indulged in by the most potent, grave, and reverend signors, and have their sanction.

She was dancing with Taunton, waltzing the long-stepped, fast, gliding waltz which the cavalry is apt to affect, and which has in it the dash and *verve* commonly supposed to be attributes of that gallant branch of the service.

It was a case of true love, and had not run smooth. Miss Rossini was torn between a desire to obey her parents and the wish to give way to Taunton's entreaties. The outcome of the conflict has been written beforehand in the book of life these thousands of centuries. A weakness of will—sweetly feminine, but trying when it is not one's self who wields the power—was her worst fault. Her promises were governed entirely by the speaker of the moment. To her father she swore eternal renunciation of Taunton; to Taunton, eternal fidelity in her love; and yet, if untruth is to be judged only by its intention, she was not guilty of falsehood. The time had passed, some two weeks before, when she might with honesty tell her father that she would give the first lieutenant up forever. Moreover, Captain Rossini had begun to lose faith in the promises. At last she replied to his remonstrances, one day, that she loved Taunton, that he loved her, and that she meant eventually to marry him. At this she turned first red, and then pale, but remained firm against all the paternal wrath poured on her head with a vehemence and force of language calculated to impress her with the deep respect a child should nourish toward the author of its being. To his choice epithets she made no reply. The humor of the situation struck her even then—the vast paradox of parental reverence. But she showed the obstinacy which lies at the bottom of even a weak nature, which is part of the instinct of self-preservation, and she held her tongue.

The strain was telling on her, however. She was greatly changed from the girl who, but six months before, had come back from school to the gayety and adulation of a big army post. The suffering gave a sweetness to her rather cool prettiness, which lent her charm. The garrison was sorry for her; it did all in its power to help along the meetings of this much enamored couple, and succeeded only too well.

Captain and Mrs. Rossini were persons of a type not prevalent in the service, with an eye very much to the main chance, worldly wise to a degree. A rich man "back East," who had taken a fancy to the little boarding-school miss, and who sent numerous letters, rolls of music, books, and boxes of candy, was looked upon as a far better match than a first lieutenant, even a most exemplary first lieutenant, as Taunton certainly was. When Taunton's attentions had become too marked, he had been forbidden the house and Lucia had been commanded to repulse him. The mere fact that she promised faithfully to do so, in presence of her father's wrath, had no influence on her when once she was thrown with her lover. It was a choice of evils: whether she should oppose her parents or Taunton, and she chose the former as less unpleasant.

Just at first they kept their meetings secret, but once they were discovered, they threw aside concealment and saw each other openly under the very eyes of the powerless father and mother. They took long rides among the foot-hills, long walks around the outskirts of the garrison, Taunton striding along with his fine head very erect, his gray eyes seeing nothing but the girl at his side, who picked her way daintily among the litter of tin cans and broken bottles and old horse-shoes that marked the approach to the post. There were no leafy hovers under which to stroll, and no velvety sward to press their feet upon; but they could well afford to ignore the surroundings; it is only later in life that we learn the value of the background of the picture. By common consent they avoided straying to the creek, where the willows and cottonwoods were thick and green; the "men" and their sweethearts held that field. At the hops, too, they danced together a great deal of the time and made no secret of their infatuation. Captain Rossini looked savage and Mrs. Rossini was manifestly uneasy, but an open scene was not to be thought of, public opinion being against the parents. There were bad half-hours and tearful nights for Lucia after each defiance, but there was more sweet in Taunton's love than bitter in her father's fury.

And so it happened that the long notes of the "Santiago" were bearing the two onward with the other dancers, snatches of singing, of laughter, and of conversation sounding with the music, until there broke in suddenly, drowning it all, a clang, a roar, a bellow of thunder. The music besitated for an instant; for an instant there was a cessation of movement and exclamations of fear; then the bright figures swayed on and the chatter was resumed, and the damp, cool wind of a summer shower blew over them while the rain beat down on the roof and ground.

But Taunton's eyes had lost, somehow, the look of perfect content; the girl's head was farther away from his shoulder, and the swing had gone from their step. They stopped by an open window to let the fresh wind blow over them. There came a sudden gust which wafted in a great dark butterfly that, in the rays of artificial light, seemed dead black, the omen of impending harm. It fluttered for an instant, dazzled and wind-beaten; fluttered and circled around, then, spreading its shadow wings, it floated steadily, relentlessly upon Taunton and the girl beside him. She watched it with parted lips and frightened eyes as it came toward her out of the lightning-streaked night, and neither moved until it sank and settled on her light hair. Then she threw up both arms and brushed it off with a heavy blow. The creature

of the night flew out into the storm again with a drooping wing.

An orderly crossed the hop-room to the adjutant, who was speaking to the band-master, but none of the listening ears could hear the soldier's message.

"Well, play it if you can find the music," the adjutant said, coolly, then wheeled about and followed the orderly.

He was back again in ten minutes, speaking hurriedly to Taunton. Taunton answered, bowed his head, and, turning away, crossed the room to where Captain Rossini stood with his daughter.

"Good-evening, captain," he said, and waiting for no reply, put his hand on Lucia's arm and drew her aside with an air of proprietorship that left the father aghast.

"Lucia, listen, dear. I've hardly time for even this good-by. Don't look so frightened; it amounts to nothing. Simply some trouble over at the agency that makes it necessary for me to go up there instantly with a detachment. You know there has been expectation of trouble for some time. My dear child, you must not look like that; how silly of a soldier's daughter! I tell you I'll be back in a few days. If you are going to faint, come out in the air; the rain has stopped."

She took his arm and let him drag her out upon the steps. The music came to them from within and smothered the sound of their voices.

"Marion, you aren't going to go away? How can you, how can you?" she said, in a whisper.

"How can I? Why, because I'm ordered. But I've an order for you, in turn."

"Well?" She bent her fan and worked her fingers nervously, still leaning hard on his arm.

"You must go with me instantly and tell your father."

"I won't," she answered, with set teeth.

"Why, but Lucia, you will if I say so."

"I won't."

"Then I'll do it alone."

"I can't stop you, but if you do I shall hate you—as much as I have loved you."

"But why? He must be told some time. I'm in a fearful hurry. As a matter of fact, I've no right to be here now; if the C. O. catches me, I'll get the dickens. Come along and tell him."

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"What makes you so obstinate? It's not like you."

"It's like me sometimes. It's like me when I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of papa. I wouldn't mind so dreadfully if you were going to be here, but I think it's mean and cowardly of you to leave me to bear the brunt of it all alone for days and days. It might kill me. I'm about worried to death now."

A tear dropped on Taunton's hand and melted his firmness in a moment. He began to plead. "But, Lucia, he must know in a few weeks at most. I've let you persuade me too long already. We ought to have been brave and open in the first place, or else have gone up and made our confession immediately. What the deuce ever made me give in to your silly fears, I can't understand."

"You were glad enough to get me 'most anyway."

"I suppose that's it. But let me tell your father now. It would be so much better in case—anything were to happen to me."

"Oh, Marion, there's no danger, is there?"

"Probably not. But you, can't always be sure. You see, it would be better to have it over with if I should get—hurt."

"You won't, I'm sure you won't. Don't tell him yet, Marion, please don't, and oh, don't get killed! Do you think the black butterfly meant anything—do you?"

"Of course not. Lucia, I'm doing wrong to give in to you, I know it, and—but here comes Murray, he mustn't catch me here. Good-by, little girl, good-by. I wish you were braver. *Adios!*"

Taunton ran down the steps, and, keeping in the shadow of the buildings, strode off to the troop quarters. And the girl stood there in the darkness looking with wide eyes up at the sky, where gray, thick clouds drifted together and apart, showing patches of starry black heavens and covering them over as quickly. The cottonwoods rustled in the wind, and her hair blew about her face, all damp and clinging. She bent her fan until one of the sticks snapped, and started at the sound. She turned about and looked at the barracks where F Troop was making ready to depart—a portion of the troop, that is. Men ran by alone, or leading horses; orderlies galloped beneath the shadow of the trees. Shaking with cold she stood there, her heart seemed numb and still. From the open doors of the soldiers' quarters fell bars of light, and uniformed figures passed in and out, forward and backward. She saw Taunton run along and hurry to his house. In five minutes he was back again in scouting-clothes. All this the light from the barracks showed her. When he had started for his quarters, she had wavered for a second, almost determined to go to him and tell him she would do as he wished. But, as usual, it ended in indecision. It would be all right when he came back, it would be time enough then. She threw up her arm and brushed away a black flying thing, whose big, soft wings had touched her cheek.

The music had stopped, and begun again, and again stopped while she stood there. People had passed her by, going out, but they had not seen her in the shadow of the corner.

There came a sudden silence. The leaves of the trees stopped their whisperings, the wind died away in the night, the voices about ceased their murmuring, the rain-drops clung to the branches; and out from the silence came the word of command which all the garrison and the rigid woman were waiting to bear: "Prepare to mount. Mount."

A clasp of accoutrements, a tramping of boots, the wind blew fresh once more, the leaves rustled and shook down the drops, and the world went on.

The woman brushed her hair from her eyes, gathered up her skirts, and walked home alone.

It was a beautiful morning after the storm. Every one was on the porches watching guard-mounting with as much interest as if it had never been gone through before, deeply engrossed in the choosing of the commanding officer's orderly.

A second lieutenant sat upon the steps of Captain Rossini's quarters, beside the captain's fair daughter, who was smiling and talking in her old lively way. The second lieutenant reflected that she could not have been much in love with Taunton after all; she seemed in nowise depressed by his absence on an expedition which was not quite safe, at best. The second lieutenant gathered hopes, for there was a lingering fondness for the pretty creature in his own heart.

So they talked and laughed and watched guard-mounting in the sunshine of the cool summer morning. When it was over, and the adjutant, and officer of the day, and ex-officer of the day were going their ways, there came a sound of the hoofs of a galloping horse, and a courier from the agency drew up at the commandant's quarters, while the people on the porches craned their necks and strained their ears in a vain attempt to hear the mud-splashed man's message.

The Rossini's house was next to the commanding officer's. Lucia jumped up and ran down the courier.

"Lucia! come back here! What do you mean?" thundered the captain, indulging in some assorted oaths.

She wheeled about and faced him. "I am going to see what has happened to my husband," she said, deliberately, and did not wait to notice the look on his dark face. The second lieutenant leaned against the railing for support.

The courier's words were low; but Lucia heard the tidings of death as plainly as if he had shouted them aloud. She flushed—and then turned very pale. There came a queer thud in her heart and a whirl in her head, and all she saw was thousands upon thousands of black butterflies that flew around her. She laughed and put up her hands to seize them, bit at them, struck at them, shook her clenched fists at them, fighting off the dull things that only herself could see.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1896.

OLD FAVORITES.

Little Breeches.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong;
Pearl and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something, and started,
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset, dead heat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I just flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold,
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked and seen them buddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see:

"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.—John Hay.

The variations in value that some paintings undergo are notable. A Manet, the "Bar aux Folies Bergères," which the painter sold, ten years ago, for \$1,700, recently brought \$23,000 in Paris. On the other hand, the works of some English painters have gone off in value to a remarkable extent. "The Deserter," by Marcus Stone, which cost \$2,35 in 1867, recently brought only \$700; and a Landseer, "The Lion and the Lamb," has declined in value in three years from \$4,985 to \$950.

Professor John G. McKendrick recently played a phonographic joke on the Royal Society in Edinburgh. Into phonograph, which was working backward, he spoke the mysterious words, "Arrubinde fo Eetisrevenu." Then he turned the instrument in the proper direction, and it translated "University of Edinburgh."

AN AMERICAN QUEEN.

Maud Wilder Goodwin's Biography of Dolly Madison—Social Life in Philadelphia and at the White House—The Wife of the Fourth President.

In "Dolly Madison," the second volume of the series devoted to representative women of colonial and revolutionary times, Maud Wilder Goodwin weaves in with the biography of the most charming woman who ever presided over the White House an animated account of the social life of the epoch in which she lived. Her beauty and charm, together with the high position she occupied for so many years, brought her in touch with the notables of her day, and her history makes a centre for a glance at a period whose picturequeness is only now asserting itself. Mrs. Goodwin gives a very loving portrayal of Dolly Madison herself, the gracious personality which has made her name remembered standing out very winningly from the page. Her biographer says:

"She was not a great woman—not of that stern stuff which formed some of the heroines of revolutionary and colonial day; she was not even a woman given to profound or independent thought, or to sifting opinions or weighing arguments. Why should she, when some stronger mind was always at hand to form her opinions for her? . . . But she charmed every one with whom she came in contact, from the beginning to the end of her life. How did she do it? Assuredly not by conscious effort, or with premeditated intention. It was what she was, rather than what she did or said, which attracted all who came within the circle of her personal magnetism. Perhaps the best explanation of her attraction is offered by the remark of one of her nieces, who said lately: 'I always thought better of myself when I had been with Aunt Dolly.'"

Though her life became so full in later years and her position as a leader of society and a woman of the world so well assured, her education, like that of most girls in the eighteenth century, was largely confined to the arts of housewifery. "Reading, writing, and an uncertain quantity of arithmetic" were considered an ample equipment, we are told, Mrs. Goodwin adding:

"Her autograph letters show a smooth, flowing hand, almost too clear and self-committing, for, if the truth must be told, our Dolly might well have imitated the indistinct chirography of the youth who said he did not dare to write well, lest folk should find out how he spelled. To the end of her life she continued to violate the canons laid down by Noah Webster and Lindley Murray. Uncle she spelled with a 'k.' Her weather was 'propitious.' She corresponded with her dressmaker about new 'cloaths,' and she wrote tenderly of a friend who was suffering 'with a bile on her arm.'"

Let not the lip of the nineteenth-century college-bred woman curl in scorn over these little lapses, which must be set down to the charge of the age rather than of the individual. The standard of female education when Dolly Payne was a girl had at least the merit of being quite comprehensible and comparatively easy of attainment. Two questions only were to be answered: First, what would make her most sought as a wife? Second, what would make her the best help-meet, wife, and mother? From beginning to end, her intellectual development was regarded from the point of view of its pleasingness or usefulness to man.

The details are meagre of her childhood on a Virginia plantation, her girlhood in Philadelphia in her father's sober Quaker household, and of her married life with her first husband, John Todd, who left her a widow while she was still in her early bloom. It is only after her marriage with Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," that her history becomes important enough to have chroniclers. The first meeting between the pair was brought about by Aaron Burr, who was accustomed to boast in after years that the match was of his making. Madison's heart was at once taken captive by "the beautiful young widow, whose gown of mulberry satin, with tulle handkerchief folded over the bosom, set off to the best advantage the pearly whites and delicate rose tints of that complexion which constituted the chief beauty of Dolly Todd," and an engagement and marriage speedily followed.

Philadelphia was then the capital, and Dolly Madison found her natural sphere in the social gayeties into whose tide she plunged. The society of the time is touched upon as follows:

"Philadelphia society between 1794 and 1797 was brilliant in every sense. The streets were gay with equipages, of which the most imposing was the President's white coach with scarlet panels, drawn by white horses, and attended by outriders wearing the scarlet and white livery of the Washington family. The houses were gay with dinners, routs, and balls, but best of all, the hosts and guests were brilliant in themselves. The French Revolution had driven many titled foreigners of distinction over-seas, and all who came to the United States of course found their way to the capital, if only to see the great Washington, who was almost as much a hero in France as in his native land. In the spring of 1794, M. de Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun (Heaven save the mark!), came over and settled for a time in Philadelphia, at Oeller's Tavern on Chestnut Street. Shortly after the Madisons' return, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt also arrived, and began at once taking notes for his voluminous book on American peculiarities. Later, Louis Philippe, followed by his brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais, appeared in Philadelphia, where the Bourbon prince lodged humbly enough in a tiny room over a barber's shop. When he extended royal hospitality in this apartment, he was compelled to seat half his guests on the bed, but, with the happy grace of his nation, he remarked that he had himself occupied less comfortable places without the consolation of agreeable company. The royal exile, it is said, offered himself to one of the daughters of Mr. Bingham, but the parent, wiser than the father of Elizabeth Paterson, declined the doubtful honor, replying shrewdly: 'Should you ever be restored to your hereditary position, you will be too great a match for my daughter. Otherwise she is too great a match for you.'"

The spring of 1801 brought important changes. Jefferson became President, Madison Secretary of State, and, as Jefferson's wife had long been dead and his daughters were married and living at a distance, he invited Dolly Madison, the wife of his most intimate friend and chief Cabinet officer, to assist him in his official hospitalities and preside over the White House receptions and dinner-parties. Washington, now the capital, was not yet a real city, but "only a straggling line of fine buildings in the heart of a wilderness," and the White House is thus described:

"The White House stood on the spot where it stands to-day, but uninclosed, on a stretch of waste and barren ground, separated from the Capitol by a dreary and almost impassable marsh, while the Presidential mansion, unfinished as it was, and standing among the rough masses of stone and rubbish, looked more like a ruin than a rising dwelling.

The changes introduced by the new administration are described as sweeping ones:

Jeffersonian simplicity was the watchword of the day. The new President had discarded the state and ceremony which marked the public functions of the Washington administration. A tradition, discredited by Henry Adams, but dear to the popular heart, related how, in place of driving to the Capitol in a coach drawn by six horses and attended by outriders, he had mounted his horse and ridden, as any private individual might have done, to the spot where he was to take the oath of office. The story is at least in keeping with the simplicity at which he aimed. His dress was as unpretending as his equipage, and he asked no higher title than that of citizen.

His admirers threw up their hats and rejoiced that the reign of "Anglomany" was ended, and that there was to be a truly republican rule. His enemies, on the other hand, predicted the surrender of the country to the French influence. Voltaire and Thomas Paine were to be prophets, and Bonaparte the law-giver of the new administration. . . .

Long after the United States had shaken off the political yoke of Great Britain, English customs and traditions still swayed the newly emancipated nation. Washington, with all his greatness, was a transplanted Englishman. He quired Adams and his administration reflected Puritan England, distilled through Massachusetts; but Jefferson came into office swayed professionally by different ideas and ideals. He had witnessed the early enthusiasm of the French Revolution, and rejoiced in its success. He recalled the mutual good offices exchanged between France and America, and contrasted them with the hostile attitude of England. . . .

Among the observers of the rampant democracy of the new republican court, none was more bitterly resentful than Anthony Merry, the British minister. He wrote home in deep disgust of his reception on the occasion when he went by appointment to meet the President of the United States. He complained that he was kept waiting in the ante-room, and finally presented, in a most undignified manner, squeezed against the wall of a passage-way, in the middle of which he and Madison unexpectedly encountered the President. Merry himself was in the most correct of ambassadorial costumes, and, not unnaturally, was abashed to see Jefferson, his tall, shambling form clad in garments arranged with studied negligence, his shoes somewhat down at the heel and fastened with a shoe-string in place of bow or buckle, and his whole appearance indicative of utter indifference to the dignity of a British minister's visit. "I could not doubt," writes the irate Merry, "that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to me personally, perhaps, but to the sovereign I represented."

When Mr. and Mrs. Merry were invited to the White House to dine with other foreign ministers and Cabinet members and their wives, they had further cause for offense:

Mrs. Merry who, even more than her husband, had personal dignity at heart, looked forward, as a matter of course, to enjoying the precedence due to the most distinguished lady present; and great was her wrath when, at the announcement of dinner, Jefferson arose and offered his arm to Mrs. Madison, who, observing the other lady's discomfiture, strove in vain to motion him to take Mrs. Merry. He declined to accept the suggestion, and led the way to the dining-room with the wife of the Secretary of State, while Mrs. Merry fumed in the procession behind.

In spite of the social eminence Mrs. Madison now enjoyed, she was quite unspoiled. Mrs. Goodwin writes:

"She preserved her old simple manners and habits with only such changes as the new environments required. Her table continued to be set and served in the old homelike fashion. It was reported to her that the size and number of dishes at her table had been ridiculed by the wife of a foreign minister (it is not difficult to guess which), who had remarked that her dinner was more like a harvest-home supper than the entertainment of a Secretary of State. Mrs. Madison replied to the criticism, with her usual good nature and good sense, that the profusion of her table was the result of the prosperity of her country, and she must therefore continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance.

A member of Congress who shared the hospitalities of this bountiful table writes most appreciatively of its merits. "An excellent dinner," he records, after one of the feasts, and then proceeds to enumerate the dishes. "The round of beef with which the soup is made," he says, "is called 'bouilli.' It had in the dish spices, and something of the sweet herb and earlie kind, and a rich gravy. It is very much hotted, and is still very good. We had a dish with what appeared to be cabbage, much boiled, then cut in long strings and somewhat mashed; in the middle, a large ham, with the cabbage around it. It looked like our country dishes of hacon and cabbage, with the cabbage mashed up after being boiled till sodden and turned dark. The dessert good; much as usual, except two dishes, which appeared like apple-pie in the form of the half of a mush-melon, the flat side down, top creased deep, and the color a dark brown."

Some further account of these old-time White House dinners is given:

"These state dinners, after whatever fashion conducted, were formidable affairs, and a serious tax on both the strength and the purse of public men. The White House wagon was got out early in the morning to go to Georgetown to market, and the day's provisions often cost as much as fifty dollars. Even the President's salary was scarcely adequate to meet the expense of official entertaining, as Jefferson soon found, to the delight of his enemies. . . . State dinner-parties, heavily as they taxed time and money, were powerful political factors, however, and all the more so under the tactful sway of "Queen Dolly." The offer of her snuff-box was balm to wounded feelings, and her hearty laugh raised a breeze which blew away many a diplomatic awkwardness. It was customary to dine in the middle of the afternoon, and the company frequently sat at table throughout the whole evening, talking and drinking toast.

When, in 1809, James Madison succeeded his old friend Jefferson and became President in his turn, there are social changes to record:

It must be admitted that, under Mrs. Madison's influence, life at the White House lost something of its simplicity. Dress grew gayer, entertainments more elaborate, and when the President's wife took the air it was in a chariot drawn by four horses—a chariot built by Fielding, of Philadelphia, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars.

The city itself in appearance had not greatly changed from its early unfinished aspect, as the following paragraph shows:

"The foreigners still wrote of it as a spoiled wilderness, resembling nothing so much as Hampton Heath, and told tales of having started a covey of partridges within a hundred yards of the Capitol. The pavements of sidewalks still ended abruptly on the edge of sloughs through which the pedestrian must flounder above his shoe-tops, and the Abbe Correa's jesting title, given some years later, of 'The City of Magnificent Distances,' happily set forth the only claim to magnificence which the capital possessed.

Yet the society was steadily advancing in numbers, importance, and air of cosmopolitanism. Mrs. Madison was surrounded in these early days of her husband's administration by a group of men and women whose fame has survived for well-nigh a century, and the universal and sincere regard with which they regarded her would in itself constitute a strong claim for her own distinction.

James Monroe, the man who stood upon the stepping-stone to the Presidency, was of "the Virginia dynasty": of tall figure, dressed in the old style, with small-clothes, silk hose, knee-buckles, and pumps. His brow was somewhat retreating and unimpressive, but his eye so clear and straightforward that it justified Jefferson's remark that Monroe was so honest that if you turned his soul inside out there would not be a spot on it. . . . The South furnished its full share of conspicuous figures to Washington society. John Marshall towered above all. John Randolph was there with his high-pitched voice, his clean-shaven, "young-old" face, and sar-

castic mouth. Henry Clay, from Mrs. Madison's own Hanover County, once "The Mill-hoy of the Slashes," now high in the councils of state, retained all his old-time simplicity. His face was peculiar and striking, with sharp eyes twinkling under overhanging eyebrows, with long, straight hair, and deep lines drawn about the lips and nostrils. Calhoun, too, came in 1811 to take part in congressional affairs, and was one of the most noticeable figures, his great head loaded down with a weight of shaggy, ragged locks.

Washington Irving, then a literary man in quest of a diplomatic appointment, describes his impressions of the "blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room":

"Here I was most graciously received; found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand in glove with half the people in the assemblage.

"Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, huxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two Merry Wives of Windsor; but as to Jenny Madison—ah! poor Jenny!—he is but a withered little apple-John."

This slighting allusion to the President is matched by the view given of him during the panic of 1814, when all Washington was in a tremor over the approaching invasion by British troops. At this crisis, Madison proved a very timid and hesitating chief, and his conduct during the course of the battle which soon came is thus related:

Madison's unfitness for even the nominal position of commander-in-chief was painfully apparent throughout. One who was near him reports that he spent his time writing pencilled notes to his wife; and finally, about two o'clock, in the midst of the battle, he turned to his secretaries, saying: "Come, Armstrong, come, Monroe, let us go, and leave it to the commanding general!"

Much sport was afterward made of this retreat of the President and his Cabinet from the field of battle, and later from Washington. A New York paper said that should some Walter Scott in the next century arise and write a poem on the Battle of Bladensburg, he might fittingly conclude with the lines:

"Fly, Monroe, fly! Run, Armstrong, run!"
"Were the last words of Madison."

There are glimpses here and there of Dolly Madison which give a more homely view of her than that of the great lady, the following anecdote being one of the kind:

In many respects, the manners of those days were not those of our time—better, perhaps, in some directions, worse in others. It is told, for instance, of Mrs. Madison that, meeting Henry Clay at one of these receptions, she offered him her snuff-box, made of platinum and delicately tinted lava; and that when she herself had taken a pinch and applied it to her nostrils, she drew out a large bandana handkerchief, remarking that she kept that for "rough work," while the dainty wisp of lawn and lace, wherewith she afterward dusted the tip of her nose, was her "polisher."

When Madison's two terms were ended, and he and his wife retired, not without feelings of relief, to Montpelier, the hospitality they exercised continued unbounded and gave them little opportunity for a quiet and secluded life. "Yesterday we had ninety persons to dine with us at one table fixed on the lawn," writes Mrs. Madison to her sister in 1820, and there were few days that were not given up to the entertainment of guests. Some idea of the extent of Virginia hospitality may be derived from this description:

During the entire period of Madison's retirement, until within a few months of his death, when illness compelled seclusion, the gates of Montpelier were never closed to friend or stranger. Visitors of every kind, impelled by every variety of motive, claimed entrance here, and had their claim allowed. Distinguished foreigners, such as Lafayette, Harriet Martineau, and the Count D'Orsay, came to establish or renew an acquaintance, with the man whose fame as the "Father of the Constitution" had traveled over Europe. Staunch Democrats came from all parts of the United States to pay their respects to Jefferson's greatest disciple; and tourists to the Virginia Springs, whose road lay very near, were glad of the opportunity to satisfy their curiosity by a glimpse of the ex-President and his no less famous wife. In addition to these visitors must be reckoned the host of political friends and acquaintances making semi-annual pilgrimages to Washington, the army of relatives on either side of the family, and finally the neighbors who, in summer weather, drove over from their adjacent plantations to spend the day, arriving in the middle of the morning in order to give time for additional preparations for the midday dinner, and remaining till the coolness of the afternoon rendered the return drive pleasant. . . .

The mansion of Montpelier was admirably adapted to the hospitalities which it so bountifully offered. The rooms were large, with a certain air of nobleness, the furniture neither sparse nor huddled. Nothing seemed done for show, but everything for comfort. "You soon grew at your ease," says a visitor within its walls, "if at arriving you had been otherwise, for here was in its perfection that happiest part and surest test of good-breeding—the power of at once putting every one at ease."

Jefferson, on his neighboring estate of Monticello, was "literally eaten out of house and home by his guests," and his steward, Captain Bacon, makes plaint concerning this wholesale hospitality:

"They were there all times of the year; but about the middle of June, the travel would commence from the lower part of the State to the springs, and then there was a perfect throng of visitors. They traveled in their own carriages, and came in gangs, the whole family with carriage and riding-horses and servants, sometimes three or four such gangs at a time. We had thirty-six stalls for horses, and only used about ten of them for the stock we kept there. Very often all of the rest were full, and I had to send horses off to another place. I have often sent a wagon-load of hay up to the stable, and the next morning there would not be enough left to make a bird's nest. I have killed a fine beef and it would be all eaten in a day or two."

When, after her husband's death, Mrs. Madison once more in her old age made her home in Washington, she found many changes. An innovation which had made headway since her day was the bandshaking to which the nation's chief was obliged to submit, and the utterances of President Polk concerning this custom are worth quoting:

"If a man," he said, "surrender his arm to be shaken by one horizontally, by another perpendicularly, and by another with a strong grip, he can not fail to suffer severely from it; but if he will shake and not be shaken, grip and not be gripped, taking care always to squeeze the hand of his adversary as hard as the adversary squeezes his, he will suffer no inconvenience from it. Now," he added, "I can generally anticipate a strong grip from a strong man, and I then take advantage of him by being quicker than he and seizing him by the top of his fingers."

In these days the former queen of Washington society was known as the "venerable Mrs. Madison"; but even now she still held sway as a sort of queen-dowager, and as late as 1849, six months before her death, we see her at an official reception on the arm of President Polk. Thus ends the record of her social life, a long one, indeed:

She entered Washington official society on the arm of Jefferson, and left it on the arm of Polk, her life, meanwhile, public and semi-public, having spanned nearly half a century and covered the administrations of nine Presidents.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price \$1.25.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has just occurred to San Francisco that it might be well for her to get up a "carnival," as many smaller cities of the State have done. For a number of years the cities of Southern California have been giving successful "fiestas," "floral fêtes," and "carnivals." The Santa Barbara flower festival has become an established institution. San Diego and Los Angeles followed Santa Barbara, and now the carnival fever has broken out in central California. Healdsburg and San José were the two latest to enter the carnival rings. San José was more fortunate in point of weather than any of the southern cities, for the Santa Barbara carnival was ruined by a stinging wind and sand-storm, while the decorations of the Los Angeles fiesta were ruined by a heavy fall of rain. But the carnival at San José, which began Wednesday of last week and lasted until Saturday, was held under a brilliant sky unclouded by rain-clouds, and there was not more than wind enough to flout the banners which festooned the streets. Jupiter Pluvius was merciful—rain did not fall until Sunday night, the day after the carnival had ended.

San José deserves great credit for her carnival, for it was a success from first to last. She is aptly named the "Garden City," and her name was well borne out by the vast quantities of flowers with which the floats, traps, and various vehicles in the processions were decorated, and in the great banks of flowers which acted as a background to the proscenium at the pavilion. The streets of San José were filled during carnival time with crowds of pleasure-seekers, and it was a marvel to visitors from San Francisco where the large crowds came from in such a small city. "Stanford Day"—when the students from Palo Alto made up a fine programme of athletic sports—was a great success, closing with a concert by the Stanford University Glee Club. The week wound up on Saturday night with a fantastic parade through the streets, including an elaborate procession by the Chinese, in which the great fifty-foot dragon, which figures in one of their religious festivals, was drawn through the streets of San José, preceded by banners, mystic, ancient, golden, borne by scores of solemn Chinese, and escorted by musicians beating curious drums and playing upon cymbals of brass and Chinese flageolets. This bizarre, semi-barbaric, oriental procession was new to most people, and made a most unique feature of the carnival.

Such has been the success of this and other carnivals in California that it has caused a similar proposition to be discussed in San Francisco. The idea is an excellent one, but if any such affair take place in San Francisco, it should not be held during the summer months. If there are any disagreeable months in San Francisco, they are June, July, and August. On the other hand, the most delightful weather here is, as a rule, in the early autumn. If those contemplating a carnival in San Francisco would have it set for September, including the anniversary of the admission of California—the ninth of September—they would have a legal holiday for one of their days, good weather, large crowds, and probably the aid of the Native Sons. San Francisco in the early autumn has brilliant sunshine, no fogs, and the diurnal trade-winds are becoming fitful, leaving us, and getting ready to blow in the other half of the hemisphere, under the Southern Cross. Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, the ocean beach, and other natural attractions are then seen at their best. The weather at that autumnal time would be propitious for water festivities and displays of fireworks upon the bay—things which are almost impossible in June or July, owing to the damp weather and the fog. There are many other attractions which might be devised which will be suggested as the matter is discussed. If Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Healdsburg, and San José can get up such excellent carnivals, San Francisco with her large population and unequalled transportation facilities, many places of amusement, theatrical and other, ought to be able far to surpass them.

It is said on good authority that Los Angeles spent \$30,000 on her fiesta and took in \$300,000. When San Diego started its Cabrillo celebration some few years ago, the citizens raised \$3,000 by subscription and estimated that they took in \$100,000. If a carnival were held in San Francisco on a scale commensurate with the size of the city, fifty thousand visitors might be expected. It is not too much to say that they would spend—estimating their disbursements at the low rate of from \$10 to \$15 per visitor—nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars. We hope that the movement for a carnival will be carried to a successful issue, but we urge most strongly that it be held in the autumn instead of in the summer.

During the past week there has been held at San José a State convention of the county boards of supervisors. It is very gratifying to us to observe that most of the time of the convention was taken up in discussing the construction of county roads by prison labor. The *Argonaut* has always been in favor of keeping convicts at work. We believe that placing criminals in a prison where they have nothing to do, and keeping them in idleness at the expense of the tax-payers, is not only a wrong to the tax-payers, but a wrong to the convicts as well. They are infinitely better off, physically and mentally, if they are kept employed in the open air. Further than that, the construction and maintenance of roads in a country so sparsely settled as California can not be adequately accomplished with the money raised by taxes. Constructing and maintaining good roads, if not done by convict labor, will not be done at all. Every one who has traveled over the State knows that its roads are of the most primitive description, with the exception of those in one or two counties. San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties have good roads, and there are some good roads in the southern part of the State. But outside of a few

localities, the roads are hub-deep with dust in summer, and are mere morasses in winter.

Supervisor C. L. Taylor, of San Francisco, read a paper to the convention on the county roads of San Francisco. It may cause some surprise to San Franciscans to learn that work is being done by prisoners upon the roads of this county, but such is the case. The prisoners employed are those in the old House of Correction, now a branch county jail, but they are at work on county roads in the southern part of the county, which do not fall under the eye of the bulk of the tax-payers. There is no work done upon the streets proper, only upon the county roads. Supervisor Taylor said that prison labor was employed on these county roads at a great saving to tax-payers and a benefit, morally and physically, to the prisoners.

Mr. Manson, of the State Bureau of Highways, said that the State had recently acquired property on one of the forks of the American River, and that a bridge across this stream is much needed. He said that a bridge of steel or iron would cost a large sum; but that there was a quarry near by belonging to the State, and a magnificent stone bridge, spanning the American River, could be constructed entirely by prison labor. Such a bridge would stand for centuries. When it is considered that the river is there, that the quarry is there, and that the convicts are there, we agree entirely with Mr. Manson in thinking that it is inexpedient to construct it of iron or steel.

But there will be bitter opposition by the labor unions to the construction of this bridge. Although the bridge can not be built in any other way, although there is no money for constructing it of steel or iron, although it can be built only of rock dug out of the bowels of the Sierras, although it can be constructed only by prison labor or not at all, still its construction will be opposed by the labor unions. These purblind associations, rather than see the bridge constructed by prison labor, would prefer not to have a bridge there at all.

None the less, the sentiment in favor of setting convicts to work in California is growing from day to day. In the last legislature there were bills passed providing for crushing rock at Folsom prison, and for its sale to the counties for the purpose of constructing roads. Most of the supervisors at this convention were in favor of putting tramps to work at rock-breaking, road-building, etc., and almost all of them, with the exception of S. F. Ayer, of Santa Clara County, were in favor of prison labor upon the roads. Mr. Ayer says that in his opinion prison labor is not desirable, as it comes in conflict with free labor. But he must bear in mind that it is all the community can do to maintain the roads already constructed. As a matter of fact, there is a heavy tax imposed upon the industrious citizens of the State for repairing and maintaining roads. If the farmers and those who use the roads could be made to see that it would be better for them to have the work done by the idle convicts, who are now snoring away their lives in prisons, rather than by the hard-worked farmers, many of whom are forced to work out their own road tax through lack of money to pay it, there would be hope for better roads in California and more of them.

But, none the less, the State Convention of Supervisors shows that public opinion is changing. Perhaps in another year we may see the convicts of California breaking stone, constructing highways, and mending roads instead of spending their lazy lives in their cells sleeping, smoking opium, and worse.

The trial trip of the *Oregon* is another triumph for California ship-builders. She made an average of 16.79 knots, the record of the world for ships of that class. Wonderful time was recorded during some portions of the sixty-mile course, the ship at one time running as fast as 17.34 knots. The record of the sister hattle-ships of the *Oregon* was badly distanced. The *Indiana's* maximum was 16.34, the *Massachusetts's* maximum 17.03, and the *Oregon's* maximum 17.34. The builders will get a bonus of \$175,000 for the speed attained. This shows, what no one has apparently doubted except the *Examiner*, that as good work can be done on the Pacific Coast as anywhere else in the world. At the grand naval review at Kiel, an American ship from the Union Iron Works was the crack ship of the American squadron and one of the crack ships of the entire fleet. The victory of the *Oregon* is a victory not only for the Union Iron Works, but for the Pacific Coast as well. That ship-building plant is one of the great institutions of the Pacific Coast. Although it has had to struggle against all sorts of adverse conditions—high price for labor, high price for coal, and long-continued and bitterly contested labor strikes—it has succeeded, none the less, in doing some of the finest work in the world. Great praise is due to Irving M. Scott and Henry T. Scott, the men who manage this vast enterprise.

A New York bicyclist who toured in Europe last summer says: "Three dollars a day should be sufficient to cover all contingencies. At one of the principal hotels in Rouen I paid only \$2.20 a day, viz.: breakfast, 30 cents; lunch, or whatever name should apply to their mid-day meal, 50 cents; dinner, 70 cents; room, 60 cents; service, 10 cents. The 80 cents required to reach the \$3.00 standard would more than suffice to purchase a better grade of wine than is served *gratis* at the dinner, and such small fees as are customary. Charges in towns and villages were materially less. A record-breaker in point of cheapness was a charge for two persons of \$2.20 for dinner, lodgings (two rooms), breakfast, and transportation to the railroad station—about two and one-half miles—in a public bus, our two wheels being conveyed in a baggage-wagon."

By a new law in Paris, each owner of a bicycle is required to have his name and address soldered on his wheel. Fifty bicycles were impounded in one day recently for violation of this rule.

ANOTHER FRENCH DUEL.

A Prince Challenges a Playwright for Putting him in a Play—The Bloodless Duel between Abel Hermant and the Prince de Sagan.

There has long been in Paris a tendency toward what are called *romans à clef*. Probably the most famous instance of that kind is the one in which Alphonse Daudet pilloried his benefactor, the Duke de Morny, under the title of "The Duke de Mora." Inasmuch as De Morny had taken Daudet out of the gutter, it has always been looked upon as gross ingratitude—a case of biting the hand that fed you. But to Daudet all was fish that came to his net. He made Gambetta the hero of his novel, "Numa Roumestan," and a most ignoble hero he made him. So with Sardou when he produced his play "Rabagas"—every one recognized Gambetta in the title-role. When Alexandre Dumas wrote "Le Père Prodiges," he had his own father in mind. In Daudet's novel, "The Nabob," the title-role is sketched after a parvenu named Bravais. Dr. Jenkins is a gross caricature of the late Sir Joseph Oliffe, physician to Napoleon the Third and father of Lady Lascelles, wife of the British ambassador at Berlin.

Paris is always interested in the appearance of a new *roman à clef*. Not only the romance writers, but the playwrights have taken to that sort of thing. There has lately been produced at the Renaissance Theatre a play called "La Meute," or "The Pack," by M. Abel Hermant. M. Hermant has already had some trouble over his publications, notably a book describing military life in barracks which he published in 1887. A cavalry colonel at Rouen had the book burned on a dung-heap before his regiment; a Lieutenant Pousset, of the Nineteenth Chasseurs, sent his seconds to Hermant. A duel resulted, Pousset being wounded in the fore-arm and Hermant in the hand.

The play by Hermant is not a pleasant one. The scene is laid in the house of M. Rennequin. The Vicomte de Lanspessade is visiting there. He violates the hospitality of his host, robs him of his money, and robs him of his honor as well, as he debauches his sister. Lanspessade seduces her as a mere child, and when he finds it advisable to marry an American girl with a fortune, she becomes extremely angry, and warns her brother of Lanspessade's shortcomings, some of them pecuniary ones. As a result, Lanspessade goes to prison. In the play, there is a Marquis de Bonnacourt, who is represented as being a shady nobleman in need of money and using his club friends to embark in various industrial schemes.

The character is an odious one, and yet there were many touches in it which made the audience at once recognize the Prince de Sagan as the original of the Marquis de Bonnacourt. Among other things in the play, the Marquis de Bonnacourt appears at his son's house with his wife, from whom he is separated, but they do not hesitate to resume the appearance of living together whenever circumstances demand it. The Prince and Princess de Sagan, although separated for years, live together at times. The prince is sixty-four, the son of the first marriage of the Duc de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince of Valençay and of Sagan; his mother was the last descendant of the historic House of Montmorency. The present prince married Jeanne Marguerite, daughter of Baron Sellière. The baron was a man of great wealth, but not of good family or good standing. The marriage was unhappy, and finally the Princess de Sagan separated from her husband, settling on him a large life pension, for he has no personal fortune.

The prince is president of the Rue Royale Club, one of the swell clubs of Paris, and lives there in magnificent style. He is a handsome old man, with snow-white eyebrows and mustache and snow-white curly hair. He dresses most elegantly, and is a regular attendant at *premieres*. In fact, he was present at the first night of M. Abel Hermant's play, "The Pack." There are other life-studies in the play beside the Prince de Sagan. Claude Rennequin, the rich gamester surrounded by noble sharpers, is intended for Max Lebaudy, and when Renocoequin sends Lanspessade to jail, that simply means the misfortune of the Comte de Talleyrand-Perigord, son of the Prince and Princess de Sagan, who was denounced to the police by Lebaudy for negotiating notes with Lebaudy's forged signature. In the play there figures a manicure who arranges the marriage of an American girl. This represents a famous dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix, who arranged the marriage of the daughter of a New York millionaire with the young scion of an old French family.

It is needless to state that the Prince de Sagan considered that he had been insulted by Hermant, and sent his seconds, General Friant and Comte Albert de Dion. The latter is the divorced husband of Mlle. Marsy, who was the mistress of Max Lebaudy and tried to save him from the human wolves about him. The duelists met last Monday at the St. Ouen race-track. At ten o'clock Monday morning, when the Prince de Sagan came out of the Rue Royale Club, a long line of hackney cabs stood behind his carriage. They were occupied by reporters. When he set out for the race-track, the procession of reporters followed him, much to the astonishment of the *badouins* along the street. When they reached the race-track, after a little parley all the reporters were admitted save one. This individual had attempted to climb over the fence without permission, and was ignominiously ejected. Dueling pistols were used, and the distance was twenty metres, or about twenty yards. The principals had their hats drawn over their eyes and their coat-collars turned up, in order to cover their white collars and shirt-fronts. They were photographed thus, and then the pistols were handed to the combatants. They fired almost together, but neither was hit. The principals withdrew without shaking hands. Larger crowds than ever now go to Hermant's play, and the prince is a hero in the *hodoirs* of *ces dames*.

ST. MARTIN.
PARIS, April 17, 1896.

SPRING-TIDE IN GOTHAM.

The Coaching Parade—The "Bicycle Tea" at Claremont—Amusements of the New York Four Hundred with the Advent of Spring, Gentle Spring.

Although the warm weather of a few weeks ago has been followed by a cold wave, still the almanac warns us that spring has come, and with it come coaching parades and "bicycle teas." The "bicycle teas" are new. The coaching parades are old. The parade of the New York Coaching Club of yesterday was the twentieth annual meet.

Colonel Jay has been tooling coaches for thirty years, and he led the procession yesterday, just as he did twenty years ago. But much to the disgust and dismay of the amateur whips, a number of gray-coated policemen on horseback accompanied the parade. It was entirely unexpected, and the coachmen did not seem to know whether to be pleased or not. It was a slight reflection on their ability as whips, but, at the same time, it has occurred more than once in the coaching parades that the amateur whips needed assistance. However it may have seemed to the members of the coaching club, it was evident that the park commissioners were determined to have no accidents, and hence the appearance of the mounted police.

Some years ago, the Coaching Club parade used to start at the Brunswick. It is a sign of the upward drift of New York that it should have started this year from Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street, some thirty-five blocks further uptown. The meet was at the Metropolitan Club corner, the coaches drawing up at Fifth Avenue facing Sixtieth Street. The whips and their coach-loads all met at luncheon in the Metropolitan Club at two o'clock. Most of them came to the meet in cabs, and while they were at luncheon the drags took their places in line. At ten minutes after three, Colonel Jay gathered up his reins and started the parade. There were eight coaches in line. The first was that of Colonel William Jay, and on his coach were Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Richard Henderson, Miss Eleanor Robinson, Charles A. Munn, and Gould Hoyt. The next was Charles F. Havemeyer's coach, and his passengers were Theodore A. Havemeyer, Mrs. C. F. Havemeyer, Miss Katherine Duer, Richard Peters, and the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Austrian Legation. The third was that of Ogden Mills, whose guests were Mrs. Baylies, Miss Anna Sands, Miss Blight, Hamilton Astor Cary, and Romaine Baldwin. The next coach was that of Frank K. Sturgis, and seated on his coach were Mrs. F. K. Sturgis, Miss Davis, Miss Nelson, Philip Lydis, and Theodore Frelinghuysen. Following this came the coach of Prescott Lawrence, with Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Miss Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Fearing, and Woodbury Kane. The next coach was that of Colonel Edward de V. Morrell, whose guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. P. McKean, Miss Sturgis, Miss Struthers, and Edward Scott. Following came Nelson Brown's coach, upon which were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, William Struthers, Charles E. Etting, and W. Lyman Biddle. The last in the line was the coach of Reginald W. Rives, his coach-load including Mrs. R. W. Rives, Miss Mabel Drake, Barclay Rives, and H. F. Eldridge. Probably the two best whips were Colonel Jay at the head and Reginald W. Rives at the end of the line. Reginald Rives is known throughout the United States as a whip of renown, and has been called upon to officiate as judge at many horse shows, yet he, too, was obliged to submit to the indignity of a mounted policeman riding at his leaders' heads. The number of coaches—eight—is not a very large one, considering the wealth and population of New York city. Even of these eight, two were not New York coaches—Mr. Edward Morrell and Mr. Nelson Brown both hail from Philadelphia. They were "sporty" enough to bring their horses over to New York to take part in the parade.

The day was not a pleasant one. There was a cold east wind blowing, and the sky was overcast. None the less, the ladies all wore handsome spring costumes, and some of the men had no top-coats. They must have regretted their lack of protection against the east wind before they got back. The route taken was through the park to West Seventy-Second Street, to the Riverside Drive, to Grant's Tomb, and back again, after the usual custom of passing and saluting Colonel Jay, the president of the club. All the whips wore the uniform of the Coaching Club—hottle-green coats with gold buttons, and canary and black striped waistcoats, tall hats, and gray trousers. T. A. Havemeyer, who was seated on his son's coach, also wore the uniform. All the other men wore orthodox afternoon attire—light frock-coats and silk hats. The women wore dresses of light colors and flower-garden hats. Mrs. Jay wore a black and gold foulard, and Mrs. Rives was in dark green. But all the other women wore the brightest of spring dresses. Mrs. Jay had a handsome costume of jardinière silk, with a large black hat and ostrich plumes. Mrs. Robert Henderson was in white silk, brocaded with red roses and trimmed with hands of black velvet, and a flower hat. Miss Eleanor Robinson wore violet silk and a large hat trimmed with violets. Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer wore pearl-gray *peau de soie*, with a small white toque. Mrs. E. L. Baylies wore a handsome gown of pigeon's-breast silk, made with a sash of pale-green velvet and stock of the same shade, and a picture hat of yellow straw trimmed with pink roses. Mrs. F. K. Sturgis wore a gown of steel-blue silk dotted with black tufts, and a small toque to correspond. Mrs. Prescott Lawrence appeared in Prussian blue frieze, with black hat, and yellow flowers at the corsage. Miss Kitty Garrison was in blue and white foulard, with black picture hat. When the party assembled at the Metropolitan Club, an elaborate breakfast was served, and the festivities of the day concluded with a dinner at the Waldorf Hotel, served in the hall-room at an oval table, in the centre of which, on a mound of wild azaleas, rested a floral coach.

A feature of the coaching parade was its passage through

the grounds at Claremont, where a "hicycle tea" was being held. The affair was an informal one, although there was not much bicycling about it. There were more ladies in landaus and victorias than there were riders of the wheel. The tea was a charity one, given for the benefit of a colony of unruly boys up among the Berkshire Hills. The tea was gotten up by a committee consisting of Mrs. George Bird, Mrs. Edgar Newbold, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mrs. Charles E. Perlew, and Mrs. Trenor L. Park. Tickets were placed at two dollars, and the refreshments were sold at pretty high prices. The net receipts went to the boys' reformatory at Burnham Farm, Massachusetts.

About the only bicycling feature about this "bicycle tea" was the fact that the handsome young men acting as ushers wore handsome bicycle suits. The young women who presided over the booths did not appear in bicycle costumes, but they wore their spring gowns and looked, perhaps, better than if they had. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., and Mrs. Herbert Harriman sold flowers. Mrs. Trenor L. Park brewed tea and Miss Lulu Webb and Miss Melza Wood served it. Miss Polly Brewster, Mrs. Frank Edey, and Miss Lucy Gurnee sold candy. At a little before four o'clock the coaching parade arrived, with Colonel Jay at the head of it. Much to the disappointment of the "bicycle tea," the coaches did not stop, but drove slowly through the grounds and away. There is no doubt that the "hicycle tea" was a success, although it would have been more successful had the weather been finer. The cold day and the overcast sky, with the suggestion of rain, and the raw, damp atmosphere, had a tendency to detract from it. There was not much bicycling flavor to it, with the exception of the ushers' costumes. But, none the less, most of the people there were ardent devotees of the wheel, and the reason that they did not come on their wheels is because bicycling disarranges toilets. Most of the young men who appeared in their bicycling rigs looked as if they had just stepped out of bandboxes. If they had ridden out on their wheels, their faces would have been flushed, their golf stockings slipping down over their boxcloth contortions, and their mustaches would have been out of curl.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1896.

FLANEUR.

C. J. Bailey, of Parkersburg, is a traveling salesman. A couple of months ago (according to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*), he made a trip through the oil-fields, and while at Sistersville, got in with a crowd of oil men, with the result that the next day he had a big head, a very poor recollection of what had happened, and was \$300 short, according to his memorandum-hook. He wisely decided that the less publicity he gave his loss, the better. Last week, he was traveling to Wheeling on the Ohio River Railroad, when a stranger approached him with: "You are C. J. Bailey, I believe." "Yes," replied Bailey. "Well, you will find \$7,500 to your credit in the Commercial Bank at Wheeling," replied the stranger; "I put it there day before yesterday, and was about to advertise for you." Bunko was the first thought of Bailey, but, as the stranger did not ask for any show of money and talked all right, Bailey asked for an explanation. It turned out that the stranger was one of the men with whom Bailey had been out in Sistersville, and that he was also the secretary and treasurer of an oil company. Bailey, while irresponsible, had put \$300 into the company's capital stock, on the advice of one of his friends, and in the meantime, the well had been drilled, coming in a gusher at 3,000 barrels a day, making for the company a net income of about \$3,500 a day, one-tenth of which belonged to Bailey on his \$300 investment. The well is a good producer, and the company holds large leases, on which several more good wells may be drilled.

A Chicago man has carved out a novel business position for himself. He went to one of the largest paint-shops in the city and made a contract with them to receive a certain percentage on sales on the contingency that he increased their business to a certain extent within six months. He also made similar contracts with a big hardware house and with other firms that deal in building supplies. Then he ordered from the leading clipping bureaus all references in country papers to improvements to be made in farm structures, and to each intending builder he sent circular letters from his clients. If Bill Brown, of Podunk, was thinking of painting his barn, he was surprised to receive a letter from a great Chicago firm, stating that, "having heard that you are contemplating extensive improvements in your well-known farm, we take the liberty of suggesting that we are now handling a line of paints"—and so on. And so with the hardware and the other firms. The farmers were flattered, the articles advertised, and the inventor of this scheme is now enjoying a comfortable income.

William Waldorf recently "got back at" some of his ill-natured critics rather neatly. He has borne the flagellations of censorious penny-a-liners for many a long day, without vouchsafing a word in reply; but in a recent note accompanying a subscription of one thousand dollars toward the erection in New York city of a statue to William the Silent, he said: "The faculty of self-restraint under cowardly and brutal misrepresentation and abuse such as William the Silent endured life-long, without a word, deserves a place among the heroic virtues."

Quinine is sold by Italian druggists at from fifty to one hundred dollars a pound, while the government gets it for the army at five dollars a pound. Now it is proposed to make the sale of the drug a government monopoly, gramme doses, in sealed tubes to prevent adulteration, being sold for three or four cents each.

It is at last announced that Jean de Reszké is to marry the Countess of Goulaine, formerly the wife of M. Maillay-Nesle. The lady was civilly divorced in Poland, but the Pope ratified the divorce only last month.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Parkhurst has become a bicycle enthusiast, and rides in a picturesque plum-colored costume.

Mark Twain limits himself to three hundred cigars a month, and generally consumes about three thousand in a year.

The monument of the late Sir Richard Burton is a great tent hewn out of marble, under which his body rests in a steel casket. Lady Burton's casket is beside it, and one other is yet to be put under the tent—that of the erratic couple's most faithful "servant and friend," as Lady Burton called her.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), although he is nearly eighty years old, has just returned to his home in Boston, after a trip around the world in search of material for stories. He has written more books for boys than any other living man. Mr. Adams is the father-in-law of Sol Smith Russell.

Mme. Calvé has been taking bicycle lessons, but not with any great degree of success, for, to avoid the publicity of the schools, she insisted on learning to ride in her rooms in hotels. In Chicago they used to let her take her lessons in the corridors, but in New York she had to confine her exercises to her private suite.

Sir John Millais, the president of the Royal Academy, is suffering from cancer of the throat, and his condition is pronounced hopeless. He was unable to make the usual speech after his election, and the annual dinner of the Royal Academy was abandoned this year for the same reason. The physicians do not give him more than a year more of life.

George Mason Lee, the nineteen-year-old son of General Fitzhugh Lee, the Confederate cavalry commander, who is to enter West Point in June, will be the first representative of the family in the Federal army for thirty-four years. For more than one hundred and fifty years the Lees had occupied prominent places in the military history of the colony of Virginia or the United States Government.

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, has started on his annual European trip, and people are wondering what new study he will take up this time. When he visited Russia some years ago, he became interested in the Russian language and customs, and since then he has devoted nearly two hours daily to the study of Russian. Mr. Dana reads about twelve languages, and speaks several of them fluently.

When the late Shah of Persia was in Paris in 1889, he visited the Wild West Show and there met the famous Indian chief, Red Shirt. The latter was in his tent and was presented to the Persian monarch. To the Shah's astonishment, Red Shirt held out his hand as though to an equal. The Shah hesitated, but when the interpreter whispered, "He is a king," he took the Indian's hand and shook it. He was evidently immensely amused and interested by the dignified old warrior, with his feathers and primitive surroundings.

William McKinley and Mark Hanna, his political manager, first met in an Ohio court early in the '70's, when McKinley acquitted twenty-two out of twenty-three miners whom Hanna was prosecuting for having set fire to his mines at Massillon. It was by these mines that Mr. Hanna laid the foundations of his fortune, and he now possesses iron mines in Minnesota, in Michigan, in the Great Gogehic region, and in Illinois. The nearest Mr. Hanna has ever come to holding a political office was his selection by Grover Cleveland as a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Hanna transacts his political affairs in the same offices in which he attends to his ordinary business.

The late Shah of Persia had three sons and thirteen daughters. The latter are all married, and their husbands are the only noblemen in Persia who can have but one wife each. The eldest son, who was debarred from succession through Russian influence on the ground that he was born from a woman of humble birth, is immensely wealthy, and may make a strong fight for the throne. The second son and present Shah, Muzaffer Ed Deen Mirza, is devoted to Russian interests, but he has not the money to sustain a long fight for the throne. The third son is a dark horse. For many years he was trusted by his father with the positions of minister of war, of commander-in-chief of the army, and of governor-general of several of the northern provinces, from all of which he derived immense wealth. He is a man of considerable ability and cleverness, and his chief fault is indolence. The person who possesses most influence over him is a strapping young Viennese girl, the wife of his Austrian head-gardener.

The late Colonel North, the "Nitrate King," was one of the type whom Du Maurier caricatured as "Sir Giorgias Midas." He went out to Chile many years ago with a capital of twenty-five pounds sterling, and, through developing the nitrate-heds and promoting railways, made a fortune of one hundred millions of dollars. He had great social ambition, but his vulgarity and his inability to place his *h's* where they belonged counterbalanced his great wealth in the eyes of society. The Prince of Wales had him down at Sandringham, the home *par excellence* of the princess and her daughters, on only one occasion. W. W. Astor and J. Robinson, one of the South African millionaires, were also in the party. It so happened that the princess was not then at home, and, by another notable coincidence, the annual sale of horses raised on the Sandringham stud-farm took place at the same time. The guests purchased liberally, giving sometimes more than five times the value of the nags. Colonel North's greatest social success was obtained through the dissipated King Leopold of Belgium, to whom he lent enormous sums.

LITERARY NOTES.

Death of H. C. Bunner.

Henry Cuyler Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, died at his residence in Nutley, N. J., last Monday, of consumption. The disease was the sequel of an attack of grip which prostrated him two years ago; though he seemed to have recovered, he worked so hard that the insidious disease asserted itself, and last winter his physicians ordered him to Southern California. The trip did Mr. Bunner little good, however, and his death followed his return home in a few weeks.

Mr. Bunner was born in Oswego, N. Y., in 1855, and as a young man was connected with the New York papers as a reporter. But in 1877, when *Puck* became an English publication, Mr. Bunner was its assistant editor, and he soon rose to the first position. He has since directed its editorial policy and contributed poems and short stories—notably the "Short Sixes"—to its pages, and has also been a frequent contributor to the magazines. Among his best known books are "A Woman in Honor," "Airs from Arcady," "The Midge," "The Story of a New York House," "Short Sixes," and "Rowen."

"The Red Badge of Hysteria."

A revolt against the chorus of adulation that is being sung to Stephen Crane is sounded by Colonel A. C. McClurg in a communication which he contributes to the *Chicago Dial*. He heads his letter "The Red Badge of Hysteria," and he strenuously objects to Mr. Crane's book as "a vicious satire upon American soldiers and American armies," and for its "entire lack of any literary quality." On both of these points Colonel McClurg is qualified to speak; he is, we believe, a veteran of the Civil War, and he has long been known as one of the most scholarly and cultured publishers in the West.

Colonel McClurg is in error in supposing that the book was printed in England first and was reprinted in America after its English success. It was first printed by D. Appleton & Co., early in October, 1895, but its appearance made little stir in the literary world until, three or four months later, the English papers began to notice it. One after another, they poured forth columns of praise, and it became the book of the day across the water. Then the American critics began to think they had made a mistake, and looked the book over again. But they seem to have found nothing new in it, and therefore contented themselves with simply recording the phenomena of its surprising success in England.

The book was noticed in the *Argonaut* of November 18, 1895, before it had been "discovered" by the English reviewers, and we find no reason to modify the views we then expressed; we said:

"The book reminds one of Tolstoy in its realism and in its minute analysis of undeveloped natures under stress of strong emotion. It would be improved by compression into much shorter space; one tires of the successive glimpses of so large a field. But it portrays vividly an extended engagement as a private in the ranks sees it, and, considering that Mr. Crane has imagined it all, it is a remarkable piece of work. Whether or not his descriptions of the sights and sounds of war paint the real thing, we leave it for veterans to determine."

Colonel McClurg is one of the veterans to whom we deferred judgment on the book's technical qualities, and his judgment is adverse. After making copious quotations from *Blackwood's* to show the spiteful and derisive attitude of the English people toward the soldiers of the American Civil War, he gives us to understand that English readers like Mr. Crane's story because it presents just such a type as they conceive the American soldier to be. Colonel McClurg's impressions of the story are as follows:

"The hero of the book (if such he can be called—the youth, the author styles him) is an ignorant and stupid country lad, who, without a spark of patriotic feeling, or even of soldierly ambition, has enlisted in the army from no definite motive that the reader can discover, unless it be because other boys are doing so; and the whole book, in which there is absolutely no story, is occupied with giving what are supposed to be his emotions and his actions in the first two days of battle. His poor weak intellect, if indeed he has any, seems to be at once and entirely overthrown by the din and movement of the field, and he acts throughout like a madman. Under the influence of mere excitement, for he does not even appear to be frightened, he first rushes madly to the rear in a crazy panic, and afterward plunges forward to the rescue of the colors under exactly the same influences. In neither case has reason or any intelligent motive any influence on his action. He is throughout an idiot or a maniac, and betrays no trace of the reasoning being. No thrill of patriotic devotion to cause or country ever moves his breast, and not even an emotion of manly courage. Even a wound which he finally gets comes from a comrade who strikes him on the head with his musket to get rid of him; and this is the only 'Red Badge of Courage' (!) which we discover in the book. A number of other characters come in to fill out the two hundred and thirty-three pages of the book—such as 'the loud soldier,' 'the tall soldier,' 'the tattered soldier,' etc., but not one of them betrays any more sense, self-possession, or courage than does 'the youth.' On the field, all is chaos and confusion. 'The young lieutenant,' 'the mounted officer,' even 'the general,' are all utterly demoralized beings, raving and talking alike in an unintelligible and hitherto unheard-of jargon, rushing about in a very delirium of madness. No intelligent orders are given; no intelligent movements are made. There is no evidence of drill, none of discipline. There is a constant, senseless, and profane babbling going on, such as one could hear nowhere but in a mad-house. Nowhere can we see the quiet, manly, self-respecting, and patriotic men, influenced by the highest sense of duty, who in reality fought our battles.

"It can be said most confidently that no soldier who

fought in our recent war ever saw any approach to the battle scenes in this book—but what wonder? We are told that it is the work of a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and so, of course, must be a mere work of diseased imagination. And yet it constantly strains after so-called realism. The result is a mere riot of words."

Colonel McClurg then proceeds to quote samples of its diction to show its "forced and distorted use of adjectives," its "absurd similes," and its errors in grammar, and concludes his letter in these words:

"It is extraordinary that even a prejudiced animus could have led English writers to lavish extravagant praise on such a book; it is still more extraordinary that an attempt should be made to foist it upon the long-suffering American public, and to push it into popularity here. Respect for our own people should have prevented its issue in this country."

There may have been a moderate number of men in our service who felt and acted in haste like those in this book; but of such deserters were made. They did not stay when they could get away; why should they? The army was no healthy place for them, and they had no reason to stay; there was no moral motive. After they had deserted, however, they remained 'loud soldiers,' energetic, and blatant—and they are possibly now enjoying good pensions. It must have been some of these fellows who got the ear of Mr. Crane and told him how they felt and acted in battle."

A Follower of Sherlock Holmes.

Martin Hewitt, whose experiences make up "The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," by Arthur Morrison, is a pretty faithful reproduction of Sherlock Holmes. Like the latter, he has dropped into his niche through natural fitness, and in these stories of crimes ferreted out and evil-doers punished, his methods are modeled as far as may be on those of his illustrious progenitor. A hent nail reveals to him a whole chain of evidence, and he knows at a glance that the unknown villain who has committed a mysterious crime is a left-handed gypsy, with a piece gone out of the sole of his right shoe. A whole volume of such stories is monotonous, and Mr. Morrison weaves his web in each case and unwinds it in the same methodically precise manner. He does, however, succeed in baffling the scent until the moment he is pleased that it be regained, and that is the main point in out-and-out detective stories like these.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Weir of Hermiston," R. L. Stevenson's unfinished romance, will be published on the twentieth of this month. Mrs. Strong, Mr. Stevenson's stepdaughter and amanuensis, to whom he outlined the plot of the story, has furnished an editorial note of some twenty pages, which is said to make a most satisfactory ending to what the author considered his best work.

"The Verbalist," that useful little manual by Alfred Ayres on the use of words, has been entirely rewritten, and, notably enlarged, has recently been published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Olphant's book on Joan of Arc in the Heroes of the Nation Series is nearly ready.

The Paris Society of Wood Engravers has founded a new review, *L'Image*, the object of which is "to defend praiseworthy illustrations and beautiful editions against process work, and to show the superiority of artistic over mechanical methods."

Writing of authors and reviewers, Andrew Lang makes this naive confession:

"Once I wrote an essay for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and later found an error of fact in it. I reviewed the volume of the 'Encyclopædia,' and I pitched into Mr. Lang for airing his habitual inaccuracy in these solemn pages. I could not do less, as not many people would find out an error as to the number of Molière's house in a certain street. But the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was vexed with me."

At the same time that Augustine Birrell brings the first volume of his new edition of Boswell from the press, Dr. Birkbeck Hill publishes two new volumes of "Johnsoniana."

Lafcadio Hearn is a native of Smyrna; his father was an Englishman and his mother a Greek. His early manhood was spent in America, and now he is a Japanese of the Japanese. He has a Japanese wife, and is proud of the son born of this marriage; he has a Japanese house in Kobe, where he now lives, and he has taken a Japanese name, "Y. Kojumi."

Miss F. F. Mootrézor, whose "Into the Highways and Hedges" was so much admired, has written a new novel, "False Coin or True?" which is published by the Appletons.

Harold Frederic's vogue in England has been strengthened by his latest novel, called "Illumination," in the London edition and published here as "The Damnation of Theron Ware." This novel's tales have dealt uniformly with American life, but they have not made their way with American readers. In England, they are much admired.

The American edition of the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo will be in two volumes, the first containing (1) Hugo's letters to his father while studying in Paris; (2) a charming group written to his young wife; (3) an interesting series to his confessor, Lamennais; (4) letters about some of his volumes, "Heraclitus," "Le Roi s'amuse," etc.; (5) to his little daughter Leo-

poldine; and (6) a very interesting series to Sainte-Beuve, who was in love with Mme. Hugo. The second will include his letters in exile to Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Lamartine, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest. The correspondence is arranged by M. Paul Menrice, the executor of Victor Hugo.

Enile Zola is credited with the intention of writing a book on Venice.

It has been often remarked that few noted American authors are university men, and yet one is surprised by the fact that such stylists as the late Mr. Curtis, Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, Henry James, and Bret Harte were not graduated from any college. Some of them, indeed, had no academic training whatever.

"Green Gates," the second story by "Johanna Staats" (Mrs. K. M. C. Meredith), is published by D. Appleton & Co.

Edmund Gosse, as chairman at a recent Browning lecture, speaking with the authority of long personal friendship, warned his hearers against thinking of Robert Browning as a sort of Veiled Prophet. He said:

"What I saw was an unostentatious, keen, active man of the world, one who never failed to give good practical advice in matters of business and conduct; one who loved his friends, but certainly hated his enemies; a man alive in every eager, passionate nerve of him; a man who loved to discuss people and affairs, and a bit of a gossip, a bit of a partisan, too, and not without his humorous prejudices. He was simple to a high degree, simple in his scrupulous dress, his loud, happy voice, his insatiable curiosity."

The English publisher of a book entitled "Twelve Bad Men" now announces a companion volume detailing the lives of "Twelve Bad Women," written by an anonymous writer.

The Bishop of Peterborough has written a life of Queen Elizabeth, of which much is expected by English scholars. The work will gain in importance through a number of reproductions after valuable portraits and other pictures in the possession of the queen and several English noblemen, pictures which have hitherto been little known, if known at all.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chapin Holland, the widow of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, died at her daughter's home in Orange, N. J., on April 25th. Mrs. Holland was born seventy-three years ago, and was married to Dr. Holland in 1845.

The title of James Lane Allen's "Butterflies: A Tale of Nature," which ran through the *Cosmopolitan*, has been changed for publication in book-form to "Summer in Arcady." Mr. Allen has written a preface in which he gives his reasons for certain touches which, without explanation, might seem a little strange.

R. S. Hichens, the author of "The Green Carnation" and "An Imaginative Man," has written a third book. It is entitled "The Folly of Eustace," and the Appletons publish it.

The latest surprise in collaboration is a story written in English by M. Daudet and Mr. R. H. Sherard. These writers make an oddly assorted pair. One is a master; the other is a facile writer of gossipy journalism. But at least Mr. Sherard knows his France and his modern French literature pretty well. The book is to be published in London.

A book of critical essays on Zola, Dumas fils, and Maupassant, by Count Tolstoy, has just been translated, under his supervision, from Russian into French. It will undoubtedly soon make its appearance in English.

Miss Harriet Monroe has not yet got her five thousand dollars damages from the *World*. The Court of Appeals granted her claim, but the *World* has taken the case to the Supreme Court.

Swinburne's new poem, "The Tale of Balerna," will be published before the end of May. Since "Astrophel and Other Poems" appeared, two years ago, he has issued only a volume of essays called "Studies in Prose and Poetry."

Theodore Watts, "in accordance with a family arrangement," has added to his surname that of his mother, and in future will sign himself Theodore Watts Dunton.

In a biographical sketch of her father, the poet, Miss Alice Longfellow says that he was so reserved and talked so little about himself that sometimes a volume of his verses would appear in print without his family even knowing that it was in course of preparation.

David Hanoay is preparing a new edition of Southey's "Life of Nelson," in which will be given a more adequate account than Southey gave of Emma Hamilton.

A well-known reader of books for an English publishing firm lately ventured on the statement that he thought there were probably one thousand clever young women in that country who were quite able to turn out the ordinary and most readable English novel of the period, but as to these books being "literature," that was a very different question.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Warfare of Science and Dogma.

"A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" is the title of the monumental work, in two volumes, in which ex-President Andrew Dickson White, of Cornell University, has gathered some of his most important writings for the past quarter of a century.

The book is dedicated to the memory of Ezra Cornell. With him Dr. White labored, more than a quarter of a century ago, in founding the university which now bears his name. The fact that the institution was established free from the control of any religious sect, and that science was given in it an equal place with literature, brought out the strongest opposition from religious men of all denominations. In response to some of the earliest attacks, Dr. White delivered a lecture in Cooper Institute on "The Battle-Fields of Science," maintaining this thesis:

"In all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direct evils both to religion and to science, and invariably; and, on the other hand, all untrammelled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous to religion some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good both of religion and of science."

This lecture was expanded into a couple of magazine articles and then into a book called "The Warfare of Science," which was translated into many tongues. It was followed, during twenty years or more, by a series of "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science" as magazine articles; and from all these the contents of the two volumes of this work have been derived.

The two volumes contain twenty chapters, in which the theological and the scientific views of various subjects are compared. The chapter-headings are "From Creation to Evolution," "Geography," "Astronomy," "From 'Signs and Wonders' to Law in the Heavens," "From Genesis to Geology," "The Antiquity of Man, Egyptology, and Assyriology," "The Antiquity of Man and Prehistoric Archaeology," "The 'Fall of Man' and Anthropology," "The 'Fall of Man' and History," "From 'The Prince and the Power of the Air' to Meteorology," "From Magic to Chemistry and Physics," "From Miracles to Medicine," "From Fetish to Hygiene," "From Demoniacal Possession to Insanity," "From Diabolism to Hysteria," "From Babel to Comparative Philology," "From the Dead Sea Legends to Comparative Mythology," "From Leviticus to Political Economy," and "From the Divine Oracles to the Higher Criticism." It will be seen that in their scope they include all the fields of scientific advance, and in each Dr. White compares the views held, not by religion, but by theological dogma, with the facts proved by scientific demonstration. The result is a work of vast importance, and, inasmuch as it is written in language as free as may be from technical expressions and carefully adapted to the comprehension of the general reader, it should attract a very wide range of readers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00 for the two volumes.

A Book by Harding Davis.

"Cinderella," by Richard Harding Davis, contains five stories, all of which have appeared at various times in the magazines. It is not, on the whole, a notable collection. One of the best is "Cinderella," and it is not much more than mediocre. In it Van Bibber and Travers reappear, attending a waiters' ball in company with some theatrical friends, where they discover an embryo Carmencita in a red-headed chambermaid. It sounds a good deal like a revival of reportorial experiences, and, indeed, most of the stories smack of the newspaper office. "The Editor's Story" is a rather bare recital of an incident of plagiarism, and "The Reporter Who Made Himself King" is also in a journalistic vein. This latter story is farcical in tone, but its humor is too studied to provoke much genuine mirth. The same may be said concerning "Miss Delamar's Understudy," where a young man ruminates on matrimony with his lady's photograph before him, and decides very rightly that he is not sufficiently in love to make the venture.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Longstreet's Account of the Civil War.

"From Manassas to Appomattox," by General James Longstreet, is one of the most valuable contributions that could be made to the history of the Civil War; indeed, in view of the fact that General Lee died before he had written anything on his contemplated history of the war, General Longstreet's book presents, better than that of any other man could, the Confederate side of the battles. Published, too, thirty years after the war, it is free from partisanship.

With the exception of General Grant, there was probably no general on either side who saw so much active service and hard fighting as General Longstreet. He was in command of a brigade at the first battle of Bull Run, and more than half of those who surrendered with Lee at Appomattox

were under his orders. He served almost continuously with the Army of Northern Virginia, his only service as an independent commander being the winter campaign against General Burnside in East Tennessee, when he besieged Knoxville with a small army detached from General Bragg's force. The most interesting parts of the narrative are, of course, those in which General Longstreet shows the injustice done him by Lee's partisans when they make him the scapegoat for that commander's mistakes.

The book is not so smoothly written as were some papers General Longstreet has already printed; but its very ruggedness is an added element of strength, and, moreover, gives a fine impression of the man.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; sold only by subscription.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

Catherine A. Janvier's translation of "The Reds of the Midi," by Félix Gras, Provençal poet and romancier, is a book which has been awaited with eager interest and which now answers every expectation. We have had many moving tales of the French Revolution, but none like this in its power to paint the storm of excitement that swayed the makers of the Revolution, and swept the whole country along in a strong tide of feeling. It is the people's side that is given here from first to last. A simple Provençal peasant, sitting night after night in the shoemaker's shop among the listening villagers, tells the inspiring tale of his boyhood, now more than seventy years back in the past, when he marched to Paris in the year of the Revolution with the famous Marseilles Battalion, which had so much to do with the making of history.

As his words flow forth, he sees again the scenes he describes, and we see and feel with him. The wrongs he suffered in his ignorant boyhood, the forming of the battalion and the long journey to the capital, the arrival at Paris and their march through the streets in the midst of the din of the hoarsely shouting multitude, all reflect in perfection the impressions of the peasant who is carried away by new scenes and strange emotions, and who finds himself in the heart of a conflict of which he knows nothing but his own wrongs. No false effects are aimed at, every chord struck is true. Simple, vigorous, and direct in style, a poet's intensity of nature pervades the book, together with a poet's power of communicating his own vivid feelings.

An appreciative introduction by Thomas Janvier, which is both analytical and biographical in its nature, accompanies the work.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

W. H. Mallock's novel, "The Heart of Life," has been issued in paper covers by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Beyond," by Henry Seward Hubbard, a treatise on "the immaterial world, with the entrance to it, which may be said to adjoin the earth," has been published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Stanford University and Thereabouts," by O. L. Elliott and O. V. Eaton, is a booklet giving a great variety of information concerning the university, including a full account of the founders and the faculty, the architectural features and the surroundings. It is profusely illustrated with photographs which convey an excellent idea of the scope of the institution. Price, 50 cents.

"School Recreations and Amusements," by Charles W. Mann, is designed as an aid to teachers in expanding the minds of pupils by other means than through text-book study. The conception of the work is better than the execution. A suggestive range of topics is discussed, but the subject-matter does not excel in discrimination or judgment. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Ruth Endicott's Way," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, is a story for young people. Ruth is the child of wealthy parents, brought up to believe herself an heiress. But at her father's death she finds herself unprovided for, and bravely proceeds to earn her own living until, by a turn of destiny, fortune comes to her again. The young heroine is pleasantly portrayed, and youthful readers will find the story interesting, even if they do not take to heart the moral intended to be conveyed—that of cheerfulness under reverses. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A new edition has just been issued of "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft," by Ernest Hart, the well-known London physician. It is published because the first edition is out of print, and yet the author has many calls for copies from the public at large, which, he hopes, "is becoming more and more penetrated with the conviction that hypnotism, when it is not a pernicious fraud, is a mere futility which should have no place in the life of those who have work to do in the world." This second edition is enlarged by the addition of a chapter embodying the confessions of a professional medium and by the insertion of new matter in the appendix, including a

discussion of the hypnotism of Trilby. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The second volume of William Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" contains, like the first, many graphic pictures of life in Ireland a half-century ago. In several of the stories the fighting qualities of the Irish are brought out conspicuously, notably in the first three. In "The Midnight Mass" the striking picture given of groups of peasants approaching over the hills through the darkness, torches in hand, recalls the rustic festival of bonfires described in "The Return of the Native." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Julian Hawthorne has followed up his prize novel by a volume of short stories, called after the first one, "Mr. Dunton's Invention." Though bound together by one of those devices to which authors are partial, they are in no sense dependent one upon another. They deal with mysteries, murders, tales of revenge, and, in more than one, hypnotism is called into play. One of these latter, "The Irishman's Tale," comes nearest to being impressive, but a flippancy of manner, which is a growing characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne, suits better the stories of a grimly humorous tendency like "Roxworthy's Treasure" and "The Virtuoso's Story." The style is clever enough to convince that Mr. Hawthorne could do good work if he could bring himself to be genuinely in earnest, but he seems impregnated with the commercial spirit, and to be content that all his stories should be on a level with these—that of mere pot-boilers. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

POEMS BY H. C. BUNNER.

A Pitcher of Mignonette.

A pitcher of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement:
Queer sort of flower-pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement—
The pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement.

She Was a Beauty.

She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President:
And quite coquetish in her ways—
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpa, on his right knee bent,
Wooded her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who dates from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

The Last of the New-Year's Callers.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAN, AN OLD MAN'S FRIENDSHIP, AND A NEW CARD-BASKET.

The door is shot—I think the fine old face
Trembles a little, round the under-lip;
His look is wistful—can it be the place
Where, at his knock, the bolt was quick to slip
(It had a knocker then), when, bravely decked,
He took, of New-Year's, with his lowest bow,
His glass of egg-nog, white and nutmeg-flecked,
From her who is—where is the young bride now?

O Greenwood, answer! Through your ample gate
There went a hearse, these many years ago;
And often by a grave—more oft of late—
Stands an old gentleman, with hair like snow.
Two graves he stands by, truly; for the friend
Who won her, long has lain beside his wife;
And their old comrades, waiting for the end,
Remember what they were to him in life.

And now he stands before the old-time door,
A little gladdened in his lonely heart
To give of love for those that are no more
To those that live to-day a generous part.
Ay, she has gone, sweet, loyal, brave, and gay—
But then, her daughter's grown and wed the while;
And the old custom lingers: New-Year's Day,
Will not she greet him with her mother's smile?

But things are changed, ah, changed, you see;
We keep no New-Year's, now, not we—
It's an old-time day,
And an old-time way,
And an old-time fashion we've chosen to cut—
And the dear old man
May wait as he can
In front of the old-time door that's shut.

Les Morts Vont vite.

Les morts vont vite! Ay, for a little space
We miss and mourn them, fallen from their place;
To take our portion in their rest are fain;
But by and by, having wept, press on again,
Perchance to win their laurels in the race.
What man would find the old in the new love's face?
Seek on the fresher lips the old kisses' trace?
For withered roses never bloom disdained?
Les morts vont vite!
But when disease brings thee in piteous case,
Thou shalt thy dead recall, and thy ill grace
To them for whom remembrance plead in vain.
Then, shuddering, think, while thy bed-fellow Pain
Clasps thee with arms that cling like Death's embrace:
Les morts vont vite!

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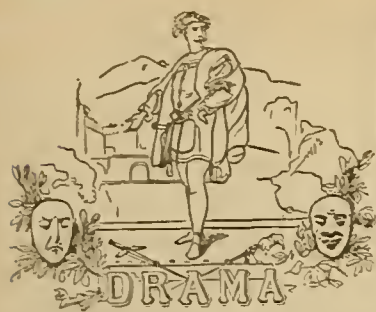
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San Francisco is promised an *embarras de richesses* in the way of theatricals. The appearance of one stock company at the Columbia is assured, and the appearance of another at the California is threatened. The one that is a *fait accompli* has many good people in its ranks. The one that is yet in the promised land is advertised to be replete with stars of all magnitudes. Altogether, according to what one hears and reads, the dramatic talent of America seems to be all heading for San Francisco.

Whether there are to be two or not, the fact that one has done well enough to warrant the engaging of leading ladies for whose services Eastern managers are said to be clamoring, is a significant sign of the dramatic times out West. Here the stock company seems still to be the best-paying form of drama. The Frawley Company succeeded where stars failed. There may be many reasons, and there may be only one, for this. An important factor for Eastern managers and stars to realize is that in the West people do not like paying high for their drama. They will pay any price to see a freak or a celebrity when he is new. But they will do that only the first time. Curiosity is appeased, and the freak has been studied from his hair to his boots. Everybody can say "Oh, yes, I heard So-and-So, and I was thrilled," or "I was disappointed," whichever is the popular point of view, and the crowd feels it has not paid its five dollars a head in vain.

But for the play played by people who are neither world-wonders nor curiosities of the animal kingdom, the local hand does not willingly spend the local coin. Many theatrical displays in San Francisco have swung toward the side of success because the seats were a dollar. This is sordid, vilely sordid, but the person who has watched the course of the drama here will know that it is sense. The Eastern manager who is accustomed to two dollars a seat to hear Lillian Russell and other broken toys, can not understand the reluctance of the West to be equally lavish. He forgets that there are enough wealthy people in the great Eastern cities to pay two dollars, with cheerful indifference, all the year round, while in San Francisco the moneyed crowd is too small to go round through a year of two-dollar dramas.

Thus the Frawley Company, which charges small prices for seats and offers a continuous change of hill, has full houses, and Mr. Mansfield, whose artistic agonies under calcium lights are thought to be worth half a dollar more, is not largely patronized. The public could have got over the half-dollar if there had been something new, but the half-dollar added to the familiarity of the agonies and their surroundings was more than they could brook, so it was saved against the time when Mr. Mansfield comes with a new play.

Curiously enough, while the stock company seems to be waxing strong in the West, it languishes in the East. It looks dark for these organizations on the other side of the continent. One by one they die, or are so depleted by various desertions that their glory suddenly wanes. Where Wallack's great company reached its apex and slowly declined and fell, Palmer's has also passed from its splendid heyday to dissolution and death. These, with Daly's, were the three great New York stock companies, and absorbed all the talent of their day that did not dare to retain its freedom. They ruled the world of drama and the opinions of the city. Their influence molded the taste of New York. It was through them, and the high standard of artistic, homogeneous smoothness that they set up, that the star lost his prestige in the East. The New Yorker, even of to-day, looks askance at the star, suspecting a barn-storming past. The spell of the old stock-company days is upon him yet. For this reason many good stars never play in the metropolis, or play short engagements at odd times in odd, out-of-the-way theatres. Actors of great reputation in the West are relegated, in the Empire City, to summer engagements and cross-town audiences. The critics regard them dubiously, and the discriminating spectator gives their tickets to his typewriter and goes to the roof-garden or Coney Island instead.

Now, however, both actor and spectator in the East seem to have lost their love for the stock company. The actor's case is very simple. As a member of a stock organization he works for a salary, sometimes large, and is cast to play the parts that suit him best in the new plays. There is no risk of loss, for, hit or miss, he draws his salary just the same. But, on the other hand, there is no hope of the extravagantly large profits that dance before the eyes of the star. The New

York stock-company actor hears wonderful Aladdin tales of how much his laboring brother makes touring the wild, untutored West, and the calm security of his regularly paid salary seems to him tame and profitless. So he breaks away from the parent organization, and we, in the West, watch him come, trailing clouds of glory, and we say, "So-and-So's started in for himself—I wonder will he come out on top or go under."

The stock companies, thus constantly losing the brightest jewels in their crowns, suffer correspondingly. The Lyceum Company, one of the newer ones and composed of fresh young talent, had a life of great brilliancy for several halcyon years, and then the star fever attacked it with fury. Georgia Cayvan's desertion nearly broke it to pieces. She made the Lyceum Company, and its patrons knew and loved her lily-like and respectable style. Then others broke from Daniel Frohman's happy fold, and went wandering into alien places, whence the Little Bo-Peep who had ruled them so gently and so generously could not lure them back.

Of Palmer's splendid company of eight years ago, many members have become stars, and most of them are successful—Marie Burroughs, Alexander Salvini, E. M. Holland, Annie Russell. A few years later these defections were made up by Julia Arthur and Wilton Lackaye. The company had hardly been grouped around this leading pair when they both left the organization. This desertion virtually broke up the Palmer Company. Now Mr. Palmer has adopted the plan of the English managers. He has no regular stock company, but he keeps the whole range of the dramatic horizon under his eye, knows the capacity of every player of promise, and when he gets hold of what he thinks is a playable play, casts, and sets, and costumes it, and sends it forth to its fate in the metropolis and on the road.

This is the way that "Trilby" was floated. Mr. Palmer took the play, and, among his own people and those hundreds that were scattered about the country acting in companies or awaiting engagements at dramatic agencies, picked his cast with care and solicitude. So, surveying the whole field, he selected the woman who seemed to him the best procurable Trilby, Virginia Harned, and the man who was most capable of portraying the sinister and talented Svengali, Wilton Lackaye. Thus slowly and carefully made up—no person engaged because he was in the company and had to play—the piece was at last launched, with the results that we have all wondered at. It is said that Mr. Palmer intends, henceforward, to give himself up to this style of stage managing. In England, outside the big companies, like Irving's and Beerbohm Tree's, it is the custom for the head of the company to have only a few regularly engaged and salaried players, and to make up his cast from the unemployed actors who stand around waiting for engagements. A good deal of money must be saved in this way, as the stock-company actor draws his salary in times of frost and in times of sunshine, when he's acting and when he's not.

The advantages of the stock companies from the audience side of the footlights can only be appreciated in a Western city, where the stars have things pretty much their own way. In the East, the star gets many cold shoulders, and he makes it even when he gets to the West. Stars come out here with companies they would not dare face a metropolitan audience with. They bring old plays, as Mansfield did, when they have new ones on their repertoire, and they wear old clothes and use old scenery, and generally behave as the English do when they get into new countries where there is no one to say them nay.

The stock company, especially one of a local character, such as the Frawley organization, which started here and won its first laurels at the Columbia Theatre, never gives the West its fag-ends. It has no great moments, but it also has no slipshod days and indifferent, yawning evenings. It must keep its best foot foremost, for, bad enough as it is to see the genius slighting his work and dawdling drearily through his part, it is a thousand times worse to see a whole company affected by an insolent disregard of their audience, and a self-satisfied indifference as to the impression they are creating. The great merit of the stock association is its high level of even excellence. We in the West know the painfulness of the star-and-the-stick system, of the genius in the company of incompetents and fools, of murmuring to each other on the way out: "Yes—he's magnificent, but I think he must have got his company cheap out of an idiot asylum."

Another of its advantages—this from both sides of the footlights—is the development and training of raw talent. A debutante—who must assume a different character every week or so—will soon get her dramatic angles smoothed down, or prove to an observant manager that they are beyond smoothing. There would be no chance in a large stock company, where a continual changing and shifting of character gave all the members a chance to show their prowess, of an actor playing congenial rôles and never showing his real ability. Judie's light was hidden for some years under the gloom of long, dignified Alexandrines. This could hardly happen in an American stock company, where tragedy, and comedy, and farce, and freakishness have all an opportunity to make their mark.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concerts.

An interesting concert was given at the Art Association last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

Organ, grand chorus, Dubois, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "Magnetic Waltz," Arditi, Mrs. Grace Mathewson; concerto for two violins (and piano), "Largo," Bach, Miss Madeline Beckhussen and Miss Clara McConnell; vocal, "Avanera," from "Carmen," Bizet, Miss Daisy May Cressy; organ, (a) "Hymn of the Nuns," Wely, (b) allegretto grazioso, Tours, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, recitative and aria, "Praise the Lord," Marsh, Mrs. Grace Mathewson; duos for two violins (piano accompaniment), op. 18, (a) herceuse, (b) abandon, Godard, Miss McConnell and Miss Beckhussen; songs, (a) "My Little Love," Hawley, (b) "Here and There," Newcombe, Miss Daisy May Cressy; organ, "March Solennelle," Gounod, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

There will be an organ recital at the Art Institute on Sunday afternoon, May 17th. Mr. Otto Fleissner, the organist, will be assisted by Miss Carolyn Boyan, vocalist. The programme will be as follows:

Processional in D, Dubois; song, "The Arabian Slave," Shelley; concerto, Bach; invocation, Capocci; song, "When You are Here, Love," Vannah; overture, "Martha," Flotow; offertory, Salome; song, "I Hold My Heart So Still," Rancie; finale, third symphony, Mendelssohn.

Stanford Choral Concert.

The Stanford Choral Society will give its first concert, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, next Thursday evening at the gymnasium. Much interest is being shown in the affair by the faculty, students, and friends of the university. The programme will be as follows:

Grand march from "Damasco," "With Sheathed Swords," Costa; part-song, "Farewell to the Forest," Mendelssohn; "The Kreutzer Sonata," Beethoven, Miss Ina Griffin and Mr. Sigmund Beel; chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," Haydn, trio, Miss M. P. Little, Professor Campbell, and Mr. Cochran; piano solo, (a) prelude, Oscar Raif, (b) menuet, Moszkowski, Miss Ina Griffin; chorus, "Watching Over Israel," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; violin solo, Russian air, Wieniawski, Mr. Sigmund Beel; chorus, "Forth to the Meadows," Schubert, Miss Little, Miss Loveland, Professor Campbell, and Mr. Cochran; "Hallelujah," from "The Messiah," Handel.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, formerly of the choir of Grace Church, will give a song-recital next Tuesday evening at Native Sons' Hall. She will have the assistance of Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, violinist, and Signor S. Martinez, pianist, in the presentation of a programme of unusual interest.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the soprano, will pass her summer vacation in this city and at various popular resorts in this State. She will arrive here June 5th. Late in the summer she will return to Paris to resume her musical studies.

The Stanford University Glee and Mandolin Clubs, combined, will give their final concert of this season next Friday evening at the Auditorium. The proceeds are to be devoted to charity.

A vocal recital will be given at half-past three o'clock this afternoon by the pupils of Mme. Julie Roswald at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Ada Rehan and the Daly Troupe.

The Daly season at the Baldwin Theatre begins on Monday night, when Von Schoothan's play, "The Countess Gucki," which was dedicated to Ada Rehan and adapted by Augustus Daly, will be presented, with Miss Rehan in the titular rôle. Daly's famous leading lady is being treated very much as a star this season, and she is announced as "accompanied by" James Lewis, George Clarke, Charles Richman, Edwin Stevens, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss Sihyl Carlisle, and a number of lesser lights, the company comprising sixty persons in all.

The repertoire for the three weeks has already been announced in the *Argonaut*, but we repeat it here:

First week—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Saturday matinee, "The Countess Gucki," by Franz von Schoothan, dedicated to Ada Rehan, and adapted by Augustus Daly; Thursday and Friday, "The Two Escutcheons"; Saturday evening, Sheridan's "The School for Scandal."

Second week—Five nights and Saturday matinee, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday evening, "The Last Word."

Third week—Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "Twelfth Night"; Wednesday evening, "The Hunchback"; Thursday evening, "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honeymoon"; Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday matinee, "The Taming of the Shrew."

This programme includes a Wednesday matinee to the third week, when "Twelfth Night" will be given.

"Uncle Tom" in a Musical Setting.

"Fra Diavolo" is in its last nights at the Tivoli Opera House, and on Monday "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented.

This is very much like the usual stage version of Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's famous story. The scenes are: first, Tom's cabin; then the roadway; then on the river, with Eliza escaping across the ice from the bloodhounds; then at the house of St. Clare, where little Eva and Topsy appear and little Eva dies; then the auction scene, where Tom is sold to Legree; and, finally, the death of Uncle Tom and the apotheosis of little Eva.

For all of this the music composed by Harrison Millard will be used, and throughout the piece, but most notably in the auction scene on the levee, negro songs and specialties will be introduced.

William H. West will be the Uncle Tom; Raffael, the George Harris; Hartman, Marks, the lawyer; and the others in the cast will include W. H. Tooker, Carrie Roma, Irene Mull, Martin Paché, Kate Marchi, Lillie Mildred, Josephine Gassman, and Gilbert and Goldie.

Jack Cade as a Hero.

"The Cross-Roads of Life," with its railway scene and its storm, has been the attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House through the week, and it will be continued through Sunday night.

On Monday the third week of the engagement of Edmuod Collier will begin. The play is a melodrama again, and a famous one. It is "Jack Cade, the Bondman of Kent," and its hero is the same leader of the uprising in Kent in 1450 whom Shakespeare depicted in the second part of "Henry VI." as a vulgar haggard. But in the present play he is treated from a populist point of view, and made to appear a noble champion of the people.

Mr. Collier will have the rôle of the bondman, and he will be supported by a cast made up from the full strength of the stock company. The mounting of the piece will be elaborate, including new and historically accurate scenery.

Amy Lee in "Miss Harum Scaram."

The company now presenting Morrison's spectacular version of "Faust" at the Columbia Theatre will close its engagement to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday Amy Lee will begin a brief season. Miss Lee is a soubrette of the Lotta type, and lays claim to the distinction of being her successor. At the head of the company supporting her is Frank Deane.

"Miss Harum Scaram" will be given during the first week. In it Miss Lee has the titular rôle, and it is said to afford excellent opportunity for the exercise of her peculiar talents, as a vocalist and as a mimic. During the second week of the engagement, "Pawn Ticket No. 200," a piece which took high rank as a mirth-provoker in Lotta's repertoire, will be given.

A Hoyt Farce-Comedy.

The minstrel show at the California Theatre comes to a glorious end to-morrow (Sunday) evening, with the distribution of the prizes won by the couples who have displayed their grace in the cakewalks during the week. There have been anxious dusky faces hanging about the theatre every night, and the excitement will reach a feverish height on Sunday. Before the footlights, too, interest in the contest has been lively, and the theatre has had full houses at every performance.

The company that is to introduce the Hoyt farce-comedy to the Australians will follow at the California on Monday night. "A Trip to Chio-town" is the piece chosen by the playwright as the

one by which his reputation must stand or fall. Its reputation in this city was marred by the vulgarity of the woman who first played the Chicago widow here; but the present company, headed by the eccentric Harry Coor as Welland Stroog and Geraldine McCann as the widow, is well up to the frock rank of farce-comedy organizations.

The New Frawley Company.

The new Frawley stock company will make its initial appearance at the Columbia Theatre this year on Monday evening, June 1st. How long the season will last we do not know, but it will be an extended one, judging by the long list of plays in the repertoire. The opening play will be "Brother John," which was written for W. H. Crane, and has never been played here, having seen the light after Mr. Craoe was delivered of the opinion that Sao Francisco was a "jay town." Other plays in the list are "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "A Gold Mine," "The Highest Bidder," "Lord Chumley," "His Wife's Father," "The Merchant," "The Westerner," "Oo Probation," "A Social Test," "Geoffrey Middleton," "The Lost Paradise," "Men and Women," "The Senator," and "The Two Escutcheons."

The stock company includes three new people from the Daly troupe—Maxie Elliott, Frank Worthiog, and Tyrone Power—a debutante in the person of Miss Elliott's sister, Gertrude; and the following, who are already familiar in this company:

Daniel Frawley, Madyu Arbuckle, Harry Gordon Clarke, George W. Leslie, Wilson Enos, Walter Clark Bellows, M. C. Thompson, George Bosworth, H. S. Duffield, Thomas Phillips, Blanche L. Bates, Margaret Craven, Hope Ross, Phoebe McAllister, Mrs. F. M. Bates, and Lansing Rowan.

Notes.

Julia Marlowe will appear at the Baldwin Theatre early in the fall.

Georgia Cayvan is to have a little play written by Sarah Bernhardt, next year. It is called "Lillette and Leah," and has a rôle like that of "Squire Kate."

It is rumored that a firm of Milwaukee brewers contemplate erecting a handsome vaudeville house, after the fashion of Koster & Bial's in New York, on the north-east corner of Powell and Ellis Streets.

Florence Gerard, the singer, who retired to private life when she married her manager and became Mrs. Henry E. Abhey, is credited with a desire to return to the stage, but is withheld by her husband's opposition.

Augustus Daly is to produce a revival of "Henry IV," next season. Ada Rehan will be the Prince Hal, and James Lewis will be Falstaff. Will he be a slender Falstaff, or is he going to outdo Maurel in the use of plumpers?

Ned Townsend's play, "Chimmie Fadden," in which Charles Hopper has been playing all the season in New York, has been engaged by Manager Gottlob for the Columbia Theatre. It will not be here until after the summer months.

John Drew will be the last attraction at the Baldwin Theatre this season. He will be here next month, and will be seen in his new success, "The Squire of Dames," in "Christopher, Jr.," and in "The Bauble Shop," all in the course of one week.

Mme. Duse does not believe in scattering her autographs broadcast. To a stranger who requested one of her, she replied: "My good woman, of what use could my signature be to you? I don't owe you any money, and you are not my friend."

J. J. Gottlob, of the managerial triumvirate who direct the fortunes of the Columbia Theatre, has been very busy during his absence in the East. He has already booked about two-thirds of the coming season, and his parters are enthusiastic over the attractions he has secured.

Loie Fuller recently had an unpleasant experience during one of her dances. In Philadelphia, on the opening night, the lights would not work, and when, after ten minutes of ineffectual struggling, they did consent to turn themselves on, they disclosed La Loie sprawling at full length on the stage, crying her eyes out.

The chief production of the Frawley Company's stock season in this city will be a new play, by Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell, entitled "The Social Trust." The action of the piece takes place in New York, and the scenes are laid in fashionable life. Mr. Frawley considers the play a remarkably strong work, and will give it the advantages of handsome stage settings and a carefully selected cast. Ramsay Morris will be remembered as the author of "The Tigress." His co-laborer, Mr. Bell, is the dramatic editor of the New York *Press* and *Home Journal*, besides being the American correspondent of several important European papers.

When the summer winds get to blowing, San Francisco is so place to speed Sunday. The day may be very pleasantly passed—ad profitably, from the health point of view—by making the excursion to El Campo on the hay steamer *Ukiah*.

The Emporium.

The opening of the new Emporium building, which has been set for Saturday, May 23d, marks an important epoch in the business history of San Francisco. It will contain the most complete department store west of Chicago, and probably the largest in the United States. The opening night will be made brilliant by a display of the sixteen hundred electric lights with which the building is equipped, and the Emporium Orchestra, under the direction of John Marquardt, will present the following musical selections:

March, "Emporium," Marquardt; overture, "Mignon," Thomas; waltz, "Blue Danube," Strauss; prelude, siciliana and intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; "In the Mill," Gillet; "Recollection of Taubhäuser," Wagner; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; "Toreadore et Andalouse," Rubinstein; waltz, "Jolly Fellows," Volstead; polka, "Pizzicato," Strauss; finale, "La vie pour la Czar," Sliuka; galop, "Storm and Lightning," Zikoff.

The auction sale of city real estate at Easton, Eldridge & Co.'s sales-rooms next Tuesday noon, May 19th, affords a tempting opportunity for investment. The property consists of forty-one lots, owned by the gas company, fronting on First, Fremont, Beale, Howard, and Natoma Streets, and it is situated in the heart of what is fast becoming the centre of the industries and heavy business of the city.

The Rock of Gibraltar

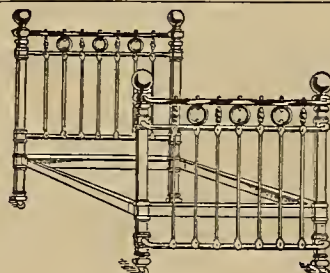
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SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Superior Court aforesaid. The petition of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, a corporation, respectfully shows:

That your petitioner was formed and incorporated under the laws of this State on the first day of August, 1891; that its articles of incorporation were originally filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco; and that your petitioner owns real and personal property situated in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the present name of your petitioner is Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum; that the name proposed to be taken by your petitioner and for which its present name is proposed to be changed is Goldberg, Bowen & Co.; that the reason for such change of name is that L. Lebenbaum, one of the persons by whom your petitioner was formed, and whose name formed a part of the name of your petitioner, has ceased to have any interest in the capital stock or business of your petitioner; and that your petitioner desires to cease the use of the name of said Lebenbaum in the further conduct of its business.

That the number of directors or trustees of your petitioner is seven, and that this petition is signed by a majority of said directors or trustees. Wherefore, your petitioner prays that, after notice given as required by law, an order be made changing the name of your petitioner to Goldberg, Bowen & Co., and that such other and further order be made as is meet in the premises.

And your petitioner will ever pray, etc.
GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM,
By JACOB GOLDBERG, President.
HENRY A. BOWEN, Secretary.
JACOB GOLDBERG,
HENRY A. BOWEN,
HUGO D. KEIL,
GEO. W. WHITNEY,
Directors.

W. S. GOODFELLOW,
Attorney for petitioner.

ORDER.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

Upon reading and filing the petition and application of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum in this cause, it is ordered that the same be heard before this Court in the court-room of Department No. 10, thereof, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the first day of June, 1896, at the hour of 10 A. M., and that a copy of said petition be published for four successive weeks in *The Argonaut*, a newspaper published and printed in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, April 27, 1896.
CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge.



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VANITY FAIR.

A dainty summer fashion in carriage gear has recently been imported to Paris from Vienna, consisting in the use of snow-white harness, glittering with hammered silver. The effect must be very pretty, but it must also be very expensive, for it requires that the entire outfit should be in keeping. The Paris correspondent of *Vogue* thus describes the rig in which she saw the young Duchesse de Brissac driving in the Bois: "She was driving a white lacquered phaeton drawn by two superb chestnuts, caparisoned with white and silver. She herself was clad in white piqué and wore a sailor hat of white glaze encircled by a broad white moiré ribbon, fastened on the left side by a silver *fleur-de-lis*. She looked a veritable dream of spring, and youth, and loveliness, and did one's heart good to look at, and beside her, in the phaeton, sat bolt upright a 'Laverack' pointer dog, which is supposed to be almost unique in point of beauty and value."

Vogue, by the way, seems to be in need of a dog editor. A Laverack pointer is certainly "almost unique." The same paper's London correspondent announces that "Griffons are the fashion of the hour, as far as dogs are concerned." The dogs come from Brussels, and are described as "small, but exceedingly animated creatures, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of seven or eight pounds, and clothed in reddish, wiry hair of an exceedingly rebellious character." The only griffons that have penetrated to San Francisco are those exhibited by Mr. George Crocker at the recent bench show of the Pacific Kennel Club. Their hair was wiry and rebellious, to be sure, but its color was bluish-gray, and the animals must have weighed fifty pounds each. They look something like small Scotch deer-hounds, and are highly valued in France in the hunting-field. "Griffon," by the way, is not defined as the name of a kind of dog in any English dictionary, nor do we find the variety mentioned in any book on dogs; but in Littré's dictionary of the French language one of the definitions of "griffon" is "an English dog with the hair of its body very coarse and that of its head long and erect."

A fine distinction in style was recently epitomized by a New York woman who was asked if she thought a certain matron of her acquaintance pretty. "Rather," was the answer; "but she is not the style I admire; she is the kind of woman that her servants always copy."

A "phosphorescent five-o'clock tea" was a recent social sensation in Paris. It was given at eight o'clock in the evening, to be sure, but to the Gallic mind all teas are five-o'clock teas. The distinctive name of this tea is derived from the fact that no electric gas, or lamp-lights were used, the apartment being suffused with a phosphorescent light from the ceiling, carpets, chairs, pictures, teacups, and flowers. The gowns worn by the ladies were also phosphorescent, and, to cap the climax, their faces, shoulders, and arms gleamed with light due to a phosphorescent face-powder, which had been invented for the occasion by M. Henry, of the Academy of Sciences. It is said that this peculiar powder "lends a moonlight radiance very becoming to some."

The "bicycle built for two" is coming into more general use. There have been various schemes devised for attaching two bicycles so that the riders may sit abreast, but the tandem remains the favorite form of the companionable machine. At first it was ridden only by professionals to set a pace for racers, and then the scorching idiots took it up. But a good many tandems are used now by couples of opposite sexes, and it is certainly as companionable a form of bicycling as could be wished. Even if a chaperon is along, she can soon be left behind in the race, and then, with a good road, it becomes the perfection of *solitude a deux*. The tandem is, in consequence, immensely popular with young couples. But it is to be noted as a curious phenomenon that the Benedict, when he has passed the honeymoon stage, loses his admiration for the tandem, though he is as fond of the single wheel as ever. Cynical bachelors have explained this on the theory that in tandem riding the work of pedaling is not equally borne. But they don't ride tandems with pretty girls, and so have no real knowledge of the matter.

Some one has been moved by the sad fate of Sonia Kovalevsky to suggest the endowment of chairs of flirtation in women's colleges. Sonia, it will be remembered, was the famous Russian woman whose achievements in the higher mathematics have been surpassed by but few men and who showed herself, in her autobiographical novels, to be such another impressive young woman as Marie Bashkirtseff. But though Sonia was treated as a brother by the greatest scientific lights of Europe and was regarded with veneration by ordinary mortals, she yearned for more womanly conquests, and really died of chagrin at finding no one to love her to the extent and in the romantic way that she desired. To be sure, she contracted a purely formal

marriage with a fellow-student, in order to escape parental control, and he seemed to have had the making of a good husband in him. But Sonia was too busy studying, when her cheeks were yet blooming and her eyes yet bright, to think of love, and later she found herself utterly without the ability to charm men. There are many other women at the present day who are putting all their young energies into the race for fame, and who will discover, when they arrive at the feminine age corresponding to the bachelor's fortieth year, that, like him, they yearn for the joys of domesticity, for the quiet and peace of a home, and they will find themselves devoid of the charms that win a husband. It is for the benefit of such women that this new college course in coquetry is proposed. It is understood, of course, that this new study is not to enter into the curriculum of co-educational institutions.

A "bicycle bang" has been invented for those—and who that wears a fringe and rides is not of them?—whose hair has grown limp and straight under the influence of heat and wind until their dearest friends would describe them as "perfect frights." It is simply a fringe of hair to be pinned to the wearer's own "crowning glory," and it has been so treated by chemicals that it will remain curled on the hottest day or even in a San Francisco fog.

The influence of theatres on fashion dates back scarcely three decades, but it has developed in remarkable proportions. In the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, the costumes of the actresses were the least interesting feature of a theatrical representation. Nowadays an ill-devised or ill-fitting gown may risk the entire success of a piece. Indeed, the well-dressed actresses of Paris serve as models for three-quarters of their fellow-townswomen. Theatrical managers recognize this fact, and the actress's *modiste* is a factor to be counted with in calculating her possible success. Many ladies go twice and even thrice to see a piece, with the object of studying some garment or another worn by an actress, and inasmuch as the ladies of the theatre are much in evidence in the afternoons in the Bois de Boulogne and on the numerous race-courses adjacent to Paris, they are the best walking advertisements that the *couturières* could desire.

The big department stores of Chicago have hit upon a novel scheme to attract a certain line of custom. It consists in cashing the warrants issued to public-school teachers in payment of their salaries. It is sometimes inconvenient, for various reasons, for the teachers to have their warrants cashed by the city treasurer, and, though the department stores do not exact that the teacher shall buy anything, still there are few women who can run the gauntlet of a glittering array of tempting goods with a full purse and not make some purchase.

It has been observed that, in spite of the world-wide reputation of American women for being extremists, they are very conservative in regard to their bicycle costumes. The adoption of a fashion by *cocottes* in America destroys it at once, while in Paris it is the *cocottes* who make the fashion. In that city one sees *grandes dames* and *cocottes* on the wheel clad alike, and bloomers reign supreme. With the advance of summer the Parisienne discards leggings, and appears in boots or low shoes, worn with loosely woven golf stockings. Last summer there were even some venturesome spirits who pedaled through the Bois on very warm days with their nether limbs clad in socks and Oxford ties.

An engaging picture of manners, as practiced at the Mont Rose Hotel, hard by Martigny, is given by Mme. Octave Feuillet in her recently published memoirs. There were some Americans there and some French girls who appeared to be trying to learn *enfranchissement*. Places at the table were secured by a scramble; dough-balls were made and flung at the members of the German orchestra. Tricks were afterward played on the country people passing along the road in the gloaming, and this noble and great world laughed. The fall of night rather raised the key of merriment. The Vicomtesse de K— promenade the corridors in a short skirt and the sack-coat of her snoring husband. Marquis S— emerged in his wife's night-gown to knock at Mme. de C—'s door, who was putting her hair into papers. M. de C— took advantage of the diversion to go cat-call at the chamber door of the demoiselles de L—, who answered between giggles with imitations of the eagle's scream. Till daybreak the staircase echoed to skurrying feet and suppressed screams. The explosions of kissing might be compared to the patter of hail. "These American manners," remarks Mme. Feuillet, "transplanted among us of recent years are destined to be exaggerated and their liberties overpassed by society in France."

"Why did the butcher put up that large mirror near the door?" "To prevent the servant-girls from watching the scales."—*Tit-Bits*.

RECENT VERSE.

Brown Eyes—A Fanciful.
Her dreamy eyes are deep
As the fathomless eyes of sleep,
And will no love declare,
Nor laugh nor weep;
And daring souls who dive
Into the water brown,
To win the secrets there,
Sink down and drown,
Or else are chained alive
A thousand fathoms down,
—Ronald Campbell Macfie.

The Revelation.
An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a wilting's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look:
And, lo! what one sweet page can teach,
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.
—Cecily Patmore.

A Land-Wind.
The lichen rustles against my cheek,
But the heart of the rock is still;
With chattering voice the cedars speak,
Crouched gray on the barren hill.
A land-wind smites the cliff's sheer edge,
Below, the smitten sea
Comes fawning over a sunken ledge,
And covers whimperingly.
In the sultry wood lies a restless hush,
Not a twitter falls from the sky;
Hidden are swallow, sparrow, and thrush,
And the sea-birds only cry.—Sophie Jewett.

The Gypsy Taint.
Father is a townsman, mother from the far
Green southern uplands, where wealthy pastures are:
My kith and my kindred are prosperous and sleek,
Who feed well and work well and thrive all the week.
But somewhere and some time, many a year ago,
There was a gypsy woman, that right well I knew;
A wild, dark woman from the moor and wold,
Who bare me an ancestor in days of old.

They hushed up her memory, hid her name away,
Thought they had done with her for ever and a day—
Yet hath she left a heritage that none else shall win,
Whereunto my wandering feet have entered in.
For surely when the dead leaves scatter down the street,
With a rush and a rustle, like little flying feet—
When the south-west wakens, and with scared looks
askance

The townsfolk hasten from the storm's advance.
My whole soul sickens with a fierce desire—
Stress of sudden longing sets my blood on fire;
For the wind on the hill-top in a lonely place,
And the cold, soft rain-drops blowing on my face;
For the steep-bung bedges of the winding road,
And the forest pathway by the stream o'erflowed;
For the storm-swept heather where the blackcock whirs,
And the salt wind whistles through the stunted firs;

For the brown wood-water, and the brown field's smell,
And the wide sea marshes where the curlews dwell;
For the moorland black against the last red light,
And the sunk reef's breakers brawling to the night.
Hide within your houses with your glaring gas!
Mine shall be the peat-smoke in the beech-roofed grass;
Count your sordid silver, tell your grimy gain—
Mine shall be the treasures of the wind and rain!
—May Byron.

Landlady—"What part of the turkey will you have, Mr. Newboarder?" Mr. Newboarder—"A little of the outside, please."—*Life*.

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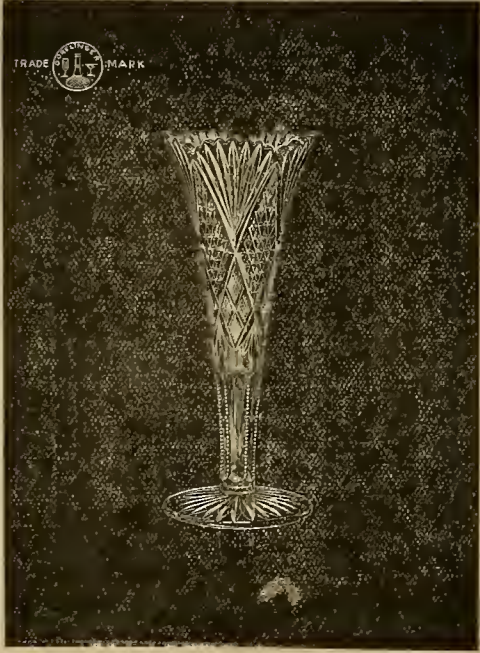
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Walter Pater had the kind of temperament which made the ordinary life of a college tutor not wholly congeal. At a Brasenose examination for scholarships, among the candidates was one called Gaby. When his name was read out, Pater smiled somewhat dolefully, remarking: "I could not vote for Gaby. I have a presentiment that if elected he would become my pupil."

A story is told of a now famous American artist, who was seen, one day during his struggling days in Paris, with his clothes in the last stage of dissolution, and his shoes tied up with twine. But there was a wild gleam in his eye. "I've got a hundred dollars!" he shouted to a friend across the street, quite oblivious of the crowd—"a hundred dollars, and I'm going to buy some shoe-strings!"

Ex-Governor McCreary, of Kentucky, now in the House of Representatives, recently made an earnest effort to carry out a solemn promise he had made to a young correspondent representing a Kentucky paper. The correspondent says the *Sun* complained that he was not procuring from Mr. McCreary as much news as he thought he ought to have, and told him so. "Very well," the congressman is said to have remarked; "the next time you meet me, I will give you something you can send to your paper." They met a few days later and the congressman said to him: "You can telegraph your paper that ex-Governor McCreary to-day had a long and earnest consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury. Say you met him just as he was coming out of the Secretary's office. He declined to state the nature of the consultation, but admitted it was perfectly satisfactory both to the Secretary and himself."

The late General Francis B. Spinola, of New York, was once in a game of poker with a congressman who was all the time owing amounts as a result of his losses, and he would forget to cash in his "I. O. U's." It wasn't long before "Mr. Bad Pay" obtained from the general fifty dollars' worth of chips. The general kept on winning, and finally cashed in his original investment, and began to pile up his winnings in an artistic fashion. "Mr. Bad Pay" also finally struck a fine streak of luck, and he, too, was comparatively a large winner. One of the party inquired of General Spinola if the chips in front of him were out all "velvet." "All velvet," responded General Spinola, with

glee. "Aod doo't forget, general," said the man who had on so many occasions borrowed from every one at the table, "you have fifty dollars in velvet over here in my pile. Don't forget that." "That's all right, my friend," quietly remarked General Spinola; "but suppose for the time being we do not call that 'velvet.' Let's call it 'plush.'"

A nice young man in Scranton (says the *Philistine*) called on a nice young lady and spent the evening. When he arrived, there was not a cloud in the sky, so he carried no umbrella and wore neither goloshes nor mackintosh. At ten o'clock, when he arose to go, it was raining cats and dogs. "My, my, my!" said the nice young lady, "if you go out in all this storm you will catch your death a' cold!" "I'm afraid I might!" was the trembling answer. "Well, I'll tell you what—stay all night; you can have Tom's room, since he's at college. Yes, occupy Tom's room—excuse me a minute, and I'll just run up and see if it's in order." The young lady flew gracefully upstairs to see that Tom's room was in order. In five minutes she came down to announce that Tom's room was in order, but no Charles was in sight. But in a very few moments he appeared, very dripping and out of breath from running, a bundle in a newspaper under his arm. "Why, Charles, where have you been?" was his greeting. "Been home after my night-shirt," was the reply.

Before the Transvaal was a republic, there was a famine in the land, and a party was organized to hunt the harteheeste. For days the party scoured the veldt in vain. Then one of the Boers declared his intention of retiring into the bush to pray for succor. He accordingly left the party, in company with a native. Some hours afterward, the Boer returned and informed the party that he had prayed, and, in three days' time, a very large troop of harteheeste would pass that way. Sure enough, two days after, the promised game appeared in sight, and the Dutchmen made a great haul. From that moment, "the man of prayer" became the popular hero. That man was Paul Krüger. Some time afterward, the native who accompanied Krüger stated that when Krüger entered the bush he did not pray, but struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal. Calling the head-men, the Boer informed them that there was a large number of armed Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they (the natives) discovered game in less than three days, they would all be shot. The frightened natives set out forthwith, discovered the game, and drove it toward the Boer camp.



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SOCIETY.

The Baldwin-Hobart Engagement.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ella V. Hobart and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin. Miss Hobart is the younger daughter of the late W. S. Hobart and sister of Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart. Mr. Baldwin is the son of the late Rear-Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, U. S. N. The exact date of the wedding has not been determined, but it will probably take place in the near future.

The Hobart-Williams Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Hannah Neil Williams and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart was quietly celebrated at noon last Tuesday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Neil, grandparents of the bride. The young lady is the daughter of Pay-Inspector W. W. Williams, U. S. N. Her father is stationed at New London, Conn., and her mother, who has been an invalid for many years, resides with her parents in San Rafael. The bride made her debut in society here about a year ago, and her beauty and accomplishments soon made her the belle of the season. The groom is the only son of the late W. S. Hobart, from whom he inherited a large fortune. He is a member of the Pacific Union, University, Burlingame, and other clubs, and he is widely known for his skill at polo and coaching and as a gentleman rider.

The wedding ceremony was performed at twelve o'clock in the handsomely decorated parlors. Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols officiated, with the assistance of Rev. Dr. Hartmann, of Sao Rafael. Miss Juliette Williams and Miss Ella Hobart were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Harry N. Stetson acted as best man. Mr. Robert E. Neil, the bride's grandfather, gave her into the keeping of the groom. Afterward there were congratulations and a breakfast served under Ludwig's direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart left San Rafael in the afternoon for the Hobart villa at San Mateo, where they will remain a couple of weeks. Afterward they will go East and return here in August. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Those present at the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Mrs. George F. Lester, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Vassant, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Allen, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Alice Hoffman, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Findley, Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, Rev. Dr. Hartmann, General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Dennison Forsyth, Mr. Frederick McNear, and Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Isabel McKenna to Mr. Peter Doobue Martio. Miss McKenna is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, and Mr. Martio is the eldest son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the late Edward Martin.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Delmas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, of this city, to Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald Keony, of Ireland, will take place next Thursday in London.

A reception will be given at the University Club from four o'clock this afternoon until midnight this

evening, to the ladies of members' families and those who hold cards entitling them to the privileges of the ladies' café. Light refreshments will be served during the afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 2644 Jackson Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Rounsvell Wildman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt, and Mr. E. S. Pillsbury.

Mrs. John A. Darling gave a luncheon last Tuesday at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. James A. Robinson and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels. The others present were Mrs. Charles Morris, Miss Jennie Ca herwood, and Miss Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner-party recently at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street, in honor of Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Spicer, of Canada, who are visiting this coast. Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. George Mizner and Miss Spicer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell gave a dinner-party last Monday evening at their home on California Street. Covers were laid for eight.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart gave a bachelor dinner last Saturday evening at his villa in San Mateo. His guests were Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. D. Forsyth, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Richard Tobio, Mr. R. Bettoer, Mr. C. Maude, Mr. W. Maude, Mr. Gibbo, and Mr. Adair.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word from Ohio.

LANCASTER, O., May 4, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I beg leave to congratulate the Argonaut upon the early stand it has taken in behalf of William McKinley—our next President. It is the people against the politicians, and the people will win.

A. C. WHITE.

Great Minds.

ELLENBURG, WASH., May 5, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose a clipping from the Glasgow (Scotland) Weekly Herald of April 10th. It is an editorial utterance, and deals with a subject that has received your recent attention. The sentiment therein expressed so thoroughly accords with your views that it will probably be of interest to you.

The Herald is an extremely conservative organ and not at all addicted to rashes.

The Argonaut must surely be in the good graces of the powers that rule in fairyland, having in a peculiar degree that gift for the bestowing of which on humanity Robbie Burns so longed—"To see ourselves as others see us." Yours very truly, G. LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

Gold and Silver.

SLOCAN STAR MINE, SANBORN, B. C., May 4, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In order to decide a bet, will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. If a note is given for one hundred dollars, payable in money of the United States, must the maker of the note pay in gold, if so demanded, or would payment in silver be legal?

2. Is the ratio in the United States between gold and silver 1 to 16 now? Very truly, AN. HELLMERS.

[1. If a note be given "payable in money of the United States," it may be paid in any legal tender of the United States, even in California, where a specific gold contract law exists.

2. The United States ratio between silver and gold is 15.988 to 1.—ENS.]

How to Keep Our Gold at Home.

TACOMA, WASH., April 30, 1896.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In an article, "Congress and Our Hydraulic Mines," in No. 14 of your paper, the writer wishes to impress your readers that it is the duty of our government to take measures to increase the production of gold, and makes use of these words: "Its greatest want for some years has been gold." The reason why the government is always in want of gold is that, under present laws, it cannot accumulate a stock of gold; in fact, the laws are such that any one who wants gold can go to the United States Treasury, and draw it out by means of greenbacks or Treasury notes. Thus, for instance, a single greenback note or bill for ten dollars, which was promised to be redeemed in gold—of course only once—can now be reissued to be used to draw one thousand dollars of gold out of the Treasury; with other words, it is redeemed one hundred times. That such legislation was procured for the benefit of certain interests, no one disputes. At the same time, there is a cry for honest money, for a safe currency, or for more money to circulate, or some legislation to do away with the present abnormal condition. We have tried by law to compel the Treasury to buy silver, and it did not work; suppose we pass laws to compel the Treasury to buy the whole production of gold of the United States for the next ten years, and issue in payment thereof paper currency. The gold thus purchased should not be coined. It would thus stay at home, and the currency represented by it would certainly be the safest in the world, and thus meet the demand also for more circulating money. By the purchase of gold and the issue of currency for it, an impetus would be given to mining, which furnishes the only product in which over-production need never be feared. This currency should be paid at the mints where the gold is delivered; it would thus be distributed in those regions of our country which need it the most.

Once a system of this kind inaugurated, there would be no necessity or profit to individuals to hoard gold. The want of the government would be supplied. Credit is based on something real. The world at large has adopted gold as the best security for credit. As we have the gold, why not use it for this purpose, instead of giving it to our neighbors to get fat on and keep us poor? So long as our stock of gold can at any time be drawn out of the country, it can be made scarce at times and afford a medium for speculation. Why should we furnish gold to England which has Australia and Africa to draw from? The currency thus issued should be a legal tender for all debts, private, municipal, government, or otherwise, except for import duties, which should be paid in actual

gold coin. Of course this currency should ultimately be redeemable in gold coin. Time and experience would determine this. For the near future, it is necessary to create a currency that would be current all over the world, and to show the world that we have the gold to back it, and are not always in want of it. When the greenback was issued, it became the unquestioned currency of this nation, on the mere promise that it would be some time in the future redeemed in gold. Every one knew that the government had at that time no gold on hand; why should we not now take and use a currency of which we know that it is started on and backed by gold?

Such a policy would be no detriment to other minerals, as gold in the ore is frequently, if not mostly, allied with other metals, which, after being separated from the gold, would be sold in open market just as at present. The writer believes that the storing of so much gold might create a larger demand for silver. By the government buying gold and converting it into currency no gigantic combination by the money-kings of the world could be formed to corner it. Naturally all the gold coins now being hoarded would be turned loose into the avenues of trade and commerce, as it would cease to be a speculative possession. The principal gold-producing States and Territories should agitate this question and bring it properly before the people. H. T.

The twenty-second annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the California School of Design will open next Tuesday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The medals will be awarded that evening by President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California. The exhibition will continue open free daily until next Saturday.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor
have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge leave for the East to-
day, and will be away several months.

Mrs. Frederick H. Green and her sister, Miss Julia
Crocker, left last Monday to make a tour of Europe, and
will be away several months.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., left last Saturday for New
York city, where he will meet his aunt, Mrs. George
Loomis, and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl,
and the party will leave to make a European tour.

Mrs. Lucy May Hayes and Mrs. W. C. Ralston, of
Oakland, are in Honolulu, and will not return until the
middle of June.

Mrs. William Burling and Miss Mamie Burling will
soon leave to pass several months at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. John M. Lawlor and Miss Lillie Lawlor have
moved from 1731 Broadway to 2409 Webster Street, be-
tween Pacific Avenue and Jackson Street. They will re-
ceive on Wednesdays.

Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Miss Claire Ralston, and the
Misses Florence and Coralie Selby, of Oakland, have re-
turned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks left on Friday to pass the
summer in San Rafael.

Miss Maud Howard and Mr. Karl Howard left Oak-
land on Friday to attend the wedding of their brother,
Mr. O. Shafter Howard, and Miss Mollie Hunter, in
Newport, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch returned to New York
city from Germany on May 8th, and are now en route
home.

Mr. Charles Fox Tay is visiting the Eastern States.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has returned to the city after
a week's visit to friends in San José.

Mrs. R. T. Van Norden and her niece, Miss
L'Amoureux, have returned from a visit at San José.

Mrs. John Stafford, wife of Lieutenant Stafford,
Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is here from Fort Russell,
Wyo., on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S.
Gihbs, at their residence, 722 Post Street, and will re-
main here until the end of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Jr., have removed to
Oakland, where they will reside during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dunham and family, of Oakland,
have gone to Los Gatos, where they will pass the sum-
mer.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have completed their
tour of Spain, and are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin are passing a month in
Sacramento as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Robin.

Mrs. P. N. Lillenthal and her children will leave next
Wednesday for New York to visit her mother, Mrs. J.
Seligman.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood arrived in
New York city last Tuesday, and registered at the
Hotel Alhambra.

Miss Clara McChesney has returned from the East,
and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mc-
Chesney, in Oakland. She will remain here only a month
and then go to Paris to continue her art studies.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, who is now in Santa
Cruz, will soon leave for Paris, to remain away during
the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn have been visiting Cra-
thorn, their country home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.
Mrs. W. P. Fuller arrived in Chicago last Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot arrived in Paris last Tues-
day.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton has left Burlingame for his home
in England.

Miss Jennie Catherwood has returned from a prolonged
visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg has been visiting friends at
Kilfasset, Santa Cruz County.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral W. H. Kirkland, U. S. N., who has been
on waiting orders for some time, has been directed to
assume command of the Mare Island Navy Yard. Cap-
tain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., has been detached from
this command, and ordered to special duty in connection
with the *Oregon*, with a view of being placed in command
of that vessel.

Commander O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., has been de-
tached from his duty as inspector of the Thirteenth Dis-
trict, at Portland, Or., and placed on waiting orders.

General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., of the Presidio, went
down to Santa Barbara on the trial trip of the new cruiser
Oregon.

Captain G. L. Edie, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., has
been ordered from the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Balti-
more, Md., to duty at the Presidio.

Paymaster E. B. Webster, U. S. N., has been detached
from the *Concord* and granted two months' leave of ab-
sence.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster J. S. Phillips, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the *Bennington* and granted
three months' leave of absence.

Assistant-Paymaster P. V. Mohun, U. S. N., has been
transferred from the *Petrel* to the *Bennington*.

Chief-Engineer G. F. Kutz, U. S. N., of the Mare
Island Navy Yard, will be placed on the retired list on
June 27th at his own request. This is under the forty-
years'-service law.

Ensign H. G. Macfarland, U. S. N., has been trans-
ferred from the *Concord* to the *Bennington*.

Honorary companionship in the Military Order of
Foreign Wars of the United States has been conferred
by the council upon Major-General Nelson A. Miles,
U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Delano, U. S. N., has
been detached from the *Wabash*, and will leave here next
Wednesday for Chefoo, China, to act as executive officer
of the *Olympia*.

Assistant-Surgeon C. F. Stokes, U. S. N., has been
appointed a member of the board to examine applicants
for admission to the Naval Academy.

Lieutenant John S. Kulp, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.,
has been ordered to Fort Canby for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
has been at Bismarck, N. D., recently with Major-
General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A.

Lieutenant William R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourth Cavalry,
U. S. A., has been ordered to report for duty on August
20th to the Superintendent of the Military Academy at
West Point.

Lieutenant M. C. Gorgas, U. S. N., has been detached
from the admiral's staff on the Pacific Station, ordered
home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant W. R. Shoemaker, U. S. N., will be de-

tached from the *Philadelphia* on May 25th, and ordered
to duty at the Naval Academy on June 15th.

Lieutenant A. C. Almy, U. S. N., has been ordered to
attend the course at the Naval War College.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S.
A., has gone to Europe for the benefit of his health.

Ensign A. L. Willard, U. S. N., has been detached
from the *Albatross* and ordered to the *Philadelphia* as
flag secretary.

Ensign M. L. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached
from the *Monadnock* and ordered to the Coast Survey.

Ensign J. P. McGuinness, U. S. N., has been de-
tached from the *Columbia* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Orders have been issued detaching the officers of the
Concord and directing them as follows: Commander J.
E. Craig, home and one month's leave; Lieutenant E.
S. Prime, to examination for promotion, then home and
three months' leave; Lieutenant G. A. Merriam, home
and three months' leave; Lieutenant W. S. Hogg, home
and three months' leave; Lieutenant W. A. Gill, to ex-
amination for promotion, then home and three months'
leave; Lieutenant E. Simpson, home and three months'
leave; Ensign H. G. Macfarland, to temporary duty in
the Coast Survey; Surgeon W. A. McClurg, home and
three months' leave; Chief-Engineer G. W. Stivers,
home and three months' leave.

The following officers were detached from the *Petrel*
and ordered as follows: Lieutenant-Commander W. H.
Emory, to examination for promotion, then two months'
leave; Lieutenant F. E. Greene, home and three months'
leave; Lieutenant T. D. Griffin, home and three months'
leave; Ensign J. H. Sypher, to temporary duty in the
Coast Survey; Ensign H. H. Caldwell, to temporary
duty on the *Monadnock*; Passed Assistant-Surgeon F.
H. Bryant, home and three months' leave; Passed As-
sistant-Engineer R. G. Denig, to examination for promo-
tion, then home and three months' leave.

The latest news regarding the United States Revenue
Cutter Service is that First Lieutenant F. H. Dimock
has been detached from the *Grant* and ordered home,
Third Lieutenant T. L. Jenkins has been ordered to the
Chase, Third Lieutenant H. G. Hamlet to the *Bear*,
Third Lieutenant B. Camden to the *Rush*, Third Lieu-
tenant R. M. Sturtevant to the *Ferry*, Third Lieutenant
E. M. Chiswell to the *Corwin*, and Third Lieutenant L.
T. Cutter to the *Wolcott*. They will leave for Sitka,
Alaska, on the revenue cutter *Grant*.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Mc-
Gregor, of Staten Island, N. Y., to Mr. Edward L.
Bogart, of New Brighton, N. Y. Miss McGregor is a
niece of Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N. (re-
tired).

Post-commanders in the Department of California have
been directed by Brigadier-General J. W. Forsyth, U. S.
A., to set aside one day in each month as a recreation
day on which all drills and ordinary fatigue duties will
be suspended and the day be devoted to sports and games,
and military and athletic contests. It is possible that a
series of tournaments will result.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute
will take place at Trinity Presbyterian Church on
Thursday evening, May 21st. The class of '96
comprises Miss Emma Shepherd Agar, Miss Lena
Pearl Atkins, Miss Agnes Crossbie Marshall, Miss
Elmira Clementina Panno, Miss Addie Everts
Stewart, and Miss Marie Isabelle Taylor. The
concert of the Conservatory of Music took place
last night in the school hall, and the primary and
kindergarten re-union and games will be held at
the same place next Wednesday afternoon at two
o'clock.

The present management of the San Francisco
Art Association wishes to improve its school of
painting and architecture; to establish a night
class in drawing; to arrange for popular lectures
on art topics at the institute; and to provide a suit-
able fire-proof gallery for its accumulating treasures.
To provide funds for these purposes, it is proposed
to increase the membership. Those who join now
will be helping an admirable institution at a trifling
cost to themselves.

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terns, from \$5.00 to \$25.00. Instruction free. Henry
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him." "Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something."—*Life*.

She (on the avenue)—"There goes a bicycle all in a heap." He—"Well, I guess you'll find there's a woman at the bottom of it."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Anna—"Blanche said that she was unavoidably absent from Mrs. Brown's reception." Dorothy—"Yes. Isn't it strange that she was not invited?"—*Puck*.

In Chicago: Mrs. Hadden—"Who are those two men who bowed to you just now?" Mrs. Seval—"Oh, that was a pair of old non-supporters of mine!"—*Puck*.

"That is a very fine attitude," said the dog to the indignant cat; "but it doesn't deceive me for a minute. You never rode a bicycle in your life."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Ob, dear," said the girl with the X-ray glance, as she looked at her basful lover; "here's Jack come again to-night and not brought his back-bone with him."—*Bazar*.

"You have an immense amount of hay," observed the visitor at the Clover Meadow Farm. "Ya-as," said Farmer Redneck, "but there ain't a dang thing t' feed it to but bicycles."—*Judge*.

"Jorkins, have you everything now that you will need for your fishing trip?" asked Mrs. Jorkins, solicitously. "Not by a jug full," said Jorkins, to the good woman's astonishment. —*Detroit Free Press*.

"If you were the only man in the world," she said, emphatically, "I wouldn't have you." "Oh, well," he replied, nonchalantly, "if I were the only man in the world, you couldn't get me. I'd hold out for a harem."—*Chicago Post*.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man. "Never mind about papa," said the young woman. "I'll fix him." For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary. —*Indianapolis Journal*.

Chicago man—"I guess New York has a very unhealthy climate. I think the people there have a cold about all the time." "Why so?" Chicago man—"Well, when I was there last summer, they put a handkerchief by everybody's plate."—*Truth*.

"Girls," said the tenor, as the choir gathered for rehearsal, "you are not thinking of singing with your veils on, are you?" "Why shouldn't we?" asked the soprano and alto together. "In singing through your veils you run a risk of straining your voices."—*Puck*.

Agent—"Can't I put a burglar-alarm in your house?" Lady—"No, we don't need it." Agent—"But—" Lady—"No, I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Minnie—"Did you hear of Maud Edith's wonderful presence of mind?" Mamie—"Dear me, no. What was the occasion?" Minnie—"Why, when her wheel began to run away downhill, she pulled back on the handle-bars and screamed 'whoa' as loud as she could."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

They were discussing the new boarder. "He slips in and out of the house so quietly," said the grass-widow boarder, "that I think he must have been a married man once." "Maybe it is that," said Mrs. Hashcroft, as a troubled look came over her face, "and maybe he is in the habit of getting behind with his board."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mr. Billus (looking over the household expense account)—"Maria, what does this item of twenty-five dollars for 'church expenses' early in April mean? I have no recollection of paying out any such sum for the support of the church this month." Mrs. Billus—"That was what my Easter bonnet cost, and I think you're as mean as you can be!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Tocker, "you know I always try to keep posted so that I can talk with you intelligently." "Yes." "Well, I've been reading about horse-races." "You don't say so!" "Yes. And I want to ask you one question: Do they pick out a short horse by measuring him from his feet upward, as they measure a man, or do they measure him horizontally?"—*Washington Star*.

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 25, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Now that the conspiracy to use the American Protective Association as a tool to defeat McKinley has failed, a concerted attack is being made upon him in another direction. Thomas C. Platt, political boss of New York and manager of Morton's Presidential hoo, gave out an "authorized interview" to

the New York Herald on Monday, May 11th, in which he assails McKinley. Such is the bitterness of Platt's assault that even his brother boss, Quay, is forced to take ground against him. Quay says that Platt's attacks are calculated to hurt the party; that McKinley will probably be the Republican nominee; that if he be nominated, the assaults of Platt will be boomerangs, and may cause the defeat of the candidate; therefore, that he, Quay, is opposed to Platt's style of fighting. Quay is an astute politician, and he is already recommending, in view of McKinley's strength, that if the Ohio man has a clear majority, he be given the nomination without further opposition. Platt has no such generosity to his oature. He is a political thug, and he is now trying to sandbag the man who is the choice of the Republican party.

Among the charges brought by Platt against McKinley in his "authorized interview," the most important is that "McKinley will get the Republican party into trouble, for the reason that the people do not want a radical tariff in any direction; that McKinley represents the most radical and extreme view of protection." Mr. Platt is much mistaken if he imagines that the American people are not in favor of protection. The irresistible McKinley wave shows that. It is not so much the man McKinley, as the ideas that he represents. The Republican party—and for that matter the whole country—has had enough of Democratic theories concerning "tariff for revenue only." Mr. Platt may as well dismiss this high-protection spectre from his mind.

Another Platt plan of attack is to indict McKinley for his position on the silver question. Platt says: "If William McKinley has any real convictions on the subject of the currency, they are not revealed in his votes or his speeches. He voted once for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. He voted to override the veto by President Hayes of the Bland Bill, and at different times he has voted in direct conflict with these votes. He has described himself as a 'bi-metallist,' as in favor of the free coinage of both metals. This, in my opinion, will and should remove Mr. McKinley from the list of Presidential possibilities by the time the Republican convention meets." We are inclined to think that if anybody will be removed from political prominence by the time the Republican convention meets, it will not be William McKinley, but Thomas C. Platt.

Mr. Platt, seeking for some more vulnerable point than the question of protection on which to attack McKinley, has chosen the money question. He is aided by Eastern Democratic newspapers. But the hordes of Democratic and Mugwump organs which are attacking McKinley, on the ground that he is "not sound on the silver question," find it very difficult to prove their case. All that they have been able to allege against McKinley is that he has repeatedly voted in favor of bimetallism, and has invariably said that he believes in maintaining the status of both metals as currency. That is what most of us believe. That is what nine-tenths of the Republican voters believe. Now that the date of the Republican National Convention is approaching, newspapers all over the country are engaged in attempting to cross-examine McKinley as to his views on silver. With great good sense, McKinley has refused to reply to these irresponsible newspapers. Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the New York Journal and San Francisco Examiner, has made much of the fact that he sent a telegram to McKinley requesting his views on the silver question, and that McKinley made no reply. We should have been very much surprised if he had. Why is he required to reply to questions put by Mr. W. R. Hearst? Has Mr. W. R. Hearst any high or God-given attribute by which he is empowered to put questions to other men? McKinley is at present a private citizen, and it will be time enough for him to state his views on public questions when he appears before the convention at St. Louis. If he be made its nominee, he will then have lost to a certain extent his private character, and if he becomes President he will be a public character. But until the convention meets we can not see why he should answer questions of this description. There

is no more reason why he should reply to Mr. W. R. Hearst's telegram than that Mr. Hearst should be interrogated by Mr. McKinley as to his views on the immortality of the soul, or the undesirability of printing sensational newspapers. McKinley has persistently refused to be catechised by hostile newspapers on the woman suffrage question, on the Venezuela frontier question, on the Hawaiian complication, on the Cuban insurrection, or on the American Protective Association. He is entitled to the rights of a private citizen, and if he chooses to remain silent when interrogated by impertinent newspapers, we think he will have the approval of all sensible men. The fact that he is abused by the Democratic papers of the East for being "a friend of silver," and that he is abused by the Democratic papers of the West for being "an enemy to silver," will serve to show how much value may be attached to these journalistic utterances.

As to the question of McKinley's stand upon protection, it is but natural that he should be a high protectionist. He is the great-grandson of an iron-founder, a man who molded bullets in the Revolutionary War. He is the son of one of the pioneer iron-masters of Ohio. All of his father's early enterprises grew out of the tariff on iron. McKinley's father was a Henry Clay Whig. Not one of the iron industries in Eastern Ohio, by which the elder McKinley made his bread, could ever have existed if it had not been for a high protective tariff. When McKinley was a boy, he was surrounded by men who made their living and supported their families out of industries which existed only by reason of protection. As a youth, he saw in the Mahoning Valley the beginnings of the iron and steel industries which made out of the little village of Youngstown a city of forty thousand inhabitants. His birthplace, Niles, was by protection converted from a country cross-roads into a large manufacturing city. When he began practicing law in Canton, O., in 1867, that town had less than four thousand inhabitants. Now, through protected industries, it counts a population of thirty-five thousand. The Eighteenth District, which sent McKinley to Congress, is covered with prosperous manufacturing towns, like Massillon, Alliance, and Salem. The whole country surrounding Canton is a rich farming section, and the farmers have grown rich selling their farm products to the workmen in protected industries. Had it not been for the protected industries, the population which now buys the farmers' products would not be there. E. V. Smalley, the well-known writer, was born in Stark County, O., and he says that in his boyhood the farmers were so poor that he never saw among them a mattress or a single upholstered piece of furniture. The beds were of straw, and the ticks rested on cords strung to the bedstead rails. He contrasts the conditions of the farmers then with the Stark County farmers now. Most of them, he says, have good bank accounts. The farm-houses are large, square brick structures, looking not unlike the homes of the small country gentry of England. It is in the heart of this prosperous and thriving manufacturing district that McKinley was born; it was there that he passed his boyhood, his early manhood, and his maturity. It is, therefore, easy to understand why he should be a high protectionist. It would be difficult to understand how he could be anything else.

William McKinley will be nominated at St. Louis on the sixteenth of June as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. That convention will make an explicit declaration of the views of the party on the question of the currency. No one, as yet, knows what that declaration will be. Many honest men in and out of the Republican party differ as to the question of ratio, differ as to the feasibility of bimetallism, differ as to whether bimetallism is practicable, unless it be international bimetallism. In multitude of council there is wisdom. Mr. McKinley may very reasonably suppose that out of the deliberations of a convention representing many thousands of his fellow-citizens of a similar political faith with himself there may be evolved a platform upon which he can consistently, honestly, and honorably stand. Until that platform be form

would be folly for him to express himself upon such questions.

The Woman's Congress which recently held its second annual session in San Francisco may not have shed much light on the industrial, sociological, and political problems which engage the thoughts of studious males, but it will be remembered in history for a highly important and interesting discovery, nevertheless. To this congress belongs the great good fortune and high distinction of having rounded up, pinned, and labeled the Ideal Man—the Ideal Man of the New Woman. It was the prevalent impression that the New Woman had little or no use for man, and was therefore calmly indifferent to him in all his aspects, ideal as well as actual. But it seems that the advanced female of the race, no less than her unassuming and conventional sister, has her inward longings for a mate. A cause of cheerfulness in the average male was his belief that the New Woman was conscious rather of hostility than drawing toward matrimony; but it now being made known that she contemplates marriage as among her possibilities, this widespread masculine sense of security will, of necessity, decrease. In its place may perhaps arise an ardent desire to study this Ideal Man, with the nefarious purpose of seeking safety by sedulously endeavoring to be as unlike him as the laws, civil and criminal, will permit.

The principal requisite of the Ideal Man of the New Woman appears to be that he shall approve, admire, and applaud her. Under the guise of a partner, she is to be admitted to the firm (by license and with appropriate ceremony, of course) as its directing head, who shall furnish the intellect and that elevating and refining influence of which, being woman, she deems herself to possess a monopoly. He shall be meek, neat, chaste, serenely submissive, fond of improving hooks, and willing to have his political opinions corrected when they go astray. A large melancholy eye, fine, silky, and rather thin dark hair, a pale complexion, thoughtful visage, and a consumptive disposition properly belong to this variety of the male sex. Perhaps the New Woman will like him when she gets him, but that tendency to revert to the primitive type, which is inherent in human beings, may cause her to experience a regrettable attraction toward men less highly specialized, morally and mentally, but with broader shoulders, which would interfere with domestic peace.

The local daily newspapers, for which everything ideal has the charm of strangeness, have been interviewing many ladies, not of the congress, respecting their personal preferences in the way of perfect men. We observe that these interviews tend to confirm the doctrine that woman's ideal of man is largely dependent on her age. The school-girl who has arrived at the stage of development when man suddenly takes on an interest in her mind that evicts the doll, now as ever, dreams, not like the Rev. Anna Shaw, of a pallid, decorous, and excessively high-minded college professor, agreeably bald, but of a heavy-dragon, "Ouida" sort of being, very tall, very wide-chested, with a long, pendant mustache, a drawl, and eyes whose sleepy expression betray his addiction to that horrid dissipation which, under all circumstances, is to be deplored and condemned. Later the objectionable, but fascinating, heavy dragoon is cashiered, and his commission bestowed upon the less imposing, but more attentive and talkative dancing man, whose form, though slight and of medium height, is excessively active, and never clothed in anything but the extreme of fashion. Intellectually he is not superior to the retired dragoon, but his morals are what they should be. At the end of the second or, any way, the third season, the dancing man goes to keep company with the dragoon, and the socially well-placed young man of a fortune adequate to maintain a becoming establishment gravely advances, makes his propositions in due form, is accepted, and they live happily ever afterward in a genteel manner.

"What," asked one of the interviewers of a lady whose husband has an iron-gray beard, and who herself recalls the pioneer days of California as she supervises her luxurious home—"what is your ideal man?" "Why," answered this gracious matron, "I don't believe I have any. I know so many nice men that it would be difficult for me to say what my ideal is. I take men as I find them, and don't look for the impossible."

"The Ideal Man," said a lady old enough to be at the head of a Nurse's Directory, "is a man who supports his wife. The Ideal Man is sensible, liberal, honest, strong in character, of good physique, and a hit chivalrous. I differ with women who think they have to hunt to find an Ideal Man. Why, the world is full of them." Then she added this extraordinary statement, which should receive the attention of the next Woman's Congress: "I have nursed many men, and I find them as patients more thoughtful and agreeable than women."

"For myself," said another mature lady, "I prefer the

every-day sort of man—the one who is human and interesting. If a woman has a good husband, I think she is apt to make him her ideal."

"I don't think I would like all the men to be ideals," observed Miss Maxine Elliott, the actress, whose very photograph causes every charmed male beholder instantly to perceive her remarkable resemblance to his own ideal; "I would rather men should have their faults—that is, enough faults to make them wholesome."

Miss Shaw and other advanced ladies can not but be depressed by the disclosure which these interviews make of the condition of the feminine mind in those circles where speech-making is not held to be the first duty of woman, nor voting her highest happiness. Normal women, it appears, are prone to think men as God made them quite good enough to marry. And the more experience these normal women have of life, the better opinion they seem to have of that half of humanity the contemplation of which fills the New Woman with aversion, resentment, and an irrepressible desire to mount the platform and declaim.

But we can not approve of the attempts of the enthusiastic dailies, in their pursuance of this "Ideal Man" sensation, to invade the mysterious precincts of the *ménage*. The *Examiner* has been interviewing Mrs. Alcibiades Jones, for example, as to her "Ideal Man," and it is not surprising to find that she thinks it is her own Alcibiades. The same more or less valuable journal asks Mrs. Cmith the same question, and chronicles in its sprightly way her tender belief that the Ideal Man is Cmith.

This is interesting, and it is not unamusing. But it is fatal to the serious mood in which we should approach the Quest of the Ideal Man. It recalls that pleasing anecdote of Mrs. Wraggles, which speaks so highly for woman as a wife. Mrs. Wraggles was from Omaha. She was doing the grand tour, and while in Rome demanded to be shown the Apollo Belvedere, that model of manly beauty. She looked at the stone Apollo long and attentively, and then remarked:

"Well, I've seen the Apollo Belvedere, and I've seen Wraggles, and gimme Wraggles."

The infamous attempt to stab McKinley in the back by the aid of the American Protective Association has failed. We were convinced that the attempt would fail, and we warned the American Protective Association that if it did not disavow this conspiracy on the part of some sore-headed Ohio politicians, it would endanger the very life of the order. We are glad to see that the Supreme Council of the American Protective Association has refused to indorse the action of the Ohio council. It has investigated the matter, and states in its report that "there is no reason why Allison, Reed, Quay, Cullom, Bradley, Harrison, Morton, or McKinley may not be supported by members of the order." The report goes on to explain in detail the result of its investigations. This report bears out what we have repeatedly said in these columns, to wit, that the charges against McKinley were of so frivolous and so trivial a nature that it was impossible for them to be entertained by any deliberative body of sensible men. Still there is no doubt that this attempt foreboded danger to his candidacy at one time. Such, however, was the revulsion of feeling caused by the accusation that it became a boomerang, and in turn it foreboded danger to the American Protective Association. It is fortunate for the Supreme Council that they have taken their present wise stand. Had they not done so, it is our belief that the overmastering demand for McKinley would, if the American Protective Association had opposed him, have resulted in the complete humiliation of that order. This being the first time the order has figured in national politics, a defeat at this time would have meant for it extermination. The members of the Supreme Council of the American Protective Association have acted wisely.

The great age of Leo the Thirteenth prepares the Roman

Catholic world for his early dissolution. When he does die, the question of the succession will probably have been comfortably settled in advance. There are nowhere keener or better drilled politicians than the men who manage the affairs of the Roman Church. They comprehend perfectly and practice among themselves the game of give and take. But all the real bosses of the hierarchy are Italians, and they are careful to enter into no arrangement which has not as its central feature the possession of the chair of St. Peter by one of their own race. The church is powerful in many countries, but centuries have passed since a man not an Italian sat as Pope. It is, therefore, taken for granted that on the passing away of Leo, the conclave of cardinals will meet in Rome after the time-honored fashion, elect an Italian, and leave the rest of the faithful throughout the

globe to be content with the crumbs and bones of the loaves and fishes.

It is not improbable, however, that the Italian Government may interfere with this programme in a manner which will shake the church to its foundations. To that government the Pope is something more than the head of Christendom—he is a persistent, arrogant, and dangerous Pretender to the throne of the Kingdom of Italy. The reasons why the government has permitted the present Pope and his immediate predecessor to remain in the capital, proclaiming ceaselessly the right of the Papacy to temporal power, are obvious enough. The Pope is held in reverence by millions; there are European powers friendly to him and his claims to earthly sovereignty, and Italian statesmen are naturally solicitous to do nothing that might wake a holy war against their country. They know how serious a menace the Pope's residence in Rome as the "prisoner of the Vatican" is to the stability of the kingdom, but they are forced to make a choice between evils. They are aware that His Holiness is the deadly enemy of Italy, an enemy whom no government free to act would tolerate for an hour. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* draws this striking parallel between the real case of the Pope and an imagined one:

"Let us suppose that Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, should be invited by the Spanish Government to take up his residence in the most magnificent palace in Madrid. Let us further suppose that the person of the Pretender should be made inviolable, and that his palace should be declared to be extra-territorial, so that within its precincts he could reign as an absolute monarch; that a large pension should be assigned to him expressly to enable him to maintain the outward dignity of a reigning king; that he should be permitted to receive ambassadors sent to him by foreign governments; that he should be free to issue proclamations denouncing the Spanish Government and its laws."

All these privileges, and more, the Pope, Pretender to King Humbert's throne, enjoys in Italy. He is free to plot with every discontented element in the population for the overthrow of the government, whose mails respect his correspondence and carry invitations to France to invade the kingdom and drive out Humbert. He is an active, a formidable traitor against the state. History presents no counterpart to this amazing condition of affairs.

That Italy will seize the first opportunity to relieve herself of the "prisoner of the Vatican" may be expected, and the death of Leo will be the signal for the effort. To expel a Pope is one thing, to refuse to receive a new Pope is another. Italy may very properly forbid the conclave to meet on her territory, and refuse hospitality to the elected successor of Leo the Thirteenth if he shall persist in the claim to temporal sovereignty. A conclave met to choose a new Pretender to the throne of Humbert could he justly viewed as a treasonable assemblage.

Barred from Italy, the conclave would almost certainly meet in France, and the French Government would exert its influence in favor of a French candidate. But whether that endeavor to break the Italian monopoly should be made or not, a Pope elected out of Italy would have relatively few adherents in Humbert's kingdom.

It is not to be expected that the new Pope will abate any of the claims to kingly power in Italy set up by Pius the Ninth and maintained by Leo the Thirteenth, and neither is it to be expected that the Italian Government would admit to Rome a Pretender elected in France. The plainest motives of self-interest, the very instinct of self-preservation, dictate this course.

A Pope chosen by a conclave sitting elsewhere than in Italy, a Pope jingling the keys of St. Peter elsewhere than at Rome, would be a mortal blow to the Roman Catholic Church. The church knows this, knows it by experience, for the schisms and misfortunes and scandals which attended the seventy years' residence of the Popes in Avignon sapped the faith of the Christian world. Every friend of enlightenment and progress will hope that the Government of Italy will, on the death of Leo, insist either that the new Pope shall be satisfied with spiritual pretensions only, or keep out of the country. And every friend of enlightenment and progress will hope, too, that the new Pope and the conclave which elects him will be animated by the true Roman Catholic spirit—the spirit which ignores facts and with stubborn pride refuses to accommodate itself to a changed environment. Nothing would be more efficient in destroying blind and superstitious reverence for the Infallible One than his removal from the ancient city of Rome. It would be a break in tradition that could not but jar and awaken innumerable minds, and whatever tends to jar and awaken the Roman Catholic mind serves the cause of modern civilization.

The treacherous so-called American Protective Association movement against William McKinley dies hard. After the adjournment of the convention of the American Protective Association in Washington on May 18th, a fake meeting was held which even the Associated Press dispatches called a "meet-

ing of some of the delegates of the American Protective Association, claiming to represent twenty States." This rump convention—which prudently met after the genuine convention had adjourned and gone home—passed a preamble and resolutions "denouncing" McKinley for his "pro-Papal political record," and "denouncing the cowardly denial by McKinley of his indorsement of the principles of the order given by him to our committee." It would be interesting to know where this gang of self-styled delegates found McKinley's "pro-Papal political record." It would also be interesting to know where they can produce a "cowardly denial by McKinley" of his indorsement of the principles of the American Protective Association. The document passed by these hole-and-corner conspirators, and which they made haste to give to the Associated Press, ends with this paragraph: "We hereby pledge ourselves to use our influence and efforts to accomplish McKinley's defeat." This reminds us of the three tailors of Tooley Street who began a manifesto with the words "We, the people of England." This rump convention did not even represent the American Protective Association, much less the people of the United States. It is a question whether the entire American Protective Association could defeat McKinley, but we know that a rump delegation of the American Protective Association can not do it.

Some weeks ago, the *Argonaut* stated that most of the editorials in the London *Daily News* commenting on the American Civil War were written by Harriet Martineau. It will be remembered that during the dark days of the war the *Daily News* was the only leading London journal which was not unfriendly to the United States. Such is the conservatism of the English mind that the fact that these articles were written by a woman was kept concealed lest the paper should lose in influence. Years afterwards, however, the secret was revealed, and it was upon this that the *Argonaut* commented. We went on to say at the time that it was most regrettable that the work of "women in journalism" in these days was not as good work, as honest work, as sincere work, as that done by Harriet Martineau. We touched upon the fact that there were many female reporters nowadays who made merchandise out of their sex, sensational females who were sent to do startling things that would not be startling if they were done by a man. We have received the following letter commenting on our article:

CLEVELAND, O., May 11, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your editorial of April 20th, entitled, "Have Women Elevated Journalism?" I regretted to see you descend to a form of vituperation that was as unjust as it was ungenerous. . . . Your sweeping denunciation of the woman journalist, classing the Martineau type as the *rara avis*, the Nellie Bly as the general type, was hardly worthy an editor as broad-minded and liberal as the one usually suggested by the *Argonaut's* editorial columns. . . . You do not class the woman novelist as shameful and shameless, because "Two Bad Brown Eyes" and productions of like nature were written by women. And because some notoriety-loving female reporters abuse the courtesy extended to them and revel in hysterical descriptions of a female ball-game, it is hardly just to present them as typical women journalists. . . . The sentence, "Miss Martineau was as far as possible from being typical," damns, in a most unqualified manner, hundreds of hard-working, intellectual gentlewomen whose lives and personality lift them as far above the "female reporter" of your graphic pen as is the editor of the *Argonaut* above the reportorial leeches of the foul sheets in whose condemnation your columns are most warranted and just.

As you are strong, be merciful. Qualify your rancor, and do not let your lash of contempt for the few fall on the shoulders of the many.

Respectfully yours, E. M. M. LESLIE.

The *Argonaut* has no words of condemnation for any woman who earns her living honestly. For such women it has no words but words of praise. This journal has always upheld the women who assert their right to earn a livelihood. We have said, and said often, that while the independence fostered in women by the ability to earn their own livelihood is calculated, in our opinion, to diminish the number of marriages, none the less it is calculated to bring out the best traits of individual character. It is the right of every human being to work out his or her own salvation. As we have so often expressed these statements, we can scarcely, at this late day, be accused of condemning women who write for a living. The kind of woman we condemn is the journalistic female who writes things which a man could not write, who describes things a man could not describe, who goes to Eleusinian ceremonies where a man would not be allowed to enter, and generally riots in her sex. She is aided and abetted by the editors, who send her to places where they could not send their male reporters. There is generally a faint and feeble nastiness, a flabby prudence about much of what the female reporters produce which renders it odious.

If, as Miss Leslie says, the number of "intellectual gentlewomen" who write for the press is larger than that of the "Kitty Keeneye," "Nellie Bly," and "Giddy Gladys" order, we wish they would make their work appreciable. But it is not so noticeable as that of the many women who go up in

balloons, who go down in diver's suits, who smirk at men that they may write up an "insulting masher" item, and who go to the private offices of business men in order to invite attempts upon their "virtue"—to be subsequently written up. These things have been done for the New York *World* and papers of that kidney. This is the sort of thing that is more patent in the newspapers than is the work of the "intellectual gentlewomen" of whom Miss Leslie speaks.

The mere fact that we spoke so highly of the work of Harriet Martineau shows that the *Argonaut* is not unjust toward women writers. For good women we have the highest respect. For honest work done by good women we have only words of praise. But for feeble nastiness and prurient, sensational stuff written by women—only designed to be read because the question of their sex figures in it *ad nauseam*—for such women and for such work we have only words of condemnation.

From the lengthy articles in the San Francisco daily papers on the murder of Mrs. Philipina Langfeldt, it would seem as if the person suspected is one Joseph von Blanthier. Suspicion points toward him so unmistakably that Chief Crowley has issued a circular letter, with a photograph of Von Blanthier, warning detectives in other cities to look out for the alleged murderer. In the meantime, the police have searched the room occupied by Von Blanthier before he fled the city, and have found a number of papers in a dispatch box. From these it is evident that Blanthier was of gentle birth, that he was an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army, that he held a patent of nobility from the Austrian Emperor, that he had been granted the Order of the Iron Crown by Emperor Francis Joseph, that he had received the Order of the Crown of Italy from King Humbert, and that he had been granted letters patent permitting him and his descendants to bear coat-armor. Von Blanthier may or may not be a murderer—that a man may be gently born does not necessarily make him honest—but it is odd that this man should have been reduced to poverty while bearing titles so unimpeachable as these. When it is considered how feverishly the American maiden chases after foreign titles, that Von Blanthier was still young, being under forty, that he was good-looking, that he had a good education, that he was an ex-officer of infantry, and had a patent of nobility as well, it seems extraordinary that instead of murdering an American woman he should not have married one.

Senator Gibson, of Maryland, in opposing the bill imposing further restrictions on immigration, stated very clearly the arguments of those who, either from conviction or a desire to curry political favor with the lower elements of the population, hold that the ports of the United States should be kept wide open to everybody on earth who wants to come in and make himself at home as a member of the American family. "There is no reason," said Mr. Gibson, "why we should turn back the immigrant from our shores so long as there are mountains to tunnel, rivers to bridge, and virgin country to develop. Many of the States with scant population would be glad to welcome the foreigner, either with education or illiterate, if he only works. The most populous and prosperous States owe their prosperity largely to the great benefits resulting from immigration."

Senator Gibson, of Maryland, should travel through the western part of the United States. That experience would teach him that the States with relatively scant population are not so much in need of indiscriminate foreign immigration as he imagines. California wants immigrants, Oregon wants immigrants, Nevada wants immigrants. But they do not want illiterate Italians, Hungarian, Irish, and other immigrants of the kind who can not be made into good citizens. Decent men, already civilized, or potentially decent men with the capacity to be civilized, are given welcome. There is a demand, constantly lessening, for immigrants from the north of Europe, preferably the Scandinavians; but it is a question in the minds of those best acquainted with the requirements of this portion of the continent whether we would not be much better off were no more foreign immigrants at all admitted. The arable lands of the West are nearly all gone, and such areas, now arid, as can be brought, wholly or in part, under cultivation, may well be reserved for American citizens and their sons, for the overflow from the swarming millions who are already crowding one another in the East. The old "boundless West" has, in fact, disappeared. What is left for appropriation will find home claimants enough without a call being issued to Europe to send us over her surplus unfit. Our own civilization produces poverty and incapacity in measure more than sufficient to satisfy. And nobody who has his eye on "mountains to tunnel, rivers to bridge, or virgin country to develop" is under any need to apply to immigration bureaus for labor. The home supply is pain-

fully ample, especially since Senator Gibson's party secured possession of the government and applied to commerce the principle which he favors in the matter of immigration.

Vast, and new, and rich in material resources as this continent is, there are more people now inhabiting it than can make a good living. The natural increase of this population is enormous, and, to our mind, it is folly amounting to wickedness deliberately to intensify the severity of the inevitable struggle for existence by inviting foreign hordes to come across the ocean and take a hand in industrial competition. Time was when good policy dictated the course which Senator Gibson and his kind still advocate, but that time has passed away. The plain truth is that under present social conditions the United States is an overcrowded country.

But the American citizen capable of rising above the sordid level of the Maryland senator is aware that there are urgent reasons other than industrial which command that the gates be closed against immigration. In a republic something more than a mere willingness to work as laborers at tunneling mountains and building bridges is wanted in foreigners who come among us and obtain the privileges of citizenship. Of human clods there is an alarming superabundance. The masses of foreign ignorance and viciousness which fester in our great cities and exercise political rights are an ever-threatening danger, and have been a most efficient factor in degrading American politics. The Democratic party, of which Senator Gibson is an ornament, relies upon the electoral vote of the State of New York every four years to win for it the Presidential election, and without an enormous majority in New York city the State is always lost to the Democracy. It is in the slums of the metropolis that this majority is obtained, and the slums of New York are the ripest fruit of unrestricted foreign immigration. Nowhere else in the world is there deeper poverty, viler squalor, profounder illiteracy, more low vice, more desperate crime, more dreadful human depravity. It was these slums, with the help of the politicians who counted the vote, which elected Grover Cleveland President of the United States, and the United States have been justly punished for the folly of fostering such elements in the electorate.

The time has at last come when the cry of America for Americans is the natural cry of self-defense. Were not another immigrant to be allowed to step ashore, it would take fully three generations for this country to civilize and qualify for the duties of citizenship the hordes of foreigners who are planted among us. Senator Gibson, if he is to be acquitted of demagoguery, convicts himself of being blind to the most important and most pressing need of the country, which is a raising of the standard of intelligence in the electorate.

The Salvation Army in San Francisco has won the respect of the community. For several years it has had its "life-boat stations" in various parts of the city, some of them located in the midst of the "dive" district, where it has provided lodgings to homeless men; at Christmas time it has collected food and clothing, which it has given away to poor families. The beat of the Salvation Army drum and the squeak of the Salvation Army life are often heard in the business streets of San Francisco. Even in the "Tenderloin District" and on the Barbary Coast the Salvation women go selling their *War Cry* and entering the lowest dives and dead-falls unmolested and ununsulted. But it is evident that there is a darker spot in San Francisco than either the "Tenderloin District" or the Barbary Coast. This is North Beach, the residential district affected by the "Dagoes" and other members of San Francisco's highly undesirable foreign colony. This part of the city has hitherto been neglected by the Salvation Army. Last Sunday they sent a detachment consisting of Major McIntyre, Ensign Taylor, Ensign Barker, Captain May Jackson, Captain Isabella Wise, Captain Fong Foo See, and Sergeant-Major Barker. This little band was attacked by the yahoos of the North Beach region, and volleys of stones were poured upon them. All of the soldiers, including the women, were hit by stones, and two of them were injured severely. Yet the army is not dismayed. Major McIntyre says: "They need us at North Beach. They will like us in time. Next time we shall go with a big, strong force that can not be downed by the shouts of any mob. This sort of thing reminds us of the old days, and never fails to have an inspiring effect on our people. Next time we'll sing them down." We commend to those worthy people who are in the habit of sending money to foreign missions to reflect how much a little Christianizing is needed at home, when even in the North Beach district of the city of San Francisco in the State of California in the United States of America in the last decade of the nineteenth century, there are people so uncivilized that they receive with volleys of stones songs in praise of the Crucified One.

THE TWILIGHT MINE.

How Pizen Bill Johnson made Two Mistakes with a Tenderfoot.

As for me, I was just one of the thousands that came West to grow up with the country, and, not many moons after, had good reason to believe that I was gone up with the country instead. After awhile I drifted into Gold Cross camp. It was in the days before Gold Cross had come to the front as a good thing, and the big mills that are now eating the sides out of the hills up there hadn't been thought of. The boys were running rockers down in the gulch then, and most of them didn't make more between meals than they could eat—and drink—up at grub-time. There really wasn't much life to the camp, and most of the inhabitants were the kind of people that try to make you believe the Almighty has picked them out for an especially favored brand of martyrs. And it was pretty quiet when Pizen Bill Johnson came to town.

But Pizen Bill woke up the camp. Bill wasn't at more than one place at one time, but his reputation was everywhere at once in the diggings, and it didn't improve with age, either. William was dressed to kill. Whenever he moved, you were apt to see the handle of another weapon, that had escaped your observation before, sticking out from some new angle. His record was worse looking than he was—which is saying a good deal. You might lay his ugly looks to some dispensation of Providence that you didn't quite see the drift of; but few people would care to charge a disposition like his to anything but the Devil. Sorrow was his shadow, and the wailing of widows and the crying of orphans had followed him out of more than one camp. But, somehow, when he struck Gold Cross, the general air of condensed shiftlessness seemed to take the place of his usual original cussedness, and, being above working, he just settled down and drank between meals and ate between drinks.

Finally, one day, he developed enough energy to climb up Bumper Hill, which is first cousin to a precipice and is on the west side of the gorge. After that he made several trips up there, generally after the sun had closed up his day's business, and by and by he let it leak out that he had located a first-class quartz claim on a ledge where the pitch was not too steep to pile rock, and also volunteered the statement that the name of his new bonanza was the Twilight, so christened because he found it better to work up there after night; his explanation being that it was too hot to do any locating or anything else up there in the day-time—which explanation was probably as near the truth as he usually got. In those days we mostly thought that quartz mining was the calling of arch-idiot, it being so much easier to run a placer, and so a good many of the boys laughed at him on the sly; but those who had heard of him most, and therefore worst, just shook their heads and surmised he was up to something. Not being interested in the cemetery business, they didn't try to investigate. As for Pizen Bill Johnson, when he got his claim located to suit, he just sat down and waited and waited.

I came to Gold Cross on the hog train, and, being discouraged with mining that didn't pan out board-hills, took the first job that offered itself, which happened to be that of bar-keeper in the Golden Oriole; for, when a man is a hundred miles from nowhere, without money and without friends, his conscience gets sleepy when there is a promise of bread and butter in sight, unaccompanied by the prospect of a term in jail.

The Golden Oriole was in a niche in the side of the gulch, where some enterprising idiots had washed out a few hundred tons of dirt in the hope of finding something rich, but had finally concluded that there was more money and considerable less work in holding up stage-coaches. Then a jag-promoter from Sacramento appeared on the scene, and, judging from the looks of the thirsty inhabitants that there were several good openings that needed filling, built a hoard palace on the ruins, "heedless of the fled," and shortly afterwards there was revelry in car-load lots in that neighborhood. It was a pretty solid castle for those days, and hugged up close on one end to the side of the gulch. An auction piano furnished inspiration at one end of the big room that constituted the interior of the joint, and I, with the valuable assistance of the bar, furnished the inspiration at the other end. There was a window at one end of the bar, the sill of which was on a level with a burro trail that the miners had spoiled when at the innocent work of laying a foundation for our house, and I used to retire through it to gaze upon the awe-inspiring scenery outside and meditate upon the beauties of Nature and the comfort of solitude, whenever the guests got to hurling solid arguments at each other and commenced shooting off something besides their mouths. It really was a big institution for Gold Cross, and the proprietor consumed considerable time and whisky in trying to make up his mind what to call it, not being able to decide whether "palace" or "pavilion" was the proper handle, and eventually compromising on "Golden Oriole." There was a big table down in the centre, which was sometimes used for an exhibition dance and sometimes for laying out a corpse, and surrounding it were a lot of small tables, where the boys played poker and pedro for the drinks. The winning party in these games was given away by the express agent, who used to have a standing joke about two-thirds of the hullion output of Gold Cross coming through the Golden Oriole on its road to civilization.

One day Pizen Bill Johnson's wait came to an end. The young fellow that got off the stage was so infernally green that I couldn't help looking him over to see if he didn't have an express tag on, which, in some measure, would account for his being able to get so far from home, but the boys were feeling pretty blue about then, and he made a kind of pleasant contrast of colors. He hadn't no more than passed one meal-time and sampled a little of our St. Patrick's aversion—snake-producer—till Pizen B. Johnson, who was a smooth smiler when he tried to be, had him in tow and knew all about him and all his folks. And pretty

soon after I observed that he was showing the youngster some of the finest specimens of free-millioing ore from his Twilight honanza that a man ever stole. Thereupon some of the old miners who were hanging around smiled in a self-satisfied sort of a way, having no particular interest in the young man's prospects. I rather pitied the fellow, but then I knew that if he had any money, somebody would get it mighty quick, and besides B. Johnson had enough to answer for without my tombstone casting any reflections on his character. So the announcement next day that he had sold a two-thirds interest in the Twilight for eighteen hundred dollars to the young chap from Boston was not altogether a surprise. And then, with a calm and satisfied air, Bill decreased the number of his meals one-half and doubled the number of his drinks, which was equivalent to a notice that he was beginning to celebrate.

The next two days it rained, but the green young cuss from the East seemed to thrive out in the damp, for he worked away developing his salted Twilight Mine, while the patrons of the Golden Oriole speculated on what kind of a row he would raise when he discovered the job—if he ever did. When the wind got around in the north, the mountains began to shed water lively, and the little creek that tumbled through the camp grew into a torrent and began to spread itself promiscuously over the claims along its head. The clouds went to work in dead earnest, and when you got out from under shelter, it wasn't a difficult job to imagine that some fire department was taking you for a conflagration, and you were shortly much put out.

And so when Eddie Freeman, dripping wet, slid in with a gust of wind through the door of the Oriole that night, the racket inside didn't begin to compare with that which the creek, now taking on the airs of a river, was making outside. I felt uneasy about that creek, and wondered if the fellows who had tacked their cahins up against the hill-side hadn't shown considerable horse sense, after all. But there was a sparkle in Eddie's eye and such joy in his voice that I forgot all about the creek for the time being, when he slammed the door and hove up to the bar. Then he skipped over to where Pizen Bill was absorbed in reflection and gin, and held out to him a sack of ore. Bill smiled after the fashion of the evil one; but when he went to diving into the rock, as big a change came over his face as a land-slide makes in the side of a mountain. In another minute we were all examining some of the finest specimens of gold-bearing ore that was ever found in California. There wasn't any doubt about it. Bill Johnson's salt was merely spice for a mighty fine pudding.

Then the venom in William J.'s nature showed itself in his face, but his words were uncommonly pleasant. "That's a mighty fine mine yer have," he said, "and I am mighty proud that I am the man that's put yer in the way of sich extraordinary luck. I knowed I wuz givin' yer a great thing, but hizness in other places wouldn't allow me to put in my time on that, and besides I tuk a big fancy to yer, ez I allus did to smart young men, and wanted yer to come out on top ov the heap. Bein' az I'm a partner in this yere great luck, supposin' we do a little celebratin'? Let's likker up and then hev a little soshul game to commemorate this great event."

Freeman evidently thought a little whisky would be a welcome change from the rain-water he had been dabbling in, and pretty soon there was a lively four-handed game in progress, punctuated with orders for various kinds of refreshments. But about that time my attention was divided, not to say scattered. I knew that William, of the tribe of Johnson, was up to some evil job, for he was getting the youngster, whose strongest heverage before he crossed the mountains had evidently been coffee, to do most of the drinking, ably assisted by the other two players; but the storm outside seemed to be putting up some kind of a bad job on us all, and pretty soon the crowd commenced to thin out, and I could hear the mingled sound of profanity and splashing water as the miners stepped out, by token of which I judged that the hack-water of the creek was visiting us, and so I sauntered over to my bar window and unfasted the catch.

About the time the fun over in the card-party's corner began to get hilarious, the water began to creep across the floor in black rivulets, looking like moccasins seeking holes, and the last of the uneasy guests sidled out, excepting my interested company in the corner. It struck me that it was a good time of year for them to leave, but a glance at Pizen Bill's countenance gave me to understand that it wouldn't be altogether to my interest to make such a suggestion, and besides, the proprietor, who was peacefully snoozing up in his cabin on the hill-side, would give me an everlasting farewell if I turned out paying patrons. So I stayed, with one eye on the window, one on the party, and both ears out for the storm. The rivulets on the floor had spread out, and pretty soon we had a good foundation for a natatorium.

Talk was getting pretty loud around the card-table, and young Freeman's face held a better flush than his hand could raise. But even he noticed that it seemed to be rising-tide time, and he remarked: "Don't want (hic) to get my feet wet. Lesh go up in the halc'ny." And Bill's mouth curled up in the corners while they tossed the small table up on the larger one, and followed after with their chairs. Booze had made them all reckless, and Bill had an object worth taking risks for.

The candles flickered along the walls and the black water eddied beneath them. They had the table decorated with some large hottles, to save ordering; and, while I sat on the edge of the bar and longed for home, sweet home, the game went on. Bill's yellow face looked more demon-like than ever, and the shadows of the players made fantastic figures in the dim light on the water. But it was a triumphant devil that was looking out of his eyes, and I knew that the Twilight Mine was mighty near within his clutches again.

Two of the players had dropped out on a hand of William's deal, and were trying to look intelligent and interested in spite of the loads they were carrying. Freeman's

brow looked troubled, and his face had kind of whitened. "Well," said Bill, deliberately, stacking his pile of chips which had absorbed all the others, "I thought you wuz a man ov nerve. Supposin' yer are husted? Wot's the matter with the Twilight? I'm a gentleman, an' I got san'—an' I s'posed thar was others wot wuz present. Ef yer hev a good han', thar's a mighty fine chance fer yer to show it. I hev here a leetl' fortshun in chips, an' out on the hill I hev a third part en the Twilight. Jest to show yer that I'm a true sport an' that no gent this side of hell kin run er bluff on Bill Johnson, whether he's frum Californy or Illinoy, I'll put up them valyables agin yer interest in the Twilight. I didn't want to skeer enyhody," he added, contemptuously, as he saw Freeman's face grow a little whiter, "but I hain't hin us't ter doin' bizness with enyhody but men, an' never hed ter eny experience with chicken-livered cusses wot's afeard ov the dark."

The blood ran up in Freeman's face till it was almost black, and his voice had the snap of a steel trap in it, as he quietly said: "I take that het. And I don't want anything but fair play, either," and he laid a new revolver, not long from some store in Sacramento, on the table.

Now, Bill was an expert with that weapon, and so his smile grew a little more sardonic, as he hitched around till one of his numerous destroyers was within easy grasp. As for me, I slid along the counter and opened my private exit somewhat. There are times when we wish to be alone. And, as the window slid up, I heard a peculiar roar—a deep growling above the minor rackets of the storm, that made me wonder.

About that time Pizen Bill Johnson met with the second of the three surprises to which he was treated that night. He felt reasonably certain, being fairly sober, that he had successfully fixed the cards; but somehow that best-laid plan didn't work, and Freeman spread out four aces and a king to Bill's three kings, a jack, and a ten. For a moment the men sat there and glared at each other, while I reached for the window, and as I did so the meaning of that growling roar flashed upon me.

Suddenly there was a movement at the table, a flash in the yellow light, and Pizen Bill had his man covered. His voice sounded like the ripping of a huzz-saw. "Yer would play Pizen Bill, would ye—" but a mighty roar drowned the rest, and as I slid rapidly through the window, I felt the building twist and shake, and more than once, as I scrambled up the hill-side, the muddy water reached after me and clutched me.

The next morning, while I and the proprietor of the late Golden Oriole were straying along the side of the gulch, trying to get an idea of the amount of damage the water-spout had done, I happened to glance up the side of the hill, and saw Edward Freeman, Esq., sitting on a pile of rock, and calmly wringing out an exceedingly damp coat.

"I guess this fool was horned to be hanged," he observed, after receiving my congratulations. "I saw Bill Johnson's hat hanging on a hush down the gulch a-ways," he added, "and I think the best part of him was saved. But I believe all the rest of the outfit was hurried with the Golden Oriole." SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1896. PAUL SHOUP.

Bicyclers who indulge in cluh "runs," or who travel in small parties aloo country roads, where the members of the party may at times be widely separated, will be interested in an idea which a bright wheelman has introduced in the hicycle clubs of France. In that country the whistle is much preferred to the bell as a means of alarm, and for cluh "runs" or use when more than two cyclists go touring. This wheelman has established a perfect code of signals, in which he uses short and long sounds on his whistle. Some of these signals follow:

Ordinary alarm, three short notes: ---
Halt, one long-drawn note: ---
"Come ahead" or "Follow me," two long notes: ---
"Where are you?" or "We are here," three half long notes: ---

"Turn to the right," one long-drawn note, one short: ---
"Turn to the left," one long-drawn note, two short: ---
"Look out! there is danger ahead," ten sharp notes in quick succession: ---
Call for help, three short and one long note, several times in succession: ---

These signals are now pretty well understood among the cluhs, and even outsiders have begun to use them. It might benefit American bicyclists to take the matter up, and introduce a similar code of signals in this country.

There is a rule of the Senate that is very amusing, except to the victims of it. A person riding a bicycle to the Capitol building, and leaving it under the *porte-cochère* over the carriage-drive of the Senate wing, misses it when he leaves the building. If he is of a persistent and inquiring turn of mind, he will ascertain, perhaps, that it has been taken to the Senate stables, two squares outside the Capitol grounds. There is no sign to indicate that hicycles should not be left in the carriage-way, which is apparently quite a proper place for them, and no notice is given when they are taken away. If watchful, the owners find them at the stables; otherwise they do not.

India is a nation of pawn-shops, according to General Booth. The people think that the cleverest man is he who devises the largest number of ways by which to borrow money. They put in pledge their lands, oxen, jewelry, themselves, their children, and their grandchildren, and cases have even been known where a father, to obtain money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, has pledged as collateral the first child yet to be born of the union.

A Springfield, Mass., philatelist recently paid \$4,400 for a postage-stamp. It is a "ten cent provisional Baltimore," and the only other copy known to exist, although it is imperfect, is held by its owner at \$2,000.

A BICYCLE PAPER-CHASE.

The Latest Amusement of England's Swell Bicyclists—The Meet on the Lawn, the Preliminaries, and the Run—An Amusing Account of a New Sport.

The latest fashionable fad is the bicycle paper-chase. It began in a small way about two or three months ago. At first the swells looked askant and sniffed. They did not like the idea at all. It was too absurd, not to say grotesque. And then it meant too much real work and sustained exertion to suit the taste of your average ordinary cyclist who had taken up the craze merely to be in the fashion, and never meant to do more than roll quietly up and down the park, or some suburban road or country lane, at about five miles an hour at the utmost. But now, it is about the swellest thing you can do.

I happened to be a few miles in the country the other day, and went with some friends to one of these paper-chases. A large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at a quarter to three in the afternoon at the house of the giver of the chase, the run to end up with tea. Everything in the afternoon ends up with tea in England.

Picture a sunny April afternoon. The drive in front of the house is simply a network of bicycles. Some lean against the walls and portico and steps, while others—and the majority of them—are held by their dismounted riders.

"Awfully jolly day, isn't it?" says one young lady in a blue serge cycle skirt and jacket. "Would you mind, Captain Vereker, just putting up my saddle for me half an inch?"

Captain Vereker, one of Labouchère's type of the wooden soldier, viz., a guardsman, frowns. It means unbuckling his valise, unpacking wrench and screw-hammer, and leaving his brand-new wheel to the tender mercies of the young lady to hold with her left hand, while she steadies her own with her right.

"Half an inch, Lady Muriel? It won't make the slightest difference."

"Oh, yes, it will. I know it will. Sir Henry told me it would help me so in getting up hill," pleads Lady Muriel.

Secretly consigning Sir Henry to a warm climate, the guardsman sets to work.

"Ah, Mrs. Smith. Didn't know you'd gone in for this sort of thing, don't you know?"

"Really, Lord Frederick. Fancy! I wonder if it would be very much trouble for you to pump up my front tire for me? It's most awfully flat." (*Presses all her weight upon it.*) "Do look. I'm afraid it's a puncture. A thorn, perhaps."

"All right," sighs Lord Frederick, with a wink and a grin at a man next him, as he pushes away his cycle. "I'm going to fetch a pump!" he calls back, and is quickly lost in the throng. Poor Mrs. Smith and her flat tire will have to wait some time ere he returns.

"Please tell me, Colonel Gifford, is not my handle-bar crooked?" cries the Honorable Elfrida Villiers.

The colonel has been there before, and shouts hastily: "Never saw anything so straight!" And he, too, vanishes, only to fall into the clutches of Mrs. Smith, whom he also manages to evade.

It really does seem as though every lady's bicycle on the ground were going to pieces. Next you hear:

"How good of you, Lord Moriston, to come just in the nick of time," smiles a fair girl, with dark eyes and a rifle ribbon on her white straw hat.

"Why, we've ten minutes yet before the hares go off," says his lordship, a middle-aged, red-faced man, with a gray mustache and an eye-glass, as he consults the clock on his handle-bar.

"I don't mean that," smiles the fair girl, sweetly. "I want you to tighten the nut of my right pedal."

"Will any one lend me their oil-can?" asks a stout lady who holds a fragile Singer by one of its cork handles.

"I wouldn't make it too limber," suggests a candid youth, with a doubtful eye, at the slight chain. "The grit may help to hold it together, you know, Lady Dunlap."

"Chain, my dear boy? I want to fill my lamp."

"Oh, you want different oil for that." And the candid boy slips away.

"Who are the hares?" is asked on all sides, and the funny man flourishes at this time.

"Gray and Black," says one chap, with the face of a circus clown. But nobody laughs.

"Lady Dunlap and Sir Hubert Greville, I've heard," ventures a tall, thin chap, with a long neck—a famous low-comedian in amateur theatricals. As Lady Dunlap weighs close on twelve stone and Sir Hubert creeps along on a hamhoo tricycle, the joke is too vehement to withstand, so a few puffs of laughter sound here and there, but are quickly changed into coughs.

"Sir Hubert is pace-maker, I know," says a harsh-voiced spinster of many hard-fought seasons, very much touched up about the eyes and cheek-bones, and decorated as to her stockings, which show well below her short skirt. But you forgive that, for she has small feet, neatly shod.

I should have explained that there is an "official" who is called the "pace-maker," up with whom the riders are to keep. He controls the hounds—a sort of whipper-in.

"What! You a cyclist, Mrs. Harbinger. I never!"

"And why not, pray?" demands an elderly lady in spectacles. "I'm sure I had hard work persuading Mr. H. to consent."

"What was he afraid of?" asks the harsh-voiced spinster, sourer still at the failure of her joke. "Cycling is good for the health, isn't it?"

As Mrs. Harbinger was a rich widow who married a man young enough to be her son, everybody puts up a hand to rub his or her nose.

But it is time to be off. The hughle sounds (the man of the house is in the militia), and a young lady, followed by a young man, come racing out from the stables, and are off

down the drive before you can say Jack Robinson. They are two well-known cracks of the neighborhood.

"Mrs. Talbot and Reggie Walpole!" you hear everywhere. "I thought so."

"By Jove, we'll have our work cut out for us."

"Ought only to have five minutes."

"It's too absurd."

There are many envious hearts among both sexes. Mrs. Talbot is a fascinating young frisky, and Reggie Walpole is Lord Portcullis's eldest son.

Another bugle and off we go. Or off we are supposed to go. But the "off" in many cases is a different sort of off from that intended. About one-half of the hounds are good performers, and mount and away with one accord, the steering down the drive and out through the lodge gates being achieved without fall or collision. Luckily, I got away with the first flight, and know nothing of the second except a dim recollection of a jumble of wheels, some perpendicular, but mostly horizontal—some on the waver—giggles, little screams, stifled profanity, with a few laughs, and a mass of struggling humanity. This as I looked back for a second as a turn in the drive shut out the house. Would I had had a kodak for just one snap-shot! But we are out on the high-road now. The "scent" streams along to the right, the lodge-keeper volunteering: "They went 't'other way, sir."

"Shut up! You mustn't tell like that!" is all the thanks the poor woman gets, although everybody profits by her information. Several small boys and a farm rustic with a pitch-fork wave us back, but we pay no heed, and in three minutes are wheeling through the little village's single street.

"Fault!" shouts the pace-maker, wheeling about. "That chap with the pitch-fork was right. The scent's stopped."

Back we all turn, and compliments fill the air as we re-pass the lodge and see the old woman grinning at the window. But on we go, as hatch after batch of paper strews the roadway. It is level for about two miles and fair going. Then comes a hill. The first hit is dashed up bravely by all hands. Then by twos and threes there is a slackening—finally all are dismounted before half way is gained, save the pace-maker and a lady friend—not his wife, by the bye—who scorch up and quickly disappear over the crest. We see no more of either all day.

"Not much need of saying no one must pass the pace-maker," says one lady—it is the pace-maker's wife, by the bye—and people do not know whether to laugh or not.

After that no one seems to make any effort. People jog along in singles and couples, admire the view—the young people get a chance to talk to and look at each other away from mamma's eyes, and by the end of an hour, with a few exceptions, the first flight is scattered, homeward bound. No one has cared to look for the scent even, and a sudden squall has blown most of it away. We meet a few of the second flight half a mile out of the village, struggling on—the others have been smashed up (their bikes, of course), and have gone home. It is half-past four when we reach the lodge gates, and are just in time to see the two hares come home as fresh as daisies.

"Round by Tangleholt, by Cooper's Spinny, through Tinton village, across Worsted Bottom, and up over Sangford Hill—three-and-twenty miles," shouts Reggie Walpole, as he looks down at the cyclometer on his pedal.

"In two hours, wanting just four minutes," adds Mrs. Talbot, with a beaming smile at all us men, as she consults the watch in her leather bracelet. "Not had, is it?"

Then we all go in to tea.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 1, 1896.

Hokusai, the Japanese painter, wrote in the preface to his "One Hundred Views of the Fushi-Yama" as follows: "I had the mania to draw the form of objects when I was six years old. When I was fifty, I had published an infinity of drawings, but all that I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth considering. It was when I was seventy-three years old that I began to understand the real structure of nature, of animals, of herbs, of trees, of birds, of fishes, and insects. Consequently I shall have advanced much further at eighty; at ninety, I shall begin to know the mystery of things; at one hundred, I shall have attained a degree of marvelous achievement; and, at one hundred and ten, every point and every line in my work shall be life-like. I ask of those who will live as long as I to watch, and see if I keep my promise." Hokusai died at ninety.

A curious defect has been discovered in Buda-Pesth's underground railway. There are not enough ventilating apertures in the tunnel, and the trains rushing through it compress the air in it like that in the tube of a Zalsinski pneumatic gun. On some occasions the cars have been lifted from the track, and the passengers have been almost suffocated. One stretch of tunnel two miles long has only a single ventilating aperture, making it almost an air-tight compartment. Any constructing engineer ought to have known what would be the result of such pneumatic conditions.

W. H. Parsons, of Watertown, N. Y., accompanied his application for membership in the L. A. W., last month, with the following: "I lack but a few months of being sixty years of age. Since the seventeenth day of March, 1895, I have covered two thousand and eighty-six miles, as measured by a Spaulding cyclometer. I have covered sixty miles in part of one day easily, without any discomfort, and am confident I could easily ride the century."

The popularity of fox-terriers at the present time in London is shown by the fact that though between seven and eight thousand have been impounded in London recently, being two-thirds of the stray unmuzzled dogs in the British metropolis, the *Daily Telegraph* states that there has been no appreciable diminution of their number.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that Gladstone is under a pledge to his physicians never to make another public speech.

The Duchess of Fife is the most retiring member of Queen Victoria's family. For this reason, the Princess Maud has nicknamed her "Your Royal Shyness."

Joseph Pulitzer's annual income from his newspaper properties is reported to be more than one million dollars. He has princely homes in New York, Bar Harbor, Paris, and on the Riviera.

Alma-Tadema, the popular Royal Academician, was born in Holland in 1836. His father, Pieter Tadema, was a notary by profession, and died when Laurence Alma, the youngest of the children, was but four years of age, leaving a large family to be brought up by his widow.

Richard Harding Davis prefers his books of travels to the short stories by which he is better known, but finds the latter far more profitable. He is a careful writer, and only one of his stories was written at one sitting. This was dashed off at a Syracuse hotel while he was on an assignment to report a hanging.

Armond and Raymond Forest, the two foster-children of the Baron and Baroness Hirsch, are both Protestants, and, owing to some technical difficulty, have never been legally adopted by the Jewish philanthropist and his wife, but they will inherit his enormous fortune. They are aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years.

A new illustrator, who is destined to make a name for herself, has appeared in the person of Miss Melanie Elizabeth Norton, of New York. She has illustrated Stephen Crane's "Black Riders" in black and white in a manner as weird and original as that of Aubrey Beardsley. Her work is in nowise an imitation, however, and it is free from the faults that make Beardsley's work repulsive.

There is a story that when Cecil Rhodes was in London, last year, he fell in love with Georgina, Dowager-Countess of Dudley, who, although she has been a grandmother for two years, is still one of the most admired of English beauties. Since she declined his offer of marriage, he has grown more of a misogynist than ever, and has arrogantly rejected the counsels of his former advisers.

Sir Frederick Carrington, now in charge of the military operations in Matabeleland, had a summary method of maintaining discipline among his unruly followers. When an offender was brought up before him, he would sit solemnly in court-martial, and the charge was recited. "Did you do it?" he would say. "Yes, sir," was the reply. It was not much good to say "No." "Oh, you did, did you? Then take that." Whereupon Carrington would rise in his might and thrash the culprit until he considered him sufficiently punished.

Louis, the Greek peasant, who won the foot-race between Marathon and Athens, has since been treated as a sort of demi-god. His sayings are reported in the papers, crowds of men and women follow him in the street, and the King of Greece has invited both Louis and his father to the palace. Private individuals have given him large sums of money; wine-dealers, grocers, and other tradesmen have offered to supply all his requirements for a year free of cost, and a barber has offered to shave him and cut his hair for the period of his life-time, free of cost.

Leon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, has raised a novel point in the *code duello*. He recently wrote an article in *Le Figaro* in praise of Prince Henri of Orleans. *L'Echo de Paris* thereupon printed a caricature representing him as licking the prince's boots. He challenged the editor, who had been his friend, but the latter declined on the ground that the artist was responsible for the picture and was ready to fight. Daudet said that it was not the picture that had offended him, but the editor's breach of friendship in allowing it to be used, and he threatens to box the offender's ears. The editor says that if Daudet tries it, he will use a revolver at once.

President Krüger is estimated to be worth something more than a million dollars. He has been president of the Transvaal republic for fourteen years, and of his salary, amounting to about thirty-six thousand dollars annually, he has saved and invested thirty thousand dollars every year. Some of his property near Johannesburg and Pretoria has increased greatly in value within the past decade. He has had practically no education except what the diligent perusal of his family Bible has afforded him. When he visited London some years ago, he never left his room except to keep political appointments, and he avoided gazing in shop-windows for fear he might be corrupted by the temptations of the "wicked city," as he calls the English metropolis. He dresses always in black broadcloth which never seems to be new.

P. D. Armour, the wealthy Chicagoan, is at his office winter and summer at half-past seven every morning, and remains there usually until six at night. In his big offices there are about one hundred men employed, keeping accounts and answering correspondence. At the back of the room is a post-office where from eight to ten thousand letters are received every day, as many more being mailed in answer. In the telegraph office of the establishment are a dozen operators. In addition to these, Mr. Armour has a private operator who is at his office in the morning when Mr. Armour arrives there. He gives Mr. Armour the reports which have been received by telegraph and cable, and by eight or nine o'clock Mr. Armour knows just what he wants his men to do in all parts of the world. By ten he has settled the business problems of the day, and an hour later he is at leisure to go about among his employees. He knows personally every man in his office.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We observe by the dispatches that Representative Belford addressed the Young Men's Silver Club at Denver this week, saying, among other things: "If silver is not placed on an equality with gold, the time may come when the West will secede from the United States. The Mississippi may become the eastern boundary line of the New Western Republic." We advise Representative Belford to put a stopper on his jaw-tackle. There will be no more secession in this country. It was tried once. It was tried over graver questions than silver or gold. For—although Representative Belford may not know it—there are higher and holier questions in this world than the price of an ounce of silver. The question of secession was settled in these United States—settled once and forever. It was settled by over a million men who laid down their lives for their country. The West will never secede. California coquets with the silver States, as thirty years ago she coquetted with the "Secesh" States. But California, although foolish and coquettish, still is loyal. We do not think Representative Belford will ever succeed in getting up his Silver Secession, but if he does, we advise him to call it "Isariota." This would be a delicate compliment to the memory of Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver, while Representative Belford is apparently willing to betray his country for the price of a single ounce.

Now that the Emporium Building has been completed, the community will be amazed to learn that the Building Trades Council has determined to boycott the Emporium Company. To show the motives for this most unjust and high-handed proceeding, let us briefly review the history of the dispute. On April 3d, the walking delegates of the Building Trades Council called on the contractors and the superintendent of the Emporium Building, and threatened a general strike if all non-union workmen were not discharged. The superintendent expounded that the men were engaged by the contractors and not by the owners of the building, and he could do nothing. The walking delegates, H. M. Saunders and R. T. MacIvor, demanded that the contractors should order the men to join the unions or discharge them. Two contractors, P. N. Kuss, painter, and Charles J. Bruschke, furniture manufacturer, refused, and a general strike was ordered. Union men not affiliated with the Building Trades Council were asked to order a sympathetic strike. On the sixth of April, the council ordered Bruschke and all persons dealing with him to be boycotted. On April 7th, there was a meeting of representatives of the Parrott Estate (the owners of the building), the contractors, and the walking delegates. It was shown to the council that Bruschke had contracted to do certain kinds of work, and that there was no specification in the agreement as to whether his men were to be union or non-union. The walking delegates were then informed that unless the strikers at once returned to work, every effort would be made to secure men to fill their places.

On April 8th, one hundred and fifty men returned to work. But the boycott against Bruschke was not raised. MacIvor and Saunders, the walking delegates, called on Stanford, superintendent of the building, April 8th, and they said that the men were ready to go to work if the Parrott Estate would award no further contracts to Bruschke until the work on hand had been finished. This Superintendent Stanford agreed to.

When the outstanding contracts were finished, Superintendent Stanford asked for bids on the restaurant and for waioosing the basement. Bruschke was the lowest bidder, and he secured the work. It was given to him, in entire accordance with the agreement made between Superintendent Stanford and the Building Trades Council. But such was the rancor of the council against Bruschke that they at once ordered the boycott. Bruschke, according to them, has a "national reputation as a labor-fighter," which means that he has always attempted to run his own business in his own way. Bruschke says that he looks on walking delegates as he does upon men who enter railway trains and command "Hands up!" He is working vigorously to run his business in his own way. But he is competing with Eastern factories, and is paying wages ten per cent. higher than those paid in the East, in addition to these labor troubles. If the Building Trades Council succeed in their fight against Bruschke, they will drive him to the East, which simply means that the furniture which he now manufactures here will be manufactured in the East instead of here. The furniture brought here from the East annually would employ steadily three thousand men if manufactured here. It is apparently the aim of the Building Trades Council to increase the amount brought from the East and throw more men here out of work. The result of this unjust and high-handed attempt at bulldozing Bruschke has resulted in the boycott of the Emporium.

If anything could prove the utter short-sightedness and injustice of the trades-unions, it is this boycott. The Emporium Building has now been in course of construction for two years. During that time it has employed a force of about 700 men, during a period of business depression when these men would probably not have obtained employment elsewhere. The magnitude of this enterprise, prosecuted as it was during the dull times, has sustained confidence and encouraged other enterprises that would not otherwise have been inaugurated. During these two years the sum of \$1,500,000 has been expended in this community, of which \$750,000 has been paid in wages to workmen. The Emporium enterprise will result in keeping down retail operating expenses and lowering the prices of goods. If the laboring class boycott the Emporium, they will not only do an act of injustice, but will harm themselves.

But utterly aside from that view of the case, how inexcusable, how unjust, how short-sighted, and how ungrate-

ful is this act of the trades-unions of San Francisco. An enterprise which has involved the disbursement in the community of over a million and a half of money, most of it for labor, becomes accidentally entangled in a labor controversy with which the Emporium Company has absolutely nothing whatever to do. The original dispute was between the Building Trades Council and a contractor. While we have no sympathy with the Building Trades Council, and believe that the contractor was right, still that does not concern the Emporium. For the Building Trades Council and the Associated Trades now to boycott that company, which had absolutely nothing to do with the building operations, simply because it occupies the building, is one of the most iniquitous and inexcusable acts in the long line of inexcusable and iniquitous acts committed by the San Francisco trades-unions.

The attempt of several interior cities to grab the Wilmerding bequest of four hundred thousand dollars is ceasing to be amusing and is becoming irritating. When J. C. Wilmerding died, he left this large sum to establish a school of mechanical trades. He was a San Francisco merchant. He had lived all of his business life in San Francisco. He had made most of his money in San Francisco. His interests were in San Francisco. He had often noticed in the streets of San Francisco idle boys and men; being of a kindly nature, he frequently stopped and asked why they were idle, and was told that it was because they had no trades. Further than that, the boys often replied that they could not learn trades on account of the opposition of the trades-unions.

These facts left a powerful impression on the mind of Mr. Wilmerding, hence his determination to found a school of mechanical trades in this city. He had no reason to establish it in Stockton, or in Oakland, or in Chico, or in San Diego, or in Siskiyou. He knew little or nothing personally of these places. He knew much of San Francisco. Before the board of regents his late business partner, C. F. Fargo, testified that Wilmerding never discussed any other place than San Francisco as a site for the school, and that his inclination seemed to be toward the Potrero, where Mr. Fargo had often taken him driving. It was the testimony of E. J. McCutcheon, the attorney who drew up Wilmerding's will, that the testator desired to have the school established in San Francisco. It was the testimony of Thomas J. Lamb, the business manager of Wilmerding, that he often mentioned the Potrero in San Francisco as a proper site for the school. It was the testimony of William Alvord, president of the Bank of California, and an old friend of the testator, that Wilmerding never thought of any other place than San Francisco for the school site. Herman Schussler, chief-engineer of the Spring Valley Water Works, testified that such a school could be more advantageously located in San Francisco than elsewhere, and, further, that it was his impression that Mr. Wilmerding had intended so to locate it.

We advise the citizens of San Francisco who are interested in the welfare of this city to see that this bequest goes where the testator intended it should go. If they do not bestir themselves, this gift will surely slip out of the city's grasp. We have no doubt that a school of mechanical trades would be a good thing at Berkeley, a desirable thing at Stockton, and an excellent thing at Palo Alto, but there are more unemployed boys in San Francisco than in all of these three places, and there is more need for training them here than there. The trades-unions of the city are forcing boys to become idlers and criminals by excluding them from the apprentices' benches in the shops. By the establishment of a school in this city, this unjust and high-handed proceeding can be stopped, and a new crop of well-trained workmen added to those already here. Another good thing will be that it may result in closing the present Polytechnic High School, where the tax-payers are unjustly taxed for teaching handicrafts to their neighbors' sons. But even if none of these reasons existed, an overmastering reason is that J. C. Wilmerding intended to give this school to San Francisco, and San Francisco ought to have it. If San Francisco's citizens have not energy enough to hang on to a gift so explicitly devised to them and so plainly intended for them, they deserve to lose it, and we hope they will.

The recent proclamation of Weyler, by which he has placed an embargo on the exportation of tobacco from the island of Cuba, has brought forth some extraordinary articles in the American press. This embargo will throw about one hundred thousand cigar-makers out of work in the United States. Weyler says that the insurgents have caused such a shortage in the tobacco crop that the supply on hand is very small, and if its exportation be not prohibited, the cigar-makers in Cuba will be forced into idleness. The jingo journals in this country are demanding that the United States Government "protest" against this action by Weyler. They mean—if they mean anything—that this government should force Cuba to continue sending us tobacco, under threats of war if she refuses. Then her own cigar-makers will be out of work, but our own will be employed. Forcing a country to throw thousands of its own citizens into idleness in order to give employment to thousands of citizens of another nation is a proceeding so extraordinary that it ought to seem grotesque, even to the jingo journals. But apparently nothing seems grotesque to them—not even their grotesque selves.

Since the last issue of the *Argonaut*, the committees having in charge the proposed San Francisco carnival have met and permanently organized. Henry J. Crocker, James D. Phelan, John D. Spreckels, and others have interested themselves, and it is now evident that the carnival will be a success. We are glad to see that the committee has decided to hold the car-

nival in the early fall instead of in the summer, as the *Argonaut* suggested. The weather during the month of July in San Francisco is almost invariably disagreeable, whereas in the early autumn months we have most delightful weather, notably during September. If the carnival be held in the month of July, as was at first suggested, it would be a failure beyond question. The bitter winds, the heavy fogs, and the raw, damp weather of July are trying enough to San Franciscans, but they would infallibly give a poor opinion of our climate to strangers. In September, however, the weather is most delightful. The fogs are over for the season, and the strong summer winds have died away. September is an ideal month in San Francisco. The Carnival Committee have received a letter from the secretary of the Mardi Gras Society of New Orleans, containing many valuable suggestions, and from now on they will carefully discuss all suggestions laid before them. We hope that all of the business community of San Francisco will take a hearty interest in this carnival, because, aside from the pleasure which it will give to San Franciscans as well as to visitors, it will result in marked financial gains to the business community.

It is encouraging to see that the popular sentiment in favor of restricting foreign immigration grows stronger year by year. When the *Argonaut* was founded—some twenty years ago—it was the only journal in the United States that dared to lift its voice against unrestricted foreign immigration. For years it battled for restriction, single-handed and alone. During those twenty years, a marked change has taken place. During the past few years, laws restricting foreign immigration have been passed, growing stricter from year to year. Now we are gratified to see that the House of Representatives, by an overwhelming vote—195 to 26—has passed a bill excluding from admission to the United States all males between the ages of sixteen and sixty who can not both read and write English or some other language. Twenty years ago this bill could not have been passed. No congressman would have dared to vote for it. We hail with joy this brightening dawn of a new day on our national horizon. The action of Congress promises relief from the deluge of ignorant foreigners which Europe pours upon our shores every year—a deluge whose filthy flood swirls around the foundations of our republic, and which some day might cause its fall.

It is gratifying to learn from the cablegrams that the attempt to secure the pardon of Mrs. Maybrick, found guilty of poisoning her husband, will fail. Queen Victoria has investigated the case, and refuses to permit the Home Secretary to pardon the woman. She discovered that Mrs. Maybrick had a paramour during her husband's illness, and that the poisoning was probably done to get the husband out of the way of herself and paramour. Inasmuch as Senator Call introduced a resolution into the United States Senate "demanding an investigation" of the Maybrick case, we suppose that this action of Queen Victoria is cause for war. Probably Senator Call, Senator Morgan, and other of the curious persons who enjoy the desolate freedom of the Senate, will introduce resolutions to that effect. By the way, why do Gail Hamilton and the other strong-minded ladies, who are working for Mrs. Maybrick, so sedulously conceal the fact that the lady in question had a paramour while she was poisoning her husband? Are they ashamed of the lady? Or are they ashamed of the lady's paramour?

MARK TWAIN'S "JOAN OF ARC."

The Great American Humorist's Life of the Maid of Orleans—Her Visions, Her Recognition of the King, and How She Ruled Men.

It is a curious thing that the name of Mark Twain does not appear on the title-page of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." The book was published on May 1st, after the completion of serial publication in *Harper's*, and after the long known secret had been formally revealed by Mr. Clemens's publishers. And internal evidence, too, had long before pointed to the great humorist as the author of the book. No one but he would use such thoroughly American expressions in writing of a heroine of mediæval France, and no one but he would find it so impossible to restrain his hard common sense in viewing mediæval customs.

The story—as published in book-form it contains material not given in the serial publication—is told in three parts: "In Domremy," treating of Joan's childhood and her inspiration; "In Court and Camp," narrating her career as a general; and "Trial and Martyrdom," describing her last days and end. The narration is supposed to be that of her page and secretary, Louis de Conte, who had been her play-fellow in Domremy. He thus describes his first knowledge of Joan's inspiration:

The day was overcast, and all that grassy space wherein the Tree stood lay in a soft rich shadow. Joan sat on a natural seat formed by the gnarled great roots of the Tree. Her hands lay loosely, one reposing in the other, in her lap. Her head was bent a little toward the ground, and her air was that of one who was lost in thought, steeped in dreams, and not conscious of herself or of the world. And now I saw a most strange thing, for I saw a white shadow come slowly gliding along the grass toward the Tree. It was of grand proportions—a robed form, with wings—and the whiteness of this shadow was not like any other whiteness that we know of, except it be the whiteness of the lightning, but even the lightnings are not so intense as it was, for one can look at them without hurt, whereas this brilliancy was so blinding that it pained my eyes and brought the water into them. I uncovered my head, perceiving that I was in the presence of something not of this world.

Another strange thing. The wood had been silent—smitten with that deep stillness which comes when a storm-cloud darkens a forest, and the wild creatures lose heart and are afraid; but now all the

birds burst forth in song, and the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy of it was beyond belief; and was so eloquent and so moving, withal, that it was plain it was an act of worship. With the first note of these birds, Joan cast herself upon her knees, and bent her head low and crossed her hands upon her breast.

She had not seen the shadow yet. Had the song of the bird told her it was coming? It had that link to me.

The shadow approached Joan slowly; the extremity of it reached her, flowed over her, clothed her in its awful splendor. In that immortal light her face, only humanly beautiful before, became divine; flooded with that transforming glory, her mean peasant habit was become like to the raiment of the sun-clothed children of God.

Presently she rose and stood, with her head still bowed a little, and with her arms down and the ends of her fingers tightly laced together in front of her; and standing so, all drenched with that wonderful light, and yet apparently not knowing it, she seemed to listen—but I heard nothing. After a little she raised her head, and looked up as one might look up toward the face of a giant, and then clasped her hands and lifted them high, imploringly, and began to plead. I heard some of the words. I heard her say:

"But I am so young! Oh, so young to leave my mother and my home, and go into the strange world to undertake a thing so great! Ah, how can I talk with men, be comrade with men?—soldiers! It would give me over to insult, and rude usage, and contempt. How can I go in the great wars, and lead armies!—I a girl, and ignorant of such things, knowing nothing of arms, nor how to mount a horse, nor ride it. . . . Yet—if it is commanded—"

Her voice sank a little and was broken by sobs, and I made out no more of her words.

Having accepted her mission and persuaded the governor to send her to the Dauphin, Joan first meets him in a scene described as follows:

There was a wide, free space down the middle of the hall, and at the end of it was a throne royally canopied, and upon it sat a crowned and sceptered figure, nobly clothed and blazing with jewels.

Joan walked two yards behind the canopy, we three walked two yards behind Joan. Our solemn march ended when we were as yet some eight or ten steps from the throne. The count made a deep obeisance, pronounced Joan's name, then bowed again and moved to his place among a group of officials near the throne. I was viewing the crowned personage with all my eyes, and my heart almost stood still with awe.

The eyes of all others were fixed upon Joan in a gaze of wonder which was half worship, and which seemed to say: "How sweet—how lovely—how divine!" All lips were parted and motionless; it was a sure sign that those people, who seldom forget themselves, had forgotten themselves now, and were not conscious of anything but the one object they were gazing upon.

Then they presently began to come to life again, rousing themselves out of the spell and shaking it off as one drives away, little by little, a clinging drowsiness or intoxication. Now they fixed their attention on Joan with a strong new interest of another sort; they were full of curiosity, to see what she would do—they having a secret and particular reason for this curiosity. So they watched. This is what they saw:

She made no obeisance, nor even any slight inclination of her head, but stood looking toward the throne in silence. That was all there was to see at present.

I glanced up at De Metz, and was shocked at the paleness of his face. I whispered, and said:

"What is it, man, what is it?"
His answering whisper was so weak I could hardly catch it:
"They have taken advantage of the hint in her letter to play a trick upon her! She will err, and they will laugh at her. That is not the king that sits there."

Then I glanced at Joan. She was still gazing steadfastly toward the throne, and I had the curious fancy that even her shoulders and the back of her head expressed bewilderment. Now she turned her head slowly, and her eye wandered along the lines of standing courtiers till it fell upon a young man who was very quietly dressed; then her face lighted joyously, and she ran and threw herself at his feet, and clasped his knees, exclaiming in that soft melodious voice, which was her birthright and was now charged with deep and tender feeling:

"God of his grace give you long life, O dear and gentle Dauphin!"
In his astonishment and exultation, De Metz cried out:
"By the shadow of God, it is an amazing thing!"

Then he mashed all the bones of his hand in his grateful grip, and added, with a grand shake of his mane: "Now, what have these painted infidels to say!"

Meantime the young person in the plain clothes was saying to Joan:

"Ah, you mistake, my child, I am not the king. There he is," and he pointed to the throne.

Joan did not stir from her knees, but still lifted her happy face toward the king, and said:

"No, gracious liege, you are he, and none other."
". . . I inst a remark or two; however, I caught the king's next question:

"But tell me who you are, and what would you say?"

"I am called Joan, the maid, and am sent to say that the King of Heaven wills that you be crowned and consecrated in your good city of Rheims, and be thereafter Lieutenant of the Lord of Heaven, who is King of France. And He willeth also that you set me at my appointed work and give me men-at-arms."

After a slight pause she added, her eye lighting at the sound of her words: "For then I will raise the siege of Orleans and break the English power!"

The young monarch's amused face sobered a little when this martial speech fell upon that sick air like a breath blown from emattled camps and fields of war, and his trifling smile presently faded wholly away and disappeared. He was grave, now, and thoughtful. After a little, he waved his hand lightly and all the people fell away and left those two by themselves in a vacant place. We saw Joan rise at a sign, then she and the king talked privately together.

All that host had been consumed with curiosity to see what Joan would do. Well, they had seen, and now they were full of astonishment to see that she had really performed that strange miracle according to the promise in her letter; and they were fully as much astonished to find that she was not overcome by the pomp and splendors about her, but was even more tranquil and at her ease in holding speech with a monarch than ever they themselves had been, with all their practice and experience.

There is a little of Mark Twain's humor in the book—as in this passage, where Joan, having been appointed commander-in-chief of the king's forces, meets the famous La Hire:

He was of great size and martial bearing, he was cased in mail from head to heel, with a bushel of swishing plumes on his helmet, and at his side the vast sword of the time. He was on his way to pay his respects in state to Joan, and as he passed through the camp, he was restoring order, and proclaiming that the Maid was come, and he would have no such spectacle as this exposed to the head of the army. His way of creating order was his own, not borrowed. He did it with his great fists. As he moved along, swearing and admonishing, he let drive this way, that way, and the other, and wherever his blow landed, a man went down.

"Damn you!" he said, "staggering and cursing around like this, and the commander-in-chief in the camp! Straighten up!" and he laid the man flat. . . .

When La Hire entered, one could see the surprise in his face at Joan's beauty and extreme youth, and one could see, too, by Joan's glad smile, that it made her happy to get sight of this hero of her childhood at last. La Hire bowed low, with his helmet in his gauntleted hand, and made a bluff but handsome little speech with hardly an oath in it, and one could see that those two took to each other on the spot.

The visit of ceremony was soon over, and the others went away; but La Hire stayed, and he and Joan sat there, and he sipped her wine, and they talked and laughed together like old friends. And presently she gave him some instructions, in his quality as master of the camp, which made his breath stand still. For, to begin with, she

said that all those loose women must pack out of the place at once, she wouldn't allow one of them to remain. Next, the rough carousing must stop, drinking must be brought within proper and strictly defined limits, and discipline must take the place of disorder. And finally she climaxed the list of surprises with this—which nearly lifted him out of his armor:

"Every man who joins my standard must confess before the priest and absolve himself from sin; and all accepted recruits must be present at divine service twice a day."

La Hire could not say a word for a good part of a minute; then he said, in deep dejection:

"Oh, sweet child, they were littered in hell, these poor darlings of mine! Attend mass? Why, dear heart, they'll see us both damned first!"

And he went on, pouring out a most pathetic stream of arguments and blasphemy, which broke Joan all up, and made her laugh as she had not laughed since she played in the Domremy pastures.

But she stuck in her point; so the soldier yielded, and said all right, if such were the orders he must obey, and would do the best that was in him; then he refreshed himself with a lurid explosion of oaths, and said that if any man in the camp refused to renounce sin and lead a pious life, he would knock his head off. That started Joan off again; she was really having a good time, you see. But she would not consent to that form of conversion. She said they must be voluntary.

La Hire said that that was all right; he wasn't going to kill the voluntary ones, but only the others.

No matter, none of them must be killed—Joan couldn't have it. So the soldier sighed and said he would advertise the mass, but said he doubted if there was a man in camp that was any more likely to go to it than he was himself. There was another surprise for him, for Joan said:

"But, dear man, you are going!"

"I? Impossible! Oh, this is lunacy!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. You are going to the service—twice a day."

"Oh, am I dreaming? Am I drunk—or is my hearing playing me false? Why, I would rather go to—"

"Never mind where. In the morning you are going to begin, and after that it will come easy. Now don't look down-hearted like that. Son, you won't mind it."

La Hire tried to cheer up, but he was not able to do it. He sighed like a zephyr, and presently said:

"Well, I'll do it for you; but before I would do it for another, I swear!"

"But don't swear. Break it off."

"Break it off? It is impossible. I beg you to—to—why—oh, my general, it is my native speech!"

He begged so hard for grace for his impediment that Joan left him one fragment of it; she said he might swear by his baton, the symbol of his generalship.

All the three days that we were in Blois, Joan worked earnestly and tirelessly to bring La Hire to God—to rescue him from the bondage of sin—to breathe into his stormy heart the serenity and peace of religion. She urged, she begged, she implored him to pray. He stood out, the three days of our stay, begging almost piteously to be let off—to be let off from just that one thing, that impossible thing; he would do anything else—anything—command, and he would obey—he would go through the fire for her, if she said the word—but spare him this, only this, for he couldn't pray, had never prayed, he was ignorant of how to frame a prayer, he had no words to put in.

And yet—can any believe it?—she carried even that point, she won that incredible victory. She made La Hire pray. Yes, he stood there before her, and put up his mailed hands and made a prayer. And it was not borrowed, but was his very own; he had none to help him frame it, he made it out of his own head, saying:

"Fair Sir God, I pray you to do by La Hire as he would do by you, if you were La Hire and he were God."

A fine passage is that in which Joan rebukes the king's treacherous counselors. She had wanted to return to her life in Domremy after the coronation of the king at Rheims; but the king sends her a messenger asking her to retain command and attend a council of war. She repairs to the appointed place, and the following scene ensues:

She moved straight to the council-table, and stood. Her glance swept from face to face there, and where it fell, there it lit as with a torch, those it scorched as with a brand. She knew where to strike. She indicated the generals with a nod, and said:

"My business is not with you. You have not craved a council of war." Then she turned toward the king's privy council, and continued: "Na; it is with you. A council of war! It is amazing. There is but one thing to do, and only one, and lo, ye call a council of war! Councils of war have no value but to decide between two of several doubtful courses. But a council of war when there is only one course? Conceive of a man in a boat and his family in the water, and he goes out among his friends to ask what he would better do? A council of war, name of God! To determine what?"

She stopped, and turned till her eyes rested upon the face of La Hire, and so she stood, silent, measuring him, the excitement in all faces burning steadily higher and higher, and all pulses beating faster and faster; then she said, with deliberation:

"Every sane man—whose loyalty to his king is not a show and a pretense—knows that there is but one rational thing before us—the march upon Paris!"

Down came the fist of La Hire with an approving crash upon the table. La Hire turned white with anger, but he pulled himself firmly together and kept silent. . . .

That pious fox the Chancellor of France took the word now. He washed his soft bands together, smiling persuasively, and said to Joan:

"Would it be courteous, your excellency, to move abruptly from here without waiting for an answer from the Duke of Burgundy? You may not know that we are negotiating with his highness, and that there is likely to be a fortnight's truce between us; and on his part a pledge to deliver Paris into our hands without cost of a blow or the fatigue of a march thither."

Joan turned to him and said, gravely:

"This is not a confessional, my lord. You were not obliged to expose that shame here."

The chancellor's face reddened and he retorted:

"Shame? What is there shameful about it?"

Joan answered in level, passionless tones:

"One may describe it without hunting far for words. I knew of this poor comedy, my lord, although it was not intended that I should know. It is to the credit of the devisers of it that they tried to conceal it—this comedy whose text and impulse was describable in two words."

The chancellor spoke up with a fine irony in his manner:

"Indeed! And will your excellency be good enough to utter them?"

"Cowardice and treachery!"

The fists of all the generals came down this time, and again the king's eye sparkled with pleasure. The chancellor sprang to his feet and appealed to his majesty:

"Sire, I claim your protection."

But the king waved him to his seat again, saying:

"Peace. She had a right to be consulted before that thing was undertaken, since it concerned war as well as politics. It is but just that she be heard upon it now."

The chancellor sat down trembling with indignation.

From this point the book becomes less fiction than history. Not that it was not true to the facts of history before; but by using the license of fiction, Joan was presented as a very sweet and maidenly character. But in the account of the trial the author's sympathies are too strong for him, and, in the fear that we may not perceive the full iniquity of Joan's judges, he piles on detail after detail, until the narration becomes monotonous.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

A COMPANY OF STARS.

Sheridan's Comedy, "The Rivals," with an Extraordinary Cast
—Joe Jefferson, Mrs. Drew, Julia Marlowe, Nat Goodwin, Crane, and Wilson as a Stock Company.

One of the most remarkable performances ever given in New York took place yesterday afternoon at the American Theatre. The play was Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," and the cast was made up entirely of stars. The idea was suggested by the cast given at the Coudock benefit about a year ago, when Joseph Jefferson played Bob Acres and Mrs. John Drew Mrs. Malaprop. Such was the interest excited by this performance that Joseph Jefferson devised the idea of making up a company to play through the dull summer season for a limited number of nights. Inasmuch as most of the stars close their season about this time and do not open again until August, it was feasible for Mr. Jefferson to make up this company. He made a series of dates, taking in all of the large cities and some of the minor ones through the New England and Middle States, going as far west as Chicago. The performance took place in this city yesterday afternoon, and the same evening it was repeated at the Brooklyn Academy of Music to a packed house. The cast was as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	William H. Crane
Captain Absolute.....	Robert Taber
Falkland.....	Joseph Holland
Bob Acres.....	Joseph Jefferson
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Nat C. Goodwin
Fag.....	E. M. Holland
David.....	Francis Wilson
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia Languish.....	Julia Marlowe
Lucy.....	Fanny Rice

The American Theatre was crowded. A building three times as large could have been filled, even at the enhanced prices, which were three times the usual figure. The receipts amounted to more than seven thousand dollars. Of course Joe Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew were the favorites, and received more of the applause and laughter than any of the others. William H. Crane came next, and Francis Wilson seemed to rank as a favorite immediately after Crane. Nat Goodwin took sixth place. As for the others, their parts were minor ones, and therefore it was not to be expected that they would win as much applause as those I have mentioned. Of the two tragedians, Robert Taber and Julia Marlowe-Taber, the husband was much more successful as Captain Absolute than his wife was as Lydia Languish. Mrs. Marlowe-Taber has played so long in tragedy that she finds comedy unsuited to her style. Joseph Holland played Falkland and Edmund H. Holland was Fag. Both parts are so small that they were really beneath the capacities of these excellent actors, but, none the less, it was plainly evident that they were in the hands of artists. Fanny Rice had an even smaller part, that of the pert Lucy.

It has often been a remark of critics that companies made up entirely of star actors—generally only for a single evening, as for a benefit—do not make an harmonious ensemble. Each of the performers is habituated to "taking the stage." Even Francis Wilson could not prevent himself from slightly overacting in order to attract to himself the attention which he evidently thought he deserved. His rustic loud David was well portrayed, but his grotesque gestures and his curious laughter were somewhat too prolonged; in short, Wilson made the rôle of David a little more prominent than the playwright intended it to be. Crane, as Sir Anthony Absolute, was better; it is a part which is suited to Mr. Crane's explosive style, and Sir Anthony's outbursts of wrath and his choleric temperament were admirably depicted. Nat Goodwin had much ado to restrain from "mugging" and "gagging." In fact, he did "gag" at one time, but he played the part as carefully as could be expected—of Nat Goodwin. Like Francis Wilson, Fanny Rice was too extravagant in her playing of the part of Lucy, and elaborated and expanded the small business and short lines intrusted to her in a manner that was not suited to a minor part. The rhymed tag was spoken by Mr. and Mrs. Taber, Mr. Craoe, Mr. Goodwin, Mrs. Drew, and Mr. Jefferson.

There was a very large and notable gathering present. Mme. Nordica was there, wearing the new diamond tiara recently presented to her by her admirers, and in another box was Sir Henry Irving, accompanied by his manager, Mr. Bram Stoker, and some members of his company. I state with pain—for the benefit of my anglomaniac readers—that Sir Henry wore a high silk hat and a hob-tailed coat. But genius is always eccentric. We should not treasure it up against him. Among the Californians present were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Rutherford, and Richard Hotaling. Mrs. John Drew, Jr., accompanied by her daughter, witnessed the play in which her husband's mother took such a leading part. Mrs. Reginald de Koven, wife of the composer, was also in the audience, and there was quite a sprinkling of artistic and theatrical people.

The company, as I said, plays for a set number of nights through all the large cities. They will make barrels of money, but it is evident that they are going to lose no opportunities in that line, as at the opening performance there were about a dozen actresses selling souvenir books containing portraits and sketches of the members of the famous company. This souvenir is in the form of a little book printed on very heavy white paper bound by silk cord. It contains a critical essay on the play by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College. The pictures of the different members of the cast are elaborate photogravures, and there are also biographies of the players. The manager was asked if it was true that the proceeds of the sale were to go to the Actors' Fund. But he replied that they were giving the performances solely for their own benefit and not for that of any fund.

It would be interesting to know what this "all-star cast" will divide up at the end of their short summer season.
NEW YORK, May 8, 1896. FLANK

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Story by Miss Wilkins.

Mary E. Wilkins has found a novel situation for her latest book, "Madelon." A girl wildly accusing herself of attempted murder—a crime which she has actually committed—her lover as strenuously denying her guilt and taking the crime upon himself, her anguish at his peril, her futile efforts to obtain credence as she stormily claims the deed as her own—all this, intermingled with love and jealousy, with schemings and denunciations and cross-purposes, supplies material for scenes of high tension.

It is a New England story, as a matter of course, but it differs from Miss Wilkins's usual methods in the sparsity of New England types. They are not entirely lacking, but are there only as suggestions, all the force of the tale being expended on some two or three characters. The two heroines are placed in vivid contrast. One is of the gentle, self-controlled Puritan stock that we have learned to know. The other is a brilliant, passionate creature, whose mixed strain of French and Indian blood has given her a fervid warmth of temperament. Mary Wilkins loves beauty in woman, and loves to describe it; and it is hard to say which picture is the more complete, the glowing tints of Madelon, or Dorothy's delicate blonde beauty. But Madelon's story is the thread which is followed throughout, and most dramatically is it told in a powerful strain of intensity.

In construction, as was to be expected, the story is weak. The storm dwindles away instead of breaking, and in the lull that follows, in place of witnessing a tragedy, as we expected, we find ourselves watching the moves of Miss Wilkins's puppets as she meditates how best to bring about a happy ending.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Puppets in Vanity Fair.

The title of "The Puppet-Booth," by Henry B. Fuller, is indicative of its purpose. In the course of twelve short plays, each complete in itself, the author introduces most of the puppets which are found in modern fiction, and satirically puts them through their customary evolutions. Thus in "The Care of Souls," the characters figure under the names of "the Saint," "the Sinner," "the Woman Worldly Wise," "the Hermit," and "the Ignoramus," and the familiar drama, so popular at this moment, of Innocence versus Ignorance is played out. Realists and romancers are flouted in turn, Grant Allen's Hill-top theories come in for a share of satire, and in "Northern Lights" an eccentric Ibsen drama takes the stage.

The work is in altogether a new vein, and it contains some clever and striking dialogue. The sketches can hardly be called parodies on individual authors, since it is rather certain schools of literature which are made the butt of light railery. In many instances, however, it is to be feared that Mr. Fuller will have his joke to himself. An occasional finger-post would help the average reader on his way marvelously, but nothing of the sort is vouchsafed. Some of the hits are obvious enough, but in many cases the meaning is tucked away in a very hard shell. Mr. Fuller is evidently something of a mystifier.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Romance of Old Virginia.

"White Aprons," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, a romance of colonial times which will add to the reputation of this graceful writer, deals with that period of civil war in Virginia's early history when Nathaniel Bacon ranged himself against the tyrannical Governor Berkeley and fought for popular rights. The "White Aprons" of the title refers to the famous incident which Bacon's defenders have found so hard to justify, when, to ward off an attack, he seized the wives and daughters of his foes to place in front of his breastworks.

Pretty Mistress Penelope Payne was among the captives, and, when she was released, she left her heart behind her in the keeping of a gallant young officer among Bacon's men. Mrs. Goodwin's exhaustive researches through old colonial records, combined with the warm imaginative quality she possesses, give her a peculiarly complete equipment for the weaving of this pretty romance, and the unforced quaintness of the style adds picturesque quality to the tale. In London, where the story travels when Penelope seeks the king in quest of a pardon for her lover, we meet a new procession of historical personages, among whom it is pleasant to discover convivial Samuel Pepys of diary fame.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Translation by "Gyp."

Books by "Gyp," untinted by French wickedness, are multiplying. "Those Good Normans," recently translated by Marie Jussen, is in a strain of lively satire, and it hints occasionally at lapses on the part of husbands and bachelors, but in the main it is altogether different from those books by the risky Parisian countess which have established her reputation for *diablerie* and *équivoque*. The life of country families in Normandy and

the efforts of some *nouveaux riches* to enter society among them is the theme, and it forms the vehicle for some spirited character sketches and much brisk dialogue. Every figure that crosses the boards stands out with clear-cut distinctness, and not one meets with gentle handling. Mme. Dutrac—hard, pushing, and vulgar—is the chief target for aim, but her good-natured, *bourgeois* husband, her two insufferable sons, even the mischievous daughter, as well as the neighboring gentry, are all delicately impaled on the point of "Gyp's" cynical pen. Unrelieved irony is, in fact, the key-note of the book, and the Norman character is the unceasing point of attack. Though the satire of this will be most warmly appreciated by Gallic readers, the pungency of the style and skill in character drawing will make the book entertaining to those who are indifferent to its more subtle phases.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henry James is writing a love-story for an English weekly. It will begin in July and run for thirteen weeks. Mr. James has ready for the press a new volume of stories, to be published under the title of "Embarrassments."

An Edinburgh firm announces a book with the title, "The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love."

The "Poems by Caroline Duer and Alice Duer" are issued by George H. Richmond & Co. in an artistic little 16mo volume.

From a comparison of the statistics of all the chief English libraries, it is evident that there is a very general agreement that the best novels to the various departments of fiction are as follows:

Sensation novel, "The Woman in White"; historic novel, "Ivanhoe"; dramatic novel, "Monte Cristo"; domestic novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield"; sea novel, "Midshipman Easy"; novel of rural life, "Adam Bede"; political novel, "Lothair"; novel written with a purpose, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; imaginative novel, "She"; humorous novel, "Pickwick"; Irish novel, "Charles O'Malley"; Scotch novel, "Heart of Midlothian"; English novel, "Vanity Fair"; American novel, "The Scarlet Letter"; the most popular novel of all, "Vanity Fair."

It is said that the queen has been so pleased with some of Alfred Austin's courtly verses that she has resolved to make the new poet laureate a knight.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been obliged to suspend all work owing to ill-health. Her novel, "Jerome: A Poor Man," serial publication of which was to have been commenced in July, will not appear before January. Three-fourths of the book are written, but it will now be laid aside until Miss Wilkins feels in good working trim again.

The first chapters of "The Martian," the new novel by Mr. du Maurier, will not appear before October next.

Of French journals the oldest is the *Petites Affiches*, now 284 years old; the oldest political paper is the *Gazette de France*, founded under Louis the Thirteenth, and now 267 years old. The *Moniteur Universel* and the *Journal des Debats* are centenarians, dating from 1789. The Restoration has left the *Constitutionnel* and the *Univers*; Louis Philippe's reign, the *Charivari*, *Presse*, *Siccle*, and *Patrie*; the *Pays* dates from the revolution of

1848; the *Figaro*, *Monde*, *Temps*, *France*, *Liberté*, *National*, *Soir*, *Petit Journal*, *Officiel*, *Petite Presse*, and *Petit Moniteur* from the Second Empire.

Under the title "The Quicksands of Pactolus," an Eastern publishing-house is about to publish a story by Horace Annesley Vachell, who wrote "The Romance of Judge Ketchum" and "The Model of Christian Gay." It is a story of San Francisco.

A new novel, by Pauline King, has just been published by George H. Richmond & Co. It is entitled "Alida Craig," and it is illustrated by T. K. Hancock, Jr.

Zola's second book of his trilogy, "Rome," will be published in a few days. Arthur Brisbane cables of it to the *Sun*:

"That portion which already has been published serially has been disappointing, but the latter portion of the work is sufficiently Zolaesque to suit his fondest admirers. The book is like his 'Lourdes,' a blow aimed at Roman Catholicism, if not at Christianity. It contains a number of closely written chapters on religion and socialism. He sends his hero, a French priest, to Rome to seek an interview with the present Pontiff. Enormous difficulties are thrown in his way. He is passed on from prelate to prelate. He finds the Vatican a hot-bed of intrigue, jealousy, and spite. He has glimpses of the terrible greed for domination peculiar to churchmen of extensive power, of propaganda of apparently obscure but potent influence, of Padre d'Angelis, the Dominican, and of the overwhelming preponderance of Jesuits. Finally, his hero enters the presence of the Pontiff at night, and is astounded at what he hears from the lips of Leo the Thirteenth.

"'Your book is accused,' exclaims the Pope. 'Lourdes must not be attacked. The dogma must suffer no change, and the works of St. Thomas give sufficient answer to science.'

"This is the gist of the Pontiff's reasoning, and the French priest goes from the presence of the successor of St. Peter outwardly submissive, but a rebel at heart. The *abbé* then shakes the dust of Rome from his shoes and returns to Paris, in order to propagate ideas of which we shall hear in the next link of the trilogy."

A son of Marion Harland, Albert Payson Terhune, has written a book of travel, "Svria from the Saddle," illustrated from original sketches, which will soon be published.

"Corleone" is the title of Mr. Marion Crawford's new serial. It is a tale of Sicilian bandits and belongs to the Saracinesca Series. Doo Orsino plays the leading part. It is announced that the story is full of action, and, what is more, that its most improbable incidents are true.

"Songs from the Greek" is the title Jane Minot Sedgwick has given a volume of her metrical translations which George H. Richmond & Co. have just published.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh, the author of the clever sea-story in one of the current magazines, entitled "The Mutiny on the *Jimmy Aiken*," is a young Boston man who combines the wholesale drug business with that of wielding the pen. He has in turn been a sailor, pearl-diver, electrician, and business man, and was first brought to public notice by his articles on the Australian pearl fisheries. He is now engaged upon a book of adventure, which is to be published in Boston this fall.

An English translation of "Moltke's Letters to His Wife" is appearing in London. The German text came out two years ago, but English readers will be glad of a version in their tongue.

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OPENS FOR BUSINESS
Monday, May 25, 1896, 8 A. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lea's "History of the Confessional."

Dr. Henry Charles Lea has followed up his "History of the Inquisition," which was so favorably received a few years ago, with a similar work, entitled "A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church." The first volume treats of "Confession and Absolution."

Dr. Lea's object has been to write a history, not a polemical treatise, and in that end he has abstained from consulting Protestant writers and confined himself exclusively to the original sources and to the Catholic authorities, including popular works of devotion as well as the standard theological treatises. The result is an elaborate exposition of the gradual growth and development of "a system that has, in a degree unparalleled elsewhere, subjected the intellect and conscience of successive generations to the domination of fellow-mortals."

The importance of the questions treated by Dr. Lea is, as he points out, by no means limited to the past, for in the Latin Church spiritual interests can not be dissociated from temporal. He declares:

"The priest must be singularly blind who fails to recognize the growth of influence that has followed the release of the Holy See from the entanglements consequent upon its former position as a petty Italian sovereign, and the enormous opportunities opened to it by the substitution of the rule of the ballot-box for absolutism. Through the instrumentality of the confessional, the sodality, and the indulgence, its matchless organization is thus enabled to concentrate in the Vatican a power greater than has ever before been wielded by human hands."

Published by Lea Brothers & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

Marie Corelli's Latest Book.

At her present rate of production, Miss Corelli's admirers will find it hard to keep pace with her. "The Mighty Atom," her latest book, is the third she has written within a few months. It is in a tone of belligerency, the full force of an exuberant vocabulary being directed against "those self-styled Progressivists," as the dedication has it, "who by precept and example assist the infamous cause of education without religion, and who... are guilty of a worse crime than murder."

Neither love nor mysticism figures to the tale, and Miss Corelli keeps her mission always sternly in mind, pausing only to administer a rap or two at Frederic Harrison, Ibsen, and Grant Allen. As a text she takes the sufferings of an eleven-year-old boy who has been brought up without religious training, but who nevertheless gropes for some other creed beyond that of "scientific positivism," and who finally takes his own life when his little playmate dies. Child-suicide is a singularly repulsive motif which is beginning to be overworked. It appears here for the third time in recent fiction.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A Pair of Rogues.

"A Gentleman's Gentleman," by Max Pemberton, consists of the adventures of a rascally Irish baronet of the Barry Lyndon type, as related by his equally rascally valet. The two are more like cronies than master and man, and they live by their wits, leaving no species of sharp practice untried. Each chapter is devoted to some new piece of roguery as they travel from capital to capital, the servant abetting and even distancing his master, until in the end the latter marries and settles down, and the two conclude that they are better apart. No lack of variety is to be found in these chronicles of cheating, gambling, stealing, dueling, and love-making, and the questionable exploits of the pair are told with a spirit and dash which keep up the interest to the end.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The White Virgin," by George Manville Fenn, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister," by Marinn Harland (Mary Virginia Terhune); and "Broken Links," a love-story, by Mrs. Alexander, have been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"By Oak and Thorn" is the title of a series of papers by Alice Brown, recording her experiences and impressions in England. An idea of the scope and character of the papers may be obtained from the list of chapter-headings, which is as follows: "In Praise of Gypsying," "The Food of Fancy," "A Still Hunt," "The Pilgrim in Devon," "The Haunt of the Doones," "The Land of Arthur," "The Brontë Country," "The Quest of a Cup," "An Unresisted Temptation," "Latter-day Cranford," and "Under the Great Blue Tent." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The plot of "A Fight with Fate" is that good old one to which Mrs. Alexander and her readers grow only more attached with time—a poor but pretty dependent acting as companion to a rich, vulgar widow, suffering from her caprices and also winning away her admirers. In this case the

chief admirer is a masterful oobleman, with a long pedigree and a short purse, who could have the widow and her rupees for the asking, but surrenders instead to the piquant charms of the penniless dependent. An Australian millionaire, who turns up opportunely to gild their fortunes, proves to be the uncle of the pretty girl and a distant connection of the noble lord. It will be seen, therefore, that fate is very complaisant in its dealings, after a fight which is neither long nor bitter. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," by A. E. W. Mason, is another of those romantic swash-buckling tales which are turned off in such numbers in these days. A student of the seventeenth century, lured away from his books, becomes an ardent lover and a valiant fighter, and his adventures are told with a fine swing which might give the author a high place if it did not smack so loudly of Stevenson, Conan Doyle, and other masters of the school of romantic fiction. As it is, the story is spirited and stirring, and, if not original, is so well patterned after some excellent models that it pleases more than a poor story evolved entirely from the writer's inner consciousness. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"A House of Cards," by Alice S. Wolf, is a San Francisco story embellished with a good deal of local color of a certain sort. A San Francisco school-teacher and a San Francisco heiress are the heroines, all the men are members of the Bohemian Club, and local touches, consisting of allusions to shopping tours through Chinatown, rides on the dummies of cable cars, and trips to Del Monte and Coronado, are frequent. The half-dozen young people who make up the list of characters are all more or less in love, and the interest of the story is entirely of a sentimental nature. Novel-readers, therefore, who like a love-story of rather a dolorous tendency will be attracted by the fervor and fluency with which this one is written. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The Statesman's Year-Book for 1896" has been issued, bringing up to date this invaluable book of reference. It is an English work, compiled by J. Scott Keltie, assistant secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, and it is prepared with an eye to English needs; but no other publication covers the same ground. It is divided into two parts—"The British Empire" and "Foreign Countries"—describing the various political divisions of the world at the present time, in point of government, area, population, finance, commerce, fighting power, etc., with lists of hooks of reference appended to each article. The distinctive feature of this new edition—the thirty-third—is the insertion of four maps, illustrating the Anglo-Russian delimitation of the Pamirs, the Anglo-French arrangement in Siam, the Venezuelan boundary, and recent arrangements in Bichuanaland. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

In "Out of Town," suburban life is written up in a series of exceedingly bright sketches. The household to which we are introduced consists of a life-like group of people into whose controversies and discussions, amusements and daily doings, it is impossible not to enter with genuine interest. Village theatricals, amateur photography, and house improvements are among the occupations to which they give themselves up, and piquancy is lent to all this by the huddling and blooming of a love-affair between two nice young people in their midst. This little romance is enjoyable in all its stages, from the early difficulties the young man meets with in securing tête-à-têtes, through the engagement, the wedding, and the settling down of the young couple in a suburban home of their own. The author—whose name is withheld—is to be congratulated on the excellence of the illustrations by Rosina E. Sherwood which accompany the text. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

In a volume entitled "The Massacre of the Innocents and Other Tales," Edith Wingate Rindar has gathered together a dozen of stories which are, "in their marked diversity of style and character, adequately representative of the important literary movement known as the Belgian Renaissance." Some nine writers make up the list of contributors, the place of honor being given to Maurice Maeterlinck, the only one whose name is of wide celebrity. His "Massacre of the Innocents" is a peculiarly harrowing tale of bloodshed, and the three powerfully written stories which represent the work of M. George Ekhnad, who comes next in reputation, offer little pleasure to the reader. Realism is the dominant note struck throughout. Though the romantic and fantastic have some place in the volume, the atmosphere is in most cases intensely local, the limited lives of the peasantry being constantly the theme. Such writers as Balzac, Flaubert, and De Maupassant are manifestly the strongest inspiration of the movement, and their influence is discernible in manner of thought as well as expression. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

INTAGLIOS.

The Morn's Morn.

"In the morn's morn," she cried,
Smiling amid her pain—
"In the morn's morn, dear love,
All will be well again.
Little head on my breast,
You sitting close beside,
Each of us hushed to rest,
Satisfied.
Ah! the morn's morn!" she cried.
It was in the morn's morn
That her words came true:
Little head on her breast,
Little heart, too.
'Tis the morn's night. They lie,
Mother and child together,
Each of them hushed to rest—
Escaped from the world's wintry weather
To the morn's morn of the sky.
—Harriet Boyer in May Century.

A Plover on Guard.

O, little plover still circling over
Your nest in clover, your house of love,
Sure none dare harm it and none alarm it
While you are keeping your watch above.
'Tis she doth love you and well approve you,
Your little love-bird so gray and sweet;
If hawk and falcon swept down above you,
'Tis she would trust you the twain to meet.
Now let me pass, sir, a harmless lass, sir,
With no designs on your eggs of blue.
I wish you family both health and wealth, sir,
And to be as faithful and kind as you.
But not a shadow steals o'er the meadow
That he will swoop not to drive away;
The bee in clover and Wind the rover
He fears mean ill to his love in gray.
The showers so sunny and sweet as honey
Have power to trouble his anxious breast.
Now might one purchase for love or money
That watchful heart and that pleasant nest!
—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

Man to Woman.

Thou art not mine nor shalt he! This I know.
While the prize glimmers in my happy hold;
For though Love live till Memory hath grown old,
And lift his torch to light the way we go—
Though, equal-spaced, our thoughts together flow
Like wedded rivers winding, fold on fold,
Undried in sun nor stayed by winter cold,
Thou art not mine, howe'er we vow it so.
Thy soul is not the glass wherein I see,
With blinded flash of rapt intelligence,
Riven ideals in new-born beauty laid
On the bright bosom of eternity;
And learn, with prescience far outstripping sense,
The image mine, the mirror His Who made.
—Alice Brown.

Doubt.

Sometimes, my darling, I have suffered doubt;
Sometimes, when what you said or did seemed cold,
A hand more chill than Death's took sudden hold
Upon my heart, and all the sunny view
Grew dark, my darling, when I doubted you;
That was a longer night than ever drew
Its sable curtain o'er the Western red;
I lived, and yet I felt that I was dead.
I prayed that I might hate you, but in vain;
The prayer reproached me with a deeper pain.
Then I recalled your tenderness to me,
And vowed I still would cherish sweet relief;
Cast off the shadow of my doubt and grief,
Forget what eyes had seen or ears had heard,
And deem the motive kinder than the word.
'Twas well, for time's ordeal proved your love;
Beyond your weary words I learned to see
The daily effort bravely made for me;
My heart was blind, dear love, when doubting you,
For, oh, you loved me better than I knew!
Alas! could we but see with clearer eyes,
Alas! could we but hear with keener ears,
We should have truer hearts, live better years,
And not regret too late the brave and true,
The hearts that loved us better than we knew.
—Mary Berri Chapman.

In Absence.

When do I want you most?
Why, dear, at noon:
When first I wake and realize another day is born!
When the first sunbeams on the sill shake out their golden fringe,
And all the sky is tender yet, with dawn's dull rose a-tinge;
When every fluted blade and leaf with fairy gems is strung—
Then is the time I want you most, because the day is young!
When do I want you most?
Why, dear, at noon:
For these enchanted meadows smile as if it still were June,
A hundred fields of blossoming flax are blue as when I came,
The oriole flashes up the sky in narrow lines of flame;
When the white roads are drenched with sun, and pine woods sweet the air—
Then is the time I want you most, because the day is fair!
When do I want you most?
Why, dear, at night:
When, in the stars that rise for both, I read your love in light;
When memory tells its rosary, and days you did not share
Slip silent on the silken string, like heads without a prayer!
When fire-flies swing their elfin lamps to lead my longings on—
Then is the time I want you most, because the day is gone!
—Florence May Alt in Godley's.

Les Maîtres de l'Affiche, the new poster monthly published in Paris, has made arrangements to include hereafter the work of English and American artists.

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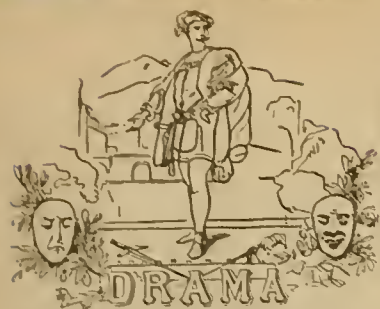
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It is four years since the Daly Company has been here—four years since the home-keeping Californian has listened enchanted to Ada Rehan's liquid tones, and watched the fascinating play of expression that makes her face more charming than the prettiest face on the stage; four years since James Lewis made people laugh by the mere droll twinkle of his eye, and Mrs. Gilbert won their hearts with her broad and gentle humor.

To this delightful trio the four years have been as kindly as Time is to those to whom the gods have given a talent that uplifts and encourages, a nature which finds life an agreeable and cheery experience. An absorbing work, an even temperament, a tolerant humanity, are three great attributes that keep the wheels going round. The two elders have grown no older. They are as full of vivacity, the humor of their style is as humane and as unctuous as it could have been twenty years ago. There is not a suggestion that their youth of heart is passing, or that the chilliness of the years is settling upon their spirits. They have still the gavity of "the brave days when they were twenty-one," with the ease, and polish, and poise that only a life upon the stage can impart.

And as to Ada Rehan! The four years have carried her into the full splendor of matured talent and physique. She has come to that apex of life when the incapacities and inexperience of youth are left behind and the dulling placidity of middle age has not yet begun. Existence for her now pauses for a space at one of its greatest stages. She has lost her girlishness and gained a majesty that is felt even in a part so full of a gay frivolity as the Countess Gucki. She is deepened and enriched, not less delicately charming than she was in the days of her freakish youthfulness, but with a fuller sympathy, a wider comprehension, a humor that has in it the note of tenderness and feeling. Her art has not developed alone; the nature beneath it has grown—warmed, expanded, blossomed into splendid maturity.

The radiance of her personality is as brilliant as ever. Countess Gucki is as sunny as anything she has ever played. It is as full of charm, of grace, of distracting impulsiveness and sudden capricious changes of mood, as only a real feminine character played by a real actress could be. It is one of the most enchanting of Ada Rehan's lighter personations. All the delicious humor, the whimsical demureness, the sudden flashes of tremulous tenderness, the revealing touches of feeling veiled in an instant by relapses into entrancing folly—combine to the making of one of the most captivating feminine figures of the stage. Countess Gucki is not a young girl. She is a woman of twenty-six, who had her first love-affair at sixteen. Miss Rehan dowers the part with all the full, imperial generosity of a rich nature, ardent, brave, splendid, one of the deep-souled, human sort of women who can laugh as well as they can love.

Though she has grown stouter, she is still sufficiently slender to be able to wear the Empire costume in all its revealing skimpiness. The Countess Gucki is the most picturesque creature we have seen here since Ellen Terry's Portia. She is a picture come to life from the days of the century's dawn. With true artistic feeling, she remorselessly dons the extravagant hats that ladies wore when Waterloo was still talked of and the Corsican upstart was eating his heart out on his lonely island. With her first entrance she brings in memories of pictures of dead Bonaparte women and the gorgeous wives of the marshals of the Empire. In her narrow black velvet gown, quaintly embroidered, banded with fur, a towering hat decked with three straight plumes and one nodding rose crowning her yellow hair, she recalls to mind odd old paintings of ladies who were belles at the Duchess of Richmond's ball and saw the troops go clattering out of Brussels in the gray dawn of that most eventful morning in the world's history.

The whole play is impregnated with this Old-World flavor. It is the most completely and delicately picturesque little drama. The scene never changes, and one has no desire to have it changed, it is so demurely prim, so perfectly appointed. Against its background of a queerly figured wall-paper, with touches of dull green in occasional hangings, and slender-legged pieces of furniture inlaid in white woods and pale metals—pictures form that seem to have been executed by some German artist with a taste for domestic scenes. The Countess Gucki, in her high-waisted, gleaming dress, a white band caught by a bunch of black feathers binding her honey-colored hair, sits at the spinet and strums out a gay air. The light

from a three-branched candelabrum touches the smooth expanse of her neck, and her black feathers bob as she moves her head. The little servant-maid, in her sober browns and her modest cap, with a flapping frill that can not hide the light in her eyes, comes in with her neatly arranged tray, whereon thick blue and white cups and dull old silver tea things shine beneath the rays of a single candle in a tall, silver candlestick. There are pictures where the handsome officer and the yellow-haired countess chat together across the great silver punch-bowl; and pictures where the other pair of lovers—the little, slim girl and the long, slim young man, with a face that Cruikshank would have liked to draw—have their quarrels and their peace-makings. The whole play is a series of pictures that seem to have belonged to the album of some German genre painter.

Apart from this scenic aspect, the piece is really beneath the abilities of the company. The dialogue being brisk, the love-making extremely delicate and pretty, and the comedy generally excellent and always refined, the play interests one as cleverly constructed and well-written sketches interest by the excellence of the author's craftsmanship. Such a company as Daly's can make a play charming that, noted by mediocre people, would empty the theatre at the second act. "The Countess Gucki" is played, set, and costumed as well as it is possible to do those things. It is as highly finished a performance as one could see anywhere. Not a detail has been neglected, not a part has been carelessly portrayed, not an actor unsuitably cast.

Thus perfectly given, the play holds one's attention, not by the interest of the piece enacted, but by the perfection of the art displayed. It is really more a series of consecutive episodes than a comedy. Charming scenes take place, full of spirit, and wit, and life-like humor. Certain figures show the elaboration of execution, the careful portrayal of temperamental oddities of types in a series of character studies. The part taken by Mr. Lewis is a detached delineation of a peculiar style of individual, so exquisitely humorous in its development that it might stand by itself. The two young lovers are like a little separate, idyllic novel running through the loosely knit texture of the larger whole. None of these people are necessary to the unfolding of the plot. And this for a very good reason—there is no plot to unfold.

This is the defect of what otherwise would be a most brilliant comedy. There is literally no story in "The Countess Gucki." There is no waiting for a dénouement, no mystery to be unraveled, no villainy awaiting punishment. The development of the love interest between the countess and the dashing young army officer is the only approach to an embroglio that the piece boasts. And the second act is not well under way before one sees exactly how this will work out. With the appearance of the rheumatic general, who looked like the portraits of Marshal Soult, there is some promise of a complication in the story and the late development of a distinct plot. But the general turned out to be only another of those beautifully finished and semi-detached figures which pass through the comedy without having any particular place there except as characters peculiar to the country and the epoch.

The company boasts so many new members, that at times it was only by the finish of their acting and dressing one realized it was the old familiar Daly Company of one's experience. John Drew and Isabel Irving were two of its shining lights when it was here last. Both of these are now stars on their own account, and making such a brave showing that they prove beyond a doubt Mr. Daly's capacity as a stage-director and manager. Certainly his theatre has given more successful artists to the American stage than any other organization in the country. As a stage-manager, he is the rival of Sir Henry Irving; as a trainer for the drama, he has no rival.

His new leading man is a handsome creature called Charles Richman, who already profits by the Daly direction; for, when we saw him last at the Columbia Theatre and compare him to what he is to-day, he was as a humble grub to a triumphant butterfly. Whether he really is superlatively good-looking, or whether his costume is calculated to make any man short of a Caliban look handsome, is not a question to be treated lightly. That he is the ideal of a dashing, beautiful, dare-devil soldier-boy affords sufficient satisfaction to the appreciative spectator. He is certainly the embodiment of youthful exuberance, *joie de vivre*, and splendid high spirits. His continual bursts of irrepressible laughter, to the accompaniment of mirthful gleams of the eyes and dazzling glimpses of white, even teeth, are the most contagious stage laughs we have heard for many moons.

Rose Coghlan, who will begin her next starring season in this city in August, has bought the American rights for the first play written by "Max O'Rell" (Paul Blouet). Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to produce it in England. It is called "Hearts Ease," and its heroine is a poor but happy woman who is suddenly transported to wealth and misery in the upper Bohemia of Paris. The comedy element is afforded by two Americans who are in Paris on a picture-buying expedition.

Miss Rehan as Prince Hal.

William Archer, the London critic, hails with delight Beerbohm Tree's announcement that he is going to produce "Henry IV." in opposition to Augustia Daly's production. Mr. Archer thinks Mr. Daly's nimble scissors may carve an amusing entertainment out of the two parts of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," and Mr. Archer is equally sure that Mr. Daly could make a striking patch-work quilt out of two rare pieces of Gobelin tapestry.

But the head and front of Mr. Daly's offending is that he intends to have Miss Rehan play Prince Hal. Prince Hal plays Achilles to Hotspur's Hector, and, according to Mr. Archer, he embodies for all time Shakespeare's idea of masculine virility. The thought of Prince Hal being interpreted by an actress whose chief attraction is her wealth of womanhood, is enough, Mr. Archer says, to make the Shakespeare statue in Leicester Square melt and flow into the Thames. We might have put up with Mrs. Siddons in her early years occasionally as Hamlet, for Hamlet is a character with effeminate qualities; but a woman as Prince Hal—never!

Finally, Mr. Archer suggests that, while he is about it, Mr. Daly may as well let Miss Rehan play Falstaff.

Irving Institute.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute were held last Thursday evening at Trinity Presbyterian Church. There was a large attendance. The programme was as follows:

Organ prelude, Mr. H. J. Stewart; prayer, Rev. J. C. Smith; piano solo, waltz in D flat, F. Thomas, Miss Addie Everts Stewart; essay, "Some Paraphrases and a California Reality," Miss Agnes Crossbie Marshall; piano solo, Air de Ballet, C. Chaminade, Miss Lena Pearl Atkins; essay, "Balaustion, the Rhodian Maiden," Miss Marie Isabelle Taylor; essay, "Two Good Books," Miss Addie Everts Stewart; piano solo, Valse Brillante, A flat major, Chopin, Miss Helen Ruthrauff; '95; essay, "Sir Roger at Belvedere," Miss Elmira Clementina Panno; essay, "The Cousins," Miss Lena Pearl Atkins; piano solo, ballad in A flat, op. 47, Chopin, Miss Florence Adele Smart; '94; essay, "Yet Am I Learning," Miss Emma Shepherd Agar; violin solo, selection from "Carman," Bizet, Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer; address, Rev. George Edward Walk; presentation of diplomas by Right Rev. W. F. Nichols, D. D., Bishop of California; class song, "Yet Am I Learning," words by Miss Panno, music by Professor Stewart; benediction.

The "Bahoo" of England's Indian Empire is the most impressive handler of the language since the days of the famous Portuguese grammar. A London journal has been printing some Bahoo gems. For example: "Major-domo, The chief woman in a family." "Sea-room, Space likely to be wasted." Some of the most admirable exploits of the Bahoo belong to his examination on the three following questions: "Who was Cardinal Wolsey?" "What is the meaning of 'Ich Dien'?" "What was the *Habeas Corpus* act?" To the first question one Bahoo replied: "As Bishop of Yourk, but died in disentry in a Church on his way to be block-headed." Another pupil asserted of the cardinal that he "was said to be the spiritual guide of the Methodists." In regard to "Ich Dien," one Bahoo wrote: "An honor conferred on the first or eldest sons of English sovereigns. It is nothing more than some feathers." Another observed that "the French called the battle of Waterloo 'Ich Dien.'" The fine flower of the Bahoo efforts to define *habeas corpus* is presented in this wondrous line: "*Habeas* means heavy, *corpus*, the dead; hence it derives the meaning of an act."

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Saturday Evening, "Love on Crutches."

Third Week—"Twelfth Night," "School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Honeymoon," "The Taming of the Shrew," Etc., Etc.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Ada Rehan's Second Week.

"The Countess Gucki" will be given at the matinee performance at the Baldwin Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon, and this evening Miss Rehan will be seen as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal."

For next week, the second of the engagement, Mr. Daly's elaborate revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. The sumptuous production ran for one hundred nights at Daly's Theatre in London. In the production here, Miss Rehan will be seen in the rôle of Helena, Miss Carlisle as Hermia, Miss Young as Puck, Miss Winter as Titania, Miss Nelson as Oberon, Mr. Lewis as Bottom, Mr. Richman as Demetrius, and Mr. Craig as Lysander. On Thursday night, "The Countess Gucki" will be repeated for the last time during the present season, and the modern comedy, "Love on Crutches," will be given on Saturday night.

The third and last week of the engagement will begin on Monday, June 1st, and the repertoire for the week will include "Twelfth Night," "The School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "The Taming of the Shrew," and a double bill consisting of "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honey-moon."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" Set to Music.

The operatic version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now being presented at the Tivoli Opera House, tells the familiar story in a series of effective stage pictures, with a number of negro songs, dances by roustabouts on the levee, and a cake-walk as distinctive features. A number of specialists have been engaged for the production and add their quota to the performance; among them are Gilbert & Goldie, Josephine Gassman, "Wash" Norton, Silver & Wyatt, Ryder & Conlon, and a banjo orchestra. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be continued until further notice.

The next production at the Tivoli will be Delinger's romantic opera, "Lorraine," in which a new singer will make her Tivoli debut. This is Marie Millard, who has appeared before in this city in concerts with her father, Harrison Millard. Recently she has been in De Wolf Hopper's company and with Klaw and Erlanger's "Brownies."

A Saubrette of the Lotta Type.

Amy Lee, the principal person in the company that has been presenting "Miss Harum Scaram" at the Columbia Theatre this week, is not a stranger in San Francisco. When Edward Harrigan was last here, playing an engagement at the California Theatre, about two years ago, Miss Lee played the rôles generally assumed by Mrs. Yeamans. She was in the company merely as a stop-gap, however, as she is too young and personable a woman to fit the character of Cordelia in "Cordelia's Aspirations" or, in fact, any of Mrs. Yeamans's rôles.

In "Miss Harum Scaram" she has a part better suited to her abilities. Miss Lee is a young woman of the fluffy blonde type, with an inclination to childish ways, and in "Miss Harum Scaram" she has the rôle of a lost heiress, traveling about with a glib street fakir. She introduces a number of songs and specialties during the course of the piece, and other members of the company also sing.

"Miss Harum Scaram" will be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow night. The Columbia Theatre will then be closed for certain renovations prior to the opening of the Frawley engagement.

Edmund Collier's Last Week.

"Jack Cade," though it takes certain liberties with the truth of history, is a play to please the proletariat, and, with Edmund Collier in the title rôle, has been very popular at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week. It is full of ringing phrases about the rights of labor and the down-trodden poor, and thrilling climaxes lie close in it as peas in a pod, leading up to a grand but apocryphal triumph of the people in the last act. It will be continued through to-morrow (Sunday) night.

The fourth and last week of Mr. Collier's engagement at this theatre begins on Monday night. The play of the week will be John Stone's famous tragedy, "Metamora," in which the noble red man is shown in his most picturesque light. The leading rôle was a favorite one with Edwin Forrest, and in the play Mr. Collier will use a scalping-knife, once the property of the Seminole chief, Black Hawk, which Forrest used in the play for many years and which he himself presented to Mr. Collier. The cast will call for the full strength of the stock company, and the mounting of the play will be most elaborate.

"A Trip to Chinatown."

The company that is presenting "A Trip to Chinatown" at the California is well worthy to carry the Hoyt banner to far Australia. Its principal member is Harry Conroy, who made his first hit in San Francisco as Jinks Hoodoo in one of Frank Daniels's plays. Then he created the rôle of

Welland Strong in "A Trip to Chinatown," and has been appearing in it pretty much ever since. He has a strongly marked personality, with some very amusing mannerisms. Geraldine McCann, too, has had a long experience in this piece, and makes a very dashing widow, with a little vulgarity as the exigencies of the part permit. For the rest, Patrice makes a clever Willie Grow, the men sing well, and the pretty girls are really pretty. In fact, the blonde girl has been accurately described as "a peach."

The California will be closed after Sunday night for a few weeks.

The Frawley Season.

The engagement of T. D. Frawley's stock company at the Columbia Theatre will begin on Monday evening, June 1st, with the first presentation in this city of "The Two Escutcheons." This play was formerly in the Daly repertoire, and Miss Maxine Elliott, Tyrone Power, and Frank Worthington appeared in the Daly production in New York. They have now transferred their allegiance to Mr. Frawley, and with them in the cast, Mr. Frawley considers "The Two Escutcheons" a strong attraction. On the other hand, Mr. Daly has seen fit to drop the piece during his present season in this city.

Other new people who will be first seen here with the Frawley Company in "The Two Escutcheons" are Harry Corson Clarke and Gertrude Elliott. The latter is a younger sister of Maxine Elliott. The company also includes Mr. Frawley, Maclyn Arbuckle, Wilson Enos, Charles Wyngate, George W. Leslie, Walter Clark Bellows, F. C. Thompson, H. S. Duffield, George Bosworth, Thomas Phillips, Blanche Bates, Hope Ross, Phosa McAllister, Margaret Craven, and Lansing Rowan.

The distribution of first-night seats for the season will take place on Monday, and the regular sale of seats will begin on Thursday.

Notes.

Della Fox is coming to San Francisco this fall. She is singing in a light opera called "Fleur de Lis."

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "The Grand Duke," is so moderately successful that American managers are afraid to touch it.

The announcement is a welcome one that "London Assurance" will be given during the last week of the Daly season at the Baldwin.

The Baldwin Theatre will close for the summer after John Drew's engagement, and the opening attraction of the new season will be "In Bohemia."

"The Countess Gucki" has been so successful in its three nights at the Baldwin that Manager Daly has determined to repeat it once more. It will be given on Thursday night of next week, in place of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The company that is to present Ned Townsend's play, "Chimie Fadden," when it comes to the Columbia Theatre, will be the same that produced it and is still playing it in New York. It includes Charles Hopper in the title rôle, and Marie Bates, who has been the great success of the play as Mrs. Murphy.

Sibyl Sanderson will not return to America for some time, in all probability, after her experience at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. But she can console herself with the reflection that "there are others." She has just signed a contract to sing in Russia next winter for twenty performances at the rate of one thousand dollars a night.

"A Trip to the Moon" is to be the midsummer spectacle at the Tivoli. It was first given in this city at the California Theatre, just before the famous old stock company disbanded. Tom Keene, the late Alice Harrison, and William Mastayer—now a bopeless invalid in New York, supported by his wife, Theresa Vaughan—were in the cast.

Sadie Martinot is to be Nat Goodwin's leading lady when he goes to Australia. They will play an engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, following Miss Rehan, before they embark. "Treadwell, of Yale," a brand-new play, "Ambition," and "In Missouri" will be the novelties of Mr. Goodwin's repertoire, which will also include "A Gilded Fool," "David Garrick," etc.

This (Saturday) evening's performance of "The School for Scandal" was to have been the only one during the present Daly season at the Baldwin. But the demand for seats was so lively—all had been sold by Wednesday evening—that the management has decided to sacrifice one of the nights in the last week to it and also the special Wednesday matinee of the same week.

The Madison Square Garden Company recently held its annual meeting in New York, and, for the first time in its history, the treasurer reported a profit for the past year. Last May the deficit was thirty-one thousand dollars, but this year the surplus over all expenses was ten thousand dollars. J. Pierpont Morgan, Stanford White, Charles Lanier, Hermann Oelrichs, and D. O. Mills are among the directors.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Art Association last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The following excellent programme was presented:

Organ, "Marche de Fête," Claussmann, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin; anthem, "Lead Kindly Light," Stainer, St. Luke's Choir; aria, "With Verdure Clad" ("Creation"), Haydn, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; aria, "It is Enough" ("Elijah"), Mendelssohn, Mr. W. T. Andrews; violin, adagio religioso (with organ), Bott, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "The Requital," Blumenthal, Mr. Francis L. Mathieu; organ, (a) pastorale in E, Lemare, (b) bourrée in D, W. A. Sabin, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin; quartet, "The Patriot," C. H. Lloyd, Messrs. Rowe, Mathieu, Andrews, and Nelson; song, "Serenata Spagnuola," Bergmuller, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; organ, elevation in A flat, Guilmant, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin; anthem, "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away," Woodward, St. Luke's Choir.

On Sunday afternoon, May 24th, an organ recital will be given by Otto Fleissner, at which the following programme will be presented:

Wedding music, West; "Meditation," Capocci; gavotte, Thomas; "The Evening Star," Wagner; overture, "Nabucco," Verdi; communion in F, Grison; intermezzo (by request), Mascagni; andante and variations, Stearns; pastorale in C, Wely; march in E-flat, Merkel.

The exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association is open daily, and also on Thursday evenings, when a vocal and instrumental concert is given.

Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert next Thursday evening at Golden Gate Hall, assisted by Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Misses Pearl and Maud Noble, Signor Lombardi, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Mrs. E. Cruells. The object of the concert is to raise funds for the establishment and maintenance of a bed in the "Little Jim" ward of the Children's Hospital, which will bear the name of the orchestra. These young ladies have worked faithfully during the past year under the direction of Mr. Alfred Roncovieri, and have made excellent progress in their art, and a musical treat may be expected. The charitable feature of the affair certainly deserves recognition from the public, who should endeavor to make the concert a financial success. The patronesses are:

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. John M. Cunningham, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. William Norris, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. J. Douglas Fry, Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. John M. Burnett, Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Isaac N. Walter, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Wilford E. Harrington, Mrs. John M. Chretien, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. John D. Tallant, and Mrs. John A. Darling.

The Westwater Concert.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, the contralto, gave a concert at Native Son's Hall last Tuesday evening, with the assistance of Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, violinist, and Mr. Sigismund Martinez, pianist. A fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

Valse de concert, "L'Aragonesa," D'Alard, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen and Mr. Martinez; aria, "Inspire Moi," from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod, song, "Oh, for a Day of Spring," Leo Stern, polka cantabile, "Flor di Margherita," Arditi, song, "Midsummer Dreams," Guy d'Hardelot, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; piano, "Tarentelle and Prayer," Rossini, Signor S. Martinez; cantabile, "My Heart at thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saëns, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; violin, selected, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen; cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime," from "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; song, "Ave Maria," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Mrs. Eunice Westwater, accompanied by Miss Gruenhagen and Mr. Martinez.

Rosewald Song Recital.

The pupils of Mme. Julie Rosewald gave a song recital last Saturday afternoon at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, and entertained a large number of their friends. The following excellent programme was rendered:

Duet, "Crown Diamonds," Auber, Misses Ida Wilhelm and Maude Frank; "A toi," Lebrun, Miss Maude Finigan; (a) "Romanza," Franz, (b) "Tainka's Song," Von Stutzman, Mrs. Thomas Cheeseman; (a) "The Swan," Grieg, (b) "Waldtraut," Heintsch, Miss Sara Eienfeldt; "Cara Nome" ("Rigoletto"), Verdi, Miss Grace Conroy; "Aspiration," Chopin, Miss Agnes Simpson; "Sweetly Sang the Bird," Rubinstein, Misses Dreyfus and Denicke; "Mad Scene" ("Hamlet"), Ambrose Thomas, Miss Nelye Giusti; (a) "Deserted," MacDowell, (b) "Good Morning," Grieg, Miss Lillian Murphy; (a) "Mädchen mit den rothen Mundchen," Franz, (b) "Spring Song," Lassen, Miss Dreyfus; "Sabbath Rest," Humperdinck, Miss Maude Frank; duet, "Aida," Verdi, Misses Giusti and Morey.

John Drew will be seen at the Baldwin in his new piece, "The Squire of Dames," following Nat Goodwin, in the latter part of June.

When Queen Victoria puts on her state robes for a "drawing-room," she sometimes wears \$750,000 worth of jewelry.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Superior Court aforesaid, The petition of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, a corporation, respectfully shows:

That your petitioner was formed and incorporated under the laws of this State on the first day of August, 1891; that its articles of incorporation were originally filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco; and that your petitioner owns real and personal property situated in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the present name of your petitioner is Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum; that the name proposed to be taken by your petitioner and for which its present name is proposed to be changed is Goldberg, Bowen & Co.; that the reason for such change of name is that L. Lebenbaum, one of the persons by whom your petitioner was formed, and whose name formed a part of the name of your petitioner, has ceased to have any interest in the capital stock or business of your petitioner; and that your petitioner desires to cease the use of the name of said Lebenbaum in the further conduct of its business.

That the number of directors or trustees of your petitioner is seven, and that this petition is signed by a majority of said directors or trustees.

Wherefore, your petitioner prays that, after notice given as required by law, an order be made changing the name of your petitioner to Goldberg, Bowen & Co., and that such other and further order be made as is meet in the premises.

And your petitioner will ever pray, etc.
GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM,
By JACOB GOLDBERG, President,
HENRY A. BOWEN, Secretary,
JACOB GOLDBERG,
HENRY A. BOWEN,
HUGO D. KEIL,
GEO. W. WHITNEY,
Directors.

W. S. GOODFELLOW,
Attorney for petitioner.

ORDER.

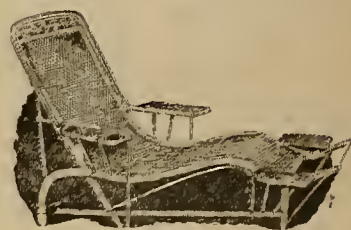
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the application of GOLDBERG, BOWEN & LEBENBAUM, a corporation, for change of name.

Upon reading and filing the petition and application of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum in this cause, it is ordered that the same be heard before this Court in the court-room of Department No. 10, to-wit, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the first day of June, 1896, at the hour of 10 A. M., and that a copy of said petition be published for four successive weeks in *The Argonaut*, a newspaper published and printed in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, April 27, 1896.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge.



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VANITY FAIR.

One of the English illustrated papers reproduces on one page two pictures of the cycling craze as shown in Hyde Park by the *Illustrated London News* and on Riverside Drive by *Leslie's Weekly*. The two scenes present some notable points of difference. In the first place, there is a great deal more style about the English riders. Both men and women sit much more erect on their wheels than the American riders do, and their costumes are more civilized. There are four prominent women riders in the English picture. All of them wear skirts. One has a double-breasted reefer jacket, high lined collar, black stock, and a small toque. A second wears a jacket belted at the waist and a small bonnet made of roses; a third has on a shirt waist and a straw sailor-hat; and the fourth, a young girl, is apparently gowned in a "Mother Hubbard," with a Tam o' Shanter cap. In the American picture, two of the four prominent women wear skirts and two wear bloomers. All four wear coats, with wide revers. Of the two who wear skirts, one sports a sweater under her coat and the other looks very well in a shirt waist. The first girl in bloomers wears a long-tailed coat that is far from beautiful, and the second has bloomers in some light material over black stockings and ties, while her coat has enormous sleeves of dark material, the lower half of the sleeves and the revers being of the same shade as the bloomers. A lined shirt, black club tie, and stiff collar, with a Scotch cap, complete her outfit, which would be more appropriate in a farce-comedy than on a public highway.

The men, too, in the English picture look better than the Americans. The latter almost invariably stoop like idiot scorchers, and, while some are in knickerbocker suits, the most conspicuous is clad in a slouchy sweater. Of the three men in the English picture, one is in knickers and the other two are in sack-coats and trousers. One of them wears a bowler hat. For town riding, the English costumes for both sexes are preferable. It is no unusual thing in London to see a score or more men in an hour ride up to their clubs, lock their wheels, and go inside. But an American man who entered his club in knickerbockers would be regarded as a freak—or a "chump," which is worse. It is to be said, however, that English wheels are almost invariably provided with chain-covers, and the rider's trousers are thereby protected from the oil on the chain. English riders, too, are almost invariably sensible enough to ride with brakes.

When a hostess invites a bachelor to dinner, she expects him to acknowledge the favor by calling upon her soon after. If he fails to do this, she feels he is not treating her properly; that he is rude and ungrateful. Life contriveth this idea, declaring that the indebtedness is as much hers as his; that, whereas his presence, or the presence of some other bachelor, was a necessity at her table, it was by no means a necessity to him; that he could have procured a much more digestible dinner at any first-class restaurant, or at his home, if he has one; and that he would not have eaten it between two women of uncertain interest, to whom he must either listen or talk while trying to enjoy it. Her proposition in inviting him is: "You may eat at my house a messy, complicated dinner that you would never think of ordering for yourself, if you will pay for it by coming around and talking with me some afternoon when you can't afford the time and don't feel like it." If the bachelor is too poor to purchase a dinner elsewhere, or so stupid and generally undesirable that no one enjoys his presence, she would indeed be justified in exacting payment. But this is not the bachelor our hostess invites. She invites the man whose company is of more value than the nourishment she offers. She is well aware of this, and she should not insist on his paying for his food.

A brilliant suggestion for the solution of the theatre-hat problem is offered by a picture in the *Bazaar*. It gets right at the root of the difficulty, and not only sweeps it from off the earth, but gives in its place a boon to the women who regard the theatre as the proper place for the display of their milliners' creations. They probably so regard the play-house for the reason that they have no other place, except the street, for the display of their headgear. But that is beside the question. The *Bazaar* idea is to convert the foyer of the theatre into a huge millinery display. The management is to provide a series of glass cases in which each hat shall be set upon a stand, properly placarded with the owner's name—price and maker's name added, if desired. Intelligent maids are to be in attendance, and doubtless could be persuaded, for a small douceur, to put Miss X's Vivrot hat where it would absolutely "kill" Mrs. Y's chic but domestic bonnet. Then, between the acts, the foyer would be a delightful place to promenade—a sort of perpetual "opening day."

Some very beautiful and valuable gems are owned by French actresses. La Belle Otero's pearls and the magnificent emeralds of Madame Potogy are well known, but there are other

collections of jewels to be seen on the Parisian stage which are quite as valuable, if not so widely famous. Mme. Patti lately wore, in the third act of "Traviata," a dress covered with precious stones of the value of one million dollars. These stones are now in Paris to be reset in the shape of a tulip-like corselet, formed of seven leaves, from which the mousseline de sole bodice will emerge all in fluffs and puffs. The rubies have been spared to compose a big rose mount for a long hair-pie, and destined, it appears, to be placed behind the ear under flat bandeaux à l'Espagnole, for a new pantomime in which the diva intends to appear as a Habanera. After Mme. Patti, the most beautiful stones to be seen on the Parisian stage are the emeralds of Mlle. Tholer, of the Comédie-Française, an ethereal blonde whose favorite color is sky blue; the belt which encircles her waist is studded with them; one end of it falls straight in front and ends with a fringe of tiny diamonds. This belt is particularly celebrated. The value of Mlle. Tholer's emeralds is so great that she has a policeman "specially attached," and he never loses sight of her when she acts. Sarah Bernhardt does not care for diamonds; she prefers the queer and multi-colored jewelry of the Middle Ages; she wears belts, chateaux, and shoulder-knots, but very seldom ear-rings, brooches, bracelets, or tiaras. Her last order in the Rue de la Paix has been a tall silver comb, at the top of which leaves and flowers of all colors, formed with emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, and turquoises, tremble and move at the end of flexible silver stems; it is worth forty thousand dollars, and was made after her own design.

Marie Magnier, of the Gymnase, has the two largest diamonds now in Paris. One day she received from her jeweler a telegram asking her to come at once to his shop; there she found a tall woman, thickly veiled, who held in her hands a case with two superb diamonds in it. "Mademoiselle," she said, "M. F. tells me that your faucon is to possess a pair of exceptionally beautiful earrings. Those are all that you can desire. Could you pay down for them before five to-night the one hundred thousand francs which I ask for them?" Mme. Magnier was startled. "Hm, my good woman," she said, in a brusque manner, "you are very cool over the matter; you ask for one hundred thousand francs just as you would ask for a bushel of onions." The jeweler put his fingers on his lips and nodded deprecatingly. "Oh, very well," said Magnier, "if she is a queen." "She is a queen," answered the lady, proudly, shutting the case with a snap. But Magnier had been touched by the blaze of light which had just disappeared from before her eyes, so she said, meekly: "All right, I will drive to my banker, and in an hour I shall be back with the money, madame." And within the hour she possessed the most marvelous jewels which ever adorned a first night in Paris. But she never discovered the identity of the veiled woman.

Of the actresses of former days, Blanche Pierson was one who possessed some magnificent jewels. When she appeared in the part of Mme. de Termonde in the "Princess George," there was just then living in Paris a real Prince George, who had put at her feet a casket full of marvelous gems. She hesitated about the dress she was going to wear and cover with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. At last she chose the toilet in which she was painted by Carolus Duran—black faille, covered with Chantilly lace; on the left side with a quille of green velvet, on which was a cascade of roses, the heart of each being a diamond. The bodice was simply smothered with the same stones, and it is said that the Empress Eugénie, at the sight of that blonde beauty, could not help frowning and saying: "Oh, what a scandal!" But Blanche Pierson enjoyed the great honor of having her dress copied almost exactly for the sovereign, who had most of the crown diamonds broken up for the purpose.

A "first night" in a London theatre is, as described by a recent correspondent, an annual sight to the uninitiated. In the stalls and boxes there is the freedom of intercourse one would expect to find only in a drawing-room. All the people seem to know one another, and men and women move about and talk to each other in the most informal way. One matron will espay a friend across the house and rush over to her during the *entr'acte*, and young girls seem to regard it as a social duty to move about and pay their respects to their elders.

A pawn-shop sale, held on Fifth Avenue and to which invitations had been sent out bearing the names of Abram S. Hewitt, W. E. Dodge, J. Kennedy Tod, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others of equal position, was an unusual feature of New York life a fortnight ago. The occasion was the second sale of unredeemed pledges held by the Provident Loan Society, and it attracted a number of fashionably dressed women in search of bargains. But they made few satisfactory purchases, for the dealers were present in force, and they bid the articles up to nearly their full value. The bulk of the articles sold were jewelry, including diamonds in old-fashioned settings, and watches. One

bald-headed man secured a pair of prettily ornamented gold garter-clasps for \$6.25 and a gold bracelet for \$5.75. Silver watches went dirt cheap at from \$1.25 up, but the gold ones brought good prices, according to the makes. A Tiffany watch brought \$57, and a Jurgensen \$91. The diamonds excited the most interest, but they went chiefly to the dealers. One pair of solitaire ear-rings brought \$130, and a pin containing forty-five stones brought \$147 dollars, the highest price of the sale.

Word comes from Paris that at last there is a reaction among women who ride the wheel against the knickerbocker costume. Whether it is due to the vulgarization of the *culotte* by the extraordinary costumes affected by shop-girls and cheap actresses, or to the growth of anglomania among the fashionable, or simply that the unending search for novelty has brought modesty into fashion again, the fact remains that Frenchwomen of position no longer ride in the Bois in breeches. They have taken up, instead, the divided skirt, and, shortened and made practical and graceful, it is now the garment most worn by women of the better class. That is, in the Bois; in the country the women who have worn knickerbockers in the hunting-field for two years past will not abandon them when they take a spin on their wheels down quiet country lanes.

Another new departure of the New Woman in the business world is illustrated by the following letter which, the New York *Sun* declares, was recently received by a wealthy New Yorker:

"NEW YORK, April 25th.
"DEAR SIR: As I have long wanted correspondence with some one not identified with Wall Street, I take the liberty of writing you, and making the following proposition, and trust you will consider and treat this as strictly confidential whatever the result. I occupy a relationship of close intimacy with one of the largest dealers in Wall Street, which position gives me an opportunity of learning what will be the immediate course of some particular stock. I want to utilize this knowledge to make some money for myself.

"I will tell you what has been determined upon, and how the stock will go, if you will pay me for my account, or give me an interest in what you may secure for yourself. What I tell you shall be *bona fide* absolute facts, so that every deal may be made with surety of gain. If you consider my proposition, you may address as follows. The name given here is fictitious, and the address hired for the occasion. You will doubtless think it strange that I write you in this manner. But a moment's consideration will show you that it must be difficult for a girl to avail herself of any information that she may obtain in this confidential capacity without betraying herself, which would be fatal to any chance of learning anything in the future. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, very truly yours,
"Miss E. W."

There is an Italian in New York who employs one hundred and twenty-five bootblacks to work for him on the various ferry-boats plying about the city. The boys receive three dollars and fifty cents each a week, and in return give up to the man everything they have made during the day, including tips. He makes sure of getting all that is coming to him by searching their clothes every night. His income is said to amount to some hundreds of dollars a week.

A Scotch judge has decided that if you can get anything out of a nickel-in-the-slot machine and still keep your nickel, you can not be held guilty of robbery. He holds that there must be a possibility of reciprocity in the matter of penalties, and if the machine will take your coin and give you nothing in return—as it will when it is out of order, or out of the commodity it dispenses—you are entitled to take advantage of it when you can.

A young man in New Orleans, while waiting to see a physician in the latter's office, took occasion to manœuvre his nails with an ivory instrument that lay on the table. A few days later, his finger-tips became so sore that he was obliged to consult the doctor again. He then learned that he had cleaned his finger-nails with a vaccine-point, and it had "taken" beautifully.

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Simply refuse the "just as good" sort.

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fried in COTTOLENE is a most toothsome morsel to tempt a fickle appetite. Once tried, then all desire for lard-fried things will vanish. Everything fried in COTTOLENE is appetizing, wholesome and healthful—less greasy, tastes better, more digestible.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A good bull was made recently in Parliament by Mr. Murnaghan, member for Tyrone, who, on being stopped by the Speaker, said: "I bow, sir, to your ruling, and merely beg to reiterate what I was about to observe."

At the Oklahoma City Convention, one of the old "moss-backs," who did not like the way the energetic young chairman was conducting matters, finally arose, and indignantly said to the chairman: "Young man, I was a Republican before you were born!" "Shut up!" returned the young man, with more vigor than politeness, "I will be a Republican when you are dead. Sit down!"

Dr. Elisha Kane, on returning from his great Arctic exploration, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour. "Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend. "It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer. "What do you mean by that?" "Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the doctor.

"Spike" Brady, who was a well-known base-ball player in the Mississippi Valley a few years ago, once attended church in Dubuque, Ia., with his club, which went on special invitation. The preacher made a special effort, that consumed much time. "Spike" was asked what he thought of the preacher. "He got round to third all right, but, say, he was an ice-wagon in getting home," the ball-player answered.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, who looks something like the late Henry Ward Beecher, was walking through Central Park last summer. It was a dreadfully hot day, and he had his hat off to cool his brow. Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, he came plump upon an old lady seated on a park bench. She jumped up, exclaiming, "Goodness me! It is not Mr. Beecher?" "No, madam," Collyer answered, "it is not. I hope Mr. Beecher is in a cooler place."

Recently a story was told in the House of the campaign against John Morley in Scotland. As his Conservative opponent was addressing the Scotch audience in behalf of a more masterful military policy, he was nonplused by this question from the crowd: "Is Maister Wilson in favor of spending thirty-six millions a year on the army and navy, an' only twelve million a year on education—that is to say, twelve million for pitting' brains in, an' thirty-six million for blawin' 'em out?"

Probably the incident that will be longest remembered in connection with the congressional career of James B. Belford, of Colorado—known, from the brilliant color of his hair, as "The Red-Headed Rooster of the Rockies"—was his attack upon a Democratic member of the house, concluding as follows: "There he sits, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed the Red-Headed Rooster, pointing his finger at his victim—"there he sits: mute, silent, and dumb!" "Yes, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a member on the other side, "and he ain't saying a word."

Once at a meeting in connection with the University College, London, Palmerston took the chair. He was not at home in this learned body, and was evidently anxious to adapt his remarks to the occasion. So he began: "It has been said that a little learning is a dangerous thing—ahem!—is a dangerous thing, but it is better than—better than—better than—" Here his lordship came to a dead stop. Lord Brougham sat next to Palmerston. In a low tone, but in his penetrating, squeaky voice, he came to the speaker's rescue. "Better than a great deal of ignorance," he suggested. This of course brought down the house; and during the laughter that followed, Lord Palmerston recovered the thread of his discourse and finished brilliantly.

Frederick Lemaltre, the well-known actor, would expect the musicians to exhibit the same eagerness to hear him at the fiftieth performance as on the first night. He expressly forbade them to read their papers in the orchestra during the intervals of playing. The leading clarinet at one of the boues obstinately refused to submit, and went on reading as usual. Frederick protested, swore, raved, and asked the name of the recalcitrant clarinet player. Just at that moment, the musician passed through the greenroom. "Is it you," said Frederick, in angry tones, "who has had the audacity to read in the orchestra during my great love-scene?" "I?" said the clarinet; "what a foul slander! You have been misinformed, M. Frederick—I was asleep!"

President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out the notices to the students. The closing exercise was a fervent prayer by the doctor. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up

with a notice that Professor Karge's French class would be at nine o'clock that day instead of nine-thirty as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice were not read. The exercises went on, and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the senators and representatives, the governor of New Jersey, the mayor, and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock, instead of at nine-thirty as usual."

RECENT VERSE.

The Siren.

My voice is sweeter than the lute,
My form is passing fair,
My lips are like the scarlet fruit
The coral branches bear.

My teeth are whiter than the pearls
Men seek beneath the brine,
And when I shake my dripping curls
Far brighter jewels shine.

My russet curls, whose golden tips
Half hide a breast that swells
As pink and pearly as the lips
That laugh on spike-back'd shells!

My eyes reflect the glimmer cast
When seas lie calm and deep,
Where, under rotting spar and mast,
The silent sailors sleep.

Oh have I dragged them from the sands—
They can not make demur—
And pulled the gold rings from their hands;
They neither speak nor stir.

So stark they lie! Yet one, alone,
Awoke to find me fair
(This harp is made of his breast-bone,
Its strings were once his hair):

A merry moon we pass'd, and more,
And then upon him came
Some wanton memory of the shore—
He breathed a woman's name.

Wherefore I made him sleep again,
So sound, he could not stir,
But first I suck'd his heart and brain,
Lest he should dream of her.

Before he slept he spake strange words;
These were the words he said:
"Your song is blither than the bird's,
Your lips are ripe and red;

"Your breast is white, your eyes are blue,
Yet you can not understand
Or love your love as the maidens do
That live upon the land!"

So, since, when'er the sun is low
And length'ning shadows fall,
And straying lovers come and go
Along the gray sea-wall,

Amongst the rocks I crouch me down
To hear what they may say,
And learn this thing I have not known—
To love the land-girls' way.

But oft I hear them moan and sigh,
And often weep for woe;
The Summer nights are going by,
Yet this is all I know!

So mine must be the wiser way,
For all my sweetheart said;
I made far merrier than they,
The moon that I was wed.

And he was mine—my very own,
I clasped him firm and fair!
(This harp is made of his breast-bone,
Its strings were once his hair).

—Violet Fane in Pall Mall Magazine.

Cleopatra.

The dusky hosiom of the sleeping Nile
Stirs to the soft caress of slender oars
That whisper through the rushes on the shores.
'Tis Cleopatra's music-freighted barge,
Slow-stealing mile on mile
Where lotus-blossoms sway along the marge,
And to the languorous wooing of the gloom
Yield up their fleeting fragrance with a smile.
To the great stars, mist-magnified, that loom

From blue-black depths of wondrous southern skies,
Are raised the radiant, love-compelling eyes
Whose scorn has hurried hundreds to their doom,
And Cleopatra sighs.

O queen, what thought is this
That makes a portent of the night air's kiss?
The heaven itself is not so calm as thou;
But who can see the heaven's inner heart?
The ripples cleft apart
By the keen pressure of thy harge's prow
Hide not such cruel mysteries as now
Lie buried in the splendor of thine eyes.

In the far North the sullen gods of war
Stir in their sleep, grim, groping for the sword,
And stately Rome from valley, hill, and shore
Sees her stern sons at duty's call arise,
Sees their best blood at battle's altars poured.
Ten thousand men shall pass beyond the veil
Because one man deemed honor less than love.
O Cleopatra, do the stars above
Not whisper what should make thee shriek and quail?
The proudest galleys Rome can boast
Shall sink beneath the Adriatic's waves,
The bravest hearts in all the Roman host
Shall reel and plunge to weed-encircled graves;
The lightest kiss that hangs upon thy breath,
The veriest whisper Antony hath heard,
More potent than the cloud-controller's word,
Make land and sea the harvest-fields of death!

Then the enfeebled and wonder-working East
Wakens wide-eyed and pulses to the tread
Of morning's legions, heralding the sun;
And Cleopatra from her sliding barge
Smiles, for the light's shafts ran
Unerring to the target
Of the gray west and put the stars to flight,
Still the giant portents of the night.

Yet is the voice of prophecy not dead—
O Cleopatra, see, the dawn is red!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl in the Bookman.

A cat was chased up a telegraph-pole by a dog in Brooklyn on a recent Friday evening. It got up to the cross-ties, sixty-five feet above the ground, and could not get down again. It remained there all Saturday howling piteously with hunger, and was rescued on Sunday morning by a telegraph lineman.

The Significance of a Gray Overcoat
Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and nervousness.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

An enterprising London shop-keeper keeps a register of births as announced in the newspapers, and, shortly before each child's next birthday arrives, he sends its mother a type-written letter, calling attention to suitable gifts in his stock, with wishes for many happy returns of the day.



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Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896.
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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pemona*, at 2 P. M. May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. May 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Alata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orinaba*, June 1, 7, and 13th of each month thereafter. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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SOCIETY.

Baoquet to the Trial Board.

The directors of the Union Iron Works gave a banquet last Thursday evening at the Pacific Union Club in honor of the members of the trial board of the new battle-ship *Oregon*, whose recent trip over the Santa Barbara course was so successful. Flowers, flags, and bunting formed an attractive decoration for the dining-hall, and a string orchestra played during the service of the menu. A few felicitously expressed responses to toasts formed a feature of the evening. The following were the gentlemen invited:

The officers comprising the trial board of the United States battle-ship *Oregon*, as follows:

President, Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., Senior Member, Chief-Engineer G. F. Kutz, U. S. N., Members, Captain C. S. Cotton, U. S. N., Commander C. E. Clark, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander E. D. Tausig, U. S. N., Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., and Assistant Naval-Constructor Elliott Snow, U. S. N.

The officers ordered in connection with the trial board:

Lieutenant-Commander F. J. Drake, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer F. A. Wilson, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer R. W. Milligan, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer J. K. Barton, U. S. N., Passed-Assistant Engineer T. F. Burgdorff, U. S. N., Naval Constructor W. L. Copps, U. S. N., Passed-Assistant Engineer S. Arnold, U. S. N., Passed-Assistant Engineer B. C. Sampson, U. S. N., Passed-Assistant Surgeon F. Hesler, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. R. Shoemaker, U. S. N., Passed-Assistant Engineer W. Bush, U. S. N., Ensign Guy Burrage, U. S. N., Ensign A. L. Willard, U. S. N., Assistant Engineer H. B. Price, U. S. N., Ensign R. S. Douglass, U. S. N., Assistant Engineer F. D. Read, U. S. N., Cadet J. J. Roby, U. S. N., Cadet M. J. McCormack, U. S. N., Cadet F. D. Karns, U. S. N., and Cadet J. P. Morton, U. S. N.

And other guests:

Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. George W. Prescott, Mr. Philip N. Lilienthal, Mr. George W. Dickie, Mr. E. L. Griffith, Mr. J. O'B. Gunn, Lieutenant George Ackerman, U. S. N., Captain Charles Goodall, Captain C. Minor Goodall, Captain Millen Griffith, Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Mr. W. G. Barrett, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. Lewis Gerstle, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. James V. Coleman, Mr. Robert Forsyth, Mr. John T. Scott, Mr. E. P. Cogan, Mr. L. C. Morehouse, Mr. R. H. Beamer, Mr. V. Artsimovitch, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Gordon Elandring, Mr. James B. Steison, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. E. A. Broguière, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. B. F. Dunham, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. C. de Guigné, Mr. Edgar J. de Pue, Mr. Frank S. Douy, Mr. D. W. Earl, Mr. C. P. Eells, Mr. Oliver Eldridge, Mr. J. A. Fillmore, Mr. A. W. Foster, Mr. Adam Grant, Mr. C. A. Grow, Mr. Hugh Craig, Mr. John F. Merrill, Mr. John L. Howard, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. J. N. Knowles, Mr. R. B. Forman, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. Frank McCoppin, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. R. H. Pease, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. W. F. Russell, Mr. Herman Schussler, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Captain William H. Taylor, Mr. James E. Tucker, Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. W. R. Eckart, Mr. W. G. Dodd, Mr. George E. Ames, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Alexander Center, General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., General O. D. Greene, U. S. A., Mr. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. J. F. Bigelow, Dr. George Chismore, Dr. Thomas Addison, Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., Mr. Edward Bellows, Judge W. W. Morrow, Judge Joseph McKenna, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. W. Hart, Mr. A. K. Coney, Commander Rozo, Admiral Angel Monasterio, Mr. A. A. Watkins, General M. L. Barillas, Mr. Pedro Bruni, Mr. Florentine Souza, Mr. Adolph Meyer, Mr. W. P. Tisdal, Captain Sumner, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Marsden Maason, Mr. D. E. Hayes, Professor George Davidson, Mr. L. C. Marshutz, Mr. John Hammond, Mr. E. A. Denicke, Mr. R. P. Rutherford, and Mr. O. S. Orrick.

The Art Association.

The annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the California School of Design opened last Tuesday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and will terminate to-day. On Tuesday evening the prizes were awarded by President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California. Mr. James D. Phelan presided, owing to the illness of the president, Mr. Horace G. Platt. The judges were Mr. E. M. Pissis, Mr. Ernest Peixotto, Mr. C. C. Judson, Mr. Edward R. Swain, and Mr. Bruce Porter. The awards were as follows:

The Avery medal, for best excellence in oil painting, to Miss Marian Holden; honorable mention to Miss Flor-

ence Lundborg; the Alvord medal, for best general excellence in drawing from the antique, to Mr. H. M. Sickall; the W. E. Brown medal, for best general excellence for drawing from life, to Mr. Hannakiki Kobayashi; honorable mention to Mr. William Wilkie, Mr. Robert Aiken, Miss M. Froelich, and Miss M. F. Cragin; first prize in modeling to Mr. Robert Aiken; special mention to Mr. M. P. Neilson; honorable mention in perspective to Mr. Von Helms and Miss McGlashan.

The Skull and Keys Society.

The Skull and Keys Society of the State University gave their annual play at Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, on last Saturday evening. A large crowd of society people from both sides of the bay attended the performance. H. J. Byron's "Uncle" was the play chosen, and was very cleverly acted throughout. The following students participated, under the stage direction of Mr. Leo Cooper:

Uncle Bortle, Mr. P. Hutchins; Paul Beaumont, Mr. E. T. Blake; Peter Fletcher, Mr. A. R. Baldwin; Puffin, Mr. J. R. Metcalf; Mrs. Beaumont, Mr. W. F. McNutt; Emily Montrose, Mr. H. N. Roeding; Sarah Jane, Mr. J. R. Hamilton.

Notes and Gossip.

Cards have been received announcing that the marriage of Miss Elizabeth de la Fletcher Slee to Mr. Elwood Bender Crocker, both of Elmira, N. Y., is to take place on June 3d. Mr. Crocker is well known in California. He was born in Sacramento and spent his boyhood in this State, but during the last few years has resided in the East. He is an adopted son of Mrs. Margaret Crocker, the mother of Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, and Mrs. H. M. Gillig, of New York city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lucy Upson to Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett. Miss Upson is the daughter of Mr. L. S. Upson, of Sacramento. Mr. Hanchett is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hanchett and brother of Mrs. George Crocker and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll. The wedding will take place about June 24th in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker will arrive here from New York about the middle of June to attend the wedding.

Mrs. George Huntsman has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Emma Huntsman, to Mr. W. Grayson Dutton, which will take place at Grace Church at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, June 2d.

The wedding of Miss Mary Isabella Stewart and Mr. Francis Lithgow Payson, of New York city, took place at noon last Saturday at "Stewart Castle," in Washington, D. C. The bride is the daughter of Senator Stewart, of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening at their residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Frazer, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. Watson, and Mr. J. B. Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Deao gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel, and hospitably entertained two of their friends.

Mrs. Mopotford S. Wilcox gave a luncheon-party last Thursday at her residence, 711 Bush Street. Covers were laid for fourteen.

The steamer on which Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city, sailed for Europe—the White Star Liner *Tauronic*—contained an unusually interesting passenger list. Among the celebrities on board were Max O'Rell, Paderewski, Mrs. Burto Harrison, Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, General McCook, of the fighting McCooks, Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Curzon, two English actresses, the Townsend Burdens, and a number of the New York Four Hundred, who did not loom up with their usual prominence, owing to the presence of so many celebrities. The benefit concert, which is always given on the night before arriving in port, was an unusually successful one. It was presided over by Mr. Paul Blouet—better known as "Max O'Rell"—and among those who took part in it were the well-known English baritone, Mr. Normand Slamond, who sang Schubert's "Der Wanderer"; Miss Eileen O'Malley recited "Lascia"; Mr. Gilbert Parker recited a poem, "How I Hired a King"; the Honorable Mrs. Curzon, a handsome English actress, sang "Ave, My Mother"; and Miss Julia Neilson, another English actress, delivered an extract from Gilbert's play, "Comedy and Tragedy." Max O'Rell then read an essay entitled "Souvenir de Voyage," and the concert closed with a piano recital by Paderewski. The musical director was Mr. Amhurst Webber. Altogether, those who had crossed the Atlantic many times said that the concert was one of the finest they had ever heard.

The present Duke of Galliera is a man of strong socialistic tendencies, and calls himself plain M. Ferrari. The Genoeese are now erecting a monument to his parents, the late duke and duchess, who gave to the city ten millions of dollars to improve the port, built a superb hospital, and erected model dwellings for the poor. The duchess, who was the wealthy heiress to the now extinct house of Brigoole Sale, also gave her ancestral palace, with all its art treasures, to the city as a museum.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Mrs. Caroline M. P. Coleman, widow of the late William T. Coleman, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at \$250,000. She bequeathed to her son, Robert Lewis Coleman, \$50,000 in cash. He is also to have during his life all the silver, china, and glassware belonging to the estate, and at his death all such property is to go to his children. The testatrix disposed of her jewelry and other articles of personal wear by the following provision:

"All my laces, furs, fans, jewels, and jewelry shall go to that daughter, if any, of my said son, who shall bear my name, 'Caroline Coleman.' Should my said son never have a daughter bearing my name, then I will add direct that upon his death all said property shall go and belong to my nieces, Ella Soule and Carrie Bacon, children of my sister, Julia A. Bacon. I give and bequeath all the remainder of my wearing apparel, including my India shawls, to my two said nieces, Ella Soule and Carrie Bacon, daughters of my said sister."

The deceased bequeathed to the Union Trust Company \$50,000 in trust for her grandson, William Tell Coleman, Jr. Of the income, \$500 a month is to go toward the boy's support and education until he attains the age of twenty-one years. He is thereafter to receive the entire income until he reaches the age of thirty years. Should he die before that time, the trust will cease and the property go to his children. In the event of his having no issue, the trust estate will go to the children of Robert Lewis Coleman.

The entire residue of the estate is bequeathed to Robert Lewis Coleman, to be held by him in trust for his own use and benefit. At his death the trust is to cease, and the property is to go to his children.

The will appointed her son executor without bonds. His petition for probate shows that the only legal heirs are himself and the grandson, William Tell Coleman.

A gentlemanly person, who had seen better days, but still had a good suit of clothes on his back, once ordered a most *recherché* dinner in a Regent Street restaurant. The waiters were most obsequious to one of such excellent taste, and pressed him to take *liqueurs* after his banquet; he obliged them, and still, with a handsome fee in prospect, they begged to know what more they could do for him. "Be so good," he said, "as to fetch a policeman." He had not a cent to pay his bill, and he did not wait to be kicked out, which might have damaged his apparel, but desired to place himself under the protection of the civil force.

In the House of Commons one night, Mr. Labouchère, who has a bitter hatred of Cecil Rhodes, the "master of South Africa," was complaining about the bad roads in Jamaica, and the following impromptu verses were passed up to him:

The absence of roads is Jamaica's great curse,
So Labouchère's warning takes shape.
But if you reflect, there is something still worse—
It's the presence of Rhodes at the Cape.

Shortly after the tidings of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg reached England, the captain of the Boys' Brigade (a popular military religious organization), at a meeting of his little corps, referred sympathetically to the sad event, and, choosing an appropriate hymn to close the service, added: "Let us sing these lines in solemn silence."

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander (formerly Miss
Hattie Crocker, of San Francisco) have rented a house
in Moscow for three weeks, in order to witness the cor-
onation ceremonies.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown, of Oakland, have been
visiting Paso Robles.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford and Miss G. Stanford arrived in
New York city last Monday, and registered at the Fifth
Avenue Hotel.

Mr. William C. Ralston is at the Hoffman House in
New York city.

Mr. Webster Jones has been visiting at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Miss Jennie Catherwood,
and Miss Marie Zane will be at the Hotel del Monte dur-
ing July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker are at their ranch near
Cloverdale, and will pass most of the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., of Oakland, are
passing a month at Etanemere. Afterward they will go to
Castle Crags for awhile and then to Del Monte.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Miss
Leontine Blakeman, and Miss Ethel Keeney will pass the
summer at Santa Monica and Coronado Beach.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant was visiting Sir Thomas and
Lady Hesketh at their country-seat at Easton Neston a
fortnight ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher, of Oakland, left last
Saturday for Fresno to visit Mrs. Fisher's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry, for a month. They will also
take a trip to the King's River cañon. Two weeks after
their return home, they will go to New York to study
music, and will be away an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch have returned from their
visit to Germany.

Mr. Samuel Saalburg will visit Alaska for a couple of
months during the summer.

Mr. J. F. J. Archibald is at Wawona with Colonel
S. B. M. Young, U. S. A.

Mr. Bert Hecht has returned from a prolonged visit to
the Eastern States.

Mrs. B. Paxton arrived in New York city last Tues-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Caxon Klein (formerly Miss Louise
Collins) have gone to New York city, where they will re-
side permanently.

Dr. L. Neumann will pass the summer in San Rafael.
Mr. E. I. Parsons has returned from British Columbia,
where he has been since last August.

Mr. Chancellor L. Jenks, of Chicago, is here on a
visit to his son, Mr. Livingston Jenks, at 777 Jones
Street. The object of his visit is to be present at the
wedding of his son and Miss May Harley, which will
take place on June 2d.

Mrs. Philip Lilienthal and family left for New York
city last Wednesday, to visit her sister, Mrs. J. Selig-
man.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bray and Miss Blix Smith, of
Oakland, are taking a driving trip to the Yosemite Valley,
and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. William P. Fuller has gone to Europe, and will be
abroad all summer.

Hon. Charles N. Felton, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mrs.
George Loomis, Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl,
and Mr. Charles F. Kohl were in New York city last
Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lippman Sachs and Miss Sachs are in
Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry are at their ranch in
Napa Valley, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Loaiza and the Misses Loaiza, of
this city, arrived in Paris recently.

Miss Marie Zane is visiting Mrs. Harry Jerome at
Coronado Beach.

Mrs. Camillo Martin has been passing a couple of
weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison and Miss Carlisle are
in Paris.

Mr. R. H. Pease has returned home after a prolonged
visit to New York.

Mrs. Charles E. Trevathan will leave for New York
city on June 1st to join her husband. They will reside
there permanently.

Mrs. Frederick H. Green and Miss Julia Crocker ar-
rived in New York city last Wednesday, en route to
Europe.

Mrs. A. Page Brown, of Burlingame, has leased a
cottage in Santa Cruz, where she will reside during the
summer months with her children.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn arrived in New York
city last Thursday.

Mr. Samuel G. Murphy left for New York city last
week to meet his wife and daughter, who returned from
their European tour on Thursday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Captain William L. Robinson, U. S. A., the assistant
quartermaster here, has been ordered to Seattle, Wash.,
to take charge of the construction of the military station
at Magnolia Bluff. He will be relieved by Captain
Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., who is expected here soon from
Washington, D. C.

General A. McD. McCook, U. S. A., has gone to Mos-
cow to attend the coronation of the Czar of Russia.
Mrs. McCook accompanies him, but will remain in Dres-
den until his return from Moscow.

Major Thomas M. K. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
is absent from Angel Island in command of San Diego
Barracks.

Major David H. Kinzie, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is
absent from the Presidio in command of Fort Canby,
Wash.

Captain Elbridge R. Hills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
has been transferred from the Presidio to Fort Mason.

Captain George W. Crabbs, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
has been transferred from Fort Mason to the Presidio.

Captain Benjamin K. Roberts, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
who has been away from the Presidio on a leave of
absence, is expected to return to duty on May 24th.

Lieutenant Charles L. Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
is absent from Angel Island on temporary duty at
Benicia Barracks.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on
duty at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

Paymaster Henry C. Machette, U. S. N., and family,
will leave Sierra Madre, Cal., on June 17th for Philadel-
phia. He has improved greatly in health.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., has been placed
on the retired list and granted six months' leave of ab-
sence, with permission to go abroad.

Lieutenant Edward T. Brown, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is with Battery M at Fort Canby, Wash.

Lieutenant F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., has been detached

from the Philadelphia, ordered home, and granted three
months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. G. Winterhalter, U. S. N., has been de-
tached from the Bennington and ordered to the Philadel-
phia.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A.,
has been found by an examining board unfit for
promotion on account of physical disability contracted in
line of duty. He has been ordered home.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
is absent from Angel Island on temporary duty at San
Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
is absent from Benicia Barracks on duty with the
National Guard of Kansas.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is on duty at the Military Academy at West Point,
N. Y.

Lieutenant Samuel E. Allen, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is on duty at the Military Academy at West Point,
N. Y.

Lieutenant Harvey C. Carbaugh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is undergoing instruction at the Artillery School at
Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant William F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,
is on duty at the Washington University, St.
Louis, Mo.

Passed Assistant-Engineer H. W. Jones, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the Naval Academy and or-
dered to the *Thetis*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer F. F. Burgdorff, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the *Thetis* and granted three
months' leave of absence.

Assistant-Engineer A. Hartrath, U. S. N., has been or-
dered to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Before the days of gold-cures, a certain young man
(according to the *Chicago Times-Herald*), naturally of a thrifty habit, learned that in quelling
his thirst he was apt to squander all the money he
had saved since the last time. Having no reserve
fund, he could not continue his liquor-consuming
career for long. One Monday, his salary day,
knowing full well his weakness, the first investment
he made was in a meal-ticket. On the Thursday
following he next saw the sun. The interval was
part blank and part confusion of red lights, cabs,
and schooners. He had not a cent in his clothes,
and was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor. He
dug up his meal-ticket, however, and went around
to Calhoun Place—the restaurant was situated
therein—but Calhoun Place was blockaded. Fire-
men were half way up the alley playing their hose
on the smoldering ruins of the restaurant.

The many friends of Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell,
formerly Miss Antonia Florencia Bandmann, will
hear with deep regret of her death, which occurred
on Tuesday evening, May 12th, at the residence
of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann.
Her demise was caused by peritonitis supplemented
by apoplexy. Mrs. Rothwell was a hospitable en-
tertainer, and was possessed of a genial tempera-
ment that endeared her to all who knew her.

The death of Henry Derby Bigelow, a well-
known journalist, occurred in this city last Tuesday,
May 19th. Mr. Bigelow was born in Cincinnati,
O., thirty-five years ago, but came to San Francisco
with his parents at an early age. He began his
journalistic career in 1882, and some years later
joined the staff of the *Examiner*. He died of
tuberculosis.

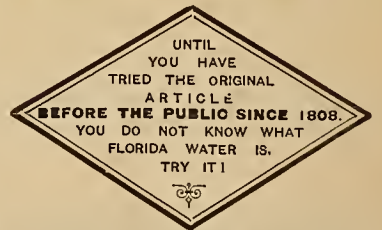
Mr. James D. Phelan, of the San Francisco Art
Association, has instituted a gold medal, which
will be known as the James D. Phelan Medal, and
is to be awarded in consideration of the best gen-
eral character of student work throughout the year
in the class in modeling. The medal will be
awarded this year to Mr. Robert I. Aiken.

When Emperor William travels, he carries \$150,-
000 worth of German and foreign decorations with
him in a safe. He has about \$100,000 worth more,
which he leaves at home.

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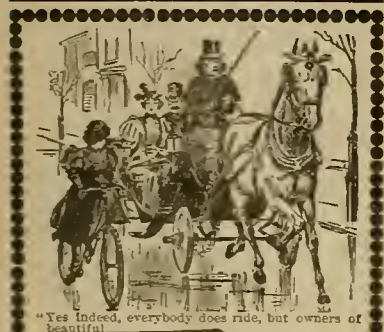
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He—"I feel like a fool to-night." She—"Why
to-night?"—*Ex.*

"Do you believe in the sixteen-to-ooo ratio?"
"Certainly; I am a Mormon."—*Truth.*

Dolly Swift—"Does Cholly Pypes sing?"
Sally Gay—"That is what he calls it."—*Puck.*

She—"Who would you rather be if you were not
yourself?" He—"I can't say that I have any sec-
ond choicer."—*Puck.*

Teacher—"What is an island?" Little Johnny
Squanch—"A body of laod almost entirely occu-
pied by insurgents."—*Puck.*

Ambiguous: She—"And would you have loved
me just as much without my money?" He—"Just
as much, my darling."—*Life.*

"Do you think you could eat another piece of
pie, Tommy?" "I think I could, ma'am, if I
stood up."—*Chicago Dispatch.*

In Chicago: Undertaker—"Here, this woo'd do;
where is the sixth pallbearer?" "He is—er—that
is, he is proposiog to the widow."—*Life.*

"The best preventive for seasickness," says the
Manayunk Philosopher, "is to climb a tall tree and
stay there till the voyage is over."—*Philadelphia*
Record.

"Well, I swao!" said the cat on the back fence,
as a shower of boots came his way; "that fellow
must think I've been getting married."—*Yonkers*
Statesman.

Hoax—"Does Sillicus know anything about
music?" Joax—"No; he doeso't know the differ-
ence between a string orchestra and a rubber band."
—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I think it is mean of you to say that the count
is good for oothig." "Well, I suppose if you
ever go to Paris he will come in handy as an io-
terpreter."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Maude—"Brother broke an irroo bar with his
two hands yesterday." Claude—"That's oothig.
My brother broke four men with one haod last
oight."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—"This oovelist writes of his heroine as a
tall girl with becoming hlooded hair." He—"I su-
ppose he means by that that she was having it
bleached."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

In New York: Tom—"I was going to propose
Sunday night, but I thought I'd wait." Jack—
"Why?" Tom—"Well, she might oot accept
me; and on Sunday night, you know, the saloons
are closed."—*Puck.*

It worked both ways: Father—"Johnoy, come
opeo the door for your poor, tired father. Your
mother's locked me out, and I want to get in."
Johnny—"Well, she's locked me io, and I want to
get out."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Would you like a sooota before dinner?"
said the Washington hostess to the gentleman
from Kentucky. "Well, I don't mind," said he;
"I had two oo my way here, but I reckoo I can
stand another."—*Boston Herald.*

Weary, Willie—"Lady, could I hev a drink uv
dis water?" Mrs. Greene—"Certainly. There's
the pump and there's the tumbler." Weary Willie
(insinuatingly)—"I see, lady. Now, ef you'll jes'
work de handle fer a moment."—*Judge.*

Neighbor (who has heard commotioo in the Casey
flat)—"Phwat's th' matter, Missus Casey? Air
yez hovin' difficulty wid yez hushand?" Mrs.
Casey (with scorn)—"Hovin' difficulty wid him?
Not much! He's dead aisey fer me!"—*Puck.*

He (passiooately)—"There is oothig I would
not do for you. I will climb the Matterhorn; I
will face the tiger in the jungle; I—" She—
"Say oo more, George. Go face the tiger in the
jungle for me, and when you get back, I'll let you
take me to the opera."—*Bazar.*

Mrs. Lake Front—"I know I've met that Mr.
Jaybird somewhere before. I told him so, but all
he answered was that he knew my former husband.
The man must be an idiot." Mrs. Hyde Park—
"Why so?" Mrs. Lake Front—"I've had four
former husbands!"—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

The prudent spüster (a deep German joke
which English readers are hereby warned not to
investigate): Decidedly mature fraulein (who has
just inherited an estate in the country, to her mao-
ager)—"First of all, see to it that the stork's nest
up there oo the roof of the house is removed im-
mediately."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 105 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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In the San Francisco *Bulletin* of Saturday, May 23d, there is a remarkable article headed "Clearing the Way." In this article the *Bulletin* says it is charged that "the leaders of the late Republican State Convention entered into an alliance with the American Protective Association. The silence of the leaders under this charge gives it indirect confirmation."

After this impressive exordium, the *Bulletin* goes on to say:

"It now becomes the duty of the local leaders of the Republican party to answer these charges. The rank and file of the Republican party have a right to know under what flag they are marching. They have a right to know the principles of the party they are asked to place in power. There is no man who can bind the party to a policy to which it has not given its approval. The Republican voter will insist upon knowing whether in voting the Republican ticket he is endorsing the principles of the American Protective Association. The injection of a new doctrine into the party might alienate a large number of Republicans, thus driving them from the party of their choice into the ranks of the Democrats. There is danger in the experiment."

After these somewhat sidelong and crab-like remarks, the *Bulletin* grows bolder, and there is an implied threat in its tone when it says:

"During the forty years of its existence, the *Bulletin* has been a Republican paper. Its course has been founded upon its knowledge of the principles of the Republican party. Has the party been committed to the especial doctrine of the American Protective Association or not? The *Bulletin* would like to know. The party does not wait votes obtained under false pretenses. It has certain well-defined principles which it promises to observe in the event of success. Has it other principles which the masses of the party know nothing of? That is what we want to know. The charge is made that it has. The leaders in position to make denial refuse to speak. What are we to infer from their refusal?"

We are to infer from their refusal that the "Republican leaders" have no official way of replying to questions put by political opponents for political reasons. The *Bulletin* is doubtless familiar with the platform passed at the recent Republican State Convention at Sacramento. Probably the editors of the *Bulletin* can read. If they can, they will find in that platform the official declaration of the policy of the Republican party in the State of California. They will find there a plank relating to non-sectarianism in the public schools. If the *Bulletin* has any doubt as to whether the late Republican State Convention was dominated by Americans, or if it fears that its platform means America for the Americans, it need no longer have any doubt upon that subject after reading that platform.

As to the "local Republican leaders," we do not see that they possess the right of eminent domain over the consciences of the voters of the rank and file of the party. They certainly possess power in controlling nominations, and they probably will put up men for office who will get the most votes. And we hope they will. This is not a good year for un-American and Roman Catholic candidates. This fact is being recognized everywhere, and while many well-meaning people deplore it, politicians have to recognize facts as they exist. There can be no doubt that upon the Republican ticket this year the influence of the American Protective Association will be felt.

But the American Protective Association is not the Republican party, and it works on its own lines. It will work also within the Democratic party. The Republican party has never been guilty of coquetting with the Irish and Roman Catholic vote. The Democratic party, on the other hand, sold itself long ago to that element in the community—sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. But the American Protective Association is composed almost equally of Democrats and Republicans. Nearly all the Southern Democrats are Protestants, and are strongly American in their ideas. The old Know-Nothing party contained many Southern men among its members. Therefore the American Protective Association will cut deep into the Democratic party. The agonies which that party will suffer in making its nominations—its fear of losing the Roman Catholic vote if it does not put up Roman Catholic candidates—its certainty of losing the Democratic A. P. A. vote if it does put up Roman Catholic candidates—these struggles ought to interest the inquisitive and inquiring *Bulletin*.

But the *Bulletin* has been asking questions of the local Republican leaders. Let us ask some questions of the *Bulletin*. That paper states that it has been a Republican journal for forty years. It threatens that it will be false to that party "if the local Republican leaders have entered into an alliance with the American Protective Association." Does

the *Bulletin* think that the "local leaders" of any party control the individual members of that party? Does the *Bulletin* think that because a man is a Republican he loses all mental freedom? Does the *Bulletin* think that in the Republican party—the party of freedom of thought, if ever there was one—it would be possible to compel its voters to cast their ballots for men whose religious trammels they disliked? Does the *Bulletin* think that if it is right for Roman Catholics to vote for a man because of his religion, it is wrong for Protestants to vote for a man because of his religion? And, lastly, does the *Bulletin* think that in this day and generation in the United States of America a great party, composed overwhelmingly of Americans, has not the right to elect only patriotic Americans to office if it so chooses?

The *Bulletin* may or may not answer these questions. It is not very important whether it does or not. But it is easy to see where the *Bulletin* stands, and we call upon all Republicans to note its attitude. The *Bulletin* practically has threatened that if the Republican party does not commit itself to upholding Roman Catholic candidates, it will quit the party. We advise it to go, and to go now. An open enemy is better than a false friend.

Mr. Henry Norman, a well-known English journalist, has been interviewing, for the London *Chronicle*, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York *World*. Mr. Norman desired to ascertain the causes of Mr. Pulitzer's success, for the *World*—which no man or woman endowed with even rudimentary taste can endure—has a greater circulation than any other newspaper in the United States. It was naturally supposed that Mr. Pulitzer, who has as keen a nose for business as the sharpest of his pawnbroker ancestors, had "sized up" his public and devoted himself to giving it what it wanted—that he realized the superiority of the mob in numbers, and made a paper for the mob accordingly. But it seems that this supposition is wrong. When you open the *World* and see it filled with monkeys, snakes, surgeons at work sawing off legs and taking out brains, women in undress, dancing indecently, female reporters dropping from balloons or playing at being inmates of queer places, in order to write up their experiences—when you see the *World* a pictorial anarchy of freaks and horrors, you have Mr. Pulitzer's word for it that you err in assuming that it is published for the entertainment of the intellectually undeveloped and the morally dense. Looking Mr. Norman in the eye, Mr. Pulitzer said, with that calmness which never deserts him:

"My principle has been that a newspaper must perform a daily public service in every issue. It must strike blow after blow for the right, for the true, for the boeest. A newspaper exists primarily for the public welfare. If a newspaper sets before itself money-making as its end, it will not succeed."

It is apparent from this that Mr. Pulitzer's employees, who do the actual work of getting out the *World* daily, must be a disobedient lot, for they manage so well to defeat these purposes of their employer that no one would ever suspect from examining the *World* that its owner harbored such noble notions of what a daily newspaper should be. He astonished Mr. Norman, naturally. That gentleman had the resolution to pull himself together and hint that he had heard that the *World* published a good deal of "undesirable" matter—which is as polite as to say that a female with no character lacks lady-like refinement. "I suppose," admitted Mr. Pulitzer, serenely, "that we do commit errors of taste." (The italics are ours.) But he only supposes it, we learn, and has no actual knowledge on the subject. "So comparatively unimportant do I consider the news part of a newspaper that often, when I have spent a whole day upon the editorial page, reading every line of copy and re-reading my proofs, sometimes a dozen times, I have not even known what was appearing in the news pages." This, if true, hates an otherwise dark mystery in a flood of satisfying light. While four-legged birds walk across the pages of the *World* and it affords intimate glimpses of maternity homes, it

the portraits and love-letters of the married evangelist and the rich widow who have eloped, and follows with pen and pencil every stage of the undressing of a burlesque actress preparing for her evening's work—while the *World* in its news part is as sensational, salacious, grotesque, and offensive as highly paid ingenuity and volunteer vulgarity can make it. Mr. Pulitzer as he counts the receipts accepts them as the reward of his editorials, which "strike blow after blow for the right, for the true, for the honest" in the small space left on the page after the double-leaded articles on the growing circulation and the lies of envious contemporaries have been given precedence.

This inattention to the news department of the *World* is a fortunate thing for the good Mr. Pulitzer's peace of mind. One so virtuous as himself, one so wedded to the higher ideals of journalism, could not possibly approve forged telegrams from European dignitaries, bogus cablegrams by the mile, persistent falsification of facts for the reason that fiction is more interesting than truth, and the practice day after day, year after year, of the cheap and nasty and vilely dishonest art of faking. Immersed in his editorial columns, the good Mr. Pulitzer, striking blows for the right, the true, the honest, asks us to believe that he has remained unconscious while his unsympathetic employees on the news side have made of his paper the most corrupting influence of the time in American journalism. For its financial success tempts other journals to emulation, with the result that nearly every city in the country has its imitation of the foul *World*. It has even come to pass that Mr. Pulitzer's gains have impelled a San Franciscan, already a millionaire, to give New York itself another *World*, as if one were not enough to make the metropolis ashamed to look civilization in the face. Doubtless should this extraordinary scheme of second-hand enterprise succeed, Mr. Hearst will tell some future British interviewer that the *Journal* owes its prosperity to its pious proprietor's exclusive attention to the religious department, that his sole aim in life and journalism has been to merit the commendation of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

There is only one deep lower than that reached by the sort of journalism which the coarse and frantic *World*, taken by itself, represents. That profounder deep is hypocrisy, and the *World's* proprietor has supplied it. His pockets are bulging with dollars that a self-respecting man would touch only with tongs. It is money as dirty as that earned by the seller of other obscene literature, for the line between the habitual sensationalism of papers like the *World* and books which circulate secretly among the depraved is drawn by the criminal law. Mr. Pulitzer is a man of ability, who has deliberately and for profit prostituted his brains. His recompense has come to him in the form of a fortune. He can not be prevented from living in luxury on his revolting dividends, but he can be prevented from enjoying them in honor. When Mr. Pulitzer turns his face of brass on the British public and tells it that he has won his wealth in the service of the people, it is the duty, and it ought to be the pleasure, of every decent American journal to inform that same public that the right, the true, the honest have never owed anything to Mr. Pulitzer or his paper. The *World* is the harlot of American journalism, and its success is the equivalent of the harlot's sealskins, diamonds, and champagne. It is the compendium of about everything that is dishonest, unclean, baseless, and brutalizing in the kind of journalism which corrupts the masses and disgraces the United States in the eyes of the world.

The various attempts which are being made to defeat McKinley are amusing by reason of their absurdity. The Democrats—who seem to be taking an undue interest in a purely family row in the Republican party—first claimed that McKinley, being the author of the McKinley bill, was responsible for all our woes. Now they have turned around and are attempting to discredit his connection with the bill, and the assertion is frequently made by Democratic organs that McKinley had little to do with the framing of that bill, and that the hard work was done by Aldrich and Allison in the Senate, and Burrows and Dingley in the House. When the Republican party went down, in 1892, beneath the wave of popular disapproval, we did not hear any of these assertions, but McKinley was made the scapegoat, and had to bear the brunt of it all. If these accusations were true, why did not Aldrich and Allison, Dingley and Burrows, come forward in 1892, and claim the authorship of the bill which they then tacitly repudiated?

McKinley is indisputably the author of the bill which bears his name. When Reed was Speaker of the Fifty-First Congress, he appointed McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Of the 1,141 provisions in the McKinley bill as finally passed, 945 were in the bill as originally submitted to the House Committee by McKinley. The 255 provisions retained from previous tariffs were also

incorporated in the new bill by McKinley, in many cases the language being changed and specific duties substituted for *ad valorem* duties. The tariff law of 1890 was the work of William McKinley. In the dark days of 1892, when the Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls and when the Democrats ascribed that defeat to the McKinley bill, we heard no question as to McKinley's authorship. Now that the people have risen in their might and have determined to sweep from power the opponents of the McKinley bill—now that the very name of McKinley has become a word to conjure with—we continually hear these accusations questioning the authorship of the bill. The accusations on the very face of them are preposterous, as we have shown. McKinley was always willing to accept the responsibility for his bill in the dark days. Let him have the credit for it now, in the bright days that are coming.

The San Francisco *Call*, fervent in the good work of propagating the true faith, on May 20th gave an account of the experience of Mrs. Zenobia Everson at the Grotto of Lourdes. This favored lady is a resident of Santa Cruz, Cal. "For ten years," Editor Shortridge informs the world, "she suffered, and many times was at the point of death." Mrs. Everson went to Lourdes for the healing waters. "She remained at Lourdes six weeks, visiting the grotto daily, spending much time in prayer." Mrs. Everson took but three of the holy baths. "Then arrived a day when, during the procession, there came to her an indescribable physical transition. Through her whole body, to the very finger-tips, she felt the thrill of a mighty change. She was cured of the disease which was wasting her vitality." Now she is back again at Santa Cruz, "so vigorous that she walks long distances and feels no weakness."

It is natural enough that Santa Cruz should feel pride in this walking miracle which the reverent *Call* celebrates, but it is astonishing that a community not suspected of being indifferent to commercial opportunities does not draw a practical lesson from the history of Mrs. Everson's restoration to health. That the Roman Catholic clergy of Santa Cruz have not long ago made provision for supplying the home demand for supernatural treatment of all diseases proves that even the ecclesiastic is not superior to his environment. Santa Cruz is modern and Californian, and therefore deficient in faith, and it is a well-known law of thaumaturgy that miracles only happen where they are expected to happen.

The sad truth is that the clergy of Santa Cruz, in common with the clergy throughout this godless State, have fallen under the deplorable influence of the pervasive rationalism. A week or two ago, for example, we printed an account of the placing on the market of a patent medicine by the Rev. Father Conway, of San Francisco. His reverence makes no claim that his preparation is from the saints or blessed by the Pope, yet he asserts that it has made hair grow on perfectly bald heads, and publishes testimonials from priests like himself in support of his statements. Our esteemed contemporaries, the organs of the Roman Catholic Church, have left it to the *Argonaut* alone to administer reproof to Father Conway and the cowed and shaven brethren who have encouraged him in his impiety. It is well, in a temporal sense, for Father Conway that he lives in California and in the nineteenth century, and not in France in the fourteenth century, when, because of the interference of the Hebrew physicians with the gains of the church, which had shrines enough for all the practice going, the Jews were expelled the kingdom in a body. Concerning conditions throughout Europe then and earlier, Draper, in his "Intellectual Development," says:

"Physicians were viewed by the church with dislike and regarded as atheists by the people, who held firmly to the lessons they had been taught, that cures must be wrought by relics of martyrs and bones of saints, by prayers and intercessions, and that each region of the body was under some spiritual charge—the first joint of the right thumb being in the care of God the Father, the second under that of the Blessed Virgin, and so on of other parts. For each disease there was a saint. A man with sore eyes must invoke St. Clara, but if it were an inflammation elsewhere, he must turn to St. Anthony. An ague would demand the assistance of St. Pernel. For the propitiating of these celestial beings, it was necessary that fees should be paid, and thus the practice of imposture-medicine became a great source of profit."

It is true that in that age of noble faith, His Holiness the Pope, bishops, princes, kings, and great nobles, kept their private physicians, but the common sort had to get relief at the shrine or go without. Our researches have not enabled us to discover the saint whose ancient territory Father Conway has usurped, but it may be taken for granted that he did a large and remunerative business for Mother Church in his time, since at no period of man's existence has he put up contentedly with haldness if he thought that by the payment of money, and prayer, he could start his hair to sprouting again.

The church, we know, is always the same. As she had

in the centuries past miraculous remedies for everything, it would be impious to suspect that she is without miraculous remedies for everything now, including haldness. The opening of a sacred grotto at Santa Cruz, whose waters could be recommended by Archbishop Riordan as infallible for most things and for baldness particularly, would be peculiarly timely. Concerted prayers for the conversion of Colonel Ingersoll have failed recently and lamentably. But he has no more hair on his scalp than he has grace in his soul. If a few bottles of water from a Santa Cruz shrine sent to the colonel should miraculously give him back his locks, he could no longer refuse to fall upon his knees, and infidelity throughout the globe would be dumfounded. There is the Prince of Wales, likewise. He is a heretic and as hairless as all heretics deserve to be. A renewal of his curls would be even as a city set on a hill that could not be hid. What holy water will do is demonstrated by the presence of the rejuvenated Mrs. Everson in Santa Cruz, and to say that holy water can not be produced in California as cheaply as in France (allowing for the difference in wages) is not only absurd, but offensively unpatriotic. And it is, moreover, an intolerable reflection on the influence of our hierarchy. What French priests can prevail on heaven to do, should certainly not be beyond the powers of our own. As a friend of home industry, we plead for a Lourdes at Santa Cruz—preferably one good for the hair.

Last week we referred briefly to the fact that the Bartholdt-McCall immigration bill had passed the Congress. The House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote, only twenty-six members being recorded as voting against it. The *Argonaut* indulged in some excusable rejoicings over the passage of this bill. Our rejoicing is excusable when it is considered that for nearly twenty years this journal has hatted, single-banded and alone, for the restriction of foreign immigration. Twenty years ago such a bill would probably have been defeated by a vote as overwhelmingly in the other direction—10 to 1. But now it has passed the House of Representatives by 195 to 26. The Bartholdt-McCall bill provides for an educational test, and excludes from admission to the United States "all male persons between sixteen and sixty years of age who can not both read and write the English language or some other language."

We congratulate the people of the United States that their House of Representatives has finally erected a barrier against the European flood. It has assumed alarming proportions during the last twenty years. It is true that during the depression of the past three years, due to the Democratic free-trade panic, there has been a temporary falling off, but it is jumping up again, and the character of the immigration is a highly undesirable one. There came to us from Europe during the first three-quarters of a century over 15,000,000 immigrants; most of these, however, came from Northern Europe. From 1880 to 1890, there came to us from Hungary 127,678. From 1880 to 1890, there came to us from Italy 307,095. From 1880 to 1890, there came to us from Russia 265,064. Nearly all of these people are ignorant paupers of the most degraded class. During the year ending June 30, 1894, 335,752 immigrants came to our shores. Of these, over one-third—116,187—had no trade or calling. Of those who claimed to have an occupation, 60,000 declared themselves to be "laborers" and 16,000 "servants." There were few skilled workmen among them, almost all of them were entirely illiterate, and more than half of them were practically paupers.

If this educational test be honestly applied, this country may find some relief from the filthy European flood. Already there have been laws passed by which the criminal, diseased, and pauper classes have been excluded. Now that an educational test has been imposed, we may succeed in keeping out the ignorant as well as the pauper class. Ignorance and crime are closely allied. The ignorant, the criminal, the socialist, and the anarchist class constitute a danger to our republic.

The unhappy Democratic party is forced by custom to make formal preparations for the Presidential election. In order not to pass away utterly and add itself to the shades of dead parties in the political Sheol, it must hold a national convention, frame a platform, and offer a candidate. The preliminary steps are being taken, sadly and without hope, for the party is dead at heart, and in its gloomy activities presents only a ghastly simulacrum of life. So devoid of real vitality is it, that, although its convention is but a few weeks off, nobody has been found willing to take its nomination—nobody, that is, whose candidacy would connote a serious possibility of success. Ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, and ex-Congressman Dick Bland, of Missouri, are "mentioned," but the mentioning of them stirs no Democratic pulse. Pattison, when he last ran for office, was up for mayor of Phila-

delphia, and suffered a crushing defeat; Governor Russell is a gold man first and a Democrat afterward, and Bland is silvered from top to toe.

The indications point to a despairing acceptance of Cleveland once more, and the defense not only of all the blunders and sins of his calamitous administration, but a humiliating recantation of the denunciations of the third term which filled the land when Grant and "Cæsarism" seemed to be threatening. Carlisle and Olney have been tried on the public tentatively as possibilities, but the violent aversion which they evoked has, as it were, driven the administration in on itself. If the administration is now for anybody, it is for Cleveland himself. The party shudders as it gazes upon this large bitter bolus, and begins to realize its probable fate. Twice it has been "saved" by this man, and been made ill by its rescue. The Democracy knows that with Cleveland as the candidate millions of its members will either march to the polls to vote against him or stay away.

Yet there seems to be no escape from him. Cleveland wants to be the leader for the fourth time. It is not in his make-up to believe that either his party or the country can manage to get on without him. That the majority of Democrats are in favor of free silver makes no difference to him. He desires to be nominated, and nominated on a gold platform.

But it matters little who shall be nominated at Chicago. In any case, a rending of the party on the financial issue, as incurable as that which occurred in 1860 on the slavery question, seems inevitable. The differences in the Republican party relative to the contending claims of gold and silver, serious as they may be, are trivial compared to the Democratic split. The St. Louis convention will probably pass a platform favoring the gold standard, with the largest possible use of silver in our currency system. There now remain only a few States where the Republican conventions have demanded the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. These are Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and California. The population of all these States together is so small that their representation in the St. Louis convention will not be powerful. It is safe to say that the Republican National Convention will come out more strongly in favor of the gold standard than it did in 1892. Aside from Senator Teller (the possible silver candidate for the Presidency), Senator Stewart (who is crazy), and a few other cranks, the party, though not agreed, is not divided into hostile factions, and can work harmoniously for the ticket.

In the Democratic party, however, the feeling is intensely bitter. Whichever side captures the convention, the other side is almost certain to walk out. The gold Democrats of the great Eastern States are no more disposed to submit to a silver platform and candidate than the Southern Democrats of the '50's would have been to vote for an Abolitionist, and the silver men are equally determined to bolt should their opponents outnumber them at Chicago. If the silver men win, the East will be lost to the Democracy, and if the gold men win, Western and Southern Democrats will either put up a candidate of their own or join the Populists. There is no possibility of union this year. And what is still more gratifying, this year's history will seam the party with chasms that can not be bridged for years. Once more the Democratic party is going into the retirement where it dwelt for a quarter of a century up to Cleveland's first election. There it does whatever poor service it is capable of rendering the country by acting as a critic of the Republican party, which has in it the brains, and courage, and progressive spirit of the republic.

The *Argonaut* would like to see Grover Cleveland renominated. The people of the United States are really entitled to another chance to say at the polls what they think of that man, who, besides wrecking his party, has done so much damage to the country, and while playing the dictator, paralyzing industry, swelling the national debt, and inviting unnecessary war, has never for an instant had his dull complacency disturbed. At this juncture, when nine men out of ten believe, with a very earnest belief, that the first condition of bringing back the United States to material prosperity and rational relations with the great powers of the earth is the retirement of Grover Cleveland from the White House, he cherishes in serenity the modest faith that nine men in ten are on fire with the conviction that without his reelection the republic is destined to drift into unknown seas. The nominee of the Chicago convention will be defeated as certainly as that the citizens of this country are weary of hard times and a growing debt and gratuitous war scares, as certainly as that they desire peace, plenty, and good government. Therefore, it is of small consequence who the Democratic victim may be. But just for the satisfaction of shaking that colossal egotism, that fat vanity which hitherto has made him miserable by him, we trust that Grover Cleveland will be set

up to be knocked down. That is the fitting way in which the history of the Cleveland plague ought to end.

The quarrel which has broken out between the people of San Francisco and the Market Street Cable Company is becoming more bitter. It has reached such a point that scarcely a day passes without an affray breaking out upon the cars over disputes between the conductors and the passengers, resulting frequently in the violent ejection of a passenger. While the company may have the law and the technical right upon its side, it is making a grave error in exciting so much hostility among its patrons. The attitude of the community toward the company is also highly blamable. The *Argonaut* was the first paper in San Francisco to take up the question of either reducing street railway fares or extending the length of the rides. Some years ago we printed an elaborate series of articles, giving the cost of the various street railways, their fixed charges and operating expenses, and showed that it was quite feasible for them either to reduce the size of their fares or to increase the length of their rides. The companies finally made certain concessions. They did not reduce their fares, but they increased the length of their rides by an elaborate system of transfers. As conducted at present, the street-railway system of San Francisco is the best in the world, and there is no city where a person can ride so many miles for so small a sum. This has been brought about by the elaborate transfer system to which we refer.

The community, however, has not treated the cable companies justly in return for their concessions. It must be remembered that the companies could have refrained from giving transfers, which thereby practically reduced the cost of a ride. They made the concession, cut the cost of a ride practically in two, and made it possible for passengers to ride ten or fifteen miles for five cents, where previously they could ride but three or four. But the community did not treat the company squarely, and began to use transfers in illicit ways. A favorite method of disposing of them was to give them to newsboys, who then bribed people to buy a daily paper which they did not want by having a transfer thrown in which they did want. What a curious and perverted system of morals must exist in the mind of a man or woman who takes a transfer from a street railway company which he or she does not intend to use, and then gives this non-transferable transfer to a newsboy, who uses it illicitly by giving it to others who are not entitled to use it at all. How can any honest man or woman be a party to a transaction which makes three dishonest people? As for the adults concerned, it does not make so much difference. Any man or woman who has arrived at maturity, and who does not know what is honest and what is dishonest, is hopeless. But the newsboys of the town are becoming utterly demoralized upon this question, and the people of the city are responsible for it.

We are aware that this is the unpopular side of this question, but, none the less, the *Argonaut* believes in saying what is right, whether it is popular or not. We say most distinctly that any man or woman who takes a non-transferable check from a street railway company, not with the intention of using it for the express purpose for which it was obtained, but who instead gives it to a newsboy, with the result of demoralizing his already hazy ideas of honesty, is sowing the seeds of dishonesty and potential crime. Such persons are not generous—they are simply dishonest.

But to return to the other phase of the question. While the community has not acted honestly toward the companies, the companies are acting very foolishly toward the community. Street railway corporations who have daily knock-downs and drag-outs in their cars, owing to the inability of passengers to understand their intricate and complicated system of transfers, need some mending of manners. We advise the heads of the Market Street system to shake up their subordinates, and see if they can not conduct their business without having daily riots along the streets of San Francisco.

There are many people who believe what they read in the daily papers. This type of credulity is gradually disappearing, but it still exists. If these worthy people could know how much of what they read was false, it would so shake their belief that thereafter they never would believe anything at all. It can readily be understood why the newspapers should tell lies about matters of importance, when there is "something in it" for them, but why they should coin trivial incidents and fake local items which never took place is beyond the comprehension of the average man. Last week there appeared in the San Francisco *Report*—on May 22d, to be precise—the following paragraph:

"Going his rounds through the park yesterday morning, Officer Dowe saw a rarely pretty bird. It had a light yellow breast, black wings, with yellow borders, and a head covered with light red feath-

ers. There are few beautiful wild birds in the park, and Officer Dowe was so well pleased that he at once leveled his shot-gun and killed it. Professor Geuber at the museum told him it was a Louisiana tanager, the first ever seen in the park, and he expects a vote of thanks from the commissioners, and is probably on the look-out with his shot-gun for more beautiful and rare birds."

This paragraph attracted the attention of a well-known citizen, who takes much interest in the park. In common with many others, he had frequently read the notice to be observed in that beautiful public garden: "It is not permitted to pluck, break, or destroy anything in the park, whether cultivated or wild." By parity of reasoning, it would seem extraordinary if it were permitted to kill beautiful birds while beautiful plants are protected. Marveling greatly over this contradiction, the well-known citizen sat down and wrote a note to the superintendent of the park, inquiring whether it is true that park officers are on the look-out with shot-guns for rare and beautiful birds. He received the following reply:

PARK OFFICE, May 25, 1896.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your communication of the date May 22d, I will state that no such bird was shot in the park, and that the newspaper was misinformed. We are very careful to protect all song-birds and bright-plumaged birds found in the park. I remain,

Very respectfully, J. McLAREN, Superintendent,
Per V. V. B.

From this it is apparent that the paragraph in the *Report* was made out of whole cloth. Yet it could scarcely be a question of "misinformation," to use the polite term of Superintendent McLaren. The paragraph is too detailed. A busy reporter might have been casually told that a park officer had shot a rare bird in the park, but when this knight of the goose-quill—or rather of the long-bow—minutely describes the bird, the plumage upon its breast, wings, and head, gives the name of the officer who shot it, the name of the curator at the museum who received it, and tells his classification of the bird—all this could scarcely be put down under the head of "misinformation." It was, on the contrary, "evolution"—evolution from the inner consciousness of the reporter. There was evidently no "rare and beautiful bird." There was probably no shot-gun. There was possibly no Officer Dowe. There may have been a Professor Geuber. There certainly was no "Louisiana tanager." In fact, out of the whole item, probably the only truthful statement was that there is a park.

A profound philosopher and statistician once discovered that in the daily papers only twenty per cent. of what is printed is true. This is interesting but unsatisfactory, for unfortunately one does not know which twenty per cent. is true. In the case of the *Report* it would seem as if the percentage of veracity had fallen even lower, and that only ten per cent. of what the *Report's* reporters report is true.

The *Chronicle* of May 27th, in commenting on the so-called Stern case, in which Secretary Olney is endeavoring to embroil the United States and Germany, misstates the facts. Louis Stern, a dry-goods dealer of New York, was stopping at Kissingen with his family. At that, as at all German spas, there is a small tax, called the "kur-tax," to pay for the bands of music which play in public places. The officials are most liberal, as the tax is levied only on those who are able to pay, and young people under sixteen are exempt. Mr. Stern, in filling out his certificate of American citizenship, etc., swore that his son was under sixteen. Shortly afterward, a ball was given, to which all Kissingen guests were invited, except those under sixteen. The son of Stern appeared upon the floor, and was obliged by the officials to retire on account of his youth. Stern, the father, created a scene with Baron von Tbungen, the official in charge of the ball. As a result, he was arrested, and it developed from the arrest that he had sworn falsely as to his son's age in order to save the trivial tax. He was therefore placed under bail of twenty thousand marks. He fled from Germany, forfeiting his bail, and complained to the Department of State at Washington. The war-like Mr. Olney at once addressed a sharp letter to the German ambassador, which has resulted in an even sharper snubbing being administered to the United States foreign office by Germany.

This rebuke was thoroughly well deserved. That a great government like the United States should be embroiled with another friendly power, because a penurious haberdasher committed perjury to save a few dollars, is eminently characteristic of the present bellicose Cleveland administration. Secretary Olney, to be consistent with his Cuban and Venezuelan record, should not submit to this snubbing. Kissingen is in Bavaria, an inland country, but that makes no difference. A fleet should be sent there, Mr. Louis Stern's money recovered, his son declared to be sixteen by night and fifteen by day, and the Baron von Thungen bombarded.

It is possible now to make a forecast of the action of the St. Louis convention on the financial plank. Thirty-three States and Territories, with 740 delegates, have pronounced for the gold standard; for the free coinage of silver, 176.

A BURLINGAME DIANA.

How Mrs. Jack Saved a Man's Life at Fort Whoop-Up.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him." This was one of Mrs. Jack's casual confidences, noted at a meeting of the Band, Gusset, and Seam, and recalled by members of the society, when they assemble for afternoon tea under the oaks of Burlingame.

Jack and his friends have not yet arrived. "It will be an hour before the men come," some one suggests, regarding Mrs. Jack adoringly from her place at her feet. The devotion of "Dr. Jim's" troopers to their leader has its counterpart in the sentiment which Mrs. Jack inspires in the ranks of the Band, Gusset, and Seam.

With the passing of winter, the activities of this *colerie* have been merged into the pursuits affected by the fashionable set which girdles the globe from New York to London, by way of Yokohama. But Mrs. Jack rarely joins in such mild diversions as the trailing of a golf-sphere, or watching polo from the top of a coach. Give her the freedom of the desert, with a shadow, yellow as its sands, in advance of her, creeping, velvet-foote, toward the shelter of a rocky cañon; or a shimmering stretch of tropical water, broken into waves which threaten to engulf her frail canoe, as she watches the struggles of a dying alligator. The memory of such scenes as these recurs to her now, as her eyes travel over the trim landscape, and she sighs as she observes, irrelevantly: "I am like old Horace Walpole; I do not care for a country so tame that it may be stroked."

The small circle around the tea-table exchanges congratulatory glances. Its entertainment is assured when Mrs. Jack begins to find fault with Nob Hill and Burlingame.

"Fort Whoop-Up is not exactly what you would call domesticated," Mrs. Jack continues, thoughtfully. "We arrived there at dusk—Aunt Pyncheon, Cousin Tom, and I—with tents, blaukets, and a small arsenal of rifles and ammunition.

"My aunt, from the back seat of the buckboard, surveyed the surroundings, and said, decisively: 'Please to have some one take me to my hotel.'

"Yes, dear; we will hail a passing cab and go at once," I replied.

"Just then a tall, lean man rose, apparently from the adobe and sage of the trail. He wore a frieze of gray felt, which had once been a hat, held together by a rattlesnake band, and a dado of cartridge-belt, hunting-knife, and pistols.

"I'm the runner for the Commercial House," he announced, gathering his wreck of a *sombrero* skillfully in one hand.

"You must have run a long way," I said, sweeping the vacant horizon with my eye. But the English barracks occupied the small valley not a quarter of a mile distant, and, as we neared it, the strains of 'Tommy Atkins' floated out upon the air. Supper had long been over at the Commercial House, but the proprietor found the remnants of it, and set them out, with no foolish frippery of table-cloth and napkins.

"Sounds and scents of the summer night crowded in at the shutterless windows—the pungent breath of sage, with fainter perfume from the primroses, dropped here and there through the violet dusk like flakes of newly fallen snow. Somewhere near the house a stream hurried on to the Pacific, babbling of a country it had lately left.

"The next day we set out to find this land with our guides and pack-horses. It was a long climb from the river-bottom to the zigzag trail winding through a forest hot and spicy and silent as an Eastern grove, sacred to the worship of some heathen god. The years bear hard on this company of gnarled and shaggy trees, burned brown by immemorial suns, dwarfed and twisted by hot winds from the south in summer and cold blasts from the north in winter. It was a relief to get into the younger world of the scrub-oak, which never grows to man's estate, where we pitched our tents for the first night.

"The next day we had established what we hoped would prove to be our permanent camp, on the eastern slope of Mt. Head. From there you can count seventeen mountain ranges, and you might have visited them all without meeting any one else on a like pilgrimage.

"So it was a surprise to us, when we returned to camp one night, to be winked at by a strange camp-fire half way down the mountain. This did not please me. I had gone there for sport and solitude. The one argues the existence of the other. The fire had winked from the same spot for a week, when we moved on to regions more remote and savage, where bear-tracks honey-combed the ground, and elk appeared and vanished through the aisles of pine, tossing their great antlers like the branches of an oak forest.

"I had been out all day, and, oddly enough, seen nothing but a porcupine, which waddled across my trail, fear and defiance ludicrously compounded in his bristling quills and hurried gait. The sunsets in the neighborhood of Fort Whoop-Up are magnificent. Every night the fires burn over Crowfoot and Tail Creek, Moose Jaw and Flathead. The peaks of Brown, Hooker, and Rack go from pink and crimson into gray, but gray without a hint of coldness—ashes of roses, you might call it—and then, in an instant, only the light from the stars marks the spot where late the splendor shone.

"I declare, that sounds like poetry," Mrs. Jack interrupts herself to exclaim, "except that it needs something to go before it—

"Tum ti-tum-ti-tum ti-tum,
Where late the splendor shone.

"It won't do in such shape. It reminds one of a militia company without a drum-major."

"Never mind," the circle around Mrs. Jack interposes, impatiently; "we are anxious to hear the story."

"I never could write poetry," Mrs. Jack concludes, after more mental fumbling for something to complete the couplet.

"Well, I stood, overlooking the valley. Darkness was creeping up Mt. Head, as the tide comes up the sands, only noiselessly. Nature has too much to do out there, in the great North-West, to make a fuss over anything.

"Suddenly I heard a crackling in the bushes below me. A mountain sheep? Perhaps a grizzly? How my heart thumped! I was on my knees in an instant, with my rifle at full cock. My eyes met a curious spectacle. Two bear cubs were in the act of climbing a small pine-tree which looked suspiciously top-heavy. Something dark lay along the tree's topmost branch—a shape which resolved itself into the figure of a man dressed in a gray Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, golf-stockings, and canvas shoes. The she-bear sat at the foot of the tree, with the air of one to whom time is no object. One of the cubs would climb a little way, and as the tree shook ominously, I was irresistibly reminded of the story of the old hunter in a like predicament, who, as the bear neared the slender branch upon which he hung, cried, 'You idiot, don't come out here. You'll break the branch and kill us both!'

"I am very wary of attacking a bear with cubs. Jack says my courage on this occasion amounted to fool-hardiness, for, without an instant's hesitation, I aimed at the foremost cub. Then I saw a rifle at the foot of the tree. Having distracted the mother and her little ones, the owner of the rifle slipped down the tree and helped me to fight. I don't know how it would have all ended if two of my guides had not joined us.

"They credited me with bringing the old bear down. If I did," Mrs. Jack comments, naively, "it was a pretty shot. Of course, Jack—I mean the man in the tree—insisted that I had finished the whole family, and equally, of course, he had a great deal to say about my having saved his life. Later he assured me that it was a vain deliverance unless—unless—" Mrs. Jack pauses, and a dash of crimson overcomes the russet of her cheeks.

"Oh, Jack, you have come," she cries, as a man approaches the small group, followed by half a dozen more in riding-clothes.

"It was a stiff brush, Di; you ought to have been along."

"It may be magnificent, but it is not war," Mrs. Jack replies, sententiously, as she gives her husband a cup of tea.

MARY WAKEMAN BOTSFORD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1896.

DANGERS OF BICYCLING.

The Many Accidents in New York—Two with Fatal Results—The Death of Miss Schumacher and Charles Schroeder—The Rapid "Bicycle Cops."

The number of bicyclists is increasing to such an extent in and around New York that it is becoming difficult for pedestrians to cross some of the streets. On the boulevard Sunday over thirty thousand cyclists were awheel. Such was the number that there was a long chapter of accidents. This morning's papers contained a couple of columns of bicycling accidents. One of the most lamentable was that which happened to Charles Schroeder, who was hurled over the Palisades while coasting on his bicycle near Shady Side, N. J. He and his wife and brother started from Weehawken at nine o'clock in the morning, and took the road leading north along the Palisades. At Shady Side the road begins to wind downward. It is a favorite place for bicyclists to coast, although it is dangerous in the extreme. Schroeder was an expert rider, and began coasting, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and brother. His wheel acquired great velocity, when suddenly, as he was nearing one of the turns in the road, he realized that it was beyond his control. He had no brake, and tried to brake with his foot, but could not succeed in stopping the wheel. While he was going at great velocity his wheel struck a stone, swerved, and was hurled with fearful velocity over the precipitous embankment. His body caught on a ledge of rocks nearly fifty feet below. He was taken to a hospital, but died in a few hours without regaining consciousness.

This accident of yesterday recalls the fact that there have been several other fatal accidents in New York during the past few days in addition to the large number of minor ones of which I have spoken. The one most talked about is that which caused the death of Miss Schumacher. This young woman was an expert cyclist, and had been riding for a year and a half. She was riding on one of the cross streets coming out of Central Park, where there is a slight down-grade. A heavy brewery truck was coming down the grade, and she found herself about to be headed off. She attempted to shoot ahead of the truck, but it had acquired greater velocity than she expected, owing to the grade. The driver was powerless to control it for the same reason. If she had passed behind instead of ahead of it, she would have been all right. But she lost her head. As she was about to attempt to get ahead of the horses, one of the off-horses threw out his foot in such a way as to catch her wheel, and she was at once thrown from the machine. She fell under the horses' feet, and the front wheel passed over her body just below the waist. She attempted to writhe out from under the wagon, but was unable to do so, and the rear wheel also passed over her, crushing the pelvis. She was dreadfully mutilated and mangled, and the whole bony framework of the lower part of her body was crushed. She lived but a short time.

The fact that this young woman, although an expert cyclist, should have lost her life, shows the danger to which people are exposed in riding in the streets of a city. It was said that Miss Schumacher might have saved herself either by going behind the truck or dismounting. But many riders seem foolishly averse to dismounting when they encounter obstacles and dangers, although it is difficult to see why. Any sensible man or woman ought to be able to divest themselves of the foolish pride which impels them to keep on at the risk of their lives when they would be perfectly safe by dismounting.

Lillian Russell also had a smash-up yesterday, although no great damage was done. She was riding in the park on the famous "golden cycle" which was given to her by a bicycle manufacturing firm for the purpose of advertisement. She had turned out of the park at one of the gates, when she saw an ice-wagon coming rapidly up Manhattan Avenue. Behind the ice-wagon was a scorch, who was trying to pass the ice-wagon. She did not see the scorch, nor did the scorch see the fair Lillian, so they came together with a crash. Both went down. Miss Russell was badly bruised, her costume was torn, and her bicycle was a wreck. Her ankle was wrenched, and while playing in "The Little Duke" that night, it was so weak that at one time she lost her balance, and caught one of the actors by his coat, and both went flat on their backs on the stage.

Among other recent accidents, Mrs. Mary Collins, while riding in the Eastern Parkway, was run into by a horse and buggy; she was thrown from her wheel and her left arm was broken; she also received a number of injuries about the hips and shoulders. William Wallen yesterday was run down by George C. Howe's wagon, and his jaw was broken. James Evans was knocked from his wheel by collision with a wagon, and broke his leg. Mrs. J. H. Norris was thrown and badly hurt. Any number of accidents of this description are chronicled by this morning's papers, but they are all dwarfed by the feeling caused by the death of the unfortunate Miss Schumacher and the dreadful fall of Schroeder when he was hurled over the Palisades to his death on the rocks below.

In addition to the accidents, it seems that there are other dangers while bicycling. Charles F. Smith, a real-estate agent, had an exciting experience last Wednesday. He was riding on the highway between Bronxville and West Farms, not many miles from the New York City Hall, when he met a man by the roadside who was mounting a bicycle, and who asked the time. Smith replied that he could not give it. The fellow then asked where his watch was. The real-estate man replied that it was none of his business, and started to forge ahead. But the other was a better rider, scorched past him, and presently returned, presented a pistol, and demanded his watch and money. In return, Smith bethought him of his little india-rubber bulb syringe, filled with condensed ammonia, which is used by bicyclists for the purpose of driving away annoying dogs. He pointed it at the highwayman, and deluged him with an ounce of ammonia. The man screamed, staggered, and fell, dropping his pistol, which went off as he fell. Smith started for him, but, blinded as the thief was, he struggled to his feet, and ran into the woods at the roadside, leaving his bicycle. Smith mounted his own wheel, and trundling the highwayman's bicycle and carrying the pistol as a trophy, he reached home.

The cycle corps of the New York police are covering themselves with glory. Every one, pedestrians and wheelmen alike, are irritated by the scorchers, particularly the tandem scorchers, who make life a burden to everybody. The bicycle police, or "bicycle cops," as they are generally called in New York, have become very expert wheelmen and few can distance them. In fact, they have frequently overtaken men on tandems, and the only man who yet has succeeded in beating them is a humorous person named Henry Lambree, an artist. He had a great time with the "bicycle cops," the other evening, flying up and down the boulevard, and they were amazed at the speed with which he flew. But they finally caught him by a trick at Forty-Seventh Street, and when they had secured their prisoner they found that his wheel was provided with a gasoline tank and motor. It was easily capable of forty miles an hour. Lambree thought it was an excellent joke until he was put into a cell, where he stayed that night, and was heavily fined next day. Frank Bradley, Edward Heer, William Smith, William Lane, Charles Fisher, Stanton Bullock, Edwin H. Webber, John Marlin, Moses Hermann, Herbert Simmons, George Rudolph, Leslie Mockridge, and Henry Lang were all arrested and locked up yesterday for scorching. They spent the night in jail until this morning, and were fined three dollars apiece. It is extremely probable that they will not scorch any more. The police also gathered in a female scorch, a Miss Emma Roesske. When arrested, she was dressed in close-fitting gray knickerbockers, black stockings, bicycle slippers, a short gray front, collar, tie, and a gray golf-cap. The policeman who took her in thought she was a boy, and so did the sergeant at the station, who asked, "What is the boy's name?" But when she said that she was a girl, she was locked up all the same, and was fined in the morning.

But the most pleasing feat that the "bicycle cops" have accomplished was the arrest of one Michael Williams, truck-driver, who spent last Thursday evening at six o'clock coming up the avenue and trying to run down bicyclists. He did succeed in making a number dismount, and knocked one off his wheel, when Bicycle Policeman Smith hove in sight. Truck-driver Williams turned out of the avenue and tried by lashing his horses to run away. But the "cycle cop" overtook him by scorching for a couple of blocks, and gathered him in. Williams spent the night in jail and was fined ten dollars next morning. He also will probably not do it any more.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1896.

FLANEUR.

The two-million-dollar bundle of money, which it was the custom to allow brides to handle when they visited the Treasury vaults in Washington, has been done away with. Formerly an official used to hand to the bride the bundle marked "\$2,000,000," with the remark: "Now you can say you have had two million dollars in your hands." It tickled them wonderfully, for they did not know that the brown-paper parcel contained only two old census reports.

The best Chinese linguist among the foreigners resident in China is said to be Dr. Robert Colman, Jr., formerly of Baltimore and now physician to Li Hung Chang.

THE GENIAL AUTOCRAT.

Morse's "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes"—His First Success and His Views on Matrimony—Estimates of his Contemporaries—Witty Sayings.

The "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes," by John T. Morse, Jr., a work which has been awaited with interest, proves a rarely satisfying biography. The circumstances under which it was written were peculiarly favorable, as the biographer was a nephew of Dr. Holmes, and, besides being well qualified for his task in other directions, had at command every facility for obtaining material in the way of letters and papers. Mr. Morse has chosen the best form of biography—a thread of narrative, well filled out with numerous letters, written by Dr. Holmes throughout the course of his long life, from his college days to the year of his death.

It is difficult to believe what his biographer affirms—that letter-writing was to him an irksome task. His letters are brimming over with epigram and fun, wisdom and humanity, and in them we meet again the shrewd and kindly autocrat. In addition to the correspondence contained in the book, the autobiographical notes left by Dr. Holmes are inserted; these, however, are mere fragmentary jottings, "the amusement of an old man's leisure hours," and do not extend in time beyond his extreme youth.

In a few words Mr. Morse thus epitomizes the life of Dr. Holmes:

His life was so uneventful that the utter absence of anything in it to remark upon became in itself remarkable. He passed two years of his youth in Europe studying medicine; in his old age he went there again for three months; otherwise he lived all his years, almost literally all his days, in or near Boston, within tethering distance, so to speak, of that State House which he declared to be "the hub of the solar system"—and by the phrase made true his accompanying words: "You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." All his intimate friends lived within a few miles of him, save when some one of them went abroad, as Motley and Lowell did. He was not, like so many English and a few American men of letters, connected in any way with political affairs; he never held any office; nothing ever happened to him. Fortunately, the picturesqueness of poverty was never his, nor the prominence of wealth. Days and years glided by, with little to distinguish them from each other, in that kind of procession which those who like it call tranquil, and those who dislike it call monotonous.

The hoyish letters written during his college days at Harvard contain many a droll phrase, and reveal early that keen sense of humor that permeates all his writings. In one we find him lamenting "the want of female society," and declaring "I do believe I shall never be contented till I get the undisputed possession of a petticoat." To the same correspondent he debates the possibilities of the future: "I am totally undecided what to study; it will be law or physic, for I can not say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian." And, after he had made his decision, he says: "I know I might have made an indifferent lawyer—I think I may make a tolerable physician—I did not like the one, and I do like the other."

It is at this same period, while early in his twenties, that he has a meeting to record: "I have met Professor Longfellow, one of your 'down-East' folks, two or three times lately, and a very nice sort of body he seems."

The numerous verses he wrote during these salad days he afterwards held in contempt, and he absolutely forbade the republication of most of them. One poem, however, made his name known when he had barely reached his majority:

The frigate *Constitution*, historic indeed, but old and unseaworthy, then lying in the navy-yard at Charlestown, was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. Holmes read this in a newspaper paragraph, and it stirred him. On a scrap of paper, with a lead pencil, he rapidly shaped the impetuous stanzas of "Old Ironsides," and sent them to the *Daily Advertiser*, of Boston. Fast and far they traveled through the newspaper press of the country; they were even printed in hand-bills and circulated about the streets of Washington. An occurrence, which otherwise would probably have passed unnoticed, now stirred a national indignation. The astonished Secretary made haste to retrace a step which he had taken quite innocently in the way of business. The *Constitution's* tattered ensign was not torn down. The ringing, spirited verses gave the gallant ship a reprieve, which satisfied sentimentality, and a large part of the people of the United States had heard of O. W. Holmes, lay-student of Cambridge, who had only come of age a month ago.

In Paris, where he went to pursue his medical studies, his life was one of hard work. Pleasure was not entirely left out, but a genuine enthusiasm for his profession urged him on, and in after years he regretted some neglected opportunities. "If I had known how much literature would occupy my time in later years," he said, "I should have taken the pains to meet the historians Thiers and Guizot, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Béranger, George Sand, Comte, and others of the celebrities in politics, letters, and science. . . . But I never went lion-hunting as I might have done."

In a letter from London, where he made a flying visit at this time, he describes a glimpse of the English royal family:

I went last night to the royal opera, where they were to be in state. I had to give more than two dollars for a pit ticket, and had hardly room to stand up, almost crowded to death. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria—a girl of fifteen, and heir to the throne—came in first on the side opposite the king's box. The audience applauded somewhat—not ferociously. . . . The princess is a nice fresh-looking girl, blonde, and rather pretty. The king looks like a retired butcher. The queen is much such a person in aspect as the wife of the late William Frost, of Cambridge, an exemplary milkman, now probably immortal on a slab of slatestone as a father, a husband, and a brother. The king blew his nose twice, and wiped the royal perspiration repeatedly from a face which is probably the largest uncivilized spot in England.

He hoped on his return home to occupy at once a high position in his profession, but this hardly came to pass. Mr. Morse says:

To tell the truth, a brilliant career in the way of practice not only did not begin with him early, but it never developed at all. He built up a fair business (if the word is permissible), but hardly more. For this there were many reasons. Probably he did not find the toil of the visiting physician quite so consonant to his taste as he had anticipated. . . . He acknowledged, in his gay way, that, after all, the thing which pleased him best about practicing medicine was that he had to keep a horse and chaise. In this he found, indeed, much joy, and his friends found not less fear. In one of the clumsy great vehicles of that day, swung upon huge C-springs, vibrating in every

direction, the little gentleman used to appear advancing along the road, seeming at once in peril and a cause of peril, bouncing insecurely upon the seat, and driving always a mettlesome steed at an audacious speed. Furthermore, it was, of course, a hindrance to be wiled and a poet. . . . When he said that the smallest fevers were thankfully received, the people who had no fevers laughed, but the people who had them preferred some one who would take the matter more seriously than they thought this lively young joker was likely to do. In this they were in error; for a more anxious, painstaking, conscientious physician never counted pulse.

Though marriage meant hard work and a modest establishment, it was a step he contemplated taking as soon as he was established in practice, and 1838 we find him writing thus on the subject:

And so you are married. I wish I were, too. I have flirted and written poetry long enough, and I feel that I am growing domestic and tabby-ish. I had several very nice young women in my eye, and it is by no means impossible that another summer or so may see my name among the hymeneal victims. . . . The very moment one feels that he is falling into the old age of youth—which I take to be from twenty-five to thirty, in most cases—he must not dally any longer; the first era of his life is not fairly closed, and he may live half his bright days over again if "woman's pure kiss, sweet and long," comes only to his lips before it is too late. If he waits till the next epoch of life begins, there is great danger lest he marry his wife as a jockey buys a horse—sensibly, shrewdly, and merely as a convenience in his domestic operations. Such are my sentiments on this matter; and two years will give me—a certain age, I shudder to repeat.

And the two years had scarcely passed before he was happily married.

Eventually literature weaned him from actual practice, but he always retained an interest in his profession, and continued for many years to give medical lectures. His contributions to medical literature, also, were marked by painstaking research, and were of no small value in their day.

Not until 1857, however, when he was within two years of the "five-barred gate," as he called his fiftieth year, did the period of his greatest literary activity begin. "Lowell woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service," he said, afterwards, referring to the starting of the *Atlantic*, when Lowell insisted that he should be "the first contributor engaged." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which appeared in the opening numbers of this magazine, has long been a household word, and it is the work which brought its author fame. Like many sparkling writers of prose, Dr. Holmes was most ambitious to be thought a poet. He esteemed "The Chambered Nautilus" his best poem, but "The Last Leaf" has always been far more firmly established in popular favor.

Among writers of *vers d'occasion*, Dr. Holmes shone to such a degree that he found himself called on unsparingly to thus "dandle his poetical habies," as he termed it:

It seems to me that I have done almost enough of this work; too much, some of my friends will say, perhaps. But it has been as much from good nature as from vanity that I have so often got up and jangled my small string of bells. I hold it to be a gift of a certain value to be able to give that slight passing spasm of pleasure which a few ringing couplets often cause, read at the right moment.

This social gift was flanked by his brilliant powers as a talker. Mr. Morse says:

It is as impossible by any string of descriptive adjectives to convey the charm of his talk to those who never heard him at his best, as it is to place the tones and gestures of a dead actor before the mind's eye of those who never saw him. . . . The pages of "The Autocrat" give some notion of it, for he talked in much the general fashion in which he wrote these papers. Yet he talked better than he wrote. "The Autocrat" held his talk crystallized, but those who heard it gushing fresh and fluid from his lips, liked it much better in this form than after the formative process had taken effect. . . . Some persons used to charge him with talking too much—a singular charge, for it was an unreciprocated mind that could have too much of such talk. Still, this was sometimes said, and he himself occasionally penitentially declared, after he had charmed a dinner-table for a whole evening, that he wished that he had been more silent and gathered more from his *convivies*. . . . In fact, Dr. Holmes was of so eager, ardent, impetuous a temperament that undoubtedly he did sometimes unwittingly monopolize the conversation. His thoughts, his humor, his similes rose as fast, as multitudinous, as irrepressible, as the bubbles in the champagne, and nothing could prevent their coming to the surface. It was in the nature of things that, if there were nine men at the table, Dr. Holmes would do more than a mathematical ninth of the talking. . . . Colonel T. Wentworth Higginson said once that in his visits to London he had never met two men whose talk was so habitually brilliant as that of Holmes and Lowell, but that they had not learned the London art of repression, and often monopolized the conversation too much; and he had a reminiscence of a dinner given to Dr. and Mrs. Stowe, at which Lowell endeavored to convince Mrs. Stowe that the best novel ever written was "Tom Jones," while Holmes, at the other end of the table, was endeavoring to convince Professor Stowe (a clergyman) that all swearing owed its origin to the pulpit.

A curious incident in connection with "Elsie Venner" is related:

With the exception of the legend of Eve, "Elsie Venner" is, *par excellence*, the snake-story of literature. Yet, in spite of the high and ancient precedent, some people felt so repelled by this element that they declared it a fatal artistic defect. Dr. Holmes does not seem to have anticipated this feeling. The snake was not repulsive to him; while writing the book, he was so desirous to have the rattlesnake vividly present to his mind as a living reptile rather than a mere bit of natural history, that he procured a live one of pretty good size from Berkshire County, and kept it for many weeks at the medical school. He had a long stick arranged with a padded kid glove at one end and a prodding point at the other, and he used to excite the creature, and watch its coiling and its striking, studying its eyes and expression, its ways, its character. The result of the sort of personal familiarity thus established between himself and his prisoner certainly made itself felt in his book, where the rattlesnake sensation, so to speak, is marvelously, almost horribly, life-like—no crude ever found fault with that.

Some of the penalties of fame are thus dwelt on:

No sooner was Dr. Holmes famous than the countless jaws of that many-headed and voracious ogre, "the public," began to gnash for the new victim. The postman came weighed down with letters and parcels innumerable, all demanding reply, a few deserving it. The burden became very serious, and it grew always heavier. It was not simply the swarm of autograph-hunters, like mosquitoes rising from the limitless breeding-grounds of summer marshes; but people came with every conceivable and inconceivable request for advice and assistance, chiefly literary, of course, though by no means wholly so. . . . From the beginning he elected the task of replying to all—or substantially so. His rule, as he stated it, was: to answer "all letters which are written in good faith, and where an answer is like to be of any use or give any gratification." No album or collection of autographs went without his signature; he said once that, if it should retain any value at all, at least it would be the cheapest autograph on the dealers' catalogues.

Sometimes unknown writers, destined later to be famous, applied to him:

It is a familiar story that Bret Harte, in his youth, sent the manuscript of some of his early poems to the doctor; that the doctor replied with decided commendation; but that, since the communication had been anonymous, he never knew whom he had encouraged until one day when Bret Harte walked into his library and developed the story.

And at an *Atlantic* breakfast Mr. Aldrich made his confession:

It is safe to say that within the last twenty-five years no fewer than five thousand young American poets had handsomely availed themselves of Dr. Holmes's amiability, and sent him copies of their first book. And I honestly believe that Dr. Holmes has written to each of these immortals a note full of the keenest appreciation and the wisest counsel. I have seen a score of such letters from his busy pen, and—shall I confess it?—I have one in my own possession. Twenty years ago I printed a volume of hoyish verse; the first copy that came from the binder's was dispatched to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table—as if he had been waiting for it. In return I received the kindest letter ever written by a celebrity to an obscurity. It virtually told me not to make any more verses unless I could make better ones.

Mr. Morse appends at the end of his first volume a dozen or more anecdotes, some of which we quote:

A Scotch gentleman who sent him a book called "Burns and the Kirk," bad from him a note of thanks, in which he said: "I find it full of interest, for it treats a question which has long puzzled me: how strait-laced Scotland could clasp her national poet to her bosom without breaking her stays."

A gentleman of the Jewish faith one day sent to the doctor some wine from Jerusalem. The note of thanks was: "Wine received. Strong as Samson. Sweet as Delilah. . . ."

Walking down Beacon Street one day, a physician told Holmes of an amusing marriage, a "love-match," which had occurred in his family, wherein the bride was eighty-eight years old and the groom a trifle younger. The doctor was greatly amused. Coming to his house, he walked slowly up the steps, then suddenly turning, running down, and, calling after his companion, he said: "Of course they didn't have any children; but, tell me, did they have any grandchildren?"

Mr. Howells, early in his career, introduced himself to Mr. Lowell; and, thereupon, Mr. Lowell took him into town to call on Dr. Holmes. The hand-shakings being completed, the doctor turned to Mr. Lowell, and said: "Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession; this is the laying on of hands."

Another anecdote is worthy of place:

A canvasser for "The Century" had just called, teasing him for a subscription. "No," said the doctor, "I'm too old—eighty years—I shan't live to see 'The Century' finished." To which the encouraging book-agent replied: "Nay, doctor, you won't have to live so very much longer to use our book; we've already got to G." "And you may go to—!" if you like!" exclaimed the little doctor; and the canvasser went—somewhere.

This story is not exactly vouched for, but it has a truthful air:

He kept on hand a little pile of autograph extracts from his writings, and when a visitor had reached the extreme limit of a call, yet seemed unaware of the fact, the doctor would kindly hand him one of these extracts, courteously asking him to keep it as a keepsake. "They can't stop after that, however tough," he said. "I call the extracts *lubricant*; it greases the way to send them off."

Some candid lines of criticism on receiving "The Vision of Sir Launfal" are whimsically expressed in a letter to Lowell:

You laugh at the old square-toed heroic sometimes, and I must resort upon the rattly hang sort of verse in which you have indulged. I read a good deal of it as I used to go over the kittle-y-henders when a boy, horribly afraid of a slump every time I cross one of its up-and-down-bump-back lines. I don't mean that it can not be done, or that you have not often done it so as to be readable and musical; but think of having to read a mouthful of such lines as this:

"For the frost's (?) swift shuttles its shroud had spun."

There is only one man that can read such lines, and that is my quondam student, Mr. George Cheyne Shattuck Choate, whose apprenticeship in learning to pronounce his own name has made him a match for all sorts of cacophony.

There are many pithy allusions to the men of mark he was constantly meeting. Grant is "an ideal completely realized of the republican soldier." Howells, whom he meets in the 60's, he finds "a young man of no small talent." He is much struck by "our new Harvard College president, Mr. Eliot"—"this cool, grave young man proposing in the calmest way to turn everything topsy-turvy, taking the reins into his hands and driving as if he were the first man that ever sat on the box." He drops a charming paragraph concerning Emerson:

He always charms me with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about among the words of his vocabulary—if you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence, feeling for its phrase or epithet—sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects, as I see him looking about and at last seizing his noun and adjective—the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought.

And it is after he had passed his eightieth year that we find him writing to Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward to tell her of "the good long cry" he had indulged in over that work of her "tear-compelling" imagination, "The Bell of St. Basil."

But into his fine old age we will not follow him, save to quote his own half-melancholy confession in the last year of his life: "Old age at best is lonely, and the process of changing one's whole suit of friends and acquaintances has its moments when one feels naked and shivers."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$4.00 for the two volumes.

The well-known incident in Lever's novel of the duelist in his coat of mail was taken from the biography of Fighting Fitzgerald. He had killed or wounded no fewer than eighteen opponents before his little precaution was discovered. In his duel with Major Cunningham, the major's sword struck against his breast and snapped. Hard as Fitzgerald's heart was known to be, this was thought to be inexplicable, except on the theory of a steel surface, which examination proved to be the case. It is noteworthy that this cowardly scoundrel had been endured in society for many years, solely on account of his supposed skill as a duelist. After his exposure, he murdered a neighbor in Ireland quite unscientifically and without any appeal to the laws of honor, and was hanged for it.

Pressure has been brought to bear to produce an increased efficiency of the service on the Baltimore and Ohio system, and it is reported to have resulted in increased earnings at the rate of three thousand dollars a day, since receivers took charge.

A MECCA OF AMERICAN ART.

The Beautiful New Building of the Congressional Library in Washington—Its Accommodations for Books and its American Decoration.

The new white granite building of the Congressional Library is rapidly nearing completion, and in a few months it will take rank among the most beautiful edifices, architecturally and in point of interior decoration, in the land. Even the now famous Boston Public Library will not surpass it in point of mural decorations, and those in the Congressional Library will have the added merit of being exclusively the work of American artists.

In 1872, Mr. Spofford, Librarian to Congress, called attention to the painful shifts to which he was subjected in finding storage for his books—increasing at the rate of twenty-five thousand per annum. Mr. Smithmeyer, a "man about town," educated professionally as an architect, tried to sketch plans of varying styles of architecture—Gothic, Romanesque, etc., in turn. Finally, after a long debate over the site, Congress passed an act in 1886 adopting, without competition, the so-called "Smithmeyer plans," in which Mr. Pelz, Mr. Smithmeyer's partner, had aided. They were of the Italian Renaissance style, but neither cost nor details were given. The site was determined, the foundations laid, and things went on until 1888, when the commission in charge and all that had been done was dismissed by an act of Congress, and the late General Casey was asked to take charge and to make plans at a fixed limit of expense. General Casey, who had just become chief-engineer of the army, had always proved himself equal to great emergencies and responsibilities—such as completing in a definite time the War and Navy Building, saving two or three millions of dollars in its erection; putting a broader foundation under the Washington monument after it had reached the height of one hundred and seventy-three feet; etc.

As engineer and superintendent of the building, Mr. Bernard R. Green was associated with General Casey from the beginning, and Congress made a wise choice in appointing him Casey's successor. Mr. Pelz was employed for the architectural designing of the building; but his employment ceased in 1892. Edward P. Casey, a son of General Casey, who had just returned from his studies abroad, was given the interior finish and ornamentation of two rooms to work out, with such success that he was made consulting architect for the remainder of the work.

The outside of the building suggests at once the Grand Opéra of Paris in the façade of its central pavilion, and the new Reichstag building in its general appearance, but it is not so overloaded with ornament as the latter. The building is about four hundred and seventy feet long and three hundred and forty feet deep, consisting of angle and central pavilions—roughly speaking, like a square with its diameters intersecting under the great dome, which is the reading-room, giving two hundred and fifty readers a space of four feet each on the floor. The book-stacks occupy three arms of the intersecting diameters, and the fourth is filled by the grand entrance-hall and staircases. There is shelf-room now for twice the present library of seven hundred thousand volumes; and if all the available space were utilized, as it is supposed it may be at the end of a hundred and fifty years, there will be room for four million five hundred thousand books. The book-shelving is made of bars of rolled steel finished with a coating of magnetic oxide, rendering them perfectly smooth. The floors are of white marble, with air-spaces next the stacks, which will allow the circulation of air to overcome two of the natural foes of books—damp and heat. The others—smoke, gas, and dust—are minimized by putting the engine-house at the rear of the building. The stacks are flooded with light, and the whole arrangement is ideal from the librarian's point of view.

The interior of the building proper, with all its rooms for various classes of readers and of books, is (Sophia Antoinette Walker declares in the *Independent*) as good an exponent of American art as could well be made. In truth, what will make this building the Mecca of students of art for the next year is the fact that no less than forty-five of our most eminent painters and sculptors have received commissions from its decoration.

Only a fraction of the mural decorations are in place. The floors have not yet received the epidermis of mosaic, and show imbedded in the concrete the arteries of wires and pipings—and there are wildernesses of scaffoldings, especially leading away up to the lantern of the dome, where, at a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, Mr. Blashfield is working. His "collar" encircling the opening of the dome is finished—the winged nations typifying various phases of civilization. The coloring is very soft, lavenders and greens predominating, and the drawing is powerful and refined. In the very circlet of the lantern will be a figure of Ambition, by Mr. Dodge.

The decorating of the south-west pavilion is complete, Mr. Maynard's allegorical paintings of Music, Art, Literature, and Science, alternating with great marble medallion reliefs of the Four Seasons, by Bela S. Pratt. Mr. Pratt's six spandrels about the triple-arched grand portal are thoughtful and thought-inspiring, gracious and graceful. Mr. Vedder's lunets, now in place in the vestibule to the rotunda, are agreeable in color, as well as fine in form and composition. Messrs. Thayer, Cox, Dielman, Pierce, Alexander, McEwen, Simmons, Guthrie, Melchers, H. O. Walker, and Shirlaw, are among those preparing frescoes or mosaics.

Much of Mr. Martin's work upon the grand staircase is in place, and almost all of the exterior sculpture, including Mr. Ruckstuhl's, Mr. Hartley's, and Mr. Adams's busts for the central pavilion. The senators' reading-room was the first room undertaken by Mr. Casey; it is paneled in oak, with very beautiful inlay of light wood; and the oak carv-

ings of foliated maidens over the door are in Mr. Adams's happiest Gallic vein. His boys over the fire-place in Sienna marble in this room, and the two conceptions of Minerva, which are repeated about the grand entrance-hall, with drapery which reminds one of the best Greek period, are all in place. Some of the other sculptors whose work will appear in the building are Messrs. Warner and MacMonnies—who are designing the bronze doors as well as important sculptures for the interior—Messrs. Nihaus, Donoghue, Augustus and Louis St. Gaudens, Bauer, Bartlett, Dallin, D. C. French, Edward C. Potter, Flanagan, J. Q. A. Ward, Barnard, and E. H. Perry. For the rest of the sculptured ornament, the beautifully cut and varied capitals, rosetts, etc., the architects' suggestion and the fertile fancy of the chief of the modelers are mainly responsible; and Mr. Gurnsey is decorating the entire interior in color.

The depressed condition of the real-estate market in San Francisco was shown by the sale this week of the Pioneer Woolen Mills property. This included two plots of ground, one of four fifty-vara lots and the other of two. The ground measured 113,300 square feet. On this there were three large brick buildings and one frame building. The property was knocked down at auction for \$32,300. It is bounded by Polk, North Point, and Bay Streets, and Van Ness Avenue. It is on the bay shore, at the foot of one of San Francisco's finest avenues, and immediately adjoining it is the Presidio Military Reservation, which will be a park for all time to come. It was purchased by a fruit-canning company, which will probably be able to utilize the present buildings in their business. There were present at the sale some of the heaviest capitalists in San Francisco, and it seems extraordinary that the property should have brought so little. While it is true that it would not have been easy to turn it at once into an income property, still it is difficult to understand how so many men of such large wealth should have allowed it to go for a song. There were a number of men among those at the sale who could have bought the ground and let it lie idle for years, even with no income in sight, and with the prospect of taxes and some small amount for street assessments—could have bought it as a gift for a grandchild or a dowry for a daughter—could have bought it and never missed the money. That they allowed it to go for a small sum to a small fruit-canning company, merely because this company was probably the only bidder able at once to utilize it, is a significant commentary on the intense conservatism of San Francisco capitalists.

Where a year ago every bright May Sunday saw the Thames swarming with pleasure craft for twenty miles, a spectacle quite unique in Europe, you see now only what seems like a week-day casual gathering. It is the dusty highway skirting the river which is now alive with humanity, flying on wheels instead of dawdling lazily in punts. All England is suddenly gone bicycle-mad. The *Daily Chronicle* recognizes the revolution by starting a regular cyclists' department in its columns. It says that bicycling has become as important as literature or art. Its first article on the subject lays stress on the superiority of American models over the English ones, and warns the British makers that unless they reduce the weight of their machines, which are seven pounds heavier than the best American types, and adopt the American saddle and other improvements, they will lose the home market in competition with the Americans.

Three hundred and twenty journalists, including Russians, enjoyed official recognition in the work of describing the Czar's coronation. Splendid club premises have been extemporized for their use, with servants in the imperial livery and a large staff of clerks and guides, who all speak English, French, and German. One gathers from the reports that refreshments are free at this admirable place, but explicit mention is made of the fact that *gratis* tickets for the opera and theatres are provided. Each journalist has a solid silver badge to wear on his coat, and finds a bewildering number of princes, generals, and other exalted swells told off to entertain him. No newspaper man has ever seen anything like it before.

Italy has a new magazine-rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds. The bullet has an outside covering of German silver with a case of lead, hardened by antimony, and will go through a brick wall three feet thick at a range of a quarter of a mile. The bore is 0.256 inches, and the trajectory is so flat that the rifle can be fired up to a range of 650 yards without using the folding-sight, which is set for as long a range as 2,200 yards.

Apropos of the scandal over dueling in Germany, an English paper relates that, a few days ago, a judge, trying a case of cowardly assault, stigmatized the conduct of one of the prisoners, who was a brother reserve officer, as "ungentlemanly," whereupon the culprit challenged him to a duel. Naturally, he promptly refused, and for refusing to fight with a prisoner whom he had tried, the Military Court of Honor has removed the judge's name from the roll of officers.

Captain James D. Johnson, who died in Savannah, the other day, in his seventy-ninth year, was the ranking officer of the survivors of the Confederate navy and the senior survivor of the United States navy of the time before the war. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1832.

The receipts at Monte Carlo had fallen off last year to such an extent that the company owning the gambling concession is going to make the town a safe port for yachting visitors. The necessary work will cost one million dollars.

OLD FAVORITES.

In State.—A Poem for Decoration Day.

I.

O Keeper of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world, and tell us what the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior's shield, or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field,
With both lips closed and both eyes sealed,
A mighty Figure is revealed—
Stretched at full length, and stiff and stark, as in the hollow of a shield."

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns, and say: 'We always feared it would be so!'"

"She came of an heroic race;
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the crest.

"And on her brow, a softened light,
As of a star concealed from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white,
Or of the rising moon behind the raining vapors of the night.

"The Sisterhood that was so sweet,
The Starry System sphered complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet,
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars glimmer and glitter at her feet.

"And over her—and over all,
For panoply and coronal—
The mighty Immemorial,
And everlasting Canopy and Starry Arch and Shield of All."

II.

"Three cold, bright moons have marched and wheeled,
And the white ceremony that revealed
A Figure stretched upon a Shield,
Is turned to verdure, and the Land is now one mighty Battle-field.

"And lo, the children which she bred,
And more than all else cherished,
To make them true in heart and head,
Stand face to face, as mortal foes, with their swords crossed above the dead.

"Each hath a mighty stroke and stride;
One true—the more that he is tried;
The other dark and evil-eyed;
And by the hand of one of them his own dear mother surely died!"

"A stealthy step, a gleam of hell—
It is the simple truth to tell—
The Son stabbed and the Mother fell;
And so she lies, all mute and pale, and pure and irreproachable!"

"And then the battle-trumpet blew;
And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through;
And so they clashed above the bier, and the Night sweated bloody dew.

"And all their children, far and wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide;
And, choosing each whom he will serve, unsheathe the sword and take their side.

"And in the low sun's bloodshot rays,
Portentous of the coming days,
The Two great Oceans blush and blaze,
With the emergent continent between them, wrapped in crimson haze.

"Now whichever ever stand or fall,
As God is great and man is small,
The Truth shall triumph over all:
Forever and forevermore, the Truth shall triumph over all!"

III.

"I see the champion sword-strokes flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall—expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead. He turns the head—the face! The son beholds his sire!"

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents, the gaps, the broken ranks,
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-grip on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle blots—
And, writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison-don,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men.

"And still the bloody Dew must fall!
And His great Darkness with the Pall
Of his dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise Transformed by Truth to triumph over all!"

"And Last—and Last I see—The Deed,"
Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
And leaves the Pall of His great Darkness over all the Land and Sea.—*Forcely the Willson.*

THE EUROPEAN HUSBAND.

A Correspondent discusses the Latest Phases of International Matches—Why the American Girl Weds Foreigners, and When she Makes a Bad Bargain.

[The following letter is from an *Argonaut* correspondent in Berlin, whose social position gives him unusual facilities for a complete understanding of social conditions there and in Europe generally, and what he here says of international marriages may be accepted as authoritative. We would draw particular attention to his statements regarding the large number of marriages between American girls and Germans which pass unnoted by the American press, the fact that American brides of Germans are "less unhappy" than those of Italian and Spanish husbands, and the chilling disillusionment that awaits many American girls who marry foreigners with the expectation of figuring prominently in the aristocratic circles of European society. For obvious reasons the writer's name is not appended.—EDS.]

For some time I have noticed, by a perusal of American papers, that the subject of American girls marrying foreigners is one of growing interest. Rightly so, I think. Not only from the point of view that, in the aggregate, large sums of money earned in America are lost to the country, although that seems to be the chief consideration for many writers, but also because the annual loss of a number of the most desirable and highly cultured American women and their amalgamation with foreign nationalities can not be a matter of indifference to the nation at large. Pardon me, therefore, if I venture to add my mite of information and advice as to this theme.

I must preface, however, that my views and statements can not by any means be taken as authoritative or conclusive. There are, it seems, no reliable statistics on the matter (but I am inclined to think that the number of such marriages is larger than is generally imagined in America, for in the majority of cases they escape attention over there, concerning persons not of sufficient prominence to figure in the accounts of the daily press), and conditions and facts differ so much in individual cases that it is hard to strike something like a general balance. Since I have, however, enjoyed somewhat exceptional facilities in becoming acquainted with cases of the afore-mentioned kind, I think I may fairly claim that my opinion will be worth about as much as that of another individual observer. Let me first generalize and group a few observations.

The American girl or young widow as a marriageable person has come to be appreciated in Europe as much, nay, more, on the Continent than in England. There are several reasons for this, one being that the average American girl is handsomer than the average European girl; another being that she—or her papa or guardian—is supposed to have, and often does have, more money than her European sister; and still another, though not so potent factor, being that the American girl is intellectually more gifted, brighter, a more interesting creature than is her European sister, on an average. The above three facts have just begun to be generally known in those European circles coming here under consideration; hence it is probable that the marrying and giving in marriage of the American girl to well-connected young Europeans will increase, instead of decreasing, hereafter.

In most instances, American girls, when marrying Europeans, do so for two reasons, one being that they wish to spend their lives in highly cultured, more or less aristocratic, and exclusive society, and the other being that they believe the life of this society in Europe to be a more enjoyable one than would be the case in America and with an American husband, other things being equal. In this two-fold supposition the American girl is often quite wrong, rarely quite right. If she marries, for instance, into a family belonging to the privileged classes, she is regarded to the last in the light of an interloper. And this no matter what she or her husband, or even the whole family, may do to the contrary, caste spirit in Europe being too strong and too insurmountable to be overcome, even by a very "smart" American girl. Again, where she escapes, by her European marriage, a number of peculiarly American annoyances, she exchanges them for as many, or more, peculiarly European ones. The whole life of the upper classes here is, just to mention one thing, so highly artificial and so full of the minutest care to be taken at every step, that few American-born women, even after a long training, grow accustomed to it or learn to accommodate themselves thoroughly to it all. There are, of course, exceptions—I, personally, know of some—but the above is the rule, even if the girl, on marrying, be still young and impressionable. Again, Europeans of both sexes, but more especially the women, do not like the independent, unceremonious ways of the American woman, and they never forgive her for exercising more freedom of speech, and manner, and motion than they themselves are, by the custom of a thousand years, permitted to enjoy.

A recent incident at one of the court halls in Dresden comes to my mind to illustrate this. The young American girl in question is the daughter of wealthy and distinguished Baltimoreans, and she being very pretty, besides, and highly gifted in mind as well, found no great difficulty in obtaining an invitation to the festivity that night (court rules and etiquette being often somewhat relaxed on the Continent, notably at the smaller courts, for the pleasure of receiving some charming little *Americaine*). Her costume that night was, of course, above reproach; of that she had taken good care, and at first she was much admired; and she had also an impeccable chaperon with her. But her manners—h-r-r! Without intending to do so, without being aware of it, she transgressed that evening nearly every paragraph in the code of behavior, until she was, when supper-time arrived, fairly tabooed and ostracized. Her final *faux pas*—she said, rather audibly, though in English, that the truffled pheasant on her plate was not as good as an American canvas-back duck, and said this just when a royal prince, nephew of the king, conversed within her hearing—broke her neck, so to speak. At any rate, she was shunned by all, the rest of the evening, and the king personally requested

the court marshal to be a little more careful in the matter of invitations for the future.

All this was simply due to the fact that the girl was not used to such a highly artificial atmosphere as obtains at courts, and probably never could get used to it, her very blood, her training, her mode of thought, being against it.

But imagine, for the moment, that a full-grown American girl of wealth, and position, and corresponding bringing up was married to a European of more or less aristocratic family. It is true that such girls often possess that flexibility and adaptability of mind necessary to conform to the new surroundings, to the novel way of looking upon life and one's fellow-beings. If she does adapt herself to these altered circumstances, she ceases—and must cease—to be an American in all essential respects. She must, above all, bow down to that grand European fetish—caste spirit—and observe in all minute details those rules of dividing and subdividing classes and species of mankind which her own forefathers in 1776 successfully leveled in the young republic. Nearly all American girls, however, are unable so completely to Europeanize themselves, and hence their life is an unbroken series of compromises between their consciences, their minds, and the demands of their new home.

It may be well to state here, though, that while it is true that when a European marries an American it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, primarily for the sake of a large, fat dowry, it is true probably in the same percentage that he treats his American wife well and indulgently. Among the American wives I have met in Europe married to natives, I do not recollect, personally, a single case where the husband was brutal or where the union was an out-and-out unhappy one. On the contrary, I know or have heard of quite a number where there seemed to be happiness on both sides. An intimate friend of mine here, for instance, still cherishes the memory of his young American wife with a devotion which is as steadfast as it is deep, and that young wife, while she lived, often declared her union to be an ideal one. But she had become thoroughly Germanized within the first eighteen months of her marriage. Another young American I know of here, the wife of an officer in the *Etat major*, takes such a pride in her husband's profession, and such an interest in it, that she knows by name or looks nearly every officer in the German army. Countess Waldersee, *née* Lee, is intensely happy in her German life and very proud of her lord. The other day an American young widow, *née* Budd, married a major in the German war ministry, Herr von Harbou, having been, as she says, so happy with her first German husband. Frau von Rottenburg, daughter of the late American ambassador, Phelps, is a happy medium—neither too German nor too American, but withal a happy wife. Countess Pappenheim, of Bavaria, who is also an American girl, told me last winter that she felt sure she could not have been happier with an American husband, and her life in Europe she likes immensely. Count Alex. Gersdorff, of the army, is the second son of the old imperial chamberlain, Count Gersdorff, who married an American, a Miss Parsons, while his elder brother married a Miss Loomis, and though he, too, married for money, the union may be quite a happy one. In this instance, as in so many in Europe, the sons are simply forced to look out for a "gold fish," the social standing of the family requiring large means, while their estates are heavily incumbered. And the American people being quite productive of "gold fishes," these high-born but penniless young men look for their game in that direction, not because they bear America any special grudge.

There is one elderly American lady in Germany who has been quite a match-maker for impoverished but aristocratic young German army officers, delivering up to them a number of those self-same "gold fishes." That lady is Princess Amelia Lynar, *née* Parsons, of Columbus, O., who is a widow since 1886; her husband was a distinguished Prussian diplomatist. Her son is now twenty, and entered the German army as officer the other day. He is the picture of his handsome mother.

From all the individual cases I know of, both here in Germany and in Austria and the Scandinavian North, I should say that marriages between natives of those countries and American girls are much more likely to be happy—or, at least, not unhappy—than with natives of Italy, Spain, or France, whose estimate of women differs much more materially from the American estimate than does the German one. However, high-spirited, self-willed American girls are not advised ever to marry even a German, or Austrian, or Dane, or Swede, as they are not nearly so liable to have their way as when they marry an American. Here the wife—the well-bred, orthodox, average wife—is expected to bow down and submit to her husband, figuratively at least. She must not attempt to set up her ways of thinking above his, as he is supposed to do the thinking for her. And the law goes even further than custom—by law a German husband is allowed to chastise his wife—"mildly, so as not to permanently injure her." Even the new civil code now being considered in the Reichstag has retained this proviso. And divorce is difficult to obtain here, and only for a few reasons.

To conclude: I deem it inadvisable, generally speaking, for American girls to marry Europeans, least of all, Europeans of the Latin races. Of course, as I pointed out, there are numerous exceptions.

W. V. S.

BERLIN, May 8, 1896.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that newsboys can not be put off street-cars in motion without the company being made liable for damages for any accident that may ensue. A newsboy named Baher got on a Broadway car, some months ago, sold a paper, and refused to get off the car while it was in motion. The conductor summarily ejected him, the boy fell under the wheels and lost an arm, and his guardian sued the company for \$1,800. After taking the case through three courts, the company was compelled by the Court of Appeals to pay \$1,500 damages.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. S. Gilbert's fads are running a model farm and astronomy.

The late Shah of Persia had grown avaricious in his later days, and the fortune he leaves is estimated at twenty millions of dollars.

President Krüger read one of Mark Twain's stories recently, and was greatly tickled with its American humor. His library now consists of the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and a full set of Mark Twain's works.

The wedding presents and trousseau of Princess Henriette of Belgium, which were recently sent to the villa of her husband, the Duc de Vendôme, near Neuilly, filled one hundred and seventy boxes and weighed eleven tons.

Paulus, the café concert-singer whose "Boulangier March" had much to do with popularizing the "brav" général, has just died at his country place near Hyères. He had retired from the stage some years ago, and was living on his ample fortune.

Governor and Mrs. William McKinley, Jr., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on the twenty-fifth of last January. Mrs. McKinley has been something of an invalid ever since the death of her father, which occurred just before her second daughter was born. Both her children died when very young.

Mrs. Cleveland has been putting on flesh rapidly in the past few years, and is now said to weigh nearly one hundred and eighty pounds. As she neither skates nor plays golf nor tennis, and the President objects to bicycling for married women, she has taken to walking as hard as she can go, from ten to twelve every morning.

John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Trust, owns 400,000 of the 1,000,000 shares in the corporation, and their market value is said to be \$100,000,000. His income from this source alone is \$1,328 for every hour of the day, and his annual income from all sources is estimated at from thirty-five to forty millions of dollars.

Dr. Jameson has been effectually dropped by the London fashionables. A rumor was started recently that he was to marry a peeress—understood to be the beautiful Georgiana, Dowager-Countess of Dudley, but it is discredited. Jerome K. Jerome's paper, *To-Day*, says Jameson "is now utterly discredited and recognized as a rash fool, whose conduct involved ruin all around."

Baron Hirsch's place as the open-handed friend of the British aristocracy will probably be taken by Mr. Beit, a German multi-millionaire, who is interested with the Rothschilds. He is not an owner of race-horses, but he appears with the smartest set at the race-meetings. On the race for the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes he won one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Jules Jouy, the writer of many of Yvette Guilbert's songs, among them "La Soularde," has gone mad. A performance to provide the money needed to keep him in a private asylum has been gotten up by the poet Coppée and the critic Sarcey. Jouy was a commonplace-looking, fat, little man, very particular about his dress and umbrella. He imagines that he has a handkerchief worth seventy millions of francs.

Dr. Playfair, who was mulcted in the sum of twelve thousand pounds damages for breach of professional confidence, has been making extraordinary efforts to keep secret the terms of his compromise with Mrs. Kitson. The rumor is current in London that he has paid her eight thousand pounds, but the *Figaro* says that an arrangement has been made whereby Sir James Kitson, her brother-in-law, undertakes to restore the generous allowance which Mrs. Kitson received from him before the physician revealed what he thought was a shameful secret.

Corra Belle Fellows, whose marriage to Chaska, a Sioux, created a sensation some years ago, has been deserted and left in destitution by her Indian husband. She came of an excellent Washington family, but fell in love with Chaska while teaching on the reservation near Pierre, S. D., and married him in spite of the opposition of her family. They acquired quite a fortune by exhibiting themselves in dime-museums throughout the country; but he has squandered all her money and disappeared with a woman of his own race, leaving his wife with four children to support.

Though the Baroness Hirsch is nominally the universal legatee under her late husband's will, Harold Frederick declares that the bulk of Baron Hirsch's fortune, after certain philanthropic bequests are paid, will go to Lucienne, natural daughter of the baron's dead son and a French governess. The mother parted with the child, who is now in her teens, some years ago, and Lucienne is being brought up by Baroness Hirsch's sister, the ablest woman in the gifted family of Belgian Bischoffsheim, like a Catholic princess. She already has a quasi-royal establishment, with her own chapel and chaplain and all the surroundings of one destined for a throne.

John S. Sargent, the new R. A., "probably the most talked about artist of to-day," was born in Florence in 1856 of American parents. He studied in the schools of Florence, and entered Carolus Duran's atelier in Paris at the age of eighteen. He first exhibited in the Salon in 1877, and two years later created a sensation with "El Jaleo," which presents a woman in a very voluminous white silk dress and black mantilla pirouetting in the middle of a lamp-lit room, surrounded by a number of tambourine and castanet-players. Mr. Sargent's work has been chiefly in the way of portraits, notably those of Ada Rehan and Carmencita, but his "Triumph of Religion" for the Boston Public Library indicates unusual abilities in decorative art.

LITERARY NOTES.

Queco Victoria's Favorite Novelist.

"Cameos" is the modest title of a volume of short stories by Marie Corelli. In these she is, according to her wont, by turns sentimental, scornful, and fiercely playful, and is animated in most of them by some fervid purpose. The woes of neglected childhood, the sufferings of an unloved wife, a few supernatural visitations, an American charlatan who poses as an artist, are among her subjects, and the last, "My Wonderful Wife," is a withering attack on the New Woman. It is written in Miss Corelli's most exuberantly scornful mood, and is pervaded by that peculiar humor of hers which is most crushing in its playfulness. Women who ride tricycles and wear bloomers, who smoke cigarettes and mount the lecture-platform, may hope for no quarter from her.

To one of Miss Corelli's tales, by the way, mention is made of an achievement of her own. Her friend scolds her for writing a book "known as 'The Romance of Two Worlds,' as inculcating spiritualistic theories, and therefore to be condemned." This is a little bewildering at first blush, but she has others to keep her in countenance. To one of his books, Howells has a watering-place group discuss his latest novel, the verdict being, on the whole, a favorable one. This may be the simplicity of the truly great, or it may be a new way of advertising. To either case it serves the latter purpose.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

Thomas S. Blair, who has taken his A. M. degree at Harvard, has written an ambitious book on "Humana Progress: What can Man Do to Further It?" But Mr. Blair is not himself an immodest man, as witness this simple sentence from his preface:

"... not only... is every statement—no matter how positive the form in which, in avoidance of the continued repetition of the qualifying explanation, it may be put forward—to be understood as hypothetical only, but the entire system, as a whole and in each of its several parts, is to be taken as nothing more than a connected series of suggestions, tentative and conjectural rather than assertive, so unsatisfactory to their author himself, in respect both of the manner of their presentation and of the persistent consciousness on his part of the probability of a lurking fallacy or the omission of a vital factor, that the end contemplated in their submission to the public judgment is chiefly that of suggesting certain points of view, either novel or heretofore neglected, the provisional adoption of which by investigators in the field of research to which they pertain may assist to introduce a system where error and confusion of thought now manifestly mar the proper influence of the pioneers of thought."

After Mr. Blair has taken it all back in this very handsome manner, we feel that it would be unbecoming to pursue the matter further.

Published by William R. Jeekios, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In his forthcoming volume, "With the Fathers," Professor John Bach McMaster will show, with extracts from English papers of 1824, that England generally approved of the Moore doctrine when it was first enunciated. There will be, also, a study of "The Third-Term Tradition," reviews of American financial questions, and of the possibilities of sound finance to a republic, together with discussions of many other subjects of immediate concern. The book will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The first printed of the Mowgli stories, by Rudyard Kipling, is reproduced in one of the June magazines, with the following note by the author:

"This tale, published in 'Many Inventions' (D. Appleton & Co.), 1893, was the first written of the Mowgli stories, though it deals with the closing chapters of his career—namely, his introduction to white men, his marriage and civilization, all of which took place, we may infer, some two or three years after he had finally broken away from his friends in the jungle (*vide* 'The Spring Running,' Second Jungle Book). Those who know the geography of India will see that it is a far cry from Secoo to a Northern forest reserve; but though many curious things must have befallen Mowgli, we have no certain record of his adventures during those wanderings. There are, however, legends."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Kipling will reconsider his decision to end the Mowgli stories with "The Spring Running," and will at some future time let us have some of these legends.

The *British Weekly* says that Miss Harraden has not quite fixed on a title for her new novel, but has thought of a striking one—"I, too, Have Passed through Winty Terrors." One wonders what will be the popular title—"I, Too," or "Winty Terrors"?

John Oliver Hobbes has a new story nearly completed, to which she has given the title, "A School for Saints." She is preparing the work for presentation on the stage as a comedy in three acts.

The May number of *Cosmopolis* contains Hermann Sudermann's much discussed and hitherto unpublished drama, "Fritzen," in its entirety; a novelette, "The Notary's Love-Story," by Maarten Maartens, leads off the English section; M. Bourget introduces his "Voyageuses" with a romance called "Charité de Femme"; and Sidney Colvin presents "A Note on 'Weir of Hermiston,'" which may satisfy some of the readers who have read the fragment of the story published in pre-

ceding numbers, and wait to know what Stevenson intended to do with the narrative.

"Et Dooa Ferentes" is the title of a new poem, by Rudyard Kipling, recently copyrighted by D. Appleton & Co. It will appear in his volume of poems to be published in the autumn.

Harper's Magazine for June contains the following list of articles:

"A Visit to Athens," by the Right. Rev. William Crosswell Doane; the first part of "A Rebellious Heroine," by John Kendrick Bangs; "The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany" (Adolf Menzel), by Dr. Charles Waldstein; "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," by E. D. T. Chambers; the second of Howard Pyle's papers, "Through Inland Waters"; a one-part story of considerable length by Mary E. Wilkins, called "Evelina's Garden"; a sketch of New York life by Brander Matthews; a study of character as affected by politics in the metropolis, entitled "The Thanks of the Municipality," by James Barnes; the conclusion of Poulney Bigelow's history of "The German Struggle for Liberty"; "Queen Lulera of the Gorman Struggle for Liberty"; "The Battle of the Cells," by H. F. B. Lynch, describing a unique Russian colony in Armenia; "The Germ Theory of Disease," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, of Edinburgh; and a poem, "The Sea," by James Herbert Morse.

It is rumored in Loodoo that, in spite of Lady Burton's elaborate life of her husband, Sir Richard Burton, there is a demand for a further memoir of the traveler and linguist. It is said that his widow did not cover all the sides of his career, and, moreover, she wrote a eulogy rather than a biography. Much material hitherto unpublished has been accumulated.

The Loodon rumor that the publication of the "New English Dictionary" was likely to be suspended proves to be untrue. The circumstances which appear to have given rise to the rumor are these:

For some time past, the original scope and limits of the work have been somewhat extended by the editors, and the University Press authorities have given a hint that they would like the plan as first laid down to be adhered to. It is positively stated that "there is no likelihood whatever of the work not being carried through. The cost of compiling the dictionary is, of course, enormous, and no return on the capital expended is likely to be seen, during this generation at least." Originally it was expected that the first installment of the work would appear in 1882, and that the whole work would be given to the world in six or seven years more, but the compilers have only got the length of F.

A novel dealing with New York social life and the hunting life on Loog Island is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The title is "Green Gates," and the author is Mrs. K. M. C. Meredith.

The late Marquis of Bath, who died at Venice recently, was the original of Lord Farintosh, in "The Newcomes." How Thackeray came to acknowledge the portrait, shortly after the publication of the book, is narrated as follows:

He was walking along the Champs-Élysées one day with a friend, when they met Lord Bath, who stopped and spoke to them. When he had gone, Thackeray turned to the friend, and said: "I'll wager you don't know who that was." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the other; "Bath and I were at Christ Church together. Didn't you hear him just now refer to those days?" "I'll repeat what I say. You don't know who he is, so I'll tell you. He's Farintosh."

Lord Bath learned this fact from old Lady Molesworth years after, and was very angry with Thackeray.

A work announced in London with the title, "The Gentle Shakespeare: A Vindication," by

Joho P. Yeatmao, has been compiled from original sources and from manuscripts never before published, which are described as giving a genealogical history of the poet's family from the time of King Edward the Third, with an account of the Arden and Griffin families, with which he was connected. The vindication is an attempt to rescue Shakespeare's memory from the "false impressions created by his commentators."

Mme. de Novikoff, who has been publishing some "Souvenirs d'Angleterre" in the *Nouvelle Revue*, relates an anecdote about Kinglake which is worth repetition:

"The historian received a letter, while engaged upon his great book, stating that the son of his correspondent, a man and his wife in the colonies, had met his death in the Crimea, and that they would like his name to be mentioned in the history. Kinglake wrote for particulars, and this is the reply that reached him: 'What details do you require? He died on the spot, like many others. We know nothing more, but anything you can invent on his account will be gladly accepted by us. We rely entirely on your kindly imagination.'"

The fruit of Andrew Laog's long study in Jacobite matters is to be given to the public before long in the shape of a book called "Pickle the Spy." It will deal with the history of Prince Charles Edward from 1746 to 1756. "Pickle" is but the disguise of a great Highland chief. Mr. Laog especially elucidates the connection of Frederick the Great with Jacobite history.

The circumstances in which Harold Frederic's new novel came to have one title here and another in England are set forth in the *Loodon Chronicle*:

The writing of the book was extended over five years, and a copy of the first half was sent to this country as long ago as 1893. For purposes of identification it bore the "Damnation" title, which was one of many then under consideration. After the final choice of "Illumination" had been made, no one remembered that the American publisher had not been informed of the decision until it was too late. The cover of the English edition, by the way, showing a torch and peculiar lettering, is from the author's own design, Mr. Frederic being an amateur draughtsman of considerable ability.

"Ice Work, Present and Past," is the new volume in the International Scientific Series, by Dr. T. G. Bonney, Professor of Geology at University College, London, which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

William Black was once a leader writer for the *Loodon News*. When asked, the other day, what he thought of journalism as a literary training, he answered:

"I don't know that it was of any particular value in my case, but journalism is most useful in the making of a novelist in that it gives him experience of a large sphere of life; but to get the fullest amount of such experience a man ought to be a reporter. There is now quite a remarkable group of novelists who have been journalists. But journalism itself has undergone a remarkable change since I worked at it. In the last twenty years the newspaper has become a magazine compared with what it was. The daily newspaper is now ready to take anything, on any subject—literature, science, art—from anybody, providing only it is interesting."

The late Arsène Houssaye, the French critic, had this quotation from Pythagoras: "Hold thy peace, or say something which is better than silence," inscribed over the door of his house. It may be remarked, by the way, that Houssaye wrote more than eighty volumes of prose and poetry.

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JUNE NUMBER

HARPER'S

Contains:

The first part of a new serial by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS entitled "A Rebellious Heroine." With illustrations by SMEDLEY.

The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany is the title of an appreciative paper on Adolf Menzel by Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN. Illustrated with examples of the artist's work.

An out-door flavor is imparted to this issue by

The second of HOWARD PYLE's papers, describing an unconventional journey Through Inland Waters, charmingly depicting life on a canal and including Lake Champlain, with many illustrations by the author; and

The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment,

which is an enthusiastic paper on the delights of fresh-water salmon fishing in Quebec, by E. T. D. CHAMBERS. There are also illustrations of typical fishing-waters and of the bill country in whose rapid streams the ouananiche waits for the sportsman.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON of Edinburgh will present, in a paper bearing the suggestive title

The Battle of the Cells,

an interesting and popular discussion of the germ theory of disease.

A Visit to Athens

is a vivid descriptive sketch by the Rt. Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE. The illustrations are by GUY ROSE.

Short stories by MARY E. WILKINS, BRANDER MATTHEWS, JAMES BARNES, etc., etc.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Marion Crawford's New Novel.

After the gloom and tragedy of "Casa Braccio," F. Marion Crawford's latest novel, "Adam Johnstone's Son," comes as a pleasant interlude. It is a love-story which relates the winning and charming of a charming girl, with just enough difficulties in the way to whet the interest without diminishing the agreeable certainty that these two pleasant people are bound to come together in the end.

The scene is Italian, the characters English. Brook Johnstone, coming to Amalfi to join his father and mother, is kept waiting by them, and improves the opportunity, as any young man would have done in his place, by falling in love with Clare Bowring. She is, with her mother, spending the spring months at the old monastery turned hotel which is perched on the rocks above the little Italian town. The setting makes a very pretty one for a love-tale, and the charm of the place is insensibly yet deeply conveyed.

The young people have various difficulties of their own to settle, but these are nothing to the complications which presently arise. Revelations of the past give to the story a curious turn which makes one think of the old riddle of relationships. Brook and Clare might almost have been brother and sister but for a turn of the divorce wheel. A quarter of a century before, the father of one and the mother of the other were man and wife. After a year of marriage, the two quarreled and parted, each in time taking another mate, each becoming the parent of one child.

And now destiny has brought them together again, and made their children lovers. It is a very modern problem to confront, and a very possible one. In real life, it is true, love-making would have been nipped in the bud before it could blossom. The novelist, however, is not so cruel. Having evolved a very ingenious situation, and made all its perplexities patent, he solves the question as easily as Columbus made the egg stand. Clare and Brook love each other, therefore they marry, and nobody interposes any objection. Fat, good-natured Lady Johnstone does heave a sigh as she acquiesces, and it is easy to sympathize with her. To see her boy the son-in-law of her husband's divorced wife brings her face to face with a number of embarrassing details; and while we catch ourselves looking into the future of this curiously mixed family party, we begin to realize what a very life-like group of people it is whose affairs we have been entering into.

Brook Johnstone is the typical young Englishman of the leisure class, who enjoys life and stretches out his hand to grasp every pleasant thing that comes in his way—from a flirtation with Lady Fan to the love and companionship of a fine creature like Clare. And Clare and her mother, so strenuous in their emotions, so much alike, are as opposite as the poles from the happier-natured Lady Johnstone.

We hope that pleasant lady has bequeathed to her son enough of her steadfastness to make him a good husband for Clare—for we own we have doubts as to the wisdom of the marriage.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Ravings of a German Iconoclast.

"The Case of Wagner" contains in one volume the last four of the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, now for the first time brought out in English. The book is more of a curiosity than a work to be regarded seriously, in spite of the assertion in the introduction that Friedrich Nietzsche "has become a European event, like Hegel, and given rise to an independent school of thought." The first part is devoted to Wagner, who is denounced as the "artist of decadence," with an unbridled fury of attack which does not fall short of ravings. His art is declared morbid; he is "not a man at all, but a disease"; he takes a "rattlesnake joy" in exciting fatigued nerves; he is a corrupter of youths and women. Turning from Wagner, we find a harangue on literary artists, in which Nietzsche again out-Nordaus Nordau in exclamatory venom of phrase. And to wind up comes a tirade on Christianity. The New Testament is pronounced a piece of "artistic perfection in psychological depravity," a book to be handled with gloves because of the "proximity of so much uncleanness"; and Christianity itself is the "one immortal hlemish of mankind." A strange book, permeated with a corroding bitterness of thought and a defiance of all precedent. It is no marvel that it was the last work of Friedrich Nietzsche before hopeless insanity forever clouded his mind.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Another Prize Story.

The New York Herald's ten-thousand-dollar prize story is by Edith Carpenter, and is called "Your Money or Your Life." It makes dismal reading, for, besides being distressingly silly and insufferably tedious, it suggests those deeper depths beyond of stories which won smaller prizes, and stories which won no prizes at all. Truly, the task of the judges could have been no enviable one.

In this tale a young business man, jilted by the girl he loves, and wearying of the race for money,

throws up position and prospects and hetakes him to the wild West, where he proceeds to enjoy himself by mingling with all the roughs he meets. A train-robber excites his particular admiration and envy, and a slangy sheriff's daughter, the helle of the town where he lingers, almost wins his heart over again. The humor which might brighten the vulgarity of these scenes is lacking, and the morals are decidedly mixed. In a courtroom scene, the train-robber figures in an heroic light, compelling the judge to perform the marriage ceremony which unites him to the slangy maiden, and departing with her in young Lochinvar style, amid the exultant shouts of the populace, whose pockets have suffered from his depredations. Altogether, a poor, cheap, trashy story.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

A small volume of "Pacific History Stories," arranged and retold for use in public schools by Harry Wagner, A. M., has been published as the initial number of a Western Series of Readers by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

A new and revised edition of "The Verbalist," by Alfred Ayres, that useful little manual devoted to discussions of the right and the wrong use of words, has been issued. It is considerably enlarged, embodying additions gathered by the author during the past five or six years, and it may now claim to be the most comprehensive book of its kind in the language. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

If John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") had not been a successful novelist, possibly his latest volume, "The Mind of the Master," would never have crossed the ocean. It is entirely religious in its nature, consisting of a series of chapters of spiritual food for his people, to whom the volume is dedicated. In literary style, as well as loftiness of thought, these sermons are what one would naturally expect from the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and the creator of Dr. McClure. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Lure of Fame," by Clive Holland, the author of "My Japanese Wife," is a story placed in Norway, the characters being the simple peasants of a remote village. A beautiful voice which a young peasant girl develops is the lure which takes her away from her happy village life and her young lover. On the whole, the book does not quite strike the note it strives to touch. It suffers by comparison with the works of native Norwegian novelists, and lacks the simplicity and truthfulness which are theirs without effort. Published by the Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Fleet Street Eclogues" is a readable book of verse by John Davidson, one of the new English poets. It purports to be a series of rhymed dialogues held by a group of young journalists, who meet on saints' days, and discourse of whatever is uppermost in their minds at the moment—the world as it lies about them and the world as they would have it. The book is animated by a pleasing youthful enthusiasm, and it has in it wit and humor, a genial philosophy, and some earnest passages. Mr. Davidson has a pretty knack of putting words together in smooth and graceful rhymes. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

F. W. Taussig, Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University, adopts a novel method in his book on "Wages and Capital." He divides the work into two parts, presenting in the first a statement at large of his own views on the relation of capital to wages and on the wages-fund doctrine, and in the second a history of the wages-fund discussion from its beginning to the present time. Professor Taussig concludes that wages are paid from capital, but not from a predetermined fund of capital, and he rejects the doctrine that wages are paid from the laborer's own product. The work is one of great importance to all students of political economy. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The scene of "In the Blue Pike," Georg Ehers's latest historical romance, is Southern Germany in the time of Emperor Maximilian, and the tale describes the life of strollers of that day. The heroine is a rope-dancer who loves, without return, a Nuremberg magistrate, and she suffers many misfortunes through her love. Her story is a melancholy one, and her end is sad, the physical sufferings she endures through a mutilated foot adding a painful element. The religious superstition in which the people of the age were sunk is made a feature of the tale, the sale of indulgences which was prevalent in the sixteenth century being brought in to lend vividness to the picture. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Susannah," by Mary E. Mann, is bright and amusing in style, but the plot is so bristling in absurdities that it occupies no very high plane in consequence. Susannah is a pretty English girl of gentle birth and breeding, who masquerades as a "slavery" in a London lodging-house for men

only, her purpose in coming being to nurse a sick brother who is lying very ill. She has a good deal of very questionable love-making to put up with from the inmates, and she does not strike one as being the soul of discretion herself. But such things do not count in a novel, and in the end her prospects are advanced instead of damaged by her escapade. There is enough cleverness in the dialogue and skill in the character-drawing to make it a pity that the writer has not aimed at a higher standard of literature. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Worth While" is a small volume containing two stories by F. F. Montresor, whose "Into the Highways and Hedges" owed its success to a certain quality of freshness that it possesses. In this volume the title-story is the better of the two. It tells of a middle-aged clerk who was brought up in a work-house, and is without family ties of any kind, but who pleases himself by a weekly letter to a hypothetical mother. In this he chronicles all his doings, and pours forth all his feelings even while he knows that its ultimate destination is the Dead-Letter Office. The fancy is far fetched, but the story is told with a fervor of feeling which is effective, though sometimes excessive. "Lady Jane," the second story, is a portrayal of Miss Montresor's favorite type of self-sacrificing heroine, and scarcely escapes sentimentality. Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, 75 cents.

For an out-and-out romance of the sea, given up to exciting adventures and thrilling escapes from disaster, there is no writer like W. Clark Russell, and "The Romance of a Transport" is an excellent specimen of his skill. The story is told by a girl whose lover—a ship-master wrongfully accused of scuttling his vessel for the sake of the insurance money—is transported in a convict ship. She determines to follow him, and, donning the clothes of a sailor lad, she embarks in the same vessel. No vessel of W. Clark Russell's launching ever reached safe harbor without passing through a host of misadventures, and the *Childe Harold* proves no exception, its eventful voyage and the mishaps encountered by the lady and her sweetheart after they left the convict ship forming the subject of an entertaining tale. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

A new edition of William Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" is being prepared in four volumes, the first of which has just been issued. Though at one time a popular novelist, the day has gone by for many of his stories, but this collection of tales, undoubtedly his best work, will always find favor with lovers of genuine Irish humor. They give a faithful picture of Irish peasant life as it existed more than fifty years ago, and the types presented and the incidents described are plainly drawn from reality. Carleton was himself the son of Irish peasants, and his knowledge of the national traits was as complete as his observation was keen. The weddings, wakes, and other festivities which are chronicled are racy with humor and graphic in their completeness, yet unexaggerated in every detail of speech, character, or incident. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Like most French romances, "The White Rocks," by Edouard Rod, runs on the theme of a married woman's love for a man not her husband. But the two struggle against their love as soon as they discover it, and fly from temptation at once, thus forming an agreeable variation on the customary plane of morals established in French fiction. The interest of the book, however, lies less in the love story, though that is sufficiently well told, than in the setting. The scene is a little town in Switzerland, where a young minister newly arrived runs the gauntlet of his parishioners' observation, and the petty life of the place, its absorption in trifles and love of gossip, as well as the provincial types presented, are excellently depicted. The book is interesting as being a product of the rising school of fiction in France. It is, however, agreeable rather than powerful or dramatic, and can not be regarded as a herald of brilliant achievements to come. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In "Adventures in Criticism," Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q") proves himself an agreeable essayist as well as a skillful story-teller. The volume consists of papers reprinted from a London journal, all of comparatively recent date, in which books and their authors are discoursed upon after a very pleasant fashion. The subjects extend from Chaucer's time down to "Trilby" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and every essay is marked by originality of thought and felicity of phrase. A personal note runs through most of them, and it is by no means possible to agree with every opinion expressed. But that is not necessary for enjoyment, the interest lying rather in the keen and honest judgments of a man of letters upon his fellow-craftsmen, uttered with vigor and discernment. Mr. Couch belongs to that younger group of writers whose style is so largely molded upon that of Stevenson. It is interesting to find him admitting as much in one of his papers, though he denies to the elder the honor of having founded a school. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

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Prof. Taussig examines the relations of capital to wages, and concludes that wages are paid from capital, but not from a predetermined fund of capital. He examines and rejects the doctrine that wages are paid from the laborer's own product. The bearing of this general reasoning on practical problems, such as strikes and trades unions, and on general economic theory, is then considered. In the second part of the book, the literary history of the wages fund doctrine and of the discussion of wages and capital is followed in detail.

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On a night as hot and heavy as a midsummer night, what more appropriate than a visit to those fay-peopled woods about Athens where a wondrous wizard once dreamed a magic dream? On heated evenings, when the city breathes heavily after the turmoil of the day, when the bay lies still as a steel mirror under light filaments of mist, and the hills show a deep amethyst against a sulphur-glowing sky, how exquisite an experience to find one's self translated to a place of leafy woodland ways and moonlit glades, of silent streams and misty distances, where indistinct, enchanted figures foot it feathily in the glimpses of the moon.

Shakespeare wrote two great fairy poems—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." In these his imagination turned backward to those days when the fairy was to him a real thing, and the morning woods, the dew globed on tiniest leaf and blossom-point, bore traces of the little people who made their magic rings under the flower-bells and drank the drop of sweetness in each cup of red-tipped moss. The mystery of the sea—the child's dream of the mermaid and her land sister, the enchantment of the unpeopled sands, and the call of the wild sea-voices, ran again in his thought when he wrote "The Tempest." The fantasies of that wonderful childhood returned at his summons—glamour and gleam of woodland and sea, the radiant or impish fay of the sheltered forest and the moss-grown glade; the wild children of the ocean and the flowered sea-caves that shook their long locks free and danced to their shadows on the moonlit sand.

Night, moonlit woodland dells, whispering tree and stream slipping in silver round its impeding rocks, was the time, and the place, and the accompaniment for the fairies' revels. As the curtain rose upon the glade where Titania and Oberon meet for their discussion over the Indian boy, and the dimness breaks slowly into the misty, diffused pallor of moonbeams filtering through leafage, a faint thrill of reminiscent pleasure stirs the auditor. This is the realization of a hundred dreams of childhood. Dim shapes, vaguely undefined in eddying filaments, with faintly stirring wings and glow-worm lights palpitating on their heads, flit through the trees, and cross and glide and weave the paces of a magic dance.

Mystery, the alluring mystery of the realms of faery, the strange but never fearful sense of the unknown and impossibly lovely, take hold upon one. Recollections stir of the days when, as a curious little child, one made expectant excursions into the morning woods and looked under the curled covers of the dead leaves, or lifted the sheltering fronds of a drooping fern, half hoping to find a forgetful fairy sleeping off the effects of last night's frolic. Lines strike upon the ear that seem to be the verbal expression of fantastic imaginings that died unuttered when one was eight:

"I'll hang a dew-drop in each cowslip's ear."
"Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats."

An elf in a coat of bat's wings—what a delicious elfin touch!

"And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes."

Oh, if only when one was eight one had had the capacity to see the exquisiteness of all this! The fairies would then have been friendly and accessible, not ever-eluding phantoms forever followed and never overtaken.

The managerial spirit of Mr. Daly has had more respect for the length of his entertainment than for the preservation of Shakespeare's fairy conceits. The cutting and the pruning have been severe. He has had to get the greatest dream that ever was dreamed into two hours and a half, and the fanciful and delicate flowers of poesy and romance that decked it have been cut away with an unsparring hand. No one has been favored. The fairies' fascinating revelations of their manners and customs are sometimes cut, and so are the burly jokes of the Atheoian craftsman. The four lovers have their dialogue, tender and quarrelsome, cut. Even Helena—Helena, the splendidly humble, the regally abased—has had some of the booeey-droppings of her mellow plaints cruelly curtailed.

And how dared any one have an opinion, or an idea, that was a check to Helena? She is humble to her disdainful love, but how graciously, how spiritedly humble! Simple and food she assuredly is, but it must be that somewhere in her mind she feels confident in the power of her alluring charm. "Can this magnificence be disdained forever?" she seems to ask, as she stands forth with no coaxing

nods and hecks, but motionless, gravely pensive, with lines of perfect drapery falling over lines of perfect symmetry, and milk-white shoulders drooping dejectedly, and milk-white arms hanging straightly and listlessly by her sides.

"The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"—Pne must have seen some one somewhere who looked like Helena in her heavily folded robe, with the wreath of burnished green binding her yellow hair, when he wrote that line. He could not see this Helena, however, and we condole with his ghost, wherever it may be. There is, beyond all her splendor of noble outline and full-blossomed womanhood, a charm about Helena that is perhaps purely one of personality, and perhaps is one of humor, and perhaps is one of that indescribable quality that has been called "the milk of human kindness." But there it is for all to feel and bend before.

She is such a fond, clinging, foolish creature, and yet she is so deeply and richly a woman. It is so exquisitely natural for this great, goddess-like being, with the regal brows and the imperial carriage, to be timid and fearful of one who "was a vixen when she was at school." Large, slow-moving, imperial Helena, with her sculpturesque arms that she puts so tenderly and naively round the neck of Demetrius, is, for all her conquering looks, just a loving, blundering, endearing type of the Eternal Feminine, with only enough spirit to keep up the feeble little show of pride.

The dejection of her mood at her first entry was rendered peculiarly emphatic by the entire absence of gesture, the sadly tender immobility of her delivery of her first complaints. Miss Rehan's reading of Shakespeare's "mighty line" is almost vocalization in its mellifluous, rhythmic rise and fall. The rich flow of lovely words rolls out and expands upon the air in lingeringly soft cadences, the mellow voice seems to caress each syllable and lend it an almost dreamy sweetness:

"O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue sweet air!"

Later in the piece they sang these words to that old melody one of the tune-makers of a century ago composed for them. And though the song was sweet, with the innocent, young-eyed sweetness the music-writers were inspired to lend to Shakespeare's words, it was not more musical than Helena's delivery of them in the first act.

There are a hundred things to speak of in this production of the greatest fairy-tale in the world. The beautiful setting, holding on its string the beautiful songs that are only rivaled by the songs of "The Tempest," is a thing one would like to write effusively about. There was moonlight on the stage that had the vague, enlarging pallor of real moonlight. There were fairies that had noiseless footfalls, like real fairies. There were the craftsmen of Athens, and there was their play. The person on the stage who enjoyed this most was the Moon's dog. He was a cheerful little dog, and he had a lovely time, only a cruel, impeding rope knotted round his neck kept jerking him back to the realization that he was acting a play before a duke. When he was pulled up to a due sense of the dignity of the occasion, he stood on the edge of the stage, surveying the scene with vivacious interest, his tongue lolling out absent-mindedly in the intense joy of staring around.

With the new members of the company we are beginning to feel more at home—to be getting on quite a friendly footing. To be sure, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" a new batch of them was introduced that runs the company up to an immense aggregation of people. Hermia was a new young lady, and was attractive and graceful in her long, heavy crêpes, with their edges weighted here and there with lengths of silver fringe. There is something very charming in the way the ladies of Mr. Daly's company talk and the sort of voices they have—soft, and deep, and full. Whether this is due to the training of the master or to the splendid example of a perfect voice they have the benefit of studying, is only to be guessed by an outsider. But the result is a cause of joy. What awful peacock voices have screamed on the other side of those same footlights!

On a second meeting one comes to the conclusion that Mr. Daly has made two valuable acquisitions in Miss Helena Nelson and Mr. Charles Richman. The latter is really handsome. There is no mistake now, and the horrible doubt that he might turn out to be a mere ugly man when he appeared in another costume is forever dispelled. Having seen him in the extremely trying Athenian dress of Demetrius, one feels safe in saying, even in print, that he is the handsomest man we, in California, have seen on the stage for years. It is hard on Mr. Richman to have to say this a week before he leaves, and thus to expose him without warning to the fierce white light that heats upon a beautiful leading man.

It is to be regretted that Henry Dixey is no longer in the cast of "Thoroughbred" in New York. The part suited him down to the ground, and he made the success of the play, but he has either thrown up his engagement or been dismissed. After his failure to prove an amenable member of a stock company under the management of Mr. Daly and of Mr. Frohman, he will probably have difficulty in finding a new manager.

Guilbert's Latest.

Yvette Guilbert describes her latest song, "La Glu," written by Jean Richepin, with a musical setting by Gounod, as "d'un dramatique effrayant! et d'un poignant!" and all who grasp its full significance will agree with her criticism. This is it:

Y avait une fois un pauvre gars,
Et louloulaire et louloula,
Qui aimait celle qui ne l'aimait pas.
Elle lui dit: "Apporte-moi demain
L'oeur de ta mère pour mon chien!"

Va chez sa mère... Et la tue!
Lui prit le oeur... et s'encourut!
Comme il courait... il tomba,
Et par terre le oeur roula...!

Et pendant que le oeur roulait,
Entendit l'oeur qui lui parlait!!

Et l'oeur disait en pleurant,
"T'es-tu fait mal?... mon pauvre enfant!"

For grim horror and dramatic intensity, it would be difficult to surpass this.

The weekly receipts of Henry Irving's tour of America, which ended a few days ago, are said to have averaged almost twenty thousand dollars; but, in spite of this enormous return, the tour was not particularly profitable. The company was unnecessarily large. Julia Arthur, for instance, played in only three pieces; yet she was on the salary list and accompanied the troupe throughout the tour. Elaborate and extensive stage settings for "The Corsican Brothers" were brought to this country, but the play was given only one performance. Another thing that made the expenses high was the fact that, in the small towns where he played, Irving presented his productions in fully as elaborate a manner as at performances in New York and Chicago. He will not return to America next season, but will remain in London and devote himself to the production of "Cymbeline" and "Madame Sans-Gêne." He is particularly anxious to essay the part of Napoleon in the latter play; but he would not try it here, as two stars have already appeared in it in this country. He will return to America with his new productions a year from next September.

One of the attractions in a Montmartre (Paris) café during the past month has been a man hanging by his neck. He endured it for three days and nights, but on the fourth day the doctors stopped the performance, as the man was in a critical condition. He is the same man who attained notoriety some months ago by standing on a pedestal in Marseilles for twenty-eight consecutive days.

The annual election of the Pacific Union Club was held last Tuesday and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Edward W. Hopkins; vice-president, Mr. Russell J. Wilson; directors, Mr. A. Chesebrough, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. H. Henry Veave, Mr. Thomas Brown, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

At a Chinese funeral in Visalia recently (according to the *Delta* of that town), three Chinese stood at the gate and handed ten-cent pieces, wrapped in paper, to every one who passed out of the cemetery. Small boys doubled back and went through the gate several times.

Shades of Tartarin, what would that mighty Alpine climber say if he could see the inscription recently posted up on the Matterhorn! It reads: "Notice. This hill is dangerous for bicycles."

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Monday, June 8th—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin in IN MIZZOURA.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Last Week of the Daly Company.

Ada Rehan's last week at the Baldwin will begin next Monday evening with Augustin Daly's revival of "Twelfth Night." The play is one which affords unusual opportunity for beautiful stage pictures, and of this Mr. Daly has taken due advantage. Miss Rehan will, of course, be the Viola, James Lewis will be the Sir Toby, and George Clark will be the Malvolio. A feature of the production will be the introduction of Schubert's music. On Tuesday "The School for Scandal" will be given, and it will be repeated at the special Wednesday matinee. "Twelfth Night" will be given again on Wednesday evening. For Thursday night a strong double bill is announced, consisting of "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Honeymoon." The last three performances, on Friday and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinee, will be devoted to "The Taming of the Shrew."

The Frawley Company's Opening.

The theatre-goers of San Francisco are looking forward with much interest to the opening of the Frawley Company's season at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. The play to be given, "The Two Escutcheons," is not only a new one to us, but it is particularly interesting for the reason that in it we shall have our first opportunity to judge of the new members of the company who are seceders from Augustin Daly's family of players.

Maxine Elliott is an actress of not long experience, but she is said to be clever and is unquestionably beautiful. She was a worthy successor to the long list of handsome women whom Mr. Daly has discovered, in which, after Ada Rehan, are included Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould; Virginia Dreher, who is now retired to private life as the wife of an Englishman; and Isabel Irving. Frank Worthing, before he joined the Daly players, was in Charles Wyndham's company in London. Tyrone Power, also a former member of the Daly Company, is a clever character actor. Another new-comer in the company is Harry Corson Clark, a comedian. The fourth new member is Gertrude Elliott, a sister of Maxine Elliott, who was seen at the Baldwin some time ago with Marie Wainwright.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Mrs. Stevenson, Maxine Elliott; Captain von Vinck, Frank Worthing; Baron von Wettengen, Tyrone Power; Baroness von Wettengen, Phosha McAllister; Rudolph, Daniel Frawley; Thomas Foster, Harry Corson Clark; Mary, Gertrude Elliott; Count von Darmstadt, Wilson Enos; Countess von Darmstadt, Lansing Rowan; Lorenz, George Bosworth; Franz, Frank Thompson; Wernicke, Walter Maitland; Servant, Thomas Phillips.

A Revival of "Olivette."

The musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Tivoli Opera House will be withdrawn after to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday, June 1st, Audran's "Olivette" will be revived. This tuneful opera has always been a favorite in San Francisco, and, as produced at the Tivoli, it should prove a strong attraction. Josephine Gassman will have the title-role, Carrie Roma will sing the part of the Countess, Anna Schnabel will be the Seneschal's housekeeper, and Sadie Ainsley will be the Moustique. The male parts will be taken by Ferris Hartman, who is an excellent Coquelinot, William H. West as Captain Merrimac, Raffael as the Duc des Iles, and Arthur Boyce as Valentine. The opera will be elaborately staged, and, with its pretty music and interesting story, should have a successful week.

Dellinger's romantic opera, "Lorraine," which has been in preparation for some weeks, will be heard for the first time in this city on Monday, June 8th. In it Miss Marie Millard, daughter of the late Harrison Millard, will make her debut at the Tivoli as a prima donna, and in the same opera the popular soubrette, Louise Royce, will begin her annual summer engagement here. Miss Royce has recently been in New York with Frank Daniels in his new comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile."

"Lorraine" will be followed by Offenbach's extravaganza, "A Trip to the Moon," and after that the Tivoli will inaugurate a season of grand opera, interpreted by European and Eastern artists. The opening opera of the season will be Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which has not yet been heard in its entirety in this city.

A Great Military Drama.

Edmund Collier's engagement at Morosco's Grand Opera House comes to an end this week, the last performance of "Metamora" taking place on Sunday night.

On Monday the great English military drama, "The Soudan," will be presented. There will be fully two hundred persons on the stage in some of the scenes, among the most notable of which are those depicting the battle of the desert city and the return of the war heroes to Trafalgar Square. The play was written by one of the masters of stagecraft to reproduce the thrilling situations of a great war, but they are held together by a well-constructed story, which sustains the spectator's interest to the last.

The production will be the occasion of Leslie Morosco's return to the stage after an absence of

six months in Europe. The cast will also call for the most popular members of the stock company, including Darrell Vinton, Fred J. Butler, E. J. Holden, Harry Benrimo, Lisle Leigh, Florence Thropp, Julia Blanc, and nearly a score more.

Notes.

Palmer's "Trilby" company is to appear at the Columbia Theatre in November.

"Brother John," one of William H. Crane's successful comedies, will follow "The Two Escutcheons" at the Columbia Theatre.

Steve Brodie, the noted bridge-jumper, is coming to the California later in the season. His latest play bears the alluring title "Strangled on Sunday."

Loie Fuller, whose skirt-dancing has made her famous on two continents, will appear at the Baldwin for a single week during the latter part of next month.

Lillian Russell will make a transcontinental tour in the spring, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. She will, of course, be heard here at the Columbia.

Margaret Craven is soon to be tendered a benefit by her friends. It will take place at the Auditorium, and the play will be "Frou-Frou," Miss Craven herself taking the part of the heroine.

The only performance of the dainty modern comedy, "Love on Crutches," during the Daly season at the Baldwin, will be given to-night. Miss Rehan will, of course, be seen in the rôle of Annis.

Of "The Two Escutcheons; or, Chicago in Berlin," which was adapted from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld, the New York *Sun* stated last winter that it was the best comedy presented at Daly's Theatre in three years.

"The Social Trust," the new play by Hilary Bell and Ramsay Morris which the Frawley Company is to produce at the Columbia Theatre, is said to hinge upon an actual incident of the downfall of the Cordage Trust in New York.

Nat Goodwin will follow Ada Rehan at the Baldwin Theatre. His first week will be devoted to "In Mizoura," Gus Thomas's successful comedy, and in the second week, he will be seen in "A Gilded Fool," "Ambition," and other plays.

Chauncey Olcott, who used to be one of the sweet singers of Charlie Reed's minstrel company at the Standard Theatre, ten or a dozen years ago, is coming to the California Theatre in the near future. His engagement will last three weeks.

The Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, which controls the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, has broken its record this year by coming out ten or twelve thousand dollars ahead. D. O. Mills and Hermann Oelrichs are two of the company.

It is announced that "Evans and Hoey are going to send out a big attraction of 'A Parlor Match' next season." This evidently means that the two old partners have come together again, a reconciliation on which the public as well as themselves is to be congratulated.

The Columbia Theatre has secured a strong attraction in the Holland Brothers, who are coming to this city in the fall. In addition to "A Social Highwayman," which has been one of the most emphatic successes of the season in New York, they will produce another new play.

On the opening night of the Frawley Company at the Columbia, souvenirs will be presented, consisting of copies of "The Frawley Waltz," composed by the leader of the Columbia orchestra and dedicated to Mr. Frawley. Souvenir programmes, specially designed by George de Troost, will also be distributed on that occasion.

George H. Jessop, who used to live in this city some years ago, is coming back to America with "Shamus O'Brien," the comic opera for which he wrote the libretto and in which Denis O'Sullivan, of this city, made such a success in London a few weeks ago. The opera is to be produced in this country by the Brooks-Miner Syndicate.

When John Drew comes to the Baldwin, he will be supported by the same company that appeared with him here on his last visit. Next year, however, Maud Adams will secede from the company and become a star, under the management of Charles Frohman. She has already selected her leading man, who will be Arthur Byron, for several seasons a member of John Drew's company.

There is some question—over a matter of salary, we believe—as to whether Sadie Martinot will be Nat Goodwin's leading lady. She does not take to the Australian trip. On the other hand, Blanche Walsh, the daughter of the "Eyetalian's friend," is very anxious to try her luck in the antipodes, and Mr. Goodwin is now trying to induce A. M. Palmer to release Miss Walsh so that she may go in Miss Martinot's place.

The California Theatre will remain closed until Monday, June 15th. The much talked of stock-

company season will then begin, and it is to last seven weeks. The personnel of the company has not yet been announced, but a number of admirable actors and actresses have been secured, and the season will doubtless be a very interesting one. The opening production will be Pinero's comedy-drama, "The Home Secretary."

A New York paper prints a wild tale to the effect that Sarah Bernhardt owes her perpetual youth to hatching in tea. As the story goes, when she arrives at a hotel, she at once repairs to her bath-room and prepares a gigantic brew in the tub, using ten pounds of tea at a time. The effect on the actress is known to all the world, but the effect on the landlord is a secret between himself, the plumbers, and the Recording Angel.

Nat Goodwin seems to be anxious to follow in Joe Jefferson's footsteps. Not content with David Garrick and Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings," he is now fired with an ambition still further to emulate Mr. Jefferson by playing Boh Acres in "The Rivals." At the matinee performance by the star cast in New York, the other day, Jefferson gave Goodwin his prompt-book, and the latter will study the part during his Australian tour.

The famous managerial firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. Their operative ventures, which began in 1891, almost invariably brought them in handsome profits, but these have been swallowed up by disastrous dramatic enterprises. Their assets are necessarily difficult to estimate; they may produce \$50,000, and they may be forced up to \$200,000. But against this is the hard and fast fact that the firm owes \$300,000.

Ellen Terry is a great sufferer from neuralgia, and her nervousness is apparent to every one on the stage. Among her friends, too, it is well known, and when she is dining out, it is a very ordinary occurrence for her to leave the table when the dinner is about half over. She retires to a darkened room and rests on a couch for ten or fifteen minutes, at the end of which time she returns to the dinner-table. Many a diner-out would doubtless enjoy such a reputation for nervousness.

During Ada Rehan's absence from Daly's New York theatre, her dressing-room is ordinarily hermetically sealed against all intruders. When Mrs. Potter went to the theatre, however, she broke the spell. In "The Queen's Necklace" she had to change her costume no less than twelve times, and she made such an aggressive protest against climbing up a flight of stairs to the dressing-room assigned her, that she was at last allowed to use Miss Rehan's room, which is on a level with the stage.

Max O'Rell's first play, "Heartsease," will be given its initial production in London next week. Mrs. Patrick Campbell will create the leading female rôle. Rose Coghlan will present this play, for which she has secured the American rights, during her season at the California Theatre. It is said that she also intends to produce for the first time while in this city a dramatic version of "Carmen." She will have the title-rôle, and Herbert Kelcey will be the Don José. "Madame" will also be in her repertoire.

Henry Irving is a confirmed night owl. When he is at his own theatre in London, he frequently has supper served on the stage after the performance. His guests are chosen from his own company, those of other theatres, and members of his audience of the evening. After the inner man has been satisfied, at about one or two o'clock, Irving begins to thaw out, and the party seldom breaks up until three in the morning. When the actor-manager goes home after that, he is more likely to sit down and read or study than to go to bed.

The recent performance of "The Rivals" in New York by the star cast was parodied at an entertainment given in aid of the *Herald's* Fresh Air Fund on Thursday night. An idea of what the performance was like may be derived from the fact that Willie Collier was the Boh Acres; Henry V. Donnelly, of Donnelly & Girard, the Sir Anthony Absolute; Andrew Mack, the Sir Lucius O'Trigger; John C. Rice, the Captain Absolute; Otis Harlan, the David; Dan Daly, Falkland; Mark Sullivan, Fag; Marie Dressler, Mrs. Malaprop; Ada Lewis, "the tough girl," Lydia Languish; and Mollie Fuller, Lucy.

The Pacific Jockey Club's races at the Ingleside Track are destined to become very popular. There is an interesting programme of at least five events offered every day in the week, rain or shine, except Sunday, and the careful way in which they are managed has given the club an enviable reputation for fair and gentlemanly sport. Wednesday is especially distinguished as "Ladies' Day," but the grand stand is graced with many representatives of the fair sex on every fine day.

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A number of amusing stories are told of the performances of the late Shah of Persia during his tour of Europe. At a garden-party given in his honor at Hatfield House by Lord Salisbury, an exhibition of shooting was given for his amusement by an expert who shot corks off a lady's head. The Shah thought it very easy, and, taking a repeating rifle in his hand, asked if he might try. The lady performer refused to allow herself to be shot at. The Shah thereupon turned about, sweeping the barrel of the gun around in the direction of Lord Salisbury and his guests, to their intense consternation, and invited the Persian prime minister to take the lady's place. Lord Salisbury, however, prevailed upon the Shah to excuse his fellow-statesman. On his first visit to London, the Shah was expected to open the Mansion House quadrille with the Princess of Wales. In defiance of all etiquette, however, he declined to do this on the ground that she was too thin, and in her place he led out the Duchess of Teck—there was so much more of her. A similar incident took place in Paris when he was received by President MacMahon in 1873. As he entered the great gallery of the Palace of Versailles, young girls clad in white presented him with bouquets, which he stowed away in a basket carried by one of his officers. He stopped for a moment before a group of the wives of some high state officials, among whom was the stout and comely spouse of a member of the government. Struck with admiration, the Shah gave a new and polite proof of the affection of Orientals for opulent natures by taking all the bouquets from the basket and placing them in the arms of this lady. His compliment was greeted with a general burst of laughter, in which both the Shah and the lady joined.

During his stay in Paris, by the way, the Shah managed to shock intensely M. Dufaure, who was a rigid moralist. The Shah asked the venerable premier to take him around and show him the Parisian "elephant." Dufaure, however, begged off on the plea of age, and slyly suggested as his substitute Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. That eminently respectable statesman was then introduced, and he took the Shah to two well-known places—the Louvre and the National Library.

There is also a good deal of gossip in the English papers about the social vagaries of the late Colonel North, the "Nitrate King." When he returned to England with his millions, he bought a great estate at Eltham, and filled the house with articles of luxury and all the modern appliances that riches can procure. His stables were full of thoroughbred horses, he had well-stocked dog-kennels, and his game preserves afforded grand sport for hundreds of persons every season. He used to go there on Fridays and stay until Monday, keeping the place as crowded and as busy as a summer hotel. Every night he dined at the head of an immense table, in the company of men and women who were invited there by such loose commands as "Come along, and bring your friends," or "Come down, and bring some nice people with you." People to that part of Kent, or even well-dressed strangers driving that way from London, were in the habit of dropping in to luncheon without an invitation and even without previous introduction. It was only necessary to say, "I am a friend of Lord So-and-So." On one occasion, a member of that year's Oxford crew was eating quietly at about the middle of the long table, not daring to speak to the pretty girl seated beside him, when he was startled by the colonel crying out from his end of the table: "I say, young fellow, if you don't kiss that girl next you, I'll throw a banana at you."

The shirt-waist is the most popular garment of the day for women. Of changeable, unfurrowed taffeta, without a lining, and made and worn like a cotton shirt, it is almost an indispensable article in a woman's summer wardrobe. It is always ready to be put on, without consulting the laundry's requirements, and, with a low-cut bodice for dinner, the skirts, cotton shirt, and jacket-bodice worn as a traveling-frock, it constitutes all the needed variety for a few days from home. Velvet shirt-waists, also made and worn exactly like a cotton shirt, are very smart for bicycling on cool days. By adding hand-made collar and cuffs of embroidery, tucks, fancy stitches, and lace to a blouse of this kind, dressiness and daintiness may be obtained when the occasion warrants it.

The materials used for the most expensive shirt-waists are entirely different from the materials that are bought by the yard in the shops. They are imported expressly for the purpose, and are obtainable in men's furnishing stores. It is surprising to note how many women one sees in these masculine shrines. They come in with an air of owning the place that drives affrighted masculine patrons to the far ends of the shop. That is, in San Francisco. In New York, the woman patron has become the woman clerk. Many of the larger shirt-waist stores are equipped with saleswomen,

and it is now no uncommon sight there to see a man and wife enter a furnishing store and separate as soon as they cross the threshold, he repairing to his shirt counter, while she hies to hers.

One of the faults of the shirt-waist is the sagging of the skirt-band at the back, which sometimes makes revelations and is always unsightly. Most women overcome it by using a long, narrow silver pin, but Ada Rehan has brought to San Francisco a new fashion which will doubtless soon be widely copied. It is another "conveyance" from the masculine wardrobe, being nothing less than the masculine suspenders. The article is made of superfine material, elaborately embroidered, and is attached well to the side in front, while at the back the two front pieces unite high up near the neck to form a single broad band, terminating in a little fork to meet the two buttons on the waist-band.

Senatorial dignity has wilted in Washington recently under the influence of the hot weather, and a remarkable display of costumes has been worn. Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, came out with the following attractive array of coloring: his coat and trousers were of a lilac-colored material, his waistcoat white, his shirt pink with white collar and cuffs, his necktie black, and his shoes low-cut russets, showing brown silk hose. The dashing Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, sported a light-gray suit, with broad, turned-down collar and flowing blue necktie, and a brilliant scarlet handkerchief peeped from his breast-pocket. Senator Peffer wore a dingy black alpaca coat and no necktie, and traipsed noiselessly around the chamber in slippers. In the House, Speaker Reed wore a negligee shirt, but he has not yet come out with the famous blue sash of the Fifty-First Congress. General Harry Bingham was the most stunning object in the House. He was arrayed in a pair of light-colored, black-striped linen trousers, a long-tailed gray cutaway coat, white waistcoat, blue necktie, russet shoes, and a pearl-colored derby.

A surprising number of titled Englishwomen are going in for journalism. Lady Colin Campbell has long been a contributor to several papers and magazines, and was for a brief time editor of a London paper. Lady Coostance Howard, a sister of the Earl of Winchelsea, is a well-known writer on sporting topics. The Countess of Cork does much journalistic work, and Lady Greville is in receipt of a steady income from several newspapers for which she writes regularly. There are even three duchesses—Cleveland, Sutherland, and Bedford—who are regular contributors to the magazines.

Mayor Strong, of New York, gave a "pink tea" in his office on a recent Saturday afternoon. For some months he has been in the habit of drinking tea at four in the afternoon, and quite a number of politicians drop in to join him in the cup that cheers. But this is the first time that Mayor Strong's teas have been graced by the presence of the fair sex. The invitations were issued as a result of the interest shown by a number of ladies in educational matters. Mayor Strong invited a number of these ladies to take tea with him in his office and to discuss the subject, and had the rooms properly decorated for the occasion with American Beauty roses and large bunches of lilacs. The thirteen cups and saucers ordinarily used by city officials and casual visitors were replaced by dainty china, and the tea-service was of silver. The services of a caterer were called in, and with the tea the waiters served a light lunch. Among the ladies present were Mrs. William L. Strong and her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Shattuck, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. Anson G. McCook, Mrs. John D. Townsend, and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Skating, whether on roller-skates or on artificial ice, was a fashionable diversion in San Francisco for only one season, during the brief existence of the Festina Lente Club, but in New York, Paris, and London the sport is extensively enjoyed by the swell set. There was a great showing of fashionables at the skating-party held at the Skating Palace in Argyle Street, London, a fortnight ago. The affair was got up for the benefit of the skating-master, but the invitations were issued in the names of such social leaders as the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Portland, and the Duchess of Abercorn. Mrs. Moreton Frewen and her sister, Mrs. "Jack" Leslie, Lady Archibald Campbell, and the Honorable Mrs. Algeron Grosvenor. Royalty graced the proceedings in the persons of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were also present, and also the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, accompanied by her granddaughters, the Duchesses Marie and Jutta. The large expanse of ice was crowded with exquisitely dressed women and irreproachably attired men, while the two tiers of spacious galleries were thronged with members of the non-skating contingent of both sexes.

Still another innovation is to be made on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Until very recently it was strictly a part of the House itself,

and governed by the same rules as the adjoining smoking-room; but ladies have taken to flocking there in great numbers for afternoon tea, and now the kitchen committee of the House has decided hereafter to have female waiters on the Terrace. The committee has been overwhelmed with applications for places since the contemplated change was announced, and a large proportion of the would-be waitresses are ladies in reduced circumstances.

In Baron Rothschild's recent book of anecdotes, he tells some curious tales of the extremely stringent rules of etiquette which prevailed at the French court in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. Marie Antoinette christened the Comtesse de Noailles "Madame Etiquette"; once when she fell from a donkey in her private grounds, she jumped to her feet and cried out, laughing: "Go and fetch Mme. de Noailles; she will tell us what is prescribed for a Queen of France when she falls off a donkey." One cold winter night, when the queen was undressing, the maid was handing her the *chemise de nuit* when the lady-in-waiting came in, to whom, as being of superior rank, the garment had to be given over. She could not touch it, however, until she had removed her gloves, and before that operation had been performed, the Duchesse d'Orléans, a process of the blood, turned up, and after her the Comtesse de Provence, who was of higher rank still, so that the chemise had to be handed from one to the other, while the queen stood waiting and shivering. At last, unable to contain herself any longer, she exclaimed: "It is odious! What a nuisance!"

"Which has the best chance of marriage, the heiress or the beauty?" was the query propounded by an English newspaper recently. The prize-winner was a young woman who replied that "a lovely face is very attractive, and men pay much attention to its happy possessor. But there is a wonderful glamour surrounding a woman who is popularly supposed to curl her hair with bank-notes which no amount of personal charm can ever supersede. Men with little or no money generally desire well-dowered girls as wives, while rich men do not find it unpleasant to add to their wealth, and by choosing an heiress, carry out the old adage of 'riches go to riches.'"

It is told of the late Baron Hirsch that he once expressed his contempt for the aristocracy in forcible terms. It was in his Paris residence, formerly the property of the Empress Eugénie. At one of his magnificent entertainments, Hirsch stood at the top of the staircase, and looking down on the procession of princes, dukes, and marquises who were struggling up the stairs to greet him, he turned to his son and said: "Twenty years hence, all these people will be either our sons-in-law or our *concierges*."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Leo the Thirteenth, while filling the office of Nuncio at Brussels, was deeply offended, while dining out, by a baron who passed him a snuff-box on the lid of which was enameled a feminine figure *en deshabille*. Admirably controlling his annoyance, his future holiness replied: "Very pretty! Is it your wife?"

According to the late Eugene Field, Senator Horace Tabor was once dining with Roscoe Conkling. When the fruit and nuts were brought on, Tabor endeavored to crack a large pecan between his back teeth. "Why, Horace!" exclaimed the amazed New York senator, "where are your crackers?" "I ate them in my soup an hour ago," was Tabor's reply.

A story is told on Russell Sage to the effect that a lady went to him a few days ago with a subscription-book and asked his assistance for a worthy charity. Mr. Sage took the book, ran quickly through the list of names, and saw that Mrs. Russell Sage was down for twenty-five dollars, so he promptly took his pen in hand and put "Mr. and" before Mrs. Russell Sage.

The late Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman, had a great opinion of his poetic gifts, and on one occasion, when addressing a Sydney meeting, he said: "I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than as a first-rate politician." Here he paused for breath and admiration, when "the man in the crowd," seeing his opportunity, exclaimed in strident accents: "Well, and aren't you?"

Alexis Piron, a native of Dijon, is perhaps most notorious for his epitaph: "Here lies Piron, who was nothing—not even an Academician." One night he was asked at a party if he could tell the difference between a woman and a mirror. "A woman," he replied, "talks without reflecting; a mirror reflects without talking." Upon this, a lady asked: "Can you now, M. Piron, tell me the difference between a man and a mirror?" And, as Piron remained silent, she went on: "A mirror is always polished, while a man sometimes is not."

A lady, more famed for her looks than her wit, complained in Sophie Arnould's presence of being beset by a host of admirers. "Oh," said Sophie, "it is easy for you to get rid of them. You need only talk." A critic of Beaumarchais's play, "The Marriage of Figaro," told her it would be a failure. "Yes," said she, "so it will, but it will fail fifty times running." She one day met a physician with a gun, on the look-out for game. "Where are you going in this way?" she asked. "To see a patient," he answered. "Oh, doctor," she replied, "you are evidently afraid of missing him!"

A young lady once called on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day, settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things, she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out, she started for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said: "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted; "they tell me that's good for a sinking feeling."

During the courtship of Mr. Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. Lewis was living near Cardiff, when through the window she saw Mr. Disraeli approaching, and ordered the servant to say she was not at home. When the servant descended to the hall, Mr. Disraeli was hanging his overcoat on a peg. "Mrs. Lewis, sir, is not at home," said the flurried maid. "I did not ask for Mrs. Lewis," was the calm, statesman-like reply. "But I don't know when she will be back," urged the maid. "Neither do I," philosophically replied he; "but I am going to wait till she does come back; so make me some tea." He did wait, he got his tea, and he married the widow.

At the recent celebration of Jefferson's birthday at Monticello, most of the visitors wore a button, on which were the letters "N. A. D. C." This mystified one man who was present (says the New York Tribune), and, turning to a by-stander, he said: "I suppose all these people down here celebrating Jefferson's birthday are Democrats, and I am somewhat puzzled to see so many of them wearing those buttons. What does it mean?" "Those letters stand for the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and nearly all of those present belong to that organization," replied the by-stander. "Oh!" said the spectator, "I was laboring under the impression that the letters stood for 'Not a D— Chance.'"

One of the attendants at a Philadelphia hospital, whose duty it is to apply the ether to patients

about to be operated upon, often causes the doctors much annoyance by reason of his over caution. The other day, a patient was about to be operated upon, and the old difficulty arose. "Now, doctor, he's really had quite enough," remarked the attendant. The doctor thought otherwise, and insisted upon more ether. Remonstrating against applying any more, the attendant was about to comply with the doctor's command, when he suddenly jumped back, exclaiming: "My God, doctor, the patient is dying. He's black in the face!" "Of course he is, you — fool," replied the doctor; "he's a negro!"

THE LATE NORA PERRY.

Nora Perry, poet, novelist, and journalist, died on Wednesday, May 13th, at Dudley, Mass. She was fifty-five years old. Her literary career began with the publication of "Rosalind Wincomb" in *Harper's Magazine*, as a serial story, in 1859-60. Having established something of a reputation, she soon became well known in the literary set in Boston. As a poet she succeeded in attracting attention by a poem which the *Atlantic Monthly* rejected. Shortly after she wrote, and the *Atlantic* published, "After the Ball," which was greatly admired by Longfellow, and gave its title to a book of Miss Perry's verses, published in 1875. Other works by her are: "The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories" (1880); "Her Lover's Friend" (1880); "Book of Love Stories" (1881); "For a Woman" (1885); "New Songs, and Other Ballads" (1886); "A Flock of Girls" (1887); and "Lyrics and Legends" (1890). She was for several years the Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* and afterward of the *Providence Journal*. We reprint below three of her most popular poems.

Riding Down.

O, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

O, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battles' deadly dew?

And did you hear the drum's gay beat,
The drum's gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Out flashing in their swift surprise?

O, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
O all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

Tying her Bonnet under her Chin.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair,
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best

To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you hesought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

After the Ball.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Roses of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtailed away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal hannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year.

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll he only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blanch through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1896,
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Gaelic... (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 2
Doric... (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, July 21
Belgic... (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, August 8
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For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M., May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M., May 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, June 1, 27, and 25th of each month thereafter. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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Tentonic.....June 17
Britannic.....June 24
Majestic.....July 1

Germanic.....July 3
Tentonic.....July 15
Britannic.....July 22
Adriatic.....July 29

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SOCIETY.

The Wilsoo Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a lunch-party recently at her residence, 711 Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, who is here visiting her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, at Milbrae. The others present were:

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. R. P. Scherwin, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. W. M. Newhall, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. John A. Darling, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William H. Howard, Mrs. Russell J. Wilsoo, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Miss Jessie Hooker, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a lunch-party recently at her home on Van Ness Avenue, as a compliment to Miss Lucas, of St. Louis, who is here on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Hager. Miss Blair's guests were:

Miss Lucas, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Florence Curry, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mamie McDermott, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Ruth Clarke, Miss Mae Moody, Miss Eva Moody, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Alice Hoffman, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, and Miss Graves.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Ella Hohart and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin will not take place on June 3d, as was stated in the dailies last week. It will not take place on July 7th, as was stated in the dailies this week. Neither will it be celebrated at the time, or place, or by the clergyman mentioned in the dailies. It will take place early in July, but, as yet, no definite arrangements have been made.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Cheesman and Lieutenant W. R. Shoemaker, U. S. N., will take place on Tuesday, June 2d, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, 1907 Pacific Avenue. Only relatives and very intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth de la Fletcher Slee and Mr. Elwood Bender Crocker will take place next Wednesday in Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. O. Shafter Howard, son of Mr. Charles Webb Howard, of this city, will be married on Wednesday, June 10th, to Miss Mollie Hunter at the home of her mother, in Newport, R. I.

Mr. James Lyon, of Oswego, N. Y., has issued invitations for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Anita Pardee Lyon, to Mr. Karl Kellogg, which will take place at Christ Church, Oswego, on Wednesday evening, June 10th. Mr. Kellogg is a son of the late John G. Kellogg, formerly of San Francisco, and is a brother of Mr. Lansing Kellogg.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Nellie T. Ainsworth, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Walter S. Newhall, of this city. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mrs. Alfred Jenks, of Santa Monica, and was well known here a few years ago when she was Miss Nellie Trowbridge.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Luita N. Booth and Mr. P. L. Sherman, of Chicago. Mr. Sherman is assistant professor of chemistry in the University of Michigan. Miss Booth is a daughter of Mr. L. A. Booth, of Piedmont.

Miss Emma Huntsman, daughter of Mrs. George Huntsman, will be married to Mr. W. Grayson Dutton, next Tuesday noon, at Grace Church.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Sadie Hecht to Mr. William L. Gerstle. Miss Hecht is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, and Mr. Gerstle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Anna Miriam Carleton, of Chicago, to Mr. Matthew McDougal Pike, of Canada. They will be married on June 10th, in Chicago. Miss Carleton is a sister of Mrs. Frank Thompson, formerly Miss Ida Carleton, of this city, who is the wife of Captain Thompson, U. S. N., and niece of Mrs. B. F. Norris, of this city.

On the twenty-fifth of April last, at the residence

of the Hon. N. W. McIvor, United States Consul General at Yokohama, Japan, Mr. Walter S. Stone, of Yokohama, was married to Mrs. Adele C. Morrison, of Chicago. Subsequent to Mrs. Morrison's arrival at Yokohama, she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McIvor at the United States Consulate. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John C. Davis, Dean of Tokio, and the bride was given away by Mr. McIvor. The wedding was private, there being only intimate friends present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn will give a tug-boat party on the *Fearless* this (Saturday) afternoon, in celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the birth of their son.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a dinner-party recently at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu, who have been here on a brief visit. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Hager, Miss Spalding, Miss Laura Bates, Major Alfred E. Bates, U. S. A., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones gave a dinner-party recently at his residence on Hyde Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, *nde* Decker. The others present were: Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Ashe, Miss Newlands, Miss Forbes, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., and Mr. S. H. Boardman.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a lunch-party last Saturday at her home on First Street, as a compliment to Miss Jennie Catherwood. Afterward the party attended the Baldwin Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hohart, *nde* Williams, gave a house-party last Saturday and Sunday at their home near San Mateo.

Mrs. Robert C. McCreary, *nde* Crocker, gave a matinee tea and an evening reception recently at her residence, corner of Tenth and L Streets, in Sacramento.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson gave a matinee tea last Saturday at "Craig Hazel," her cottage in Sausalito.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a dinner-party at their residence last Saturday evening in honor of Judge W. B. Gilbert, of the Court of Appeals. The others present were Mrs. Ricketts, of Washington, D. C., Miss Bellinger, of Portland, Or., Mr. James D. Phelan, Colonel Moorhead, Judge Houghton, Mr. J. W. Findlay, Mr. H. B. Doord, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, and Dr. Grissim.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Morning Orchestra.

A concert was given by the Saturday Morning Orchestra at Golden Gate Hall last Thursday evening. The proceeds are to be devoted to the establishment and maintenance of a bed in the "Little Jim" ward of the Children's Hospital. The music was under the direction of Mr. Alfred Roncovi, and the orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Misses Pearl and Maud Nohle, Signor Lombardi, Mrs. E. Cruells, and Miss Ada E. Weigel. There was a large and fashionable attendance. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"Raymonde," Thomas; serenade, Moszkowski; violin solo, seventh concerto, adante and allegro, De Beriot, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen; song, "Shadow Dance" ("Dinorah"), Meyerbeer, Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans; overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; duet, cornet and trombone, the Misses Nohle; "Danse des Sultanes," Polak Daniels; recitativo and aria, "Il Penseroso," Handel, Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans (duet obligato, Signor Lombardi); "Wedding March," Mendelssohn.

The members of the orchestra are:

First violins: Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Miss Carolyn Knox, Miss Madeleine Beckhusen, Miss Mabel Crabtree, Mrs. Adele Fletcher, Miss Annie Gibson, Miss Nanole Van Wyck, Miss White, Miss Mamie Conlin; second violins: Miss Edna Cadwalader, Miss Barbagelata, Miss Blanche Rouleau, Miss Lahl, Miss Annie Benson, Miss Mary Walker, Miss Phoebe Bowers; harp: Miss Marie Dillon; violas: Mrs. L. A. Redman, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss May Barrington; cellos: Miss Emma Duff, Miss Estelle Rouleau, Miss Barrington, Miss Beckhusen; cornets: Miss Pearl Nohle, Mrs. Shepman, Miss Alma Keith; trombone: Miss Maud Nohle; tympani: Miss Lulu; snare-drum: Miss Lulu Frazier; flute: Miss Ludlow; basses: Mrs. Vernon Van Buskirk, Miss Mai Moody.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given at the San Francisco Art Association last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The following excellent programme was presented:

Organ, overture, "La Dame Blanche," Boildien, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Let Me Love Thee," Arditi, Mr. L. Verdon Sutton; duet for guitars, (a) menuet, Boccherini, (b) manzanillo, Robyn, Miss Anna S. Troell and Professor G. C. Santisteban; aria, "Psyche," Ambrose Thomas, Miss Jennie Eastman; organ, selections, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Mr. Emilio Cruells; septet, (a) "Venetian Serenade," Rossi, (b) "Entre Flores," Hernandez, Miss Lillian Horner, Miss Sadie E. Gould, Miss Anna S. Troell, Miss Grace Horner, Mr. H. E. Gosliner, Mr. Charles P. Kniss, and Professor Santisteban; song, "Bedouin Love-Song," Pinsuti, Mrs. L. Verdon Sutton; duo for mandolin and guitar, (a) fantasia variada, "L'Addio a Napoli," Alessandri, (b) Paso Doble "Tersichore," Marti, Miss Lillian Horner and Professor Santisteban; songs, (a) "Spring Song," Gounod, (b) "My Heart's Garden," Goring Thomas, Miss Jennie Eastman; organ, "Schiller March," Meyerheer, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

Miss Lonely—"I have only one friend on earth—my dog." Miss Coldead—"Why don't you get another dog?"—*Truth*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Home and Foreign Missions.

LOS ANGELES, May 24, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your paper of this date, you "commend to those worthy people, who are in the habit of sending money to foreign missions, to reflect how much a little Christianizing is needed at home."

May I ask why, of all the readers of your paper, these persons are singled out? If they contribute to foreign missions, there is a presumption, inasmuch as they are probably not below the average intelligence, that they have what appears to them to be a good reason for making such use of a part of their means, and by as much as they reduce their funds in this way, are they less able to give in other directions. I have found it advisable and reasonable to permit everybody to determine for himself, without the aid of seers from others, how he will dispose of his charities. Further, from a long acquaintance with members of churches, I have learned also that those who give most freely to foreign missions, give most liberally to home missions; and this is a fact so well known that it is constantly acted upon in applying for aid for missions.

But do you not think that among your readers there may be some who do not diminish their resources by contributing to missions at home or abroad? Why give them the go-by when doing your "commend-ing"? There are not a few who do not profess to believe in churches or missions generally, who claim, as you do, to think that the Salvation Army is accomplishing much good, and who never give so much as a cent to aid it. How would they take a gentle hint such as you give to supporters of foreign missions? Suppose that you try it and see the effect.

F. X. MITCHEL.

Important if True.

STANSTEAD, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA,

May 7, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a late issue of your paper, I was grieved to see the want of spirit that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Indeed, it was rather of that kind which vaunteth itself, is puffed up and is unseemly—in fact, has become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and seeth through a glass darkly. The *Argonaut*, on the Cuban question, thinks as a child, speaks as a child, and is a child. Sir, the inhabitants of the island of Cuba are fighting for the independence of their country. That they might succeed should be the wish of every lover of liberty. Of course the *Argonaut*, like its great oasesakes, is not in search of a fleece, probably Spanish merino, but then it should remember that wool is very cheap nowadays, and the voyage may be an unprofitable one.

Affly yours,

F. BACON.

[We have printed the foregoing cryptogrammatic communication just as it was received. We do not know whether the words preceding the signature are "affectionately yours" or "affably yours." As to the Cubans achieving their independence, the *Argonaut* has not the least objection. What it objects to, however, is that the United States should be called upon to achieve it for them.—*ENS.*]

Oakley Hall on the Maybrick Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 25, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the paragraph in the *Argonaut* of May 25th on Mrs. Maybrick's case, permit me to mention that A. Oakley Hall, at one time assistant, then district attorney of New York city—afterward mayor thereof—and a graduate from the law office of the noted John Sillid in New Orleans, while in London some years ago, and engaged in writing his reminiscences for the press of New York city, stated that he was present during the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, and that the evidence proved "motive, opportunity, and circumstance." Mr. Hall's opinion, thus expressed, has removed every doubt in my mind as to the guilt in the premises. The paragraph confirms his opinion.

Yours truly,

X.

Some Appreciative Subscribers.

THE BROWN HOISTING AND CONVEYING

MACHINE CO.,

CLEVELAND, O., May 21, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your favor of the thirteenth instant is at hand. I was not aware that Mr. George W. Howe had renewed his subscription at the time I made remittance. You may place the four dollars subject to my order to my credit for renewal of subscription in 1897.

This evidence of faith in the *Argonaut* may possibly scandalize you, but I was in San Francisco during the Sand-Lot riots, and I have taken it since that time, as it was the only paper that had the courage to denounce the lawless scoundrels. The other papers betrayed such an abject, crawling cowardice at that time that I have not forgotten them sufficiently to peruse their editorials since. The *Argonaut* will find me on its list while it has "sand" and I have cash. Yours truly,

E. T. SCOVILL.

CLEVELAND, O., May 4, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with pleasure your editorial a short time ago on "Education." The topic is one of local interest in Cleveland, in especial. I have long been an interested reader of the *Argonaut*, and while I do not always agree with its opinions, I admire about equally the ability and the frankness with which they are expressed. Yours very sincerely, HENRY S. UPSON.

BOSTON, MASS., May 21, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: After May 18th I shall be in Europe for an indefinite period of time. During my absence from home, will you kindly send your splendid paper to me at Baring Brothers & Co., London?

Being without the *Argonaut* would be a serious deprivation to me, as I know of no other publication so valuable of its kind. Yours truly, H. L. HECHT.

In reply to the two *Argonaut* readers who ask for our decision, we may say that A. wins. The coin of any country in North or South America may be called "American money." The fact that the United States Government in its own laws always speaks of its own money as "money of the United States," shows what is the correct designation of our currency.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin returned to Honolulu last Saturday after a short visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Bruguère and family will pass the season at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams will be at San Mateo and Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills will reside in San Mateo during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Jennings, nee Ziska, are at Sausalito for the season.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber will pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Mrs. W. B. Hooper and Miss Rose Hooper have gone to San Mateo for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and family have leased "Meadowlands," the country villa of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young near San Rafael, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge were obliged to postpone their departure for the East, owing to the illness of Mr. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen will soon leave for Paris to meet Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell.

Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the summer in Hartford, Conn., with her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt will pass the season near Clear Lake.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are to return from Europe in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan will pass the summer at Burlingame.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool will pass a couple of months at Castle Crag during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will pass several weeks at Del Monte during the summer.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard will be at Del Monte during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will be at the Hotel del Monte during the season.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have engaged rooms at the Hotel del Monte for the summer.

Mrs. John P. Jones has left Santa Monica for New York, where she will meet her daughter, Miss Alice Jones. They will then leave for Europe, and will be away about a year.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt left for Ogden last Sunday on a tour of inspection.

Judge H. G. Rond, of Santa Clara, who has been East for several months, is expected home Thursday.

Mrs. William Alvord will pass the season at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will reside in San Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina will pass the season at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York, who are now in Moscow, will pass part of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tuhhs will go to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and family, of Oakland, have gone to San Rafael to reside during the summer.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager will pass much of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood will reside in San Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will pass the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson are in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Los Angeles, sailed from New York for Europe last Monday.

Mr. J. C. Stuhls returned from Denver last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, will pass the month of July in Santa Monica.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne came up from Los Angeles last Monday, and will remain here a few weeks.

Mr. Ward McAllister will reside in San Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly will pass most of the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are in San Rafael, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill will be at the Hotel del Monte during the summer months.

Mr. V. Artimovitch will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle will be at Del Monte during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lienthal have gone to San Rafael to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family are occupying their cottage in San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whitell and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham have gone East, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock have arrived here from the East.

Hon. C. T. Ryland and family, of San José, will leave there next week to pass the summer at their country home in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will pass the summer in Santa Monica, having rented the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones.

Mr. E. E. Goodrich, of El Quito, is rapidly recovering after his recent severe illness.

Mr. James D. Phelan passed last Saturday and Sunday in San José.

Mr. William S. Blair has returned from Europe after a prolonged absence.

Colonel Moorhead has returned to San José after a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. Harry E. Hall returned last Sunday from a month's visit to New York and Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Naglee Burk will pass the summer at the Naglee Place, in San José.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Miss Maud Howard, and Mr. Karl Howard, of Oakland, are in Newport, R. I., to attend the wedding of Mr. O. Shafter Howard and Miss Mollie Hunter.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Williams left yesterday for Tacoma to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jackson. Mrs. Williams will remain there until next September. Dr. Williams will go to British

Columbia to fish for a couple of weeks, and will then return to this city.

Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will leave to-day for New York in a private car.

Mr. John I. Sahin, the Misses Grace and Pearl Sahin, and Miss Alice Cowen, will leave for Europe on July 4th, and will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker will leave New York city next Saturday for this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson are at the Hotel Netherland, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. George Whitell arrived in New York city last Tuesday.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall returned from Los Angeles last Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore has returned from a six weeks' trip to Southern California, and will leave on June 1st to visit at Portland, Or., for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will leave to-day to visit Alaska.

Captain W. E. Carey and Miss Violet Carey have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham have removed to 800 Van Ness Avenue.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Guenther, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will be promoted to the rank of Colonel on June 5th. He will be granted four months' leave of absence, at the expiration of which he will assume command of Washington Barracks.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

A court of inquiry has been ordered to meet at the Mare Island Navy Yard next Friday to investigate the complaints against Paymaster Edwin B. Webster, late of the Yorktown, by Edward McGettigan, of Vallejo, Cal., regarding a bond of two thousand five hundred dollars alleged to have been required by the paymaster of William D. Tohin, his clerk. The court will be composed of Lieutenant-Commander Harry Knox, Paymaster Josiah R. Stanton, and Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Carlin, with Ensign G. R. Slocum as judge-advocate.

The officers of the Independence at Mare Island gave an enjoyable reception on that vessel last Thursday afternoon, and entertained quite a number of their friends.

A Poem by Bret Harte.

Lorin Lathrop, United States Consul at Bristol, recently sent out a circular letter to consuls, telling of an imposition put upon him by "a short, Saxon-looking man named Fowler," who came to him representing himself as a prodigal son from America, showed him a bogus letter from a sorrowing mother, obtained some ready cash, stole an overcoat, a bottle of rye whisky, and five dollars' worth of American stamps, and decamped. When it reached Consul Bret Harte, he indited the following lines to Mr. Lathrop:

I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, that is offered up by strangers at the Consul's open door;
And I know all kinds of sorrow, that relief would try to
harrow with various sums from sixpence upwards to
"a penny more!"
And I think I know all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's war,
And who laid in Lillhy Prison in a war that wasn't his'n,
And I sent back to the country—that he never saw before.

I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain, till he fled in terror, with his wages in arrears,
And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer.
Oh! I know the wealthy tourist, who (through accident the purest) lost his letters, watch, and purse from the "cold deck" coming o'er,
And I heeded that preamble, and lent him enough to gamble, till he won back all his money on a "cold deck" here ashore.
But I never, never, never, in beneficent endeavor, fell into the meshes—wicked meshes—by the Saxon Fowler spread,
And it seems to me a pistol used judiciously at Bristol, would have not too prematurely brought this matter to a head.

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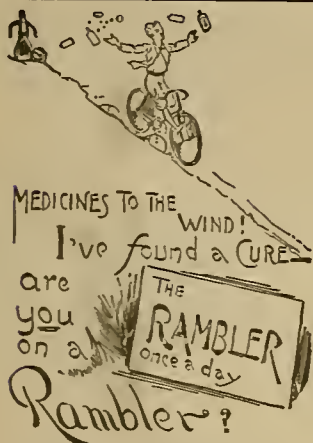
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Do you think bloomers have any advan-
tage over skirts?" She—"I do not know. I never
wore them that way."—*London Truth*.

"Doctor, what can I eat to-day?" "Oh, what-
ever you choose, Herr Inspector." "Dear Eulalia,
what do I choose?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

At the matrimonial agent's: "Do you think we
shall suit each other?" "Splendidly! You pos-
sess a very fine loud voice, and she is terribly hard
of hearing."—*Plauderecke*.

Cogro—"Did Garro get the best of the argu-
ment?" Gasbin—"No; he got badly beaten;
but he shut the other fellow up by offering to bet
two dollars."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Reed—"Ever try your hand at writing one of
those ten-thousand-dollar prize-stories?" Wright
—"No. I tried to tell one once, but the girl re-
fused me."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Young hopeful—"I had a fight yesterday with the
boy next door." Father—"Yes, his father called
at my office to-day about it." Young hopeful—"I
hope you came out as well as I did."—*Life*.

J. Brutus Coldstuff—"And what salary do you
draw now, Reginald?" Reginald—"Five hun-
dred per month." J. Brutus Coldstuff—"Per what—
week or month?" Reginald—"Per-haps."—*Puck*.

He had just arrived in New York. "Can you
direct me to a good hotel?" he inquired of a police-
man. "Cert," was the reply; "which do you
want, something to drink or a place to sleep?"—*Washington Star*.

His worth: Watts—"How much is Tedspat
worth?" Potts—"Really, I don't know. I did
hear that he brought \$68.75 once when he was a
delegate, but I don't think he was really worth it."
Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, Mame," said Maud, "was Julius Caesar
what you would call a really great man?" "Of
course. How can you ask such a question?"
"Well I never heard him called the Napoleon of
anything."—*Washington Star*.

Friend—"Is George with his father now?"
Mother—"No. The hours were too long for
George." Friend—"Injured his health, perhaps?"
Mother—"No; but they prevented him from at-
tending five-o'clock teas."—*Puck*.

Jim Jackson—"Am yo' lookin' foh fight?" Mose
Johnson—"Yais—but not wif second-raters like yo'
—yo' ain't in my class 'till yo' lick Tom Tomkins,
same's I did." Jim Jackson—"Why!—Tom's
dead." Mose Johnson—"Well, den—yo' simply
ain't in it."—*Puck*.

"I thought her father was so enraged over the
elopement that he would never forgive them, and
now he has given them a brand-new bicycle apiece."
"Of different makes, mind you. They will be
fighting like cats and dogs before a week."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"H'm!" returned the justice, thoughtfully;
"but why celebrate each recurring anniversary,
Mr. Smith? Your wife has been dead for a con-
siderable time, has she not?" "Mrs. Smith died
eight years ago, your honor." "Then, why—"
"She is still dead, thank you!"—*Puck*.

"If you're a good boy—" the parent began.
But the young man interrupted: "Excuse me, but
I know what you are going to say. I have a new
proposition to offer. If you are real kind to me,
I'll let you take me to the circus instead of Uncle
Richard, or Aunt Jane, or the gentleman who lives
next door."—*Washington Star*.

"You may now bring up the captive," said the
cannibal chief. "Sire," answered the minion,
"he seems to be completely used up this morning."
"Well, if he is," said the savage potentate, with
irritation, "some one else has been to the pantry.
I remember distinctly that there were at least three
ribs over from last night." He angrily called for a
yam.—*New York Tribune*.

"Must be a awful lot of birds used on the wim-
mern's hats, nowadays," said Uncle Abner, as he
removed his best suit of clothes. "Why, Abner?"
asked Aunt Sophronie. "Wal, they was a feller
set in front of me on the train tbat was dressed to
kill—short coat, a diamond big as a shellbark
hickernut, an' a plug hat; an' I heard him tell the
feller he was settin' with that he'd made over four
thousand dollars this year skinnin' jays."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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very short time I was benefited, and
by the time they were half gone I was
well, and since then I have felt better,
ate more and relished it better than at
any time since the war, and am doing
more work now than I ever expected to
do again. I tell you, they are the greatest
medicine for a fellow's stomach I ever
saw. This box is for a neighbor of mine
out by me in the country. We always
have them at home, and I never hesitate
to recommend them when a fellow
complains about his stomach hurting
him."
(Signed, R. L. JOHNS.)

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 8, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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Whatever may be the differences of opinion existing among Republicans on the currency question, they are like a band of brothers compared to the Democrats. The action of the Republican convention, which meets at St. Louis on June 16th, is already pretty well known. About seven hundred and fifty delegates are in favor of the gold standard, and about one hundred and fifty in favor of unlimited silver coinage, with a few delegates on the fence. It is therefore entirely probable that the Republican convention will declare for the gold standard, with a plank which will evince the utmost friendliness toward silver, a desire to encourage its larger use, and

an attempt to bring about international bimetallicism. This will probably be the money plank of the Republican party. Upon such a platform McKinley can stand squarely, for despite the snapping of Democratic curs at his heels, his record on this matter is perfectly plain and straightforward. He has always been in favor of the gold standard, as his speeches show, but has persistently advocated a larger use of silver, and has been a steadfast friend of the white metal.

To show that the Republicans will come together on the money question at the national convention, it will suffice to quote some of the utterances of Senator Carter, of Montana, one of the most pronounced silver men in the West. In a recent interview at Washington, he said:

"If the Republicans at St. Louis adopt an out-and-out gold plank, the Democrats will not split at Chicago. Instead of dividing into parties with two tickets in the field, the Eastern Democrats will go home, after they have been beaten by the silver people, and when election-day comes round, many of them will vote the Republican ticket. But if the St. Louis platform holds out some promise to silver, the Democrats will be hopelessly split. The free silverites will have control of the Chicago convention, and after they have adopted their platform, the Eastern Democrats will set up a rump convention, adopt a gold platform, and name a candidate."

When Senator Carter was asked by the interviewer what sort of a financial plank would be regarded by the silver Republicans of the West as sufficiently conciliatory to hold them in the party, he replied:

"The party should pledge itself to do everything within its power to bring about the rehabilitation of silver as a money metal just as soon as that can be done without destroying the parity between the two metals; but until such opportunity presents itself, the existing standard must be maintained. The meaning of this would be that the Republican party would exert itself in support of a policy calculated to lead to the international remonetization of silver, and meanwhile would maintain the existing or gold standard. Of course this is not all the silver Republicans would like. They believe in free silver, but they also believe in the Republican party, and do not want to be driven out of it. Such a platform would hold them in the ranks."

From this it is evident that the gulf between the gold and silver Republicans is daily becoming less difficult to bridge. The foregoing significant remarks of Senator Carter, a pronounced silver senator from an ultra-silver State, show that. Another phase of the matter is that the tariff has almost subordinated the silver question in the minds of Republicans. A striking proof of that was given when the San Francisco *Chronicle*, some weeks ago, took the votes of its readers on the dominant issue of the campaign, "tariff or money." Although the *Chronicle* has been singing silver, in season and out of season, for many years, the votes it received in its hall of inquiry caused it to sing small. Its readers overwhelmingly voted in favor of "tariff" as the leading issue. Since then the *Chronicle*, accepting the situation, has had little to say on the silver issue, but has "spread" upon the tariff—which is the issue of to-day.

So much for the Republicans—the outlook for harmony in the party is most encouraging. It is true that the California State Convention declared for unlimited silver coinage, but so long as the "specific contract law" remains on the statute-books of this State, by which only gold coin is legal tender, such planks in our political platforms are purely Pickwickian and utterly meaningless. If the California Republican delegation should be asked why they came to St. Louis with such a plank when an anti-silver law has remained unchallenged on the statute-books of their State for thirty-three years, they would be put to shame.

But while the Republicans will patch up their differences at St. Louis, the Democrats are going to have a picnic at Chicago. The Democrats in the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky have, through their conventions, indicated their preference for free silver. Governor Altgeld apparently controls the Democratic machine in Illinois, and he is for silver; he has overwhelmingly defeated John P. Hopkins, who is the leader of the gold Democrats in Illinois. Benjamin Shiveley is the leading Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana, and he is for the unlimited coinage of silver. Brice, a gold Democrat, has been turned down in Ohio, and Carlisle in Kentucky. Lewis

Bernard, Democratic boss of Cleveland, is a strong silver man; he has made an alliance with McLean and Bookwalter as against Brice, the gold Democrats, and the administration. Brice has given up the fight. In Kentucky, Senator Blackburn, the silver boss, has so thoroughly defeated Secretary Carlisle, the gold Democrats, and the administration forces, that the Kentucky convention will not only come out strongly for silver, but will pass resolutions denouncing the Cleveland administration.

Altogether, as we write, the outlook is that at the Democratic convention at Chicago the conditions on the money question will be exactly the reverse of those at St. Louis—the Republicans will stand about five to one in favor of the present monetary standard; the Democrats will stand about five to one in favor of changing to a silver standard.

What will be the result? As we have indicated, it can not fail to be in favor of the Republican party. That organization is not only not hopelessly divided, but the hostile elements are already coming together. How many votes would be lost to the Republicans in California if the national convention declared in favor of the present monetary standard? Practically none—those who would not vote the Republican ticket in consequence of such action are already in the Populist camp.

On the other hand, the result of a declaration by the Democratic convention in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver would split the Democratic party in twain. The gold Democrats of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Indiana, and other uncertain States would refuse to vote for a silver candidate. They would vote for the Republican candidate, or they would stay away from the polls, or they would nominate an independent Democratic ticket. In the latter case, it is not improbable that Grover Cleveland would be their nominee. It is said that he believes it would be his duty to "save the country" by accepting an independent Democratic nomination under such circumstances, and that he also believes he could be elected.

But even if nominated by the regular Democratic convention, Cleveland could not be elected. He could not poll the full strength of his party's vote. Much of the revolt in the Democratic ranks is due to dislike of Cleveland and his policy. And, as we have shown by the preceding review of the political situation, the Democrats are divided and disheartened, and the Republicans are already uniting and are confident. There will be no split in the Republican ranks, there will be a hopeless split and perhaps an independent ticket in the Democratic forces, and the political weather-vane points even more steadily toward a sweeping Republican victory than it did six months ago.

The Czar of Russia has risen above the gray level of modern commonplace and shown the world that the sway of the Russian Czar, royalty still lives and has claims upon men's imagination and loyalty. The grandiose ceremonies at Moscow attendant upon the coronation scarcely seem to belong to the nineteenth century, with its republics, its kings hampered by constitutions, and its parliaments in which right has a voice as well as privilege. Russia is out of the sphere of real modernity. The democratic ideas, the democratic tendencies inherited from the French Revolution, which have emancipated most of Europe from the ideals, the sanctions, and the customs of the *ancien régime*, have left the empire of the Czar almost untouched. He is in the world of to-day, but not of it. Other rulers who arrogate to themselves power as a birthright are by comparison mere preteodors; he is the only genuine sovereign, the king by divine right. England of the Tudors was not more mediæval in its political theories, sentiments, and practices than is this Russia, which lies outside of and looms over Europe. William of Germany, in making claims to absolutism, has the uneasy insistence of the parvenu, and mankind smile, for the Germans are a people of the new time, under none of the illusions which the subjects of a despot must have if he is to be in truth a despot. But Nicholas of Russia is all that William of Germany desires in his royal visions to be, and more. He is the heaven-sent monarch of the future.

dred and twenty millions of his fellow-creatures, and his sovereignty has no limitations. The power of life and death over all is his.

No wonder men from the modern regions beyond were awed when the Czar stood, a solitary figure, amid the kneeling dignitaries of his own empire and of the earth, to receive his crown. The glinting processions, the magnificent religious rites, the "Holy City" clothed in flags by day and in fire by night, the feasting, the marching, the music, and the public joy and reverence, the expenditure of many millions on the fêtes, the imposing splendor of it all, affects the mind, not as contemporaneous but as history made alive—other times brought back to life, with the masses burdened and groveling, the nobles rich, gallant, gorgeous, and his serene majesty, chosen of God, set over all.

Napoleon held that the problem which the world must sooner or later face would be whether Russia should barbarize Europe or Europe civilize Russia. Events have not moved so swiftly as Napoleon presaged, nor have they yet moved quite along the lines of his prophecy. Nevertheless, Russia, expanding Russia, is a problem to which the world has not awakened, as the great intellect on St. Helena thought it would. The energies of the colossal empire have been directed mostly away from Europe since Napoleon blazed. Her semi-barbarism has in many quarters met barbarism and conquered it by absorption or simple domination. The Czar's sway includes a seventh of the world's territory, and though his peoples are strangely diverse, he is the actively felt master everywhere. His power reaches to China and Japan, and his Trans-Siberian railroad will give him a military and commercial region vast enough for any ambition. He menaces England's hold on India and disputes with her for supremacy throughout Asia. His influence is predominant in China, of which, should it break up, he would absorb more than any of the powers which are looking hungrily toward it. Japan was stopped by him from seizing the fruits of her victorious war. He dictates to the Balkan peninsula, secures his hold in the valley of the Hari Rud, and any day can march into Herat should England invite hostilities. Persia is under his thumb. Turkey takes her orders from him, and eventually will be his, with the Bosphorus. What Napoleon failed to do he has accomplished—brought about an alliance between France and Russia. Everywhere he reaches out, and everywhere more people, more territory, become his. Time consolidates his power, as well as augments it. Russia is the great political fact of the world, and it will become greater. The alliance with France causes the shadow of this gigantic power to fall where Napoleon predicted it would. When the Asiatic expansion ceases, or pauses, the shadow will deepen. The treasury will begin to fill, and with a full treasury Russia could face Europe and present her demands with confidence. Against such a giant, joined with France, the Triple Alliance, hacked by Great Britain, could scarcely make a stand. Russia, rich and armed, with access to the seas of Europe and war-ships upon those seas, would fill Europe with a fear such as has not been felt since Rome's frontiers shook with the tread of the invading Goths.

The Czar, central figure of the coronation splendors at Moscow, stands for the new amid the old as well as for the old amid the new. He is the absolute monarch of the *ancien régime*, but his empire, when it has been welded, will be a force that has yet to run the course over which the Western world has passed. Gigantic in its strength, it will have the *elan* of youth, the passions, the desires, the ambitions, the illusions inseparable from that stage of national life. Russia is military. The talent, the vigor of her *élite* are in the army, and the nation is like a young man with an untried sword in his adventurous hand. The empire possesses the natural resources of many lands, many climates, and it is acquiring the implements of civilization. Her railroad-building is on the grand scale, and railroads are the forerunners, the feeders of industry. Wealth must follow. With her teeming population, her vast territory, her limitless resources, Russia is to be feared by Occidental Europe—dreaded either in peace or war.

Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, is one of the wealthiest women in the world. It was generally estimated, at the time of Jay Gould's death, that he had left a fortune of over one hundred millions of dollars. This was divided among three sons and two daughters—making about twenty millions apiece. But the inheritance of great wealth does not always bring generosity. Even those who are already wealthy, and who find their store increased by the death of wealthy relatives, generally concentrate their generosity on their own kith and kin. They are perhaps not to be blamed—selfishness is very human and very natural. Yet great wealth entails obligations as well as privileges. It is a striking fact that out of all the millionaires in the United States—and there are many hundreds of them—the first one to

come forward with a large subscription for the St. Louis sufferers was a woman. Helen Gould heads the list with a subscription of one hundred thousand dollars. This is a large sum even for a millionaire to give in charity. It is not unusual for men who are millionaires to leave millions for founding institutions of learning which shall perpetuate their names. But the giving of very large sums to aid the victims of disaster by flood or fire is not so common a thing among rich men. With the sagacity of their kind, they know that such sufferings and such gifts are ephemeral, and are soon forgotten, while great institutions of learning, like Girard College or Stanford University, will remain for centuries. While there is less of calculation and more of impulsiveness in such a gift as Helen Gould's, it does her no less honor. A woman's heart is warmer than a man's, her hand more quick to give. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Let it be recorded that when St. Louis was stricken by an awful disaster the one who gave the first and gave the largest was a woman.

The savage that is in most men breaks out in some occasionally, and shocks civilization. A crime so ferocious, so bloody, so altogether horrible, as that committed by James Dunham, in Santa Clara County one night last week, reminds us that our ancestors dwelt in caves, that they were closely akin to the savage beasts upon whom they preyed and who preyed upon them, and that atavism is a persistent tendency. Dunham, with every circumstance of deliberation, with barbarous cruelty, and apparently with enjoyment, killed six fellow-creatures, among them his wife and his wife's parents. His plan was to slaughter every human being on the place, the country home of the family, and then trust to a seeming *alibi* and the absence of direct witnesses to escape the legal consequences and enjoy the material fruits of his butchery, for the murderer left his infant son alive to inherit the property. The plan failed, since one of the hired men concealed himself, and Dunham, in abandoning the search for him, knew that a witness remained hidden. So the wretch mounted a horse and made for the hills, to take his chances of getting away.

At once, upon the discovery of the slaughter, the theory of insanity was advanced by many to explain it. People of normal temper, normal passions, and normal morals assume that only a maniac could have spilled blood as Dunham did. Before his crime, no one suspected him of lunacy. On the contrary, he gave the impression of being unusually intelligent, and was rather noted for his reticence and self-command. He was industrious, studious, and so ambitious to get on that, though past thirty, he had enrolled himself as a student in a San José college and taken up the study of law.

It is, of course, possible that Dunham was insane, but the murders and the method of them give no token of a disordered brain. He waited some hours after killing the women for the return home of the men, and put them to death with iron resolution, in spite of the despairing struggles of two of them. A relative ascribes the motive to greed. Add to that the hatred engendered in a hard, narrow, and embittered mind by family disputes, and Dunham's deeds become quite comprehensible without calling in insanity. Dunham is the wild beast who, though it has acquired the outward habits of the domesticated state, is the wild beast still, and needs but provocation and opportunity to be its true self. Were Dunham an Apache Indian, brought up in the McGlinchy family, and had done these murders, how many would have thought it necessary to seek the explanation of insanity, instead of saying merely that native savagery had asserted itself? There are plenty of white Apaches, and Dunham is one of them.

The most effective means for encouraging white Apaches to give rein to their homicidal inclinations is to place obstacles between their necks and the rope when they gratify their blood thirst. The insanity plea has so often been employed by lawyers to save the deserving from the gallows that it has been familiarized to the mind of the laity, and has so entered into the common thought that the murderer has no longer need to wait for his paid attorney to raise it. The newspapers volunteer this defense, only provided that the crime of the murderer be unusual in its atrocity. The readiness with which people accept any other explanation of a crime, in preference to the simple one of the conscious and cold-blooded wickedness of the perpetrator, may be eloquent of the growth of the benevolent sentiment in modern times, but it also proves how dangerously weakened has become the sense of individual moral responsibility under the teachings of the professors of heredity, environment, and other fads, which find favor with the hazy and the flabby. If the argument of these people be pushed to its logical conclusion, the proper place for a murderer is not the scaffold, but the sanitarium, and the forger, the hurgler, the embezzler, the footpad, the ravisher, are not blameworthy and to be

punished, but to be regarded as moral invalids and entitled to coddling accordingly. Under the theory, a highwayman has but to plead that his grandfather robbed on Hounslow Heath in order to awaken the sympathies and command the assistance of the Society for the Propagation of the Dogma of Heredity.

There are lunatics and lunatics. We have the bedlamite who raves and tears, and his irresponsibility is beyond doubt. But even the great majority of those who are in asylums are not beyond the fear of punishment and the hope of reward. Asylums could not be managed were that not so. While a man has that much intelligence left—while he retains the knowledge that hanging is the legal penalty for murder—he is sane enough to be made to hear the consequences of homicide. Most murderers commit their crimes deliberately and because they think there is a good chance of escaping the gallows.

Our readers may wonder why we should discuss the possible plea of insanity in the Dunham case before the murderer has been caught. It is because we have been struck by the continual references, in and out of the press, to insanity as the "motive" of Dunham's crime. It shows that the people of this and other communities are becoming so habituated to the "insanity plea" in murder trials, that they unconsciously begin looking upon unusually cold-blooded murderers as "insane" before they have been tried at all. It is a bad sign.

The rumor telegraphed last week, concerning Daniel Coit Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, was rather a surprise. The DIS-SUPERINTENDENT patch said that he had been offered the position of superintendent of the New York city public-school department. It appeared improbable that such a position should be considered by such a man, but late New York papers to hand confirm the report. Since the signing of the so-called "Greater New York Bill" by Governor Morton, it seems certain that the consolidation will take place. This will give New York city a population of several millions and a public-school system of great magnitude. The sum already paid out in New York city for the maintenance of her public schools is enormous. It will naturally be much larger after the consolidation. It was therefore deemed advisable to summon some man of high standing in educational circles, and place him at the head of this great aggregation of public schools. Professor Daniel C. Gilman was the man selected by the committee in New York. It seems that he seriously entertained the offer. A meeting of the trustees of Johns Hopkins University was held, however, and after a long discussion, a document was drawn up, in which an earnest appeal was made to President Gilman to remain at his post. In this document, it was shown to him that the university had fallen into financial straits, and that he scarcely should desert them in adversity when he had been with them so long through their days of prosperity. President Gilman was so much moved that he determined to remain. The present poverty of the Johns Hopkins University is due to its investment in the Baltimore and Ohio system, which road recently passed into the hands of a receiver. Its revenues have been so much reduced that President Gilman recently voluntarily reduced his salary from \$10,000 to \$8,000 a year. The largest part of the university's endowment is invested in common and preferred stock of the Baltimore and Ohio to the amount of about \$1,500,000. The university's annual expenditures for many years have been above \$150,000, but the bankruptcy of the Baltimore and Ohio leaves Johns Hopkins with an income of only \$100,000 derived from students' tuition fees and ground rents on property owned in Baltimore. Such are the financial straits of the university that fifty leading citizens met in Baltimore on May 26th, and subscribed \$138,750 cash, and pledged themselves to pay \$30,000 annually toward the university for five years if Dr. Gilman would remain. Among the names of these public-spirited citizens, by the way, is that of Charles J. Bonaparte, descendant of Jerome Bonaparte (brother of the first Napoleon), and Betsy Patterson, his American wife. It is probable that the earnest words, more than the generous subscriptions, of these public-spirited Baltimoreans induced Dr. Gilman to remain.

New York city would indeed be fortunate if she could get such a man to take charge of her great public-school system. President Gilman is well known in California. Twenty-one years ago he was president of the University of California. That university then, as now, was controlled by a board of regents, many of whom were men of high character and others were low politicians. Some squalid political intrigues broke out in the board of regents, resulting in attacks upon President Gilman's conduct of the university. He at once resented these attacks, and demanded that the board of regents make an immediate investigation, which was done. President Gilman came out of the investigation with flying colors; but as soon as he had proved the

falsity of the charges against him, he resigned his trust, shook the dust of California from his feet, and left it, never to return. It was then that he took charge of Johns Hopkins University, which he has builded up into one of the great universities of the land.

We advise President Gilman to stay where he is. He has already had some experience of filling posts at the mercy of politicians—as in California. If he were to accept the offer of "Greater New York," he would find, sooner or later, that Tammany was intriguing to replace him by Burke Cochran, Dick Croker, or Paddy Divver.

The terrific disaster in St. Louis, the loss of hundreds of lives, the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property, by a cyclone that struck and whirled through the city, has appalled the country and attracted the attention of the whole world. The calamity is of the kind which gives men for the moment a vivid realization of the fact that they are mites crawling on the unsteady surface of a globe shooting through space, not large inhabitants of an immovable world, firmly based, of which they are the masterful and dignified lords. The cyclone, like the earthquake, shakes men out of their preoccupations, their illusions, and brings them face to face with Nature, which is fierce and murderous, and cares no more for men than men care for goats.

The cyclone is not new, but the combination of cyclones and centres of civilization is. Since the seas and the dry land have been distributed as now, these funnel-shaped masses of air, revolving like tops and progressing with enormous speed, have twirled at intervals over the central portion of the North American continent. For many years their awful force, their devastating work, have been known. When they visited only the treeless, houseless plains, with Indians alone to note their passage, they did no harm, for there was nothing to injure, save the wigwam of the aborigine or the wandering hunter, and a thousand square miles would contain but a few of these. But as frontier settlements marked the advance of civilization, and the villages of the white men grew, the cyclone began to make history. The readers of the newspapers have been used to learning that a farm-house here, a school-house there, a hamlet, perhaps, has been torn up and carried away by the wind, with loss of life. These disasters have gradually augmented in frequency, number, and importance, for with the country's development the hamlets have increased and become villages, then the villages become towns, and the towns, cities. And, as this process goes on, the danger will increase throughout the cyclone belt. Within that track of always possible death and ruin are many cities, such as Chicago, Indianapolis, Springfield, Cincinnati, Nashville, Memphis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Lincoln, Omaha, and innumerable smaller places. As the face of the land changes, and men and their habitations and accumulations multiply, nature remains the same. The cyclones which from the beginning of historical time have spun over the plains of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and the whole central region, may at any time have their successors. The danger is without certainty, for the path of a cyclone is narrow, not often wider than half a mile, but it is equally one against which no precautions can be taken. The circular storm which scoured an edge off Louisville, some years ago, was an intimation to that city of what might have happened, of what has measurably happened to St. Louis. All that meteorologists can hope to do is to ascertain the causes of the cyclone's generation, and to give warning of its approach—then men may have time to fly for shelter beneath the earth.

There are fears expressed that the St. Louis catastrophe will tend to stay the progress of the country within the cyclone belt. Those fears may be dismissed. The perils of the sea have never kept ships from the ocean; around the base of Mount Vesuvius the peasants plant vineyards over the bodies of peasants who planted other vineyards years ago, now deep beneath successive lava flows. What is not to be avoided the mind easily reconciles itself to. New cities will come into being and old cities grow, notwithstanding the possibility of cyclones. To reckon with that possibility is part of the price which must be paid for residence in the region, and men will pay it. There is no strong human objection to taking chances. Time was when it was thought that the dread of earthquakes would keep away population from California, but experience has taught that the California earthquake is not a destroyer. It is twenty-eight years since we have had a shake in San Francisco strong enough to loosen plaster or drive the color from a brave man's cheek. Hence population swells and capital does not hesitate to rear tall structures. So in the case of the cyclone. The probabilities are against visitation, and in ordinary calculations, those on which lives are lived and daily business done, the improbable is excluded. One who should dwell

overmuch on the possibilities of residence on this terrestrial cannon-ball would be unfit for sane existence.

And speaking of earthquakes, how fortunate is California that she has only the *temblor*, which is common to the whole earth, to fear. Here we are safe from the cyclone, and from those congealings in winter and fryings in summer which torture the body eastward of the Rockies. There are no extremes here, no winds from heaven that do the work of vengeful furies. As time goes and wealth so increases as to enlarge the number of those with whom a dwelling-place is a matter of choice, California will be revealed to the rich of the United States as a better place to live in than the south of France or Italy. A land whose skies hold no bolts and where the thermometer takes only gentle exercise, is a land of security and comfort, in which it is good to be.

The extraordinary raid upon the tax-payers inaugurated by Street Superintendent Ashworth has aroused the utmost indignation among the citizens of San Francisco. There never was a time when people were less able to pay high taxes than at present. The dullness in real estate which began in San Francisco in 1891 was accentuated by the wide-spread depression throughout the entire country caused by the Democratic free-trade panic of 1893. Last year, the tax-rate imposed was \$2.25 on the \$100. This was had enough in a period of depression. But when, in the face of this iniquitous tax levy and the continued depression, the officials of the city again wish to dip their hands into the tax-payers' pockets, and to take from the unfortunate citizens even more than they did last year, a revolt has begun.

Superintendent Ashworth asks for the enormous sum of \$1,558,180, which even the board of supervisors consider to be \$1,000,000 more than he needs. Among the modest items enumerated by Superintendent Ashworth are \$150,000 for sweeping the streets, \$250,000 for repaving and repairing accepted streets, \$50,000 for improvement of streets in front of city property, \$45,000 for repaving Golden Gate Avenue between Market and Steiner Streets, \$45,000 for repaving Folsom Street, \$150,000 for piling and planking streets on the water front, \$150,000 for repaving Market Street, and \$400,000 for repaving streets now paved with cobbles.

Superintendent Ashworth must have a face of brass to make such demands as this. It is not long since legal proceedings were begun against him for maladministration of the funds intrusted to him, and while these proceedings were fruitless, it showed the public sentiment against him. George W. Elder, the expert of the board of supervisors, says that there are any number of contractors who would take the repaving of accepted streets for \$50,000, when Superintendent Ashworth estimates the cost at \$250,000. Mr. Elder estimates that repaving streets now paved with cobbles could be done for \$150,000 instead of \$400,000. Piling and planking the streets on the water front he estimates could be done for \$45,000 instead of \$150,000. For repaving Market Street, Mr. Elder estimates that the sum required would be \$78,000 instead of \$150,000. He adds that the sum of \$150,000 for sweeping the streets is also excessive; for a year the Merchants' Association swept fifty per cent. more square feet than Ashworth did for thirty per cent. less. Mr. Elder closes by saying that one-half of the amount required by Ashworth would be ample for doing the work. But whether it is or not, it is hardly the time to expend such enormous sums as nearly one-half million dollars for repaving cobbled streets, for paying \$150,000 for repaving Market Street, and other such luxuries. These are permanent improvements; such things, if done at all, should be done by raising money on bonds instead of taking it out of the current revenues of the city. Permanent improvements, which posterity will enjoy, should be partly paid for by posterity.

There are other departments of the city government which are apparently under the impression that the tax-payers have money to burn. In addition to the extra million which Mr. Ashworth wants for the street department, the chief of police wants an increase of \$120,000 for his department, while the board of education also steps forward with a demand for \$600,000 more than last year. The park commissioners, who received \$224,000 last year, want \$365,000 this year, including \$23,000 for an electric plant, \$30,000 for a new bridge, \$12,500 for new bridle-paths, \$15,000 for new foot-paths, \$7,500 for bicycle-paths, \$25,000 for improvements of grounds, and \$60,000 for loam for forest trees. Golden Gate Park is the pet and play-ground of the people, and they have been most generous to it, but they are not in a condition now to pay \$1,000 a day for improving the city's garden.

Only three of the city departments have made their estimates, but, judging from the modest demands of those already heard from, it is evident that the officials want to raise the levy from \$2.25 on the \$100 to about \$3.50. Last year, the supervisors increased the city's appropriation from \$4,647,496 to \$6,400,610. Now they want to raise it still

higher. But in the face of the public indignation which has been excited, we think that they will find it difficult to do so.

The *Argonaut* has not been in favor of the new charter, owing to the extraordinary and arbitrary powers conferred upon the mayor. We have had bad mayors in the history of San Francisco, and we have one now. The mere thought of Sutor as dictator of this city is calculated to alarm any conservative citizen. But in view of the organized raid upon the tax-payers now being made by the city officials, the *Argonaut* is almost inclined to swallow the disagreeable provisions of the new charter, and to aid in the passage of that instrument. The proposed charter would limit the tax to \$1 for ordinary expenses, two cents for the public library, five cents for new public buildings, and ten cents for the new City Hall—a maximum rate of \$1.17 on the \$100. The proposed board of public works will determine the amount to be expended by the street superintendent. Altogether there is no doubt that the wild extravagance, if not corruption, of the present city officials is making votes for the new charter every day.

It seems extraordinary that these men should dare to make such demands in the face of the conditions now existing in San Francisco. Such tax levies amount almost to confiscation—confiscation at least of income. J. C. Johnson, who purchased a piece of property south of Market Street some months ago, says that it rents for \$350 a month, that the taxes are \$1,208 a year, and that it takes four months' income to pay them. Thomas Magee, the real-estate dealer, says that on one piece of property on Market Street the city and State taxes last year amounted to \$7,875, or three and one-half months of the income. There never was a time when there were so many empty buildings and such low rents. Every property-owner is confronted with the fact that his buildings are apt to be empty part of the year, but the taxes go on all the same. The outrageously high taxes have depressed the already dull real-estate market to such an extent that property is almost unsalable. The purely nominal prices obtained at the recent sales of the property belonging to the San Francisco Gas Company and the Pioneer Woolen Company show how low real estate has gone. People buy real estate with two ends in view—immediate income and future appreciation. But when such iniquitously high taxes confront them, with a prospect of no rent, or rent only part of the time, the chance of appreciation in the future is not sufficiently tempting to induce them to buy.

We counsel the city officials to revise and pare down their estimates. This is scarcely a time to indulge in such luxuries as building new brick high schools, purchasing parks in the Mission, paying out a half-million of dollars for repaving cobbled streets, repaving Market Street with bitumen, erecting electric-light plants in the park, or constructing new bridle-paths, foot-paths, or bicycle-paths there. People are too poor to expend money for other than actual necessities. There is scarcely a man in San Francisco, from the capitalist to the day-laborer, who has not found his income reduced during the past three years. The working class should remember that their prosperity is contingent upon that of the wealthier class. If the tax levy is so high as to stop the sales of real estate, it will prevent the construction of buildings and put a quietus on industry in every direction. Hard as has been the lot of the laboring class during the past three years, it will be even harder if these raids upon the pockets of the tax-payers are allowed. We advise all workmen to vote against officials who further such iniquitous raids, and to vote for the political party which incorporates in its platform a restriction upon the tax levy.

The death of Kate Field will be mourned by many. She was a woman of brains and heart. She was one of those women who excite the respect of men by their achievements. Kate Field was never shrill. She did not spend her time and energy in denouncing the other half of the human race, but set to work to show what her half could do. If other women who are intent upon working out the salvation of their sex were to work as honestly, as unassumingly, as industriously as did Kate Field, they would accomplish more. She was an earnest and a kindly woman, and one of much ability. She had long been a writer for the press, and it was to be regretted that her paper, *Kate Field's Washington*, which she published for some years at the national capital, did not succeed. It may not be ill-natured to remark here that if women took a genuine interest in the advancement of their sex, they would have subscribed more largely for a paper devoted to that advancement, edited by a woman, managed by a woman, financed by a woman, and contributed to by women. But they let it die. The death of a paper is not so much, but the death of a strong, and earnest, and brilliant woman is a loss that can not be repaired.

AN ARTIST—IN CRIME.

Mr. Teddy Watkins's Account of the Hammerpond Park Burglary.

It is a moot point whether burglary is to be considered as a sport, a trade, or an art. For a trade, the technique is scarcely rigid enough, and its claims to be considered an art are vitiated by the mercenary element that qualifies its triumphs. On the whole, it seems to be most justly ranked as a sport—a sport for which no rules are at present formulated, and of which the prizes are distributed in an extremely informal manner. It was this informality of burglary that led to the regrettable extinction of two promising beginners at Hammerpond Park.

The stakes offered in this affair consisted chiefly of diamonds and other personal bric-à-brac belonging to the newly married Lady Aveling. Her marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents, and the fact that the honeymoon was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the village of Hammerpond in his professional capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make this visit *incog.*, and after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise, he selected the rôle of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond. Now, the village of Hammerpond is perhaps one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex; many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and least restored in the county, and the beech-woods and bracken jungles through which the road runs to the great house are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits." So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint-box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections, crowbar, and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of æsthetic conversation for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said Young Porson, in the bar-parlor of the "Coach and Horses," where Mr. Watkins was skillfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival.

"Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a snack here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. And at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Mr. Watkins; "I don't like it."

"I mean did they put you in a good place?"

"Whadyer mean?" said Mr. Watkins, suspiciously. "One 'ud think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson had been brought up by aunts, and was a gentlemanly young man even for an artist; he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging seemed a sore point with Mr. Watkins, he tried to divert the conversation a little.

"Do you do figure-work at all?"

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins; "my miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints, too!" said Porson. "That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added: "I came down here to paint Hammerpond House by moonlight."

"Really!" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin to-morrow night."

"What! You don't meao to paint in the open, by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvas?"

"Have a bloomin' cop's—" began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, bawled to Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm goin' to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon now," objected Porson. "There won't be auy moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm goin', you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterwards."

"Ob!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They doo say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation, "as there's no less than three 'p'licemen from 'Azle-worth on dewty every oight in the bouse—count of this Lady Aveling 'n ber jewellery. One'm won fower-and-six last night, off second footman—tossin'."

Toward sunset next day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel, and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the beech-woods to Hammerpond Park, and pitched his apparatus in a strategic position commanding the bouse. Here he was observed by Mr. Rapbael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk-pits. His curiosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently unaware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual, surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty to take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance.

Mr. Watkins was mixing color with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant an emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earliest years, he drew the air in sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that *beastly* green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his zeal to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What do you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his resources. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-goin' to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a humorist and a peaceful man. Going down the hill he met Porson and Wainwright. "Either that man is a genius, or he is a dangerous lunatic," said he. "Just go up and look at his green." And he continued his way, his countenance brightened by a pleasant anticipation of a cheerful affray round an easel in the gloaming, and the shedding of much green paint.

But to Porson and Wainwright Mr. Watkins was less aggressive, and explained that the green was intended to be the first coating of his picture. It was, he admitted, in response to a remark, an absolutely new method, invented by himself. But subsequently he became more reticent; he explained he was not going to tell every passer-by the secret of his own particular style, and added some scathing remarks upon the meanness of people "hanging about" to pick up such tricks of the masters as they could, which immediately relieved him of their company.

Twilight deepened, first one, then another star appeared. The rooks amid the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lapsed into slumbrous silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark-gray outline, and then the windows of the salon shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had any one approached the easel in the park, it would have been found deserted. One brief, uncivil word in brilliant green sullied the purity of its canvas. Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage-drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus boldly, and in the sight of all men, right up to the scene of operations. "That's the dressing-room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! bow nice the bouse do look, to be sure, against the starlight, and with all its windows and lights! Swoopme, Jim, I almost wish I was a painter-chap. Have you fixed that there wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing-room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitering the smoking-room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes, there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard feet running on the gravel pathway beyond. Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he incontinently dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery. He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thuds on the turf followed his own leap.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely built man and in good training, and he gained hand-over-hand upon the hoarsely panting figure in front. Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins pulled up alongside, a qualm of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at Watkins's knees, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, Bill," cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And Bill did—two hands, in fact, and some accentuated feet. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off in a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins's memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of different places, apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not Bill got his knee below Mr. Watkins's diapragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled, he was sitting upon the turf and eight or ten men—the night was dark and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him, apparently waiting for him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him for speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kindness.

"He's a-comin' round," said a voice, which he fancied he

recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second footman.

"We've got 'em, sir, both of 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to you."

No one answered this remark. Yet he failed to see how it applied to him.

"He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half-murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye hands that were bound together. Two! In a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered—obsequious hands assisting him—to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir, shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am very greatly indebted to you. It was the jewels of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery, and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened," said Mr. Watkins.

"You should have waited till they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling; "they would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you two of the policemen were out by the gates, and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was confoundedly plucky of you, all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins; "but one can't think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have mauled you a little," he added. The party was now moving toward the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond House by the dressing-room window, Mr. Watkins entered it—slightly intoxicated and inclined now to cheerfulness again—on the arm of a real live peer, and by the front door. "This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is burgling in style!" The "scoundrels," seen by the gaslight, proved to be mere local amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by the three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler, and an hostler, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Hazelhurst police-station. Mr. Watkins was made much of in the drawing-room. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not hear of a return to the village that night. Lady Aveling was sure he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just such another rough, half-inebriated, deep-eyed, brave, and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding-ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the shrubbery, evidently placed there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in any conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back and yawning. Every one suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired early to his room—the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

The dawn found a deserted easel, bearing a canvas with a green inscription, in the Hammerpond Park, and it found Hammerpond House in commotion. But if the dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds, it did not communicate the information to the police—H. G. Wells in "The Stolen Bacillus."

A woman committed suicide in a New York hotel recently, and her remains lay in the morgue for a week before her identity was established. Meanwhile, hundreds of visitors had gone to gaze on the dead face, some doubtless attracted by curiosity, but so many in search of a missing friend or relative that attention has been drawn to those sinister mysteries of modern life known as strange disappearances. Apropos of this, a New York paper tells of an incident said to have occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between that city and Trenton. Near Trenton, there is a well-known lunatic asylum. The heroine of the affair boarded the train at Jersey City. Presently a man entered the car, and after courteously inquiring whether the seat beside her was taken, sat down in it. Suddenly, in ordinary conversational tones, he turned to the woman, and said: "In a short time we shall reach Trenton, and you will get off there with me. Yes, I see your ticket says that you're to go to Philadelphia, but you won't reach there until I have first secured the money and jewelry that I see you have about you. It's no use for you to make the slightest outcry"—which outcry the woman, of course, made at once, but the man was as good as his word, and at every appeal she made to the passengers and conductor, he cut her short with a "Don't pay the slightest attention to her, she's my sister, and she's suffering with a terrible hallucination as to her identity, and mine, and everything else. I'm taking her to the insane asylum near Trenton just as quickly as I can get her there. I have the warrant right here. You needn't mind what she says, as she may become violent." Whereupon, so the story goes, both conductor and passengers were deaf to the woman's appeals, and at Trenton she was hustled into a closed carriage, taken to a lonely wood, denuded of her diamonds and ducats, and at a late hour returned to the station.

ZOLA'S "ROME."

The Second Work in the Great French Realist's Trilogy on the Roman Church—A Pen-Picture of Pope Leo XIII.—What He does with Peter's Pence.

Zola's "Rome," the second of his trilogy, "Lourdes, Rome, Paris," is a novel, but a novel with features which make the story a secondary consideration. The attack on Roman Catholicism, begun in "Lourdes," is continued, the scene changing to Rome, where the reader is taken into the heart of ecclesiastical intrigues, and where many prelates are introduced who without doubt represent real personages. The whole aim of the book is to bring out the "frightful underside" of the "Eternal City of Crime," as Zola terms Rome—"the monstrous, ravening ambition, the abominable net-work of intrigues, venality, cowardice, treachery, and even crime."

In order to accomplish this, the hero is represented as having written a book which is in danger of being condemned by the Congregation of the Index Expurgatorius, and which he has come to Rome to defend. He is a young priest, Abbé Pierre Froment, and his dream is a "rejuvenated Christianity resting on the idea of the Supreme Head of the Church exercising only a purified spiritual authority." The church is to be the "new religion" destined to solve the social problems which agitate the age. In advocating these theories in his book, the abbé has been animated by no schismatic thoughts, but, nevertheless, he finds himself accredited with dangerous revolutionary ideas. Interviews are accorded him by various prelates in authority, with the object of inducing him to withdraw his book. His stay in Rome becomes indefinitely extended, and he acquires a bitter knowledge of the methods of this church which fights his intelligence and enthusiasm with covert weapons. Among the many shocks his mind sustains, not the least is that given on his first public view of the Pope at the reception of the international pilgrimage of the Peter's Pence Fund, when he beholds the "contagion of idolatry" that sweeps over the multitudes:

Among the throng were workmen rigged out in their Sunday best, with clear, childish eyes and rough, ecstatic faces; ladies of the upper classes wearing black, as the regulations required, and looking intensely pale from the sacred awe which mingled with their excessive desire; and gentlemen in evening-dress, who appeared quite glorious, inflated with the conviction that they were saving both the church and the nations. . . . Right and left drooped banners which associations and congregations had brought to present to the Pope. And the sea of pilgrims ever waved and surged with a growing clamor; so much impatient love being exhaled by those perspiring faces, burning eyes, and hungry mouths that the atmosphere, reeking with the odor of the throng, seemed thickened and darkened. . . . Finally, between two rows of Noble Guards, in semi-gala uniforms, walked the Holy Father, alone, smiling a pale smile, and slowly blessing the pilgrims on either hand. In his wake the clamor which had risen in the other apartments swept into the Hall of Beatifications with the violence of delirious love; and, under his slender, white, benedictive hand, all those distracted creatures fell upon both knees, naught remaining but the prostration of a devout multitude, overwhelmed, as it were, by the apparition of its god. . . . Whilst he was again seating himself, applause burst forth, frantic salvos of applause lasting for ten minutes and mingling with *vivats* and inarticulate cries—a passionate, tempestuous outburst, which made the very building shake.

Amid this blast of frantic adoration, Pierre gazed at Leo the Thirteenth, now again motionless on his throne. With the Papal cap on his head and the red cape edged with ermine about his shoulders, he retained in his long white cassock the rigid, sacerdotal attitude of an idol venerated by two hundred and fifty millions of Christians. Against the purple background of hangings of the *baldachino*, between the wing-like drapery on either side, inclosing, as it were, a brasier of glory, he assumed real majesty of aspect. He was no longer the feeble old man with the slow, jerky walk and the slender, scraggy neck of a poor ailing bird. The simious ugliness of his face, the largeness of his nose, the long slit of his mouth, the hugeness of his ears, the conflicting jumble of his withered features disappeared. In that waxen countenance you distinguished only the admirable, dark, deep eyes, beaming with eternal youth, with extraordinary intelligence and penetration. And then there was a resolute bracing of his entire person, a consciousness of the eternity which he represented, a regal nobility, born of the very circumstances that he was now but a mere breath, a soul set in so pellucid a body of ivory that it became visible as though it were already freed from the bonds of earth. And Pierre realized what such a man—the Sovereign Pontiff, the king, obeyed by two hundred and fifty millions of subjects—must be for the devout and dolent creatures who came to adore him from so far, and who fell at his feet awe-struck by the splendor of the powers incarnate in him.

The scene which followed the closing of the ceremony was an extraordinary one:

For a long time Pierre remained overcome by it. He had beheld never-to-be-forgotten idolatry at Lourdes, incidents of naive faith and frantic religious passion which yet made him quiver with alarm and grief. But the crowds rushing on the grotto, the sick dying of divine love before the Virgin's statue, the multitudes delirious with the contagion of the miraculous—nothing of all that gave an idea of the blast of madness which suddenly inflamed the pilgrims at the feet of the Pope. Some bishops, superiors of religious orders, and other delegates of various kinds had stepped forward to deposit near the throne the offerings which they brought from the whole Catholic world, the universal "collection" of St. Peter's Pence. It was the voluntary tribute of the nations to their sovereign: silver, gold, and bank-notes in purses, bags, and cases. Ladies came and fell on their knees to offer silk and velvet alms-bags which they themselves had embroidered. Others had caused the note-cases which they had tendered to be adorned with the monogram of Leo the Thirteenth in diamonds. And at one moment the enthusiasm became so intense that several women stripped themselves of their adornments, flung their own purses on the platform, and emptied their pockets even to the very coppers they had about them. One lady, tall and slender, very beautiful and very dark, wrenched her watch from about her neck, pulled off her rings, and threw everything upon the carpet. . . . It was a rain of presents, an explosion of the passion which impels one to strip one's self for the object of one's cult, happy at having nothing of one's own that shall not belong to him. And meantime the clamor grew, *vivats* and shrill cries of adoration arose amidst pushing and jostling of increased violence, one and all yielding to the irresistible desire to kiss the idol!

But a signal was given, and Leo the Thirteenth made haste to quit the throne and take his place in the cortège, in order to return to his apartments. The Swiss Guards energetically thrust back the throng, seeking to open a way through the three balls. But at the sight of His Holiness's departure, a lamentation of despair arose and spread, as if heaven had suddenly closed again, and shut out those who had not yet been able to approach. What a frightful disappointment—to have beheld the living manifestation of the Deity and to see it disappear before gaining salvation by just touching it! So terrible became the scramble, so extraordinary the confusion, that the Swiss Guards were swept away. And ladies were seen to dart after the

Pope, to drag themselves on all fours over the marble slabs, and kiss his footprints and lap up the dust of his steps! The tall, dark lady suddenly fell at the edge of the platform, raised a loud shriek, and fainted; and two gentlemen of the committee had to hold her so that she might not do herself an injury in the convulsions of the hysterical fit which had come upon her. Another, a plump blonde, was wildly, desperately kissing one of the golden arms of the throne-chair, on which the old man's poor, bony elbow had just rested. And others, on seeing her, came to dispute possession, seized both arms, gliding and velvet, and pressed their mouths to wood-work or upholstery, their bodies meanwhile shaking with their sobs. Force had to be employed in order to drag them away.

When it was all over, Pierre went off, emerging as it were from a painful dream, sick at heart, and with his mind revolting. And again he encountered Hanf's glance, which never left him. "It was a superb ceremony, was it not?" said the prelate. "It consoles one for many iniquities."

"Yes, no doubt; but what idolatry!" the young priest murmured despite himself.

Pierre hears some curious stories regarding the Peter's Pence Fund:

As he was coming out on the piazza of St. Peter's, he heard Narcisse asking Mgr. Nani: "Indeed! Do you really think that today's gifts exceeded that figure?"

"Yes, more than three millions, I'm convinced of it," the prelate replied. . . .

Three millions! The words had rung in Pierre's ears. And, raising his head, he gazed at the Vatican, all golden in the sunlight against the expanse of blue sky, as if he wished to penetrate its walls and follow the steps of Leo the Thirteenth returning to his apartments. He pictured him laden with those millions, with his weak, slender arms pressed to his breast, carrying the silver, the gold, the bank-notes, and even the jewels which the women had flung him. And almost unconsciously the young priest spoke aloud: "What will he do with those millions? Where is he taking them?"

Narcisse and even Nani could not help being amused by this strangely expressed curiosity. It was the young *attaché* who replied: "Why, His Holiness is taking them to his room; or, at least, is having them carried there before him. Don't you see two persons of his suite picking up everything and filling their pockets? And now His Holiness has shut himself up quite alone; and if you could see him you would find him counting and re-counting his treasure with cheerful care, ranging the rolls of gold in good order, slipping the bank-notes into envelopes in equal quantities, and then putting everything away in hiding-places which are known only to himself."

While his companion was speaking, Pierre again raised his eyes to the windows of the Pope's apartments, as if to follow the scene. Moreover, Narcisse gave further explanations, asserting that the money was put away in a certain article of furniture, standing against the right-hand wall in the Holy Father's bedroom. Some people, he added, also spoke of a writing-table, or *scrutaire*, with deep drawers; and others declared that the money slumbered in some big padlocked trunks stored away in the depths of the alcove, which was very roomy. Of course, on the left side of the passage leading to the Archives there was a large room occupied by a general cashier and a monumental safe; but the funds kept there were simply those of the Patrimony of St. Peter, the administrative receipts of Rome; whereas the Peter's Pence money, the voluntary donations of Christendom, remained in the hands of Leo the Thirteenth: he alone knew the exact amount of that fund, and lived alone with its millions, which he disposed of like an absolute master, rendering account to none. And such was his prudence that he never left his room when the servants cleaned and set it in order. At the utmost he would consent to remain on the threshold of the adjoining apartment in order to escape the dust. And whenever he meant to absent himself for a few hours, to go down into the gardens, for instance, he double-locked the doors and carried the keys away with him, never confiding them to another. . . .

"I don't accuse His Holiness of sordid avarice," he resumed, "such as is rumored. Some fabulous stories are current—stories of coffers full of gold in which the Holy Father is said to plunge his hands for hours at a time; treasures which he has heaped up in corners for the sole pleasure of counting them over and over again. Nevertheless, one may well admit that His Holiness is somewhat fond of money for his own sake, for the pleasure of handling it and setting it in order when he happens to be alone—and, after all, that is a very excusable mania in an old man who has no other pastime. But I must add that he is yet fonder of money for the social power which it brings, the decisive help which it will give to the Holy See in the future, if the latter desires to triumph."

The opposition encountered by the young priest when he strove to obtain an interview with the Sovereign Pontiff is suddenly withdrawn after it is deemed that his spirit has been worn out by the obstacles he has met with. It is at night that the meeting takes place, and, after passing through an interminable series of ante-rooms, he is conducted into the Pope's bedroom, where he is left alone with the Holy Father, who sits stirring "a glass of syrup standing beside him with a long silver-gilt spoon."

The Pope's dress is described:

In the same way as Pierre saw the Pope's room, he saw his costume, his cassock of white cloth, with white buttons, his white skull-cap, his white cape, and his white sash, fringed with gold and broided at either end with golden keys. His stockings were white, his slippers were of red velvet, and these again were broided with golden keys. . . .

At the first glance, however, Pierre noticed that if Signor Squadra had kept him waiting, it had not been in order to compel the Holy Father to don a clean cassock, for the one he was wearing was badly soiled by snuff. A number of brown stains had trickled down the front of the garment beside the buttons, and just like any good *bourgeois*, His Holiness had a handkerchief on his knees to wipe himself. . . .

A particular interest attaches to the long interview which follows, since Zola doubtless mingles veritable experiences before the Pope with the fiction of his tale:

Immediately on entering, Pierre had felt that the Pope's sparkling eyes, those two black diamonds, were fixed upon him. The silence was profound, and the lamps burned with motionless, pallid flames. He had to approach, and after making the three genuflections prescribed by etiquette, he stooped over one of the Pope's feet resting on a cushion, in order to kiss the red velvet slipper. And on the Pope's side there was not a word, not a gesture, not a movement. When the young man drew himself up again, he found the two black diamonds, those two eyes which were all brightness and intelligence, still riveted on him.

But at last Leo the Thirteenth, who had been unwilling to spare the young priest the humble duty of kissing his foot, and who now left him standing, began to speak, whilst still examining him, probing, as it were, his very soul. "My son," he said, "you greatly desired to see me, and I consented to afford you that satisfaction."

He spoke in French, somewhat uncertain French, pronounced after the Italian fashion, and so slowly did he articulate each sentence that one could have written it down like so much dictation. And his voice, as Pierre had previously noticed, was strong and nasal, one of those full voices which people are surprised to hear coming from debile and apparently bloodless and breathless frames.

In response to the Holy Father's remark, Pierre contented himself with bowing, knowing that respect required him to wait for a direct answer before speaking.

Many pages are taken up by the ensuing talk, the young man uttering an impassioned appeal, not for himself nor his book, but for those who inspired it, "the humble ones who die of want beneath the hateful harshness, the frightful injustice of our present-day social system." Though Leo the Thirteenth "was extremely fond of talking, and

could only listen to others with an effort," he is "overcome by astonishment, touched by emotion himself," and he allows the outburst to go on unchecked. But when he speaks in his turn, despair succeeds to hopefulness in the young man's mind, for he feels that "his arguments have fallen against some blind, impenetrable rock which it was useless to assail, since nothing could enter it."

"You appeal to the Holy Father," said Leo the Thirteenth. "Ah! I rest assured that his heart is full of pity and affection for those who are unfortunate. But that is not the point, it is our holy religion which is in question. I have read your book—a bad book, I tell you so at once, the most dangerous and culpable of books—precisely on account of its qualities, the pages in which I myself felt interested. Yes, I was often fascinated, I should not have continued my perusal had I not felt carried away, transported by the ardent breath of your faith and enthusiasm. The subject, 'New Rome,' is such a beautiful one and impassions me so much! and certainly there is a book to be written under that title, but in a very different spirit to yours. . . .

"And another crime of yours, my son, is that you have dared to ask for a new religion. That is impious, blasphemous, sacrilegious. There is but one religion in the world, our Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Religion, apart from which there can be but darkness and damnation. . . . Ah! schism, schism, my son, is a crime beyond forgiveness, an assassination of the true God, a device of the loathsome beast of temptation which hell sends into the world to work the ruin of the faithful! If your book contained nothing beyond those words, 'a new religion,' it would be necessary to destroy and burn it like so much poison fatal in its effects upon the human soul. . . .

"Yes, yours is a most culpable and dangerous book," concluded Leo the Thirteenth; "its very title, 'New Rome,' is mendacious and poisonous, and the work is the more to be condemned as it offers every fascination of style, every perversion of generous fancy. Briefly, it is such a book that a priest, if he conceived it in an hour of error, can have no other duty than that of burning it in public with the very hand which traced the pages of error and scandal."

At the conclusion of the interview, Pierre, unconvinced, trembling with disgust, utters his submission:

"Holy Father, I make my submission and reprobate my book." And he passes out, leaving the Pope exhilarated by his easy victory. But the victory means only that Rome has destroyed the priest's faith. Not Catholicism and not a new religion have any hold upon him now, but a "sudden great enlightenment" comes, and the power of science rises before his mind, sweeping away all religious conceptions.

Mingled with the narration of the priest's storm and stress of mind, with the plots of ecclesiastics for domination, and hints at Jesuitical crimes, are many fine descriptive passages. The Vatican and the Quirinal, the Forum, St. Peter's, the Campagna, all the famous places of Rome, in fact, are called up vividly by the power of picturesque language. During his stay in Rome, Pierre is installed at the Palazzo Bocanera, and the life of the princely family who entertain him is laid bare. In company with the young Prince Dario Bocanera, the abbé takes the famous drive on the Corso, and utters his disappointment at the poverty and narrowness of the thoroughfare:

What I was that the Corso, then, that semi-obscure trench, close pressed by high and heavy house-fronts, that mean roadway where three vehicles could scarcely pass abreast, and which series shops lined with gaudy displays? There was neither space, nor far horizon, nor refreshing greenery, such as the fashionable drives of Paris could boast! Nothing but jostling, crowding, and stifling on the little footways under the narrow strip of sky. . . .

It was necessary to come back from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza di Venezia, then return to the former square, and come back yet again, following the entire Corso three and four times without wearying. The delighted Dario showed himself and looked about him, exchanging salutations. On either footway was a compact crowd of promenaders, whose eyes roamed over the equipages and whose hands could have shaken those of the carriage folks. So great at last became the number of vehicles that both lines were absolutely unbroken, crowded to such a point that the coachmen could do no more than walk their horses. Perpetually going up and coming down the Corso, people scrutinized and jostled one another. It was open-air promiscuity, all Rome gathered together in the smallest possible space, the folks who knew one another and who met here as in a friendly drawing-room, and the folks belonging to adverse parties who did not speak together, but who elbowed each other and whose glances penetrated to each other's soul. Then a revelation came to Pierre, and he suddenly understood the Corso, the ancient custom, the passion and the glory of the city. Its pleasure lay precisely in the very narrowness of the street, in that forced elbowing which facilitated not only desired meetings but the satisfaction of curiosity, the display of vanity, and the garnering of endless little-tattle. All Roman society met here each day, displayed itself, spied on itself, offering itself in spectacle to its own eyes, with such an indispensable need of thus beholding itself that the man of birth who missed the Corso was like one out of his element, destitute of newspapers, living like a savage.

The other side of the picture is afforded in a glimpse of the castle field districts, whose history is given with that of the extraordinary frenzy for real-estate speculation which swept over Rome, ruining many princely families, resulting in the erection of superb mansions destined never to be finished, and whose occupants are thus described:

Perfect hordes of tatterdemalions, famished, and homeless, and almost without garments, had swooped upon the unfinished houses, filling them with wretchedness and vermin; and it had been necessary to tolerate this lawless occupation lest all the frightful misery should remain displayed in the public thoroughfares. And so it was to these frightful tenants that had fallen the huge four and five-storied palaces, entered by monumental doorways flanked by lofty statues and having carved balconies upheld by caryatides all along their fronts. Each family had made its choice, often closing the frameless windows with boards and the gaping doorways with rags, and occupying now an entire princely flat and now a few small rooms, according to their taste. Horrid-looking linen hung drying from the carved balconies, foul stains already degraded the white walls, and from the magnificent porches, intended for sumptuous equipages, there poured a stream of filth which rotted in stagnant pools in the roads, where there was neither pavement nor foot-path.

The Trastevere, that "pestilential district where the population had wallowed for centuries as in a poisonous jail," and the homes of its wretched denizens are described with all the naked realism in which Zola excels.

And in addition to the ecclesiastical atmosphere and the marvelous pictures of modern Rome, there are glimpses into the drawing-rooms of both of the black and of the white world, as the adherents of pope and king are called in distinction. To those in search of mere story, the loves of Benedetta and Dario, the last of the younger generation of the Bocanera family, will supply a powerful interest. Their story is a dramatic and sombre one, and the final scene of death which ends it—a similar one to that in "The Wandering Jew"—is repulsive to a degree that only Zola's imagination is capable of.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50c.

THE GAMBOLS OF THE LAMBS.

Shepherd Clay Greece and his Fellow-Directors Hauled Up for Loud and Unseemly Noises at Night—The Lambs Allowed to go on Probation.

The gambols of the Lambs' Club have become an institution in New York. Once a year they hold a public gambol at a theatre. At other times their gambols are private, and intended for the delectation of members only. But from recent developments it would seem as if their private gambols were becoming too public.

When the Lambs moved uptown to their present clubhouse, 26 West Thirty-First Street, the neighbors looked with some apprehension upon their frolicsome neighbors. They had reason for their apprehension, as subsequent developments proved. At first the Lambs were very quiet. But the first summer after their removal, when the heat opened all the windows, the neighbors became involuntary participants in the revelry of the Lambs.

Evan H. Patrick, of 25 West Thirty-First Street, occupies a boarding-house directly across the street from the Lambs' clubhouse. Mr. Patrick soon found that sleep was simply an expression. The Lambs did not get their work in until about one o'clock, and kept it going until dawn. As a result, Patrick lodged a complaint with the police, and the Lambs were warned to be more orderly. This they promised to do, and the excitement was allayed. But recently they broke out again. On the evening of May 10th, they gave a dinner to John Hare, the English actor. Probably it was a good dinner. At all events, it was a noisy one. It so irritated Mr. Patrick that he applied for a summons, and preferred charges against the governors of the Lambs' Club for disorderly conduct.

As a result, the Shepherd of the club, Clay M. Greene, accompanied by a large number of members, appeared in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, and answered to the charges preferred against them. Among the Lambs who accompanied their Shepherd were Henry Clay Barnabee, the well-known and ancient comedian of the Bostonians; De Wolf Hopper, famous for his recitation of "Casey at the Bat," and who is now at the head of his own company, with Edna Wallace Hopper, formerly of San Francisco, as his prima donna; Ned Townsend, also formerly of San Francisco, the author of "Chimmie Fadden"; Nelson Wheatcroft, Thomas B. Clark, Clarence Collins, Thomas Manning, and L. J. B. Lincoln.

Patrick, the complainant, testified that on the night of May 10th the noise made at the Lambs' dinner could be heard all over the block; that afterward "some one with a loud voice"—at which De Wolf Hopper's face assumed a cavernous grin—auctioned off the seats for the next public gambol at the Broadway Theatre; that the remarks of the gentleman with the loud voice were followed by roars of laughter and applause, and pounding the floor with hiliard-cues. Mr. Patrick could stand it no longer, so he went to the West Thirtieth Street station and complained to Captain Pickett. Two policemen were sent to the club-house, and arrived to the middle of the auction. They succeeded in lessening the noise for a time, but as soon as they left the club it began again.

The Shepherd of the club, Clay M. Greene, was the first witness called for the defense. He testified that the Lambs' Club was composed principally of actors, but that there were in it a number of other professional people, such as authors, actors, sculptors, artists, and bankers. He said that the Lambs held one entertainment every month, and that on May 10th the club gave a dinner in honor of John Hare. He said that there was speech-making and singing, followed by the auction of seats for the yearly gambol. He maintained stoutly that there was no more noise at this gathering than at any other club dinner, and that he had given orders that the hiliard and piano-playing should be stopped every morning at one o'clock. Mr. Greene swore that "no one but gentlemen were members of the club," and further stated that no disorderly persons were allowed to enter it.

Nelson Wheatcroft also testified that the dinner was a very quiet one. He further stated that he was a member of the Lotos Club, and that the dinner in the Lambs' Club to John Hare was not more noisy than the one given by the Lotos Club to Sir Henry Irving. An interesting fact developed by the testimony was that one rule of the Lambs' Club was that "the club should never be closed."

Henry Clay Barnabee, the popular comedian of the Bostonians, was the next witness. Mr. Barnabee impressed the court and spectators favorably by announcing at the beginning of his testimony that he was a married man, and went on to say that he was a frequent visitor to the club, but never heard any discordant noise.

Mr. Barnabee was followed by De Wolf Hopper. He was the gentleman who owned the loud voice which auctioned the seats for the Lambs' gambol. He said the auction sale began about eleven-thirty o'clock. "I didn't talk any louder than I thought was necessary," said Mr. Hopper; "I don't think I was suffering from an overdose of stimulants." Lawyer Hummel asked him whether he had "made any funny remarks while conducting the auction." "I tried to," said Hopper, grinning, "but you know I'm under oath, and will not swear whether they were funny or not." Mr. Hopper went on to say that he did not think anything at the dinner—including his voice—was loud.

Magistrate Simms poured oil upon the troubled waters by asking Mr. Patrick whether he thought that the noises were continuous. Mr. Patrick was forced to admit that they were spasmodic, and broke out only on certain nights. Thereupon the magistrate asked the officers of the Lambs if they would give their word not to disturb their neighbors again. This they promised, and the complaint was dismissed. He warned them, however, that if any further objections were made they would receive harsher treatment from the police.

It is not to be wondered at that the unfortunate neighbors

of the Lambs should have made this protest. During the summer nights in New York—and during the past few weeks we have been having some midsummer weather—it is necessary to have all the windows of the house open, and the result is that the mirth and music of the Lambs permeate through the entire block. Gentlemen with voices like Mr. de Wolf Hopper could talk in one end of the block and be heard with the utmost distinctness at the other. But the neighbors say that they do not object so much to the music as they do to the unseemly hours. They say that after the Lambs have wound up their festivities—which usually is between five and six o'clock A. M.—there is a continued rattle of cab-wheels upon the asphalt pavement and more or less exhilarated members engaged in singing fag-ends of songs and yelling fag-ends of jokes left over from the dregs of the evening. At this particular gambol there was some joke about the "only Trilby," which had so much impressed certain vinous members that they shouted it through the block repeatedly on their way home, thereby awakening the few remaining neighbors who had succeeded in hanging on to balmy sleep.

But inasmuch as the members of the Lambs' Club are nearly all engaged upon the stage, and as their day begins when other men's ends, it is difficult to see their way out of this dilemma. It would seem as if the only solution out of the difficulty would be for the Lambs to go over into New Jersey or down on Long Island, and plant a club-house in the middle of some desert place far from the habitations of man. There they may sing and play the piano, there they may pound upon the floor with hiliard-cues, and there Mr. De Wolf Hopper may waft the midnight mosquito far, far away on the wings of his mighty voice. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1896.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The eleventh National Republican Convention, to assemble at St. Louis on the sixteenth of June, will be a notable gathering. Among the well-known men upon the roll of delegates from Illinois are Dick Oglesby, the last of the war governors, and William Peno Nixon, editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Ex-Secretary Richard Thompson, Secretary of the Navy under Hayes and an intimate friend of Lincoln, and General Lew Wallace, both come from Indiana. On the Iowa delegation is J. S. Clarkson. Maine sends as a delegate Harold M. Sewall, a recent convert to Republicanism; Mr. Sewall is well known in California, having married one of the daughters of the Golden State, Miss Millie Ashe. From Maryland comes General Felix Agnus, editor of the *Baltimore American*. Henry Cahot Lodge is one of the Massachusetts delegation. Michigan's leading delegate is General Russell A. Alger. Chauncey I. Filley, the leading Republican of Missouri, is one of the delegation from that State. Thurston, the "spell-hinder," is at the head of the Nebraska delegation. Among the New York delegates are Warner Miller, Frank Hiscock, Cornelius N. Bliss, and others. Governor Hastings is at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation, and James Elverson, editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is one of Pennsylvania's delegates. Senator Quay, and his bitter foe, Chris Magee, are also on the delegation. The "big four" of the Ohio delegation are Senator-elect Foraker, Governor Bushnell, General Grosvenor, and Mark Hanna, McKioley's friend and manager. Vermont's delegation is headed by Senator Redfield Proctor. South Dakota has Senator Pettigrew. Tennessee has Henry Clay Evans, the man who was elected governor of Tennessee two years ago, and whom the Democrats so shamelessly counted out. From Virginia come General James A. Walker, who succeeded Stonewall Jackson in his command. Senator Teller is the head of the Colorado delegation. Utah sends both her senators. Montana sends Carter and Maotell. Massachusetts sends Lodge, New Jersey Sewell, Maryland Wellington, Vermont Proctor, South Dakota Pettigrew, Iowa Gear, Idaho Duhois, Pennsylvania Quay, Ohio Foraker, and Nebraska Thurston. While many senators have been selected, very few representatives have been sent to the convention. Perhaps the extraordinary performances of the Fifty-Fourth Congress have impelled people to send an able body. John Manley, Tom Reed's manager, will be one of the delegates from Maine. Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, is a delegate. So is Charles Emory Smith, ex-Minister to Russia and editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. Murat Halstead is also a delegate. On the whole, the eleventh National Republican Convention will be one of the most remarkable and representative gatherings ever held in the United States.

In numerous periodicals throughout the United States there have recently been printed a number of advertisements devoted to singing the praises of "the great tonic stimulant VINO-KOLAFRA."

These advertisements are frequently printed as reading matter in the reading columns of daily newspapers, and thereby doubtless impose upon many people the belief that they express the opinion of the papers in which they appear. They frequently are thus printed in papers which ought to be no better business. Whether the use of VINO-KOLAFRA is advisable or not is a question to be settled not by a daily newspaper, but by a physician.

It is the belief of nearly all conservative physicians that there is no stimulant the use of which is not followed by a corresponding depression or reaction. For some years there has been a vast amount of fiction printed about the kola-nut. We have all of us heard the fairy-tales about the Indians who were in the habit of running one hundred miles for days in succession, and sustaining themselves by an occasional hite of a kola-nut. We have never believed these tales, and we think very few physicians believe them. There is no doubt that kola is a stimulant, and that it has some of the qualities claimed for it, but no stimulant has

yet been discovered that is not followed by a reaction. Nearly all stimulants, such as tea, coffee, caffeine, alcohol, and others, act in the same way. They act upon the body as a whip does upon a horse, and impel it to increased effort. They make the heart pump the blood more rapidly throughout the circulatory system. But after the heart has been pumping at an accelerated rate, a period of depression will follow, unless the tissue waste caused thereby is replaced by new tissue, and sometimes even when the tissue waste is replaced. When a stimulant like kola, which contains absolutely no nutritive elements, is taken into the body, the effects must be similar to those of alcohol, and the use of this stimulant must be followed by a reaction.

Professor Lehman, the great German authority on physiological chemistry, says that caffeine is closely allied to kreatin and other tissue poisons, the result of tissue waste; the accumulation of these waste products within the body gives rise to loss of energy, languor, and a lack of ability to work. Beef tea which does not contain the fibre of the meat is also a mere stimulant, and is almost identical with kreatinin, one of the products of tissue waste. A great French surgeon once remarked that beef tea is a veritable solution of ptomaines. The late Dr. Edward Smith proved that tea and coffee stimulate people and impel them to perform greater amounts of work, but that the fatigue experienced after the effort put forth under the influence of these stimulants is always far greater than that induced by the same amount of work performed without the stimulant. Caffein is very closely analogous to kola. It is, as we have before remarked, allied to the tissue poisons resulting from tissue waste. It is like cocaine, opium, cannabis indica, and other drugs—a delusion and a snare. It temporarily removes the sense of weariness or fatigue, but it does not give any greater capacity for work; all it does is to whip the tired body as a cruel driver whips a tired horse on the last hill going home.

We warn people against the use of this VINO-KOLAFRA, or any other preparation made from kola, unless it be taken under the advice of a physician. Even then it should be taken most cautiously. It is bad business fooling with stimulants. There is many a man whose mental and physical ruin can be traced to the seductive advertisements of a patent medicine.

Kola is not coca, but of cocaine many evil tales are told—tales which should warn people against these new stimulants. There is a striking case in the dry records of an Indiana asylum for the insane. It is told of a physician who was called in to cure a young girl of the opium habit. He succeeded in curing her by the use of cocaine, fell in love with her, married her, and, instead of relieving her from the cocaine habit, by which he had hoped to cure her of the opium habit, he joined her in the fatal vice, and both of them to-day are inmates of an asylum for the incurably insouciant.

In the Senate on Monday, June 1st, a lively debate arose over the appropriation for completing the frieze in the rotunda of the Capitol. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, chairman of the Library Committee, offered a resolution making an appropriation for this work. Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, objected, saying: "I have no criticism of the President to express, and yet I see no reason why the representations of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln should be omitted from that frieze while a representation of Cleveland is placed there." Senator Hansbrough explained to the Senate that the picture on the frieze represented President Cleveland touching the electric button which opened the World's Fair. Senator Hansbrough further said that he did not think any senator should allow his "prejudice against the President" to affect him in voting on this matter. Senator Hawley responded that there were greater historical events since the Revolutionary War than the opening of the Chicago Fair. He said that since the revolution there was no greater event in the history of this republic than the War of the Rebellion. He suggested that a representation of Grant and Lee shaking hands at Appomattox would be eminently fitting for the frieze on the Capitol. We most heartily agree. While the War of the Rebellion is over, and its animosities are largely allayed, we can not ignore the fact that such a war occurred. What better subject for the frieze than the famous scene at Appomattox when Lee surrendered to Grant—when the great Northern soldier acted so magnanimously toward the great soldier of the South—when he allowed the Confederate cavalymen to "keep their horses, as they would need them for farming"—such a scene upon the frieze of the Capitol at Washington could stir up no bad blood and would be eminently fitted for such a place. What comparison could there be between a mural painting of a gross figure like Grover Cleveland pressing an electric button, and a painting of two brave soldiers like Grant and Lee, who fought through a four years' war, shaking hands upon an historic battle-field?

The customary return, under the corrupt-practices act, has been published in Great Britain, showing all expenses which were incurred in the Parliamentary election of 1895, and the total expenditure is a third short of the maximum legal total. This has been the case in nearly every election during the twenty-four years since the law was enacted. The expenditure was about two thousand seven hundred dollars for each candidate, and about sixty-six cents for each vote polled. The largest amount permitted in any district does not exceed six thousand dollars, which is a mere trifle compared with what is spent in many American districts. Mr. Lodge made a return in Massachusetts, after the election of 1892, in which he admitted an expenditure of twelve thousand dollars. In only four of the ten American laws are limits placed to expenditures—those of California, Missouri, Minnesota, and Ohio. The chief expenditure in the British returns is for the printing of campaign literature, and it is an interesting fact that, with few exceptions, the candidate spending most for this purpose succeeded in the election.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The Gay City's Vote for the Most Beautiful Woman on the Stage
—Cléo de Mérode Wins, with Sibyl Sanderson Second
and Wanda de Brancza Third.

Last week Paris was supposed to be mainly interested in the municipal elections; an epidemic of colored posters, in various shades of red and yellow, had burst out on every square inch of blank wall, and even the public monuments did not escape contagion. But, in point of fact, its principal interest was excited by a very different matter. The great event of the week was the Beauty Pléhisicite, opened by a daily paper in connection with an exhibition of photos, to decide who was the most beautiful woman on the Parisian stage.

The result of the polling must be extremely gratifying to American readers in general, and those of San Francisco in particular, for your charming townswoman, Sibyl Sanderson, has come out second, scoring the largest number of votes after the famous belle of the *corps de ballet*, Cléo de Mérode. Cléo first, Sibyl second, and Wanda third—Wanda de Brancza, the piquant actress of the Odéon.

It certainly must have been somewhat of a blow to the national pride to find the second best place occupied by a lady who first drew her breath on the shores of the Pacific. And, when people began to consider, they discovered that not one of the three beauties was French other than by adoption. Cléo de Mérode, who has been declared, *vox populi*, the most beautiful woman on the Parisian stage, comes of Belgian stock, and Wanda de Brancza, although born in Paris, has Polish parents. True, all three have made their careers in Paris; but the fact remains, not a drop of French blood flows in the veins of any one of the three. Running through the list of the other candidates, I find several foreigners among those who scored highest. After Cléo, Sibyl, and Wanda, Otero, the notorious, treads close on their heels, and almost immediately after her come Mrs. Julian Story, and then, somewhat lower down, Melba and Calvé, who is more than half a Spaniard.

Truth to tell, the representative Parisian so famous in prose and verse (more especially prose) is not a Frenchwoman. She is a hybrid, a mixture seasoned with the salt of Paris life. Many of those whom Paris has crowned queens of beauty in society, in the theatrical and artist world, and in the *demi-monde*, have been of mixed nationalities or foreigners *pur et simple*. History records the triumphs of Miss Hamilton, Miss Hamond—the lovely Creole—the Misses Beckwiths, the first Duchesse de Morny—a Trouhetzkoï—the Duchesse de Frias, Balfe's daughter, not to mention Eugénie de Montijo, at the court of Napoleon the Third; the two women who for awhile rejoiced in the titles of *les déesses de la 3me république* were Mrs. Mitford, a relative of the Van erbils; Mme. Gauthereau, a Frenchwoman of St. Louis, and Miss Milly Clifford, who had her short hour of popularity as a professional beauty. Cora Pearl will long remain the type of the Parisian courtesan, and more latterly the Boul' Miché chose Sarah Brown from out the ranks of studio models to personify Venus at one of its Feasts of Beauty. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that a Belgian, an American, and a Pole should have divided between them the suffrages of the electors on this occasion.

There is no doubt that you will indorse the verdict of Paris so far as concerns Sibyl Sanderson; you know all about her. You will be curious, however, to learn something of the two other women—of Cléo, who heat her by a length (some seventy-odd votes), and Wanda, who came in third. Let us take the last first, keeping the lovely Cléo for the *bonne bouche*. It seems only yesterday that we were applauding the almost unknown and youthful actress in Coppée's stirring drama, "Pour la Couronne." Rather tall, slim, dark-haired, of brilliant complexion, with features not sufficiently regular to be termed a perfect beauty, yet more than pretty, Wanda de Brancza realizes the type of the sparkling brunette exactly. Her history is summed up in her theatrical career, which commenced in the nursery of tragedians and comedians—the Conservatoire—where she carried off a prize, and this is the first occasion in which she occupies the thousand tongues of notoriety.

Very different has it been with Cléo de Mérode. Scandal has long been busy with her name. Everybody is presumed to be aware that she divides with Emmeline d'Alençon the honor of having attracted the notice of a neighboring monarch, the least faithful of kingly Benedicts, who is more often absent from his dominions than you might suppose, if you placed implicit reliance on the official chronicles. Cléo's service at the opera does not take up too much of her time; she is not one of the leading stars, and besides, arrangements are possible under the most implacable code of regulations. She is to be seen at every dress rehearsal and first night. For a short time she was never seated very far from the blue-eyed critic and poet, Catulle Mendès, but he is one of those who never allows sweets to cloy—and, moreover, there were doubtless other reasons. Be this as it may, the world has ceased to couple their names, though the exquisite oval face, with its almond eyes, Cupid's-horn mouth, and cream-white skin, is always there to act as a loadstone to the glances of the gentlemen in the stalls. Women with dark hair owe Cléo something for having taught us there is as much to be admired in brown as in golden or copper-colored tresses. Hers is the brown that has a warm glint in its ripples. It was she, too, who set the fashion for *bandeaux* and inaugurated the heavy waves falling below the ears—a style which is waggishly denominated *à la ventre affamé*, because an empty stomach hath no ears.

I said Cléo de Mérode was always to be seen at every first representation, but this is not quite correct. There was one function from which she held aloof, and for a whole fortnight the "Tout Paris des Premières" was deprived of the light of her countenance. Her absence on Varnishing Day at the Champs-Élysées, and her short eclipse before and

after that event, were due to the fact that it had been noised abroad she had posed for Falguère's "Dancing Girl." The news made the greatest commotion in the studios, in the clubs, in the very Foyer de la Danse itself, and even in drawing-rooms where fine ladies do not hesitate to discourse on such subjects. Every one was, of course, most eager to test the truth of the report, and on Varnishing Day there was a perfect rush to the garden where the sculpture is exhibited. Anecdotes of Pauline Borghèse and others who are said to have allowed their beauty to be perpetuated in marble passed from mouth to mouth. Even had it been denied, no one could for a moment have doubted whose face the sculptor had intended to portray. The statue has the features of Cléo. But this was not the important point. Had she or had she not posed for the entire figure? *Habités* of the Foyer de la Danse looked knowing and gave their opinions for or against. Some said the limbs were cast in a finer mold, whereas others were as well convinced to the contrary. In the meanwhile the poor girl was furious; a *ballerine* who is accustomed to appear nightly before the public in tights and short petticoats, has her bit of prudery as well as another, and to sit for "the altogether" is a very different matter. She swore, with tears in her eyes, to the reporters, who rushed to interview her, that it was not true; that M. Falguère had asked her to serve him as a model for the head only; and that people were very uncharitable and very unkind. Probably Mlle. de Mérode has dried her eyes by now; her election as Queen of Beauty on the Parisian stage will have given her something more pleasant to think about.

PARIS, May 8, 1896.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lord Lovel.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good-speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries far to see.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she;
"To a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries far to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And the two they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.—Anon.

The Tale of Lord Lovel.

Lord Lovel he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
Wheo down came the heauteous Lady Jaoc
To fair white drapery.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh, where have you been?" said she;
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you oo your head
In the ash-harrel, pardie?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said;
"And so late it can oot be;
The clock struck ooe as I entered—
I heard it two times or three;
It must be the salmo oo which I fed
Has heeo too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovel," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandmamma of the hoary head—
To aoy ooe hut me;
The door is oot used to be opeoed
With a cigarette for a key."—Anon.

"There is no such thing as luck," said the late Colonel North once. "Everybody in this world has chances. Yes, everybody, from the working collier who strikes a seam of coal which was never thought of by the mining engineer, to the colliery proprietor who gets information regarding that seam and resolves to work it. What people call 'luck' simply means that a man sees his chance, holds on to it, and at the right moment works it for himself. 'Luck'? Nonsense! 'Luck' is simply the faculty of seizing passing opportunities."

Herbert Spencer is opposed to the further spread of the metric system. He holds that a better system would be one based on the number twelve.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Christine Nilsson, now the Countess of Casa-Miranda, must be very comfortably off financially. At a sale in Paris a fortnight ago, she bought a painting by Watteau for \$21,400.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, bought an old pilot-boat not long ago, and last week he started to sail in her from New York to Naples. Mr. Crawford is a member of the New York Yacht Club.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has revived an old custom mentioned in Thackeray's novels, that of having a black servant carry her prayer-books to church. The duchess's young Nubian servant is a picturesque sight.

Ambrose Thomas's successor as director of the Paris Conservatoire is M. François Dubois, Saint-Saëns's successor as organist at the Madeleine. He has been professor of harmony at the Conservatoire for twenty-five years. The place was offered to Massenet and to Saint-Saëns, and was declined by both.

Ambrey Beardsley, though his art has been much laughed at, is said to have made an income of twenty thousand dollars a year since he appeared on the horizon, two or three years ago. He was born at Brighton of poor parents, who intended that he should be a musician, and his first pictures were shown when he was twenty years old.

Clara Schumann, whose death was recorded a few days ago, was very fond of her famous husband. It is said that when she was to play any of his music in public, she would read over some of the old love-letters he had written to her during their courtship, in order that, as she said, she "might be better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work."

Miss Fanny Edgar Thomas, who went to Paris entirely unknown about a year ago, has been made an *officier* of the Academy by the French Government, in recognition of her work in musical criticism. Such men as Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Alexandre Guilmant recommended that the distinction be conferred on her. She is the first American woman to be so honored.

An intimate friend of the late Baron Hirsch asserts that his death was due to a violent fit of rage on finding out that he had been cheated in the purchase of an estate. He intended that it should be used after his death as a children's hospital, and spent four hundred thousand dollars on the place without having seen it. Then he discovered that it was in a bog at the confluence of four rivers.

Jacques Lebaudy, brother of the late Max Lehaudy, drove into a crowd in Paris last fall, and a workman, trying to avoid his horse, caught hold of an old gentleman. The latter was so greatly excited thereby that he dropped dead of apoplexy, though he was untouched by either horse or carriage. M. Lebaudy has just been fined twenty dollars, and has been made to pay one thousand dollars to the workman and eight hundred dollars to the old gentleman's widow.

Mrs. Eureka Camille Storey, widow of the Chicago editor, Wilbur F. Storey, died at her home in Chicago on May 21st. A year after her first husband's death, she married Joseph R. Dunlop, who had been a member of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Times* in Mr. Storey's time, and whom she had made managing editor of the paper at his death. The union was an unhappy one, however, and three years ago Mrs. Dunlop obtained a divorce and resumed the name of her first husband.

Samuel Loyd, the inventor of the fifteen puzzle, "Pigs in Clover," and many other puzzles, lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. Besides being a puzzle-maker, he is an artist of some ability, the inventor of several mechanical devices, a clever writer, a profound mathematician, and a fine chess-player. He is probably the foremost formulator of chess-problems in this country; his first prize for a problem was taken when he was but fourteen years old. When the rage over the fifteen puzzle was at its height, Mr. Loyd as a grand juror had to visit an insane asylum, where he saw five men in one ward engaged in making intricate computations with chalk on the walls. In reply to his query as to what they were doing, the doctor in charge explained that they were trying to solve the fifteen puzzle by mathematics. "They are hopeless," he said, "and no fewer than fifteen hundred unfortunates have been driven insane by that puzzle. Its inventor is little better than a murderer." Mr. Loyd did not reveal his identity to the doctor.

The wife of James McNeil Whistler has just died in London. She was the widow of a well-known English architect, and first met the American artist some years ago at his lecture, "Ten o'Clock," a brilliant piece of art criticism from which Mr. Whistler's present reputation dates. One afternoon, about a year after the architect's death, Mr. Whistler and the widow surprised their friends by announcing that they had been married that morning. The marriage was a lucky one for Whistler, inasmuch as he had only recently passed through the bankruptcy court in consequence of the expensive case of Whistler *versus* Ruskin, and his wife brought him a considerable fortune. Mrs. Whistler was a very beautiful woman, and his love for her was very deep. She is the only human being with whom he has been known to refrain from quarreling, and he has never been known to paint, or at any rate to exhibit, her features. It was to her that his *mot* about nature was delivered. She was telling him how, since she had studied his work, nature appeared so much more expressive to her. "Yes," he answered, "nature is creeping up." Whistler has lately been living in Paris, in a fit of pique at the treatment he received in London; but the flippant Parisian paragraphs have poked so much fun at him that it is now said he has bought a house in London and will soon return there.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Book by Sara Jeaoette Duncan.

Those earlier books which made the reputation of Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Coles)—"A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London"—possessed a charm which her full-fledged novels do not own. "His Honor and a Lady" is a very good sketch of English society in Calcutta, enlivened by that rare and excellent thing in woman, a keen sense of humor. Mrs. Coles has a gift for calling up the actual scenes that pass before her, and she has a keen eye for the salient characteristics of a foreign *mise en scène*. But when she elects to write an ordinary love-story, as this is in the main, she becomes commonplace. She can not create. Her characters are mere marionettes, untouched with life. This is particularly true of her men. Ancram is a drawing-room villain considerably worn by use; Richard Doyle is a mere shadow. The women of the story are a shade more successful. Mrs. Daye is not a new creation, but she is sketched with humor and some dash. Her daughter Rhoda, too, lives at moments, but Judith Church has nothing of flesh and blood about her, and she and her history are alike unconvincing.

There are plenty of people to write hackneyed love-tales. We wish Mrs. Coles would leave the field to them, and devote her talents and raciness of style to more enlivening themes.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Gilbert Parker's Latest Book.

In his latest book, Gilbert Parker is, as usual, happy in his title. "The Seats of the Mighty" has a fine resonance that lingers on the ear. In this story, he deals again with that favorite field of his, the history of New France. The epoch chosen is that brilliant period just preceding its conquest by the English, and Wolfe and Montcalm, De Vandrenie and Bigot, pass across the page. Old Quebec is the scene, the story purporting to be the memoirs of one Captain Robert Moray, a Virginia gentleman, who was taken by the French at Fort Necessity, and spent years of captivity at Quebec, first as a hostage on parole, afterwards languishing in dungeons under close watch.

There are adventures and breathless escapes, love and intrigue without stint in the book, for Moray wins the love of Alix Duvarney before the prison doors close on him, and she remains true to him through all the years of his imprisonment and contrives to save him from death more than once. His rival, Doltaire, a natural son of the French king, is a most fascinating villain, little inclined to give the lady up to the captive Englishman. Moray makes his escape at last, and joins in Wolfe's campaign just in time to show the English general the path by which he entered Quebec, and so brought about the end of French power in America. Historical accuracy is never required of the romancer, but even in fiction it seems hardly fair thus to diminish Wolfe's meed of glory.

The interest of the story is keen and the construction ingenious, but it is the spirit of high romance which forms the spell of the book, together with the perfect atmosphere of time and place which is conveyed. This is added to by the illustrations, which consist of scenes in old Quebec, a map of Wolfe's plan of operations against the city being also added.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A New Novel by "J. S. of Dale."

F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale") does not write many novels, a fact which adds to the good quality of those he does produce. "Pirate Gold," his latest work, is steeped in that early-in-the-century atmosphere that he loves, and smacks of the counting-room and of shipping business in Boston in the days when that city was first in commercial importance and had its main street down among the warehouses on India Wharf. It was in the counting-room of one of these that the bag of pirate gold was taken before it lay for thirty years untouched in the vault of the Old Colony Bank, and here Jamie McMurtogh carried little Mercedes when her pirate father put her in his unaccustomed arms. Jamie McMurtogh, the little dried-up Scotch clerk who served three generations of Bowdoin's, is the hero of the tale, and the story is all of his love for Mercedes, a frivolous, shallow creature unworthy of it all. For her he parted with his integrity and took the bag of Spanish doubloons, which all the time was her own, though he only knew it long after. It is a touching story of faithful devotion, told with most delicate art, and the accessories of the tale add to the keen pleasure it gives.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Notable Irish Story.

M. Hamilton has already written one Irish story of some promise, and now comes "Across an Ulster Bog," an admirable piece of work, far in advance of the first. Characteristic Irish scenes and types are painted in it with a sure hand, and show an evident familiarity with the country. There are humorous touches, as becomes an Irish

novel, but the story is not meant for laughter. It is tragic, rather, though it is an every-day tragedy enough that is unfolded. The ruin of a young peasant girl by the minister of the parish is the main incident, and the story has a sinister ending when the brothers of the girl take a terrible revenge on the man who has wronged her. There is genuine power shown in depicting the wretchedness of the disgraced girl, the weak and ignoble nature of her betrayer, and in the final scene where death overtakes him in the bog.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Trumpeter Fred," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., has been issued in a small volume, with illustrations, by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"Typee: A Real Romance of the South Seas," by Herman Melville, with a biographical and critical introduction by Arthur Stedman; "Sunset Pass," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A.; and "A Debt of Honor," by Mahel Collins, have been issued in paper covers by the American Publishers Corporation, New York; price, 50 cents each.

A new edition of "Tartarin of Tarascon," translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, is notable for its reproductions of the illustrations, after wash-color designs by Montégut, Myrha, Picard, and Rossi, which are a feature of the best French edition. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London; imported by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Cold Dishes for Hot Weather" is a pleasant title to come across as summer hurries on, and its contents, consisting of recipes by Ysaguerre and La Marca, will not be a disappointment. The recipes are for the service of food à froid, from *consommé* through fish, meats, poultry, game, and salads to desserts; many of them are new and all are appetizing. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

A timely book is "Cuha and the Cubans," translated by Laura Guiteras from the eighth Spanish edition of Raimundo Cabrera's "Cuha y sus Jueces." The translation has been revised and edited by Louis Edward Levy, who adds to it some useful matter in an appendix. The book is illustrated with portraits and other cheap cuts, and it has a map and an index. Published by the Levy-type Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"The Brownings for the Young" is an admirable little book prepared by Frederic G. Kenyon. It is made up of selections from the poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, chosen with reference to their suitability for young readers, and each poem is preceded by a brief explanatory note, while further explanation is given when needed in foot-notes. The book is an attractive little one of some two hundred pages. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"The Voice and Spiritual Education," by Hiram Corson, LL. D., Professor of English Literature in Cornell, is not intended to impart elocutionary instruction, except incidentally, its main purpose being to emphasize the importance of vocal culture in its relation to literary and general culture. The author has embodied in the little book an article on "Vocal Culture," which he contributed to one of the magazines last June. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

In a volume entitled "Brother and Sister" are published the memoir of his sister Henriette which Ernest Renan printed for private circulation among their friends in 1862 and certain letters that passed between them in the three years from 1842 to 1845. A lively sympathy always existed between Ernest Renan and his sister, and these letters are particularly interesting in view of their revelation of the growth of his character during a most important period in his career. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.25.

"Sophie Jewett" (Ellen Burroughs), one of the younger poets whose name is beginning to appear in the minor magazines, has collected her verses and prints them in a little volume with the title, "The Pilgrim, and Other Poems." The greater number of the contents are lyrics and love-songs, with a few sonnets and rondeaus of more serious import. The last poem in the book, "To-Day's Daughter," was written for the graduating class at Smith College, in 1885. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Robert Urquhart," by Gabriel Setoun, is a novel of Scottish life, with the village school-master as the center of interest. He is not the typical, dried-up school-master of literature, however, but is young and talented, and he knows how to win the prettiest girl in the place in spite of a prejudice she has against pedagogues. It is a pleasantly told story, not without a dramatic touch, but quiet and leisurely on the whole, and with just enough dialect to make one thankful there is no more. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A valuable book is "The History of the Paris Commune of 1871," by Thomas March. It devotes an introductory chapter to a general review

of the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III., and nearly one hundred and fifty pages to the events leading up to and including the communal elections. Then it describes Paris under the Commune in another hundred pages, and the remaining space is taken up with the famous eight days of May. The work is preceded by a list of authorities cited, and an index concludes the volume. Two maps are given—one of Paris and its environments and the other of the city divided into *arrondissements*. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Earth's Enigmas," by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a volume of very good short stories. They are tales of forest life in most instances, and reflect the scenes and incidents of logging-camps. The style is occasionally redundant, but the genuine feeling and imaginative qualities the stories possess give them reality. "Within Sound of the Saws" is one of the most dramatic and telling, but the collection is an even one in merit, and even the stories written for juvenile readers, of which there are several, deserve their place in the volume from their freshness and interest. The design on the cover, an eagle's head as poised for a downward swoop, attracts by its originality. Published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Strange Sad Comedy," by Molly Elliot Seawell, is a sprightly story, neither strange nor sad, written to amuse that vast army of people who seek recreation in reading the lightest of novels. A pretty, coquettish Southern girl, a stalwart young American architect, a hulk-headed English haronet of fortune visiting America, a stiffly correct and very disagreeable English girl, a typical Southern colonel—the pink of old-fashioned chivalry—and a number of lesser characters thread their way through the mazes of a rather uncertain plot, and contrive to give a very fair degree of amusement before the curtain falls on them. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Saco Valley Settlements and Families," by G. T. Ridlon, Sr., is an elaborate history of the towns on the Saco River, Me. The author has spent twenty-five years in its preparation, and the result is a volume of twelve hundred and fifty pages. Beginning with the legends of the White Mountains, where the Saco takes its rise, the book proceeds to retail the colonial and later history of the plantation, with many sketches of the old customs of the country and its fireside tales; and this is followed by some eight hundred pages of family histories. The book is copiously illustrated with portraits and reproductions of photographs. It should be an interesting work for those who come from the Saco Valley. Published by the author, at Portland, Me.

The little volume of "Essays on Nature and Culture," by Hamilton Wright Mabie, will be welcome, among other reasons, for the portrait of the author that serves as a frontispiece, for Mr. Mabie has many admirers, and portraits of him are not common. The essays are thirty in number and range through a wide variety of topics, evidencing wide cultivation on the part of the writer and pregnant with helpful suggestion. Among the essays are to be noted "Education," "The Race Memory," "The Poetic Interpretation," "The Moral Impress," "The Creative Force," "Distinctness of Individuality," "Work and Play," "Work and Beauty," "The Rhythmic Movement," and "The Prophecy of Nature." Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A volume of short stories put together in rather haphazard fashion, containing some of Mrs. Burton Harrison's earlier work, takes the name of the first and longest tale, "A Daughter of the South." There is a child's story or two, an effort at mounting into "swell" society described, and the rest of the book is given up to love-stories, the first one being on the well-worn theme of a Southern girl's surrender to a Yankee colonel. This takes place after the war is over, however, and the story ends in Paris during the brightest days of the Second Empire, giving Mrs. Harrison opportunity for her favorite plan of an American romance with a foreign setting. The stories are gracefully written and fairly pleasing, but unremarkable and of but fleeting interest. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The eight stories contained in "A Mountain Woman," by Elia W. Peattie, are most of them tales of the West, and they are all of good quality. "The Three Johns" and "Jim Lancy's Waterloo" describe the hard lot of farmers and farmers' wives on the Nebraska prairies, with a graphic power of expression which equals some of Hamlin Garland's best work in this direction. "Up the Gulch," is a half-humorous, half-pathetic picture of an unlearned miner, who, having "made his pile," finds there is no room for him in the world outside, and returns to his lonely gulch. The best of all is the touching story called "The Michigan Man." In this, the description of the pine forest, the hold its woodland beauties had over the simple wood-chopper, and the fall of the tree he was so reluctant to destroy, are marked by a rare poetical grace, and a feeling for nature that gives vivid pleasure in the reading. Published by Way & Williams, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

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Author of "Lourdes," "La Déshacé," "Doctor Pascal," etc. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY, 2 vols., 16mo, cloth, \$2.00.

With "Lourdes" M. Zola began a series of three books, dealing with the world and the supernatural. "Rome" forms the second volume of this trilogy, which will conclude with "Paris." All those who have read "Lourdes"—and they are legion—will naturally desire to peruse "Rome," in which the author carries the hero of his former work to the Eternal City, and in a series of graphic pictures portrays the Papal Court of the present day and discusses its policy and its aspirations.

LITERARY NOTES.

Paul Bourget Suing his Publisher.

Paul Bourget is at law with his publisher, M. Lemerre. The cause of the law-suit is M. Lemerre's refusal to let his books be examined. M. Bourget wants to look through them for this reason, as set forth by counsel: He is bound by an agreement to take all his works to M. Lemerre to the end of 1899, but he says that his royalties of eighty centimes a volume have not been paid on editions of "Cosmopolis" sold in the United States for M. Lemerre. When the author was in New York, he discovered on sale there an edition which the publisher had never mentioned. "Cosmopolis" was jointly published by M. Lemerre and the *Figaro*, but it was not the *Figaro* edition that came out in New York, although both editions were evidently set up in the same presses. As counsel said, this gave a start to M. Bourget. On his return to France, he asked for an explanation, and was informed that the New York edition was published there in virtue of an agreement with the *Figaro* to protect the copyright, and at M. Lemerre's expense. The *Figaro* has since said that this consent was not asked. When the demand was made to look into the books, M. Lemerre resented it on the score of personal dignity.

M. Lemerre's lawyer lays great stress upon the fact that his client befriended the poet-ovelist when he had yet his literary spurs to win, accepting from him, to the first instance, a paltry four hundred francs as a partial indemnity for publishing his first volume of poems. So great was Bourget's gratitude at one time that he begged the publisher to complete his cup of happiness by "theatrouing" him, as he did François Coppée. With which request Lemerre laughingly complied.

An Episode in Spelling Reform.

Somebody wrote to the New York *Sun*, not long ago, criticising the spelling of the words "hypotenuse," "catalog," and "Michelangelo," in the examination papers brought out by the New York regents; and the *Sun* declared these spellings to be "detestable," and that they were probably due to a spelling-reform fad of the secretary of the regents, Melvil Dewey.

This paragraph fell under the eye of Whitelaw Reid, and, as one of the regents, he wrote to Mr. Dewey for information. Mr. Dewey replied that in the spelling of "hypotenuse" they had followed Webster, "Standard," and "Century" dictionaries; that the form "Michelangelo" is adopted by the "Century Dictionary"; that "catalog" is given by Murray's great dictionary and the "Standard," but was not adopted in the publications of the regents until it was used by the United States Bureau of Education; and he thinks they would be subject to criticism if they followed older and incorrect spellings.

Thereupon Mr. Reid replies and puts the whole correspondence in the *Tribune*. He says the new dictionaries have not displaced the older authorities, and that even Webster must yield in orthography to Worcester. "Catalog," he says, is properly characterized as a "detestable"; that even if such spellings are a reform, it is none of the business of the board of regents to lead in such a reform, but to follow after "when it has been generally accepted."

A Conjuror's Handmaiden.

Miss F. F. Montresor's books follow fast on each other's heels. The latest one, "False Coio or True?" is a tale of a stage magician who rescues a pretty maid-of-all-work from a life of drudgery and promotes her to the position of his stage medium. His audiences conceive the idea that he is a sort of Svengali to her, that he misuses her and cruelly compels her to his will against her own volition. He trades upon this belief and encourages it for the sake of the advertisement, though he is in reality a kind master, with oathing bad about him but his accent, which is inflicted unrelentingly on the reader to the bitter end. A Scotchman, also endowed with an accent, comes into the story and wins the little heroine's heart, and he waits her to marry him and throw over her benefactor. She has the opportunity to show whether she rigs false or true. The story is interesting enough to be followed with sympathy to the end, and shows a modest little talent which seems in some danger of being overrated.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Of the twenty volumes composing the famous Rougo-Macquet Series, in which M. Zola flagellated in turn every human vice, the Paris publishers have at the present time sold more than two million copies; and many of the translations have in a like way met with very remarkable success. His new book, "Rome," which is published by Macmillan & Co., is reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut*.

Warburton Pike's new book of travels is called "Through the Sub-Arctic Forest." Edward Arnold publishes it.

"The Kipling Birthday Book" will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.,

both in Loodoo and in New York. It will be embellished with beautiful designs by the author's father, J. Lockwood Kipling, representing the signs of the Zodiac.

The table of contents of the June *Century* is as follows:

"Joseph Jefferson as 'Dr. Pangloss,'" after the painting by John S. Sargent, frontispiece; "Sargent and his Painting," by William A. Coffin; "Sir George Tressady"—VIII., by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill; "The Harsbaw Bride," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Impressions of South Africa"—II., by James Bryce, M. P.; "Notes on City Government in St. Louis," by Albert Shaw; "Judith," by William Young; "The Bronco Buster," modeled by Frederic Remington; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (continued), by William M. Sloane; "Sayings and Doings of the Todds," by Viola Roseboro'; "Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," by Joseph B. Bishop; verses by L. Frank Tooker and Melville Upton; and the departments.

The forthcoming volume in the translation of Nietzsche's works, published by the Macmillans, will be "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a book "for all and none," as the author himself states it.

Marion Crawford's new novel, which is to succeed Mrs. Ward's serial in the *Century*, is to be entitled "Corleone," and Don Orsino, the junior of the famous Saracinesca family, is to be the hero.

James Lane Allen has bought back the rights of "John Gray" from his former publishers, and will reissue it, after reconstructing and rewriting the whole, through the Messrs. Macmillan in the autumn.

Stephen Craoe's forthcoming novel, "Dan Emmonds," which was announced for publication in June, will not be ready until the autumn. Edward Arnold will publish immediately, however, a new story by Mr. Crane entitled "George's Mother." It is a tale of "East Side" life in New York, and is said to be unusually realistic. A first edition of two thousand copies is being printed.

Following their series of Twelve English Statesmen, Macmillan & Co. announce a new series called Foreign Statesmen. The first volume will be "Philip Augustus," by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, and the second "Richelieu," by Professor Richard Lodge.

A well-known publisher, the publisher of a magazine as well as of books, is quoted in the *Critic* as saying:

"Serial publication helps a good book and hurts a poor one. It is just this way: if a story is running in a magazine, every one who reads it and likes it is a touter for the book. He tells his friends, and, when the book is published, they buy it on his recommendation. Not only that, but the very people who have read the story in the magazine are the ones that want it in book-form. They have lost numbers of the periodical, and want to read it again. If the story is not a good one, the readers of the magazine in which it is printed warn all of their friends not to read it, and the consequence is that, when the book appears, its enemies are waiting to damn it, not with faint praise, but with loud execration."

A volume of short stories by Henry James is shortly to be published by Macmillan & Co., under the name "Embarrassments." The studies are entitled "The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," and "The Way It Came."

An article on "Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," by Joseph B. Bishop, appears in the June *Century*. St. Louis, where the Republican convention will be held in June, is the subject of a paper by Dr. Albert Shaw, in the same number, who deals with its city government. It is one of a series of papers on the government of American cities.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "The Introduction to Public Finance," by Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California.

Mr. Crockett's next novel is to be called "Lochinvar." The scene is laid in 1685, in the Frisian cities, Leeuwarden and Groningen. These cities were great resorts for Scottish refugees, owing to the prevalence of Calvinistic opinions among their inhabitants. Mr. Crockett's book is written from the Cavalier standpoint. Its serial appearance may be looked for (according to the *Bookman*) in January of next year.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish shortly "The Daughter of a Stoic," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt. It deals with a young woman who finds herself engaged to the wrong person.

The *Critic's* "Lounger" was speaking of "Successward," by the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, to a friend. "Successward," said she, "is that the name of the book? I thought it was 'Looking Backward.'"

James Lane Allen's story, which was published serially at the beginning of the year under the title "Butterflies: A Tale of Nature," will be issued by Macmillan & Co. The title has been changed to "Summer in Arcady," and when it appears in book-form it will embody a number of slight changes. Moreover, it will contain a grave preface.

James Bryce's second paper, giving his "Impressions of South Africa," is printed in the *Century* for June. In this number Professor Sloane deals with the divorce of Josephine, the marriage with Marie Louise, and the birth of the King of Rome.

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The season that the Daly Company have just completed will linger in the mind as a gracious memory, to cheer us on when vaudeville, and farce, and extravaganza once more sweep over us. People who can sit at home and, over their morning cup of coffee, say complacently: "I think I'll go to the theatre next week," or, "I don't think there's anything worth going to see just now," have no idea what a chamber of horrors the play-house becomes to those who have to sit through extravaganzas at which their gorge rises, to listen to comic operas that would make an intelligent dog howl, to give ear to the avalanche of farce-comedies and burlesques that Hoyt and "Charlie's Aunt" have brought upon a suffering world.

To those players who come to us as real players, acting real plays, regarding their art seriously as an art, we feel a deep, sincere gratitude which the critics of cities not outside the general theatrical circuits do not perhaps experience. The novel sensation of artistic satisfaction has upset the calm balance that the critical mind is supposed to maintain. Mr. Daly has given to us so much true pleasure, in a place dark with the memories of many hours of boredom, that every play he produces seems touched with a magic glamour.

We know that he has broken through tradition in arranging "Who is Sylvia" for "Twelfth Night." But what does it matter if "Fair Olivia" is a lovely serenade, and the scene in the tangled garden, silvery and silent in the brooding moonlight, with the young chatelaine bending from her balcony to look love at the sleeping page beneath, is a tableau beautiful as a dream picture? The duke among the dancing-girls and lute-players finds in the dying fall of "Bid Me Discourse," a solace for his heart sorrows. Even the Fool's song, "that old and antique song we heard last night," is not what Feste sings at Orsino's request. "Journeys end in lovers meeting, as every wise man's son doth know," is sung by the roisterers in Olivia's castle. Feste's song is the sad and plaintive "Come away, come away, Death," and has none of the reckless *jolie de vivre* which marks "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?"

But in this "Twelfth Night" there is only one point of focus for eyes, and ears, and attention—the Viola. What a singular person it would be who could not grow enthusiastic over this Viola! Even in the cold pages of the book, the character is instinct with a peculiar, poetic charm. The attraction of it triumphs through print and floats out like an essence from between the narrow lines of type. Many people prefer to take their Viola as they find her in the leaves of Shakespeare. They build up a picture in their minds, and they are afraid that the lovely vision will be dispelled by her presentment in flesh and blood. But let none of them fear to see this Viola. Their ideal will live before them—warmer, fairer, sweeter, more human than the creature of their dreams.

Viola is a character which may be portrayed so unobtrusively as to become subjective. Its development into perfect vitality is not essential to the play. It is one of those women characters in Shakespeare that may be simply recited, as Rose Coghlan recites it, without material injury to the progress of the drama, and it may be acted with temperamental sympathy, as Julia Marlowe acts it, without yet reaching the regnant position in the play that Shakespeare designed it to take. Recited, it becomes merely a passively picturesque figure from whose lips pearls of speech fall softly. Wheo, however, it is really personified, it is capable of development into a bounteous and superb fullness of life, into a rich and conquering reality. There are points in the story which this convincing art can make probable—such as Olivia's infatuation—but which, without great art, can always be regarded as entrancing fantasies that verge on the gracefully burlesque. Here is where the real actress shows her power. Is her Viola merely a softly tender being of illusive charm, for a moment withheld in our work-a-day world from the realms of poesy and dreams, or is she a woman, pulsating with life, lovable, alive, impassioned, poetic, as real women are poetic?

Miss Rehan is the only actress we have ever seen who gives the character this vitality. Her Viola is real—the woman as Shakespeare meant her to be, the central figure of a story rich with the full-blooded fun of the great middle-age. All the indescribable witchery of a girl—humorous, generous, and impulsive—is there, blent with the wistful pensiveness that death, and sorrow, and unspoken love have cast over her radiant spirit. The chief, that all the misfortune in the world can

not kill in her, huddles out in the flash of her dancing eyes, in the laughter that trembles for a moment on her lips, in the comment, irresistibly witty, that the humor of the situation forces from her. Happy, safe from care, sure of the love of her duke, she will be as winning, and gay, and splendid a creature as Rosalind, not quite so brave, perhaps, or so adventurous. She has not got the martial spirit that Rosalind inherited from her father, the outlawed duke.

The enactment of the scene where Olivia is first captivated was a revelation as to what that scene was meant to be. Few Violas permit themselves to take this situation seriously. We in the audience are supposed to look upon it as an absurdly enchanting piece of pretty foolery, in which an actress recites beautiful lines with musical inflections, and figures about in her page's dress with attractive coquetry. The fact that the handsome page delivered his message with so heguling an intermixture of flattery and boldness that the heart of the haughty chatelaine was taken by assault, is treated with a sort of humorous indulgence, as a traditional fiction that we all wink at. Miss Rehan forced the scene back to its original position, and, under our unaccustomed eyes, portrayed the whimsical assurance of the page with so dashing and brave an air that Olivia's startled admiration, warming into a stronger feeling, was natural, possible, probable.

It is part of the power of a great artist to make that convincing and real, which, on the reading, has seemed to us impossible, or, at least, unnatural. In the reading of "The School for Scandal," the character of Lady Teazle has appeared as inconsistent, as an unreal personality, all run to dialogue. Sheridan was under the influence of the dramatists of the Restoration, indeed part of "The School for Scandal" is almost lifted bodily from "The Plaid Dealer." The art that he followed and that he aped was the art of smart speech. Truth was sacrificed to an epigram on every side—truth of character, truth of situation, truth of nature. He pictured his society, painting it from the outside, as he knew it, admirably. He drew the men of it with a gay, free hand, but the women—especially the women who had characters to be lost and souls to be saved—was not so sure of, and his touch in their portraiture was uncertain.

Through the first part of the play, Lady Teazle rustles with the wide sweep of her brocades, is smiling possession of the scene. She has the middle of the stage, and the plums of the dialogue are hers. The touch of the author was sure here, and the lady of quality, in all the scintillant splendor of trailing silks and laces and the pink and white artificiality of her rouged and powdered beauty, walks with a confident step and speaks as one having authority. It was toward the end of the piece that the country girl, translated to the life of a city, slipped beyond the control of Sheridan's pen. The conception of a brilliant, frivolous, yet harmless and ignorant young woman, whose country training had left her unsuspecting of the pitfalls set for just such wayward game as she, is upset by the poise she assumes and the remarks she makes to Joseph Surface in the screen scene. Sheridan sacrificed his heroine for his dialogue. The consistency of the portrait was lost, and we find the simple and light-hearted wife of Sir Peter showing a subtlety of argument and a neatness of phrase that would have done credit to as seasoned a subject as the heroine of "The Plain Dealer."

Mr. Daly has cut some of these unpleasant witticisms, and has thus given a fairer field to Miss Rehan in her treatment of this character of brilliant incongruities. The air of charming, whimsical irresponsibility that distinguishes her in the earlier scenes is triumphantly carried into the conversation with Joseph. It is a *tour de force* of dramatic art. Sheridan's heroine is made to conquer Sheridan's own inconsistencies. With daring power, Miss Rehan maintains her attitude of elegant folly and caprice where her author designed for her an attitude of hard recklessness and knowing defiance. The open and somewhat silly amusement and frivolous gayety which mark her countenance do not quite leave it till she rises with slow hauteur and puts her famous query—"Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument?"

It is really in the earlier scenes that Lady Teazle is such a great part. Her author was captivated by her himself, and he made her as charming a creature—with all her little spoiled petulanties, her childish extravagances, her caprices of a woman of fashion, her coaxing coquetties, and her enchanting willfulness—as there was in London town. And here Miss Rehan is incomparable. A more brilliant, dazzling figure than that of this young wife of an old baronet can not well be imagined. She has all the regal airs and graces of a princess, and all the pretty wiles and cajoleries of a spoiled child. Even while she is quarreling with Sir Peter, she is such a captivating creature that one does not wonder he should still be as completely under her dominion as he was in the days of their courtship.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Ziska Institute.

The Class of '96 of Ziska Institute held its commencement exercises on Friday evening, May 29th, at the institute, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. Miss Alice Cohen and Miss Stella Schwabacher were the graduates. Many friends of the young ladies were present and enjoyed the presentation of an interesting musical and literary programme, in which the participants were as follows:

Miss Langdon, Miss Kowalsky, Miss Mabel Bowman, Miss Russell, Miss Fox, Miss Delphine Lieber, Miss Winans, Miss Tungate, Miss Cohen, Miss Schwabacher, Miss Greenbaum, Miss McDonald, Miss Millie Heilner, Miss Gladys Myers, Miss Blanche Sternheim, Miss Alice Lewis, and Miss Edna Lewis.

The Art Association.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association closed last Sunday afternoon, when an organ recital was given by Mr. Otto Fleissner. The programme was as follows:

Grand offertory, op. 35, No. 4, Wely; introduction to "Lohengrin," Whitney-Wagner; toccata in D, Dubois; serenade, Braza; overture, "La Muette de Portici," Aubert; a Sabbath reverie, Thayer; communion in E flat, Batiste; bourrée in A minor, Clark; triumphal march, Guilmant.

Mr. William H. Keith, the haritone, left last Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe to fill a number of engagements in England and Germany.

Apropos of the discovery in Dr. Jameson's trunk of the secret cipher used by the Uitlanders, James Payo says that the only thoroughly undecipherable cipher is also the simplest. It consists of two duplicate hooks—any hooks; one in the hands of the transmitter of the cipher, and one in those of the recipient. The first letter in the first page is taken for "a," the first letter in the second for "b," and so on till the end of the message is reached; suppose it to consist of twenty-four words, twenty-four pages of the book will thus have been used; for the next message the first letter of the twenty-fifth page will be used for "a," the first letter in the twenty-sixth for "b," and so on. Even the possession of one of these books would not help the would-be decipherer, unless he suspected some virtue in it, but without the book the cipher would remain absolutely inscrutable.

The great wheel copied from Chicago, and now at the Colonial Exhibition in London, stuck with sixty imprisoned passengers all through a cold, foggy night not long ago. The only morning paper having the news was the *Telegraph*, which said that at an hour past midnight the wheel was still stuck. It will hardly be credited in America, but at one o'clock the next afternoon, the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Westminster Gazette* appeared, quoting the *Telegraph's* account, without a single added word. The wheel is within four miles of their offices and connected by telephone, yet it occurred to no one in either office during the whole forenoon to inquire whether it had been set in motion again or not!

Russian hens laid 11,000,000 eggs for export in 1870, 235,000,000 in 1885, and 1,250,000,000 last year. The eggs are sold in Russia at from six to ten cents a dozen. They are exported to Hungary, then sold to Germany as Hungarian eggs, and finally to England as German eggs. Over what is done with these much traveled eggs by the English consumer, it is best to draw the veil of oblivion.

He—"I would kiss you if I thought you would see me." She—"Shall I close my eyes?"—Woonsocket Reporter.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Return of the Frawley Company.

The Frawley Company was welcomed at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night with an overflowing house, and large audiences have been the rule throughout the week. "The Two Escutcheons" is a light comedy adapted from the German, of the kind that Augustus Daly has made familiar.

Next Monday they will have a play more to their liking. It is "Brother John," which Miss Martha Morton wrote for W. H. Crane. Its humor is of a broader kind, dealing with the experiences of a quiet Connecticut family who, having acquired riches, are hitted with the lust for social conquest, and, to further their ambition, take a cottage at Long Branch. In the first act they involve themselves in such a series of complications that three more acts are required to extricate them and restore them to their simple New England home.

Several members of the company who were not in "The Two Escutcheons" will appear in "Brother John," the cast of which is as follows:

John Hackett, Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle; Bobby Hackett, Mr. William Maitland; Henry de Rayter, Mr. Daniel Frawley; Edward Kidd, Mr. George W. Leslie; Mr. von Sprague, Mr. Wilson Enos; Captain von Sprague, Mr. Tyrone Power; Wolf Hopkins, Mr. Harry Carson Clarke; Beck Hackett, Miss Phoebe McAllister; Sophia Hackett, Miss Blanche Bates; Hetty N. Rolan, Miss Margaret Craven; Maggie Rolan, Miss Hope Ross; Mrs. von Sprague, Mrs. F. M. Bates; Helen, Miss Lansing Rowan; Maria, Miss Gertrude Elliott.

Nat Goodwin in "In Mizoura."

The Daly season at the Baldwin comes to an end with the two performances of "The Taming of the Shrew" this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. It has been one of the most successful in the history of the house, all departments of the auditorium being full every night. Just which of the plays presented was the most popular can only be stated at present, but "The School for Scandal" is a promising candidate for first place.

Nat Goodwin follows the Daly people on Monday night. He is on his way to Australia, but he will stay with us long enough to present several of his comedies. "In Mizoura," which is announced for the first week, commencing June 8th, is one of the best-liked plays he has ever been seen in. It is from the pen of Augustus Thomas, who is one of the foremost American playwrights, and while it is not an example of the barn-yard drama, it pictures rural life graphically and at the same time entertainingly. Blanche Walsh is the leading member of Mr. Goodwin's supporting company, which includes twenty-two persons.

"A Gilded Fool" and other plays will be given during Mr. Goodwin's second week.

First Production Here of "Lorraine."

Audra's popular opera, "Olivette," is being well received by the Tivoli audiences, but it will be withdrawn after Sunday night, and on Monday the first performance in this city of Dellinger's romantic opera, "Lorraine," will be given. It was a great success in Austria and Germany, but, up to the present, it has been given in English only by the McCaull Company in New York.

The story deals with a young soldier, brought up in ignorance of his parentage by a French peasant, who goes to the court of Louis the Fourteenth, and there not only discovers that he is of noble birth, but finds a bride in the beautiful daughter of an old courtier. There is a pretty, romantic interest running through the story, and many of the situations are very amusing. The music, too, is said to be taking, especially in the military numbers.

Marie Millard will make her debut at the Tivoli to the rôle of the heroine; Martin Pache will be the young soldier, Lorraine; Ferris Hartman will be his eccentric father-in-law that is to be; and the remaining characters will be taken by Louise Royce, who has been away for some time, Raffael, W. H. Tooker, W. H. West, Irene Mull, Aona Schnabel, and others.

The Stock-Company Season at the California.

The California Theatre will remain closed for another week, and then the stock-company season will begin with the presentation of R. C. Cartoo's play, "The Home Secretary," on June 15th. Mr. Cartoo is best known here as the author of "Liberty Hall," but "The Home Secretary" is a much more serious work, dealing with love and politics. The secretary is a man who has degenerated from a statesman to a politician, and who neglects his wife, while she is pursued by a man who is in reality a dynamiter for whom the government detectives are searching.

The company will have a notable one, including Herbert Kelcey, J. T. Sullivan, William Beach, L. R. Stockwell, Hugo Toland, Effie Shannon, Winona Shannon, Olive Oliver, Lizzie Hudson Collier, and others of less note.

Bernhardt on the Drama in America.

Sarah Bernhardt, being interviewed on the state of the drama in America, prefaces her remarks with the statement that "the drama in America does not exist." Then she goes on to say:

"The home-grown drama, the national drama, does not exist. Preference is given to French plays adapted à la diable by stars, to suit their ability, their voice, their power. La Tosca is married to Mario; it is more moral

thus. She dances as she places the candlesticks on either side of the dead man's head; it is merrier thus. 'Carmen' transformed into a comedy-drama is beyond recognition. Its great success is due to the mimicry of the artists; the art of loving in public could not be carried further. A drama being played in New York, called 'The Heart of Maryland,' is really a very great and popular success, but the *clou* of emotion, the anxiety, resides in: 'Will she fall? or, Won't she fall?' A woman wants to save her lover who has been sentenced to death; the death-signal is the first *clou*, or, rather, it is the ringing of a bell. 'Ah!' she exclaims, 'the hell shall not ring!' The curtain falls; then rises. The scene represents the tower, at the top of which is the hell. The woman winds her way up, turning round and round, the audience is gasping for breath. She reaches the top. An enormous bell—a real bell, in real bronze—is set in motion; the heroine grasps the clapper, and the bell swings swiftly to and fro in the air with the heroic woman hanging on to the clapper. It is terrifying. Will she fall? Won't she fall? Such is the drama in America at the present time. But I am convinced that within ten years America will have one of the finest theatres in the world, in which there will be excellent artists and in which excellent plays will be performed. There are already several artists of note, such as Netherole, who plays Carmen as if she were mad and hysterical, but who, in the midst of the sensual and unseemly exaggeration of her mimicry, communicates an impression of grief and truth. There is Julia Marlowe—chaste, graceful, sincere, in Shakespeare's characters. There is MacDowell, who is execrable because he is not trained, but who, with his physique and voice, might have been a remarkable artist with a little instruction and taste. Ah! taste is what lacks the most on the American stage."

It will be observed that Mme. Bernhardt has no love for Fanny Davenport, as is evident from her remarks about "La Tosca" and Mr. MacDowell's lack of training.

Notes.

Loie Fuller, the famous skirt-dancer, will be at the Baldwin during Fourth-of-July week.

Modjeska's health is notably recovered, and she is studying new parts for her tour next season.

Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies will be in the cast of "Humanity" when it comes to the Columbia this fall.

De Mille and Belasco's play, "The Charity Ball," will follow "Brother John" at the Columbia Theatre.

Two London successes that will doubtless be brought to this country next year are "The Geisha," a Japanese play, and "The Chile Widow."

"Triby," by the Palmer Company, now in Australia, will be one of the productions at the Columbia Theatre to follow the Frawley Company.

John Drew will be at the Baldwin for only one week in the latter part of this month, but he will present his complete repertoire in that brief period.

Tyrone Power is a dramatist as well as an actor. He is the author of "The Texan," which was produced at the Princess Theatre in London two years ago.

"In Mizoura" is to be sent out on a tour of the country next season. Who is to take Nat Goodwin's rôle of the sheriff has not yet been decided.

"The Gay Parisians," under Charles Frohman's management, is going to Chicago for a season of three months, and thence comes direct to San Francisco.

When "Chimmie Fadden" comes to the Columbia Theatre, the cast will include all of the original members that have appeared for some time past in New York city.

Jean de Reszke is said to have thrown the entire opera season at Covent Garden temporarily out of joint by slipping on a cake of soap in his bath-tub and spraining his leg.

Stanley Weymoe's romance, "Under the Red Robe," is being dramatized for John Drew by Edward Rose, who made the stage version of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

During the stock-company season at the California Theatre, the highest prices for seats at the evening performances will be seventy-five cents, and at the matinées, fifty cents.

Sihyl Sanderson has left Paris, where she has been working hard for several months, for a rest of some weeks at Lake Como. No definite announcement has yet been made of her marriage to Antonio Terry.

Maggie Cline, famous for her "Trow him dowa, McClosky," is to have the titular rôle in Hopkinson Smith's dramatization of his story, "Tom Grogan." "Tom," he it understood, is the widow of a small contractor who assumes her husband's name at his demise in order to carry out his contracts.

Olive Oliver, who is to be a member of the stock company at the California, week after next, is a California girl, and, in addition to her fame as an actress, is considered one of the best sword-women in the country. She took her first lessons from Professor Tronchet in this city.

Margaret Craven has been tendered a benefit by her many friends here, and it is to take place at the Auditorium, on Jones and Eddy Streets, next Friday evening, June 12th. The play will be "Frou-Frou," with Miss Craven in the leading part, and the supporting company will comprise both professionals and a few noted amateurs. Miss Craven has generously donated one-fifth of the gross re-

ceipts to the Teachers' Pension Fund, and six hundred tickets have already been subscribed by the teachers of the city.

Dorothy Morton, a sprightly young actress who attracted some attention by her sprightliness and *chic* when she was here with "The Fencing-Master," something more than a year ago, has just secured a divorce from her husband on statutory grounds in New York. Her name in private life is Lizzie McCarty Rowe.

Mr. Frawley gave the audience at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night a pleasant surprise when he had engaged Wilton Lackaye to be a member of his company. Mr. Lackaye will make his first appearance here this season in "The Social Trust," the new play, written by Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell, which Mr. Frawley is to produce in the near future.

We are in receipt of a copy of the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, dated May 23d, in which we find the following paragraph marked:

"In regard to a rumor current, Mr. Hayman states that neither he personally nor Al Hayman and Company, the managers of the Baldwin and California Theatres in San Francisco, are interested in any way in the stock company now being formed by L. R. Stockwell and company for the season in San Francisco. Mr. Hayman further states that as yet no contract has been signed by Al Hayman and Company with Mr. Stockwell for the seven weeks' season at the California Theatre."

One often notices curious coincidences in names. Charles Dickens used to take his novel names from sign-boards. Julian Hawthorne says he takes his from old volumes of the State Trials. A curious coincidence in names is to be noticed in a dispatch from Crawfordsville, Ind., dated June 3d, which chronicles the sudden disappearance of a young girl named "Katie Mayhew." This name is identical with that of a pretty soubrette actress, familiar on the stage of California some eighteen years ago, and once the wife of Harry Widmer, the orchestra leader. The name "Mayhew" is a most unusual one. It is odd that both the family name and the other should be identical.

Tales are being told of Mme. Nordica's pride in the diamond tiara given her recently by her New York admirers. One, found in the *Evening Sun*, relates that, at Manchester, a hall was given in honor of the singers at the musical festival. Mme. Nordica, in full-diamond regalia, sat in her dressing-room closely guarded by two maids and a combination lock. One of the other singers happened to look in for a moment, and Mme. Nordica, as she passed her hand lovingly over the seventeen diamonds in the front row, exclaimed: "I hope this concert will finish early. You know they are giving us a hall to-night." "Indeed?" remarked the other songstress; "why, I understood that this hall was given for all the artists, and not merely for you and the tiara."

The *Bookman* reprints this passage from the *verbatim* stenographic report of a lecture delivered in the Department of English Literature at Harvard University on March 1st, the professor's subject being the poetry of Edmund Spenser:

"Personally I do not like Spenser, and Milton is to me excessively unpleasant; Milton is trying to be a Puritan and an artist at the same time, and the two things do not and can not coincide. A conscious moral purpose ruins any effort for artistic effect."

"To my thinking 'Comus' isn't in it with the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' A fellow like Milton, that has holed me with 'Paradise Lost' and 'Samson Agonistes,' I have absolutely no use for. When I read Milton, as I have to, I read him for study, not for enjoyment. I feel that Milton is rhetoric, just as Spenser is rhetoric. Take 'L'Allegro,' 'Comus,' etc.; these are rhetoric—jolly good rhetoric some parts of them. I should guess that 'Lycidas' and some few of Milton's sonnets were some of the most spontaneous things he ever did. He certainly wasn't spontaneous in 'Samson Agonistes,' although he spoke out with a certain resonant hang. No one can be spontaneous who constructs a Greek tragedy on the plan of a Hebrew story."

At last a bicycle dog has been—well, developed. It is a well-known fact that any dog of the ordinary breeds will either be left behind by the confirmed bicyclist or killed by exhaustion. But an English breeder has discovered that by interbreeding specimens of two particular sorts of dog he can obtain a creature of strong constitution, able to travel fast, and to stay almost any distance. For nearly three years he has been experimenting, and during that time some of his creations have been very strange beasts.

The present meeting of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the Ingleside track is the most notable ever held in the West. The races begin at two o'clock every afternoon, except Sunday, and there are always at least five events. The entries, too, are remarkable. Both the Southern Pacific trains from Third and Townsend Streets and the Mission Street electric cars go direct to the track.

She—"Why is it that some men are so calm and cool when they propose?" "Probably they are not expecting to be accepted."—*Life*.

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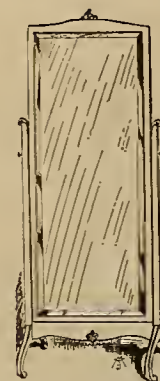
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VANITY FAIR.

The craze for athletics among women has created a demand among "professional complexion beautifiers" for an artificial athletic complexion, and the demand has created a supply. Just how it is applied was explained to a New York *Sun* reporter by an employee in a complexion shop. She told of a swell young woman who is reputed to have the loveliest pink and tan complexion of any girl in town. She rides a wheel, plays golf, rows well, and is quite an expert at tennis. She went into athletics for the express purpose of benefiting her complexion, but do what she would, no exercise brought any color to her cheeks. "I've come here," she explained, "to see if you can fix me up a real athletic glow." The people in the shop began by steaming this young woman's face once every week for fifteen minutes at a time, to cleanse it thoroughly; but before doing this they applied a liberal coating of almond cream, to prevent the steam hurting the skin. After steaming her face, they massaged it thoroughly, again using almond cream, and then touched it up all over with coconut balm of a brunette shade. Water does not take this preparation off. Finally they put a little extract of Turkish rose-leaves on a tiny sponge that had been moistened, and rubbed her brown cheeks until they had that glow that comes to most women with a thirty-mile spin in the country on a crisp, bracing day. When the girl looked at herself in the glass, she danced up and down, and said: "I've got it! I've got it! It's more stunning than the genuine summer girl's complexion!" The attendants all got around her and laughed; but finally she stopped her antics, and asked, in an alarmed voice: "But won't perspiration take it off?" "No," they said to her; "and more than that, you can wash your face gently with warm or cold water, and it will make no impression."

The Wheel Club, of London, has just organized, with a membership of two thousand men and women. It has taken a lease of a spacious house and grounds in South Kensington. There are conservatories, cycle-houses, stabling for five horses, a convenient riding-school, and a cycling track overshadowed by lime and chestnut trees, which will afford a pleasant shelter from the sun in summer, and six instructors are engaged to teach novices. Within the house are bath-rooms, and the kitchens will supply breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and teas at reasonable rates.

A man who has been living among the natives on the west coast of Japan is advocating the abolition of clothes. All summer long he "moved in the best society the place affords," clad only in a *fundoshi*, a garment which it were base flattery to call a sash. So garmented, he was both perpetually dressed and undressed, always ready for dinner, or for a stroll on the beach, or for a swim, or to go to bed, or to get up. The amount of time saved is remarkable. In a year it amounts to over two months. "Think," he exclaims, "how often we in America lie abed too long because dressing is such a bore! If we were already dressed, we should arise and go about our business. But dressing deters us—getting into clothes and arranging them about us in accordance with the unreasoning demands of the public until we stand concealed in worrying 'tubes of cloth.' We disturb ourselves too much also when we go to bed. After an evening in our restricting garments, we are naturally much in need of repose, so we start off for bed, thinking how sweet will be the sleep that is upon us. But we are in clothes which must be removed, and the removing awakens us so thoroughly that the sleep we might have had is banished for an hour longer."

Some interesting revelations regarding the methods of French dressmakers are being made in the Paris courts just now. Liane de Pougy is being sued by her *couturier* for thirty-two thousand francs for gowns which she ordered a few months ago for her Russian trip. La Belle Otero had visited the land of the Czar a few weeks before, and Liane, determined to outshine her in the eyes of the Muscovites, simply gave her dressmaker *carte blanche*. The gowns were satisfactory, but the bill was not. It called for thirty-two thousand francs, and Liane said the dresses were worth only fifteen thousand francs, but, as she was nothing if not generous, she would let him have sixteen thousand as payment in full. Then the suit was brought, and Félix was called as an expert. These suits are not at all uncommon in Paris, and either Doucet, Worth, or Félix is always called to appraise values. His duty it is to examine the dressmaker's books to learn the amount expended for materials, and to pass on the quality of the workmanship. If the latter be satisfactory, he fixes the amount of the bill by adding sixty per cent. to the cost of materials—thirty-five per cent. for the making, fourteen per cent. for fixed expenses of rent, light, book-keeping, and so on, and eleven per cent. for profit. This profit may seem considerable, but it really is not so much when one takes into account the long time allowed for the payment of bills, the way some of them are saved down—an actress in vogue or a noted beauty

knows her importance as an advertisement to the tradesman, and they are sometimes guilty of sharp practices that would shame a Shylock—and the fact that some customers do not pay at all.

Discussing Chicago's claims to being the centre and source of culture in the United States, the New York *World* recalls the fact that, at the opening of the Columbian Exposition, President Higinbotham appeared at breakfast in a dress-suit, and remarks that "since then it has been easier to accept the social supremacy of Chicago than to argue the question." To this the Chicago *Times-Herald*, after explaining that the breakfast was given by the mayor of Chicago to the Infanta Eulalia, makes reply:

"Mr. Higinbotham was bound to wear the dress deemed 'full-dress' by conventional usage. An army or navy officer invited would have been under obligation to wear the full-dress of his rank. If foreign diplomats were invited, they would have been under obligation to wear the full court-dress of their respective countries. If the Prince of Wales had been invited, he would have been under obligation to appear in the highest court-dress. If the president of the French Republic had been there, he would have appeared in the full-dress of a civilian—that is, the dress worn by President Higinbotham, plus the ribbon of the Legion and such decorations as he was entitled to display. To breakfast, dine, or sup with royalty is a first-class social function, and calls for full-dress. It is only *parvenus* that assume civilian full-dress must never be worn except at or after dinner. The President of the French Republic was in full civilian dress when he opened the French exposition at two o'clock in the afternoon, May 6, 1889. Any gentleman who is invited to the Pope's mass at six in the morning must wear the same dress that President Carnot wore opening the universal exposition, and that President Higinbotham wore to the Infanta Eulalia breakfast."

On the Continent of Europe there is but one form of full-dress for the civilian class, to which Mr. Higinbotham belongs, and that is the swallow-tail coat and its concomitants—what we call "evening-dress." But in England, and in the United States, according to the views of the ultra-fashionable, who take their fashions from England, there are two forms of full-dress for the civilian—evening-dress, to be worn after candle-light, and the afternoon costume of which the frock-coat is the distinguishing feature. The advice of St. Ambrose, of Milan, "when you go to Rome, do as Rome does," still holds good; and while "any gentleman who is invited to the Pope's mass at six in the morning must wear" evening-dress because it is the Continental custom, President Higinbotham should have remembered that he was in the United States and observed the customs of the country. That is, if he knew them.

One of the paragraphers has ascribed a new fad to that strange chimera of the newspaper world, the "society girl." It is nothing less than slack-rope walking. This, of course, is practiced only in the privacy of her gymnasium, and its purpose is to develop grace. The incessant balancing which the feat requires undoubtedly calls into play more muscles than any other form of exercise, and the suppleness that would come with proficiency in it would give grace to a woman as awkward as a yearling calf. But we doubt if many women's love for beauty would survive the first falls. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*, but not to the extent slack-rope walking entails.

The court chamberlain, or whoever the functionary is who determines who are and who are not eligible for presentation at the Court of St. James, was placed in a rather uncomfortable dilemma at the last drawing-room, and that by no less a person than the beautiful Countess of Warwick, formerly Lady Brooke. All she did was to attend the drawing-room beautifully dressed in an ivory satin gown. The difficulty lay in the fact that there is an unwritten law that no one "in business"—that is to say, having a direct personal interest in a shop—is eligible for presentation, and Lady Warwick, whose connection with the noble army of shop-keepers has long been an open secret, has recently adorned the front of her Bond Street shop with a sign bearing in golden letters on a white ground, the legend, "The Countess of Warwick." The fair countess was not excluded from the drawing-room, however, and the many women of position who have similar connections with millinery, dressmaking, and other shops are consequently elated.

The *vernissage*, or varnishing-day, at the Paris salons is no longer the fashionable function it used to be. Formerly the leaders of society and the lights of the political, financial, literary, and artistic worlds who constitute "Tout Paris" were invariably to be seen there. But this year all is changed. A rabble of undistinguished people, like so many flocks of sheep, poured through the gardens and the salons of the Palais de l'Industrie from noon till six o'clock (writes a correspondent of the *Bazar*); the place was hot, the air was stifling, and the celebrities were conspicuous by their absence. Even the gay little breakfasts at Le Doyen's are coming to be traditions of the past. The Paris papers the next day still made their same little stale jokes about the traditional salmon with *sauce verte*; but the *Figaro* had a new little joke, to the effect that the artists, since they had adopted the fashion of cutting their hair, wanted to show to the world that they possessed a place of abode, and toward noon went back home. The

Figaro drew an amusing picture of what was once a fashionable varnishing-day breakfast-place, as it is now, filled with respectable provincials come to town for the day, and all looking at one another with the greatest possible respect, each one taking the other for a great man. The waiters keep up the illusion as far as possible. Some one asks: "Who is that little dark man with a pointed beard?" "It's Bouguereau," they answer. "And that little old man, with gray hair, at the table opposite?" "That's M. Bonnat"—M. Bouguereau and M. Bonnat being respectively as unlike these descriptions as possible, it is needless to add. The *Figaro* also added that the women made as little toilet this year as though by common accord they had adopted for password, "Look out for the paint."

There is a great rage for personal trinkets among Eastern women just now, according to *Vogue*. Very young women, it says, affect gold and silver purses swinging from jeweled or plain chains to match. The purse is suspended from the centre of the corsage, or, when that is not possible, from the belt ribbon or girdle, the chains festooning the bodice. The monacle and jeweled belt are their particular craze also. Rings are enormous structures. No one wears small diamonds unless by the quantity as a field for other settings. Bracelets are strings of jewels, kept together by the finest of gold chains. In the same way enormous precious stones are suspended from golden threads around the neck. Cabochons are still great favorites, especially favored for mountings of salt-stagons, scent-bottles, card-cases, purse, fan, and parasol mountings. Diamond setting grows more artistic and beautiful from month to month. Tiaras, colliers, stomachers, slides, buckles, hair-ornaments—to say nothing of bracelets, rings, and watches—are visions of beauty and marvels of handicraft.

A "coöperative matrimonial snap" was explained to a New York *Sun* reporter a few days ago by a veracious Chicago drummer who had escaped uncaptured from a section in Massachusetts where the fair sex predominates to an unusual extent. It seems that there were twenty marriageable young women in a certain town, and only one man, and he was so poor that he was afraid to venture upon matrimony. "The girls were worth four or five thousand dollars apiece," the drummer states, "but that was hardly enough for the thrifty eligible, so he proposed that all the girls chip in so much for a chance at him, no subscription to be less than five hundred dollars, and each subscription of that amount entitling the subscriber to one ticket, with additional tickets at one hundred dollars each. The enthusiasm soon became intense. One girl blew in a thousand dollars on six tickets, and several of them had more than one chance. On the day of the drawing there was something over twelve thousand dollars in the pool. The drawing took place in the town-hall, where an admission of ten cents was charged, the sum to go to a consolation fund to be distributed among the nineteen unsuccessful ones. The young man's name came out with that of a girl who had only one chance, and, of course, she was declared the winner. The wedding took place two months later. The unsuccessful ticket-holders take a proprietary interest in the couple, and they have a reunion every year and call for an accounting, though they never ask for dividends on their investment. The lucky man has made money enough to agree to pay to each of the contributors a thousand dollars on her marriage, and up to date he had paid three thousand dollars. Three or four of them are in maiden graves, however, and the chances are he will never have to give up as much as they gave him."

Deacon Johnson—"Do yo' fink yo' kood support mah daughter, if yo' married her?" Jim Jackson—"Suttinly." Deacon Johnson—"Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?" Jim Jackson—"Suttinly." Deacon Johnson—"Hab yo' ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?"—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once, when a man of no great note died, his friends tried to get Dr. Holmes to "say a few kind words about the deceased which might be published." But he declined. "Dn you see?" he said; "they want to engage me in the embalming business! But I can not help in preserve this fly in amber."

Toole, the actor, once sent a package of chocolates to a little boy who sat in a stage-box and was disturbing him with his astonishingly loud laughter. The attendant delivered the packet, "With Mr. Toole's compliments, and would the young gentleman who laughed so heartily kindly eat these during the performance?"

Henry Ward Beecher was once the subject of a cane presentation, and stood while the spokesman of the donors made a speech that ran into an elaborate oration. A friend afterwards commented to the famous preacher on the length of the speech. "Yes," returned Mr. Beecher, "he didn't want me to have the cane until I really needed it."

Charles Frederick Robinson Hayward, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every phase of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played Hamlet at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till twelve o'clock." The only other criticism that seemed to class with this emanated from Leadville, where a performance of "Richard III." by a barn-storming troupe was chronicled under the glaring head-line of "Many Lives Lost."

A literary anecdote is told in the *Bookman* of a young lady in Providence, R. I., who was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and, after glancing at it, the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book-shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman. "I want a copy of Scott's 'Emulsion,'" said she, casually. "Scott's what?" said the clerk. "Scott's 'Emulsion,'" replied the maiden. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

The venerable Judge Allen, of the United States Circuit Court, at Springfield, Ill., was hearing a case a few years ago, in which James C. Courtney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtney had objected. The point was argued by both sides, and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected and began to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation: "Mr. Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up the tree after the coon is gone." Mr. Courtney thereupon subsided.

They were sitting in the Tenderfoot Saloon (relates the New York *Tribune*), and were discussing the shooting of a man who had sold a "salted" mine to a number of investors. Finally old Free Silver Bill, who generally summed up the verdict on every event for the gathering, said: "Boys, if they is to be a monument put up to the deceased, I move that we chip in an' have cut on it some words I onct seen on a grave in Californy. It will shew we are n't down on the galoot as lng as he is good an' dead, an' it will be a powerful strong hint to others to go an' n't dn likewise. Them words wuz as follows: 'Death loves a mining shark.' The boys chipped in at once.

Congressman George G. Symes was first nominated for Congress in 1884. The retiring congressman was Belford, "the Red-Headed Runster." Symes, like Belford, had fiery red hair. Belford was present at the convention, occupying a seat on the platform with the chairman. After Symes had been placed in nomination (says the Chicago *Times-Herald*), a red-headed delegate from Lake County placed in nomination Hosea Townsend. While he was preparing for his *coup d'état*, as it were, J. L. Hodges, the man who was accused of having stolen the roof off the Arkansas penitentiary and sold it for old iron, himself a delegate, arose and interrupted: "Mr. Chairman, I rise for information." "State your question." The urbane Hodges looked smilingly at Belford's red top-knot, rested his eyes for a moment on Symes's fiery caput—then, with a grin, gazed at the flaming mane of the man from Lake, and slowly drawled his question: "Is this a convention or a holocaust?"

Some years ago, when a Democratic county convention in that part of Illinois known as "Egypt" met, a committee on resolutions was appointed, and then the convention adjourned till afternoon. The chairman of the committee, "Uncle" Perry Lewis, did not feel equal to drafting the resolutions, and got Judge Shaw to assume the responsibility. The

judge liked good whisky and doted on plug tobacco. On this occasion, he indulged in the former very freely, and when, immediately after dinner, "Uncle" Perry appeared for the platform, he was disappointed. "Forgot all about it," said the judge; "never mind, we'll fix it now. You don't want much, do you? Just something short and sweet and to the point." The judge grabbed a pen, and this is the platform he wrote: "Plank 1—Free press. Plank 2—Free trade. Plank 3—Sour-mash whisky. Plank 4—Plug tobacco. Plank 5—Old-fashioned hell." Such a platform as that went through a Democratic county convention down in Egypt with a whoop.

RECENT VERSE.

The Suppliant.

"O Dewdrop, lay thy finger-tip
Of moisture on my fevered lip,"
The noonday Blossom cries.
"Alas, O Dives, dark and deep
The gulf impassable of Sleep
Henceforth between us lies!"

—John B. Tabb in *June Bookman*.

A Love Letter.

When you are dust, and I am dust,
And time has passed away,
What profit that in sudden pride
You kissed me not to-day?
When you are dust, and I am dust,
Our spirits in the void
Will wander weary through the world
For love they can not find.

Or if, perchance, in whirl of snow,
Upon some lonely hill,
Our frustate spirits meet and know,
And shudder and are still;
What power to soothe our ceaseless pain,
What hands or lips or eyes,
Before, forever torn in twain,
Our hope forever dies?

So when I come to you to-night,
I pray that at the door
I find you standing warm and bright,
As you have stood before;
I pray you let me kiss again
Your hands and lips and eyes;
For us, the life of love, and then
The death that never dies!

—Herbert Miller Hopkins in *June Bookman*.

Judith.

Flower of youth, in the ancient frame—
Maid of the mettlesome lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fateful name,
And the rakish heaver of days gone by!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is she
That once, through midnight forest and fen,
Guided the horsemen of "Old Santee,"
And rode to the death with Marion's men.

Rare the picture that decks the wall;
Rare and dainty, in life, below,
My century-later helle of the hall,
Mocking the heanty of long ago.
If now the summons should come to ride,
Through such a darkness as brooded then,
How would it please you to serve as guide?
And where, ah, where were Marion's men?

False the logic that breeds the fear.
Buds will blossom, and pipes will play.
So it was in that early year;
So shall it be till the world is gray.
But the petted darling, if need shall be,
As swift to the saddle will vault again;
And those that follow will ride as free
As ever of old rode Marion's men.

—William Young in *June Century*.

To My Cyclops.

Dear other self, so silent, swift, and sure,
My dumb companion of delightful days,
Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
Of steel strike music, as the gods of yore
From reed or shell; what melodies would pour
On my glad ears; what soogs of woodland ways,
Of Summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet lays
Of April's huddling green; while evermore
We twain, one living thing, flash like the light
Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky.
Thou hast thy music, too; what time the noon
Beats sultry on broad roads, where, gathering night,
We drink the keen-edged air; or, darkling, fly
'Twixt hedge-rows blackened by a mystic moon.

—Adriel Vere in *Spectator*.

To Russia.

Russia, that wast the opener of the door
Through which the captive peoples went forth freed;
How art thou changed and fall'n, who giv'st no heed

Though in the dust a nation stricken sore
Dies at thy feet; though the red torrents pour
Continual, and to stay them does but need
Thy whisper, thy "Enough!" O fall'n indeed,
Russia the Liberator now no more!

Hear thou a parable. A savage hound
Did rend a hare; and one that with a word
Or gesture could have called the brute to heel,
Stood watching; and behold he never stirred
A finger, and his lips vouchsafed no sound.
Shall hound or man God's heaviest judgment feel?

—William Watson in *Westminster Gazette*.

The Dawning o' the Day.

I heard the noise of fairy pipes complaining all night long,
Complaining for a vanished horn that blew the woods among.
I heard the noise of fairy pipes complaining far away
High up among the Galtie Hills till dawning o' the day.

O, far was I from Galtie Hills, but in my heart I knew
Beneath the fairy footsteps there how shone the Druid dew—
I saw the dancers, man and maid, pass on their ghostly way,
And one that danced there dreamed of me at dawning o' the day.

O, Duar-oo-Chriod! how shrill and sweet the fairy
pipers blow,
They call me to the distant hills where fairy footsteps
go—
Where Ulick dances all night long, and can not steal
away
Though I lay my head on a widowed bed at dawning o'
the day!—Nora Hopper in *Black and White*.

When the Summer Breeze

Blows through the trees, most of us who can sets
off for a country jaunt. Fewer cross the Atlantic.
Whether it is business or pleasure calls one from
home, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best accom-
paniment of a voyage or an outing. Yachts-
men, sea captains, commercial travelers, and emi-
grants concur in this opinion. The Bitters is un-
rivaled for bilious, malarial, dyspeptic, or liver
disorder.

When baby is teething or feverish, ask your
druggist for Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

"My boy is now learning the effects of alcohol
on the human system." "What are you doing;
keeping him home from school?"—*Life*.



YALE Mixture
THE MOST REFRESHING
SMOKE AFTER A HARD
DAY'S HUNTING...
A TOBACCO FULL
OF SATISFACTION
2oz Trial Package
Postpaid for 25¢
MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE, MD.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, SUCCESSOR

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,192,001.69; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,506,409.41.

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco Agents,
N. W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets.

GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF
ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets,
3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896.
Coptic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, June 20
Gaelic... (Via Honolulu)... Thursday, July 2
Doric... (Via Honolulu)... Tuesday, July 21
Belgic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, August 8
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
N. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in
Alaska, 9 A. M. May 14, 29, June 3, 13, 18, 28.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 9, 14, 19, 24, 29,
and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay,
Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. May 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and
every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles,
and all way ports, at 9 A. M. May 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31,
and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping
only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles,
Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, May 9, 13, 17,
21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz,
Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, June
1, 27, and 25th of each month thereafter. Ticket-office,
Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. 6 DAYS ONLY, to
AUSTRALIA, HAWAII, HONOLULU, by
SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND. S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June
16, at 10 A. M. Special party rates.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland
for Sydney, Thursday, June 25, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery
St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New
York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic... June 17 Teutonic... July 15
Britannic... June 24 Britannic... July 22
Majestic... July 1 Adriatic... July 29
Germanic... July 8 Germanic... August 5

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and
accommodations selected. Excursion tickets at favor-
able terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.
Second cabin rates, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low
rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and
steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway.

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The Breakfast Cocoa

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DORCHESTER, MASS.

**COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.**

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WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE
ON EVERY CAN.

•AVOID IMITATIONS.

SOCIETY.

The Shoemaker-Cheesman Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jeonic Cheesman and Lieutenant William R. Shoemaker, U. S. N., took place at noon last Tuesday at the home of the bride's mother, 1907 Pacific Avenue. The bride is the daughter of the late Mortoo Cheesman and a niece of Mrs. Peter Decker. The groom, who is a native of New York, entered the naval service on June 11, 1880. Of late he has been in service on the *Philadelphia*, but has been detached from that vessel and granted a leave of absence, after which he will have three years of shore duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

There were present only relatives and a few intimate friends, about thirty in all. Precisely at noon Judge John Curry escorted the bride to the parlor, where she was met by the groom, and then the marriage service was read by Rev. R. C. Foute, of Grace Church. The bride, who wore a handsome robe of white satin trimmed with rare point lace—a family heirloom—was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother. After the ceremony a breakfast was enjoyed, and later in the day the bride and groom left for Lake Tahoe, where they will remain one week and then proceed to Annapolis, arriving there June 15th.

The Dutton-Huntsman Wedding.

Grace Church was the scene of a pretty wedding at 10:00 last Tuesday. The bride was Miss Emma Huntsman, daughter of Mrs. George Huntsman, and the groom was Mr. W. Grayson Dutton, son of Mr. W. J. Dutton. The church was handsomely decorated, and contained a large number of friends of the contracting parties.

Miss Geoevieve Huntsman was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Lucy Huntsman, Miss Louise Young, and the Misses Mollie and Gertrude Dutton. Mr. Henry S. Dutton acted as best man, and the ushers comprised Mr. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. George H. Meodell, Mr. George Gardner, and Mr. Donald Smith. The bride's mother gave her into the keeping of the groom, and Rev. George Edward Walk, rector of Trinity Church, performed the marriage ceremony.

After the wedding, there was an informal reception and a breakfast at the home of the bride's mother, 824 Sutter Street. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton left in the evening to make a northern trip, and will be away several weeks. They will reside at 824 Sutter Street.

The Baldwin-Hobart Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ella V. Hobart and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin will take place in St. Matthew's Church in San Mateo on Tuesday, July 7th, at 10:00. Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols will perform the ceremony, and it will be followed by a wedding-breakfast at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart in San Mateo. As the church is quite small, only a limited number of friends will be invited.

The Donahue Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Peter Donahue gave a lunch-party last Thursday at her residence. Covers were laid for twenty-two ladies.

The luncheon was given in honor of Miss Isabel McKeona and her bridesmaids. Mrs. Joseph McKeona assisted Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Martio in receiving the young ladies. Those present were: Miss McKeona, Miss Hoffman, Miss Smedberg, Miss Wallace, Miss Blair, Miss Burton, Miss Mioie Burto, Miss Catherwood, Miss Lucas, Miss McKinstry, Miss Goad, Miss Marie McKeona, Miss Hager, Miss Young and Miss Marjorie Young.



Made from the most highly refined and approved ingredients; leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

Miss Leila Burton, Miss Loughborough, Miss Graham, Miss Williams, Miss Gwio, and Miss Thomas.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Mercado to Mr. George Chauncey Boardman. Miss Mercado is a niece of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and Mr. Boardman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Taylor to Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury. Miss Taylor is the daughter of General Charles H. Taylor, of Boston. Mr. Pillsbury is the son of Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, of this city.

The engagement is announced of Mr. John A. Staeton, the artist, and Miss Anita Williams Baonahao. The wedding is to take place next week.

The engagement of Miss Emma Butler and Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., has been announced. Miss Butler is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Butler, of this city.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Mary Frances Hunter and Mr. O. Shafter Howard, which will take place at three o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, 177 Rhode Island Avenue, Newport, R. I. Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Miss Maud Howard, and Mr. Karl Howard, of Oakland, are now in Newport to attend the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Delmas, of this city, and Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald Keoxy, of Dublin, Ireland, will take place in Loodoo on Saturday, June 20th.

Mr. Leander Goss Cole has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Delano Cole, and Mr. Douglass Tilde, the sculptor, which will take place at his residence, 1545 Webster Street, Oakland, at 10:00 next Tuesday.

The wedding of Miss Chrissy Siebe and Dr. W. F. Dohrmann will take place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John D. Siebe, 227 Sacramento Street, next Thursday evening. Dr. Dohrmann is the son of Mr. Frederick Dohrmann.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bonoer, daughter of the late Charles Bonoer, to Mr. Arthur Pawsoo will take place next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 1114 Post Street.

Mr. James D. Phelao gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin on Thursday in honor of Miss McKeona and Mr. Peter D. Martio, which was followed by an elaborate supper in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. A string orchestra was in attendance, and the affair was very enjoyable. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Miss Isabelle McKenna, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Wallace, Miss Mary Bell Gwio, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Peter D. Martio, Mr. E. M. Greeoway, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Coraelius Vao Schelluyne Gibbs will celebrate their golden wedding at their residence, 722 Post Street, on Wednesday evening, June 17th. They will be assisted by their daughters, Mrs. John Stafford and Miss Martha P. Gibbs.

Mlle. Delacarte gave an interesting French dramatic reading last Wednesday afternoon at the Lyceum of Expression.

Paupers with Money to Loan.

Rarely has an announcement been made which so appeals to the sympathies as the statement that the California Academy of Sciences is poised for money. It would appear that the Academy property is so valuable that the Academy is hard pressed to pay the taxes—this, by the way, being the first year the Academy has been assessed. These scientific paupers, by the way, have money out on interest. They have \$98,348.46 loaned at seven per cent., and they have \$20,000 in Southern Pacific six-per-cent. bonds. They have \$5,000 in the bank. They received last year \$90,000 from the settlement of the Lick Trust. Their property is worth \$600,000. Their gross income is about \$28,000. Last year they took \$8,000 out of their funds in bank, and loaned it out at seven per cent. "This," according to the treasurer, "left us short of ready money." It reminds one of the gentleman who muddled away his fortune paying his tradesmen's bills. The principal hardship up to date is that the Academy will be unable to publish its extensive volumes of scientific papers with elaborate illustrations. There is no doubt that it is an excellent and a seemingly thing for a scientific institution to print pooderous tomes containing learned papers by scientific gentlemen with elaborate illustrations. But if this is all that is piching the California Academy of Sciences, we fancy that the people will look upon its present poverty with a certain degree of calm.

The many who will visit the Hotel del Monte this season will be pleased to know that a limited fast train will be put on next Monday, and will run every day except Sunday. It will leave Third and Townsend Streets at half-past two o'clock, reaching Del Monte in less than four hours. Returning, it will leave there at seven o'clock in the morning, arriving here at forty minutes past ten o'clock. The train will stop only at Palo Alto, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, and Castroville. A Pullman buffet-chair car will be a feature of the train.

San Francisco's Autumn Carnival.

The special committee for the Golden Gate Carnival has held several meetings during the past week to discuss the question of programme. Chairman Doolan submitted a programme for a week of parades and processions, including military parade, parade of school-children, parade of trades-unions, etc. Committeeman de Young objected, saying that a programme consisting merely of processions was neither novel nor striking. We think his objection is well taken. When the annual carnivals are given in European cities, some new and striking idea is evolved every year, although these cities have been in the business of getting up carnivals for many years. Is it not possible for San Francisco, which is about to give her first carnival, to evolve an original idea instead of relying for her main feature on the venerable procession chestnut? If street processions are to be given, let them be a subordinate feature of the carnival. Even in New Orleans and St. Louis there are new features each year for their annual carnivals. Let San Francisco evolve something new and characteristic of the West and of the Golden Gate, which gives its name to the carnival. We are glad to note that the committee has decided to hold the carnival in the autumn months instead of in the summer. At present there is a discussion as to whether the month of October may not be rainy. The committee will find that the weather records show many rainy days in October. To be on the safe side, they should hold the carnival during the month of September, a pleasant month almost everywhere, and an idyllic month in California.

The longest distance that a shot has been fired is a few yards over fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's well-known "mooster" 130-100 steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,600 pounds. The 100-ton Armstrong gun has an extreme range of fourteen miles, firing a shot weighing 1,890 pounds, and requiring 960 pounds of powder. These guns, however, proved too expensive, being unable to stand firing a hundred times, and their manufacture has practically been abandoned. The 90-ton Armstrong gun hurls a solid shot for a distance of twelve miles, and the discharge of the gun can not be heard at the place where the ball strikes. From twelve to thirteen miles is the computed range of the most powerful guns now made, and to obtain that range an elevation of nearly forty-five degrees is found to be necessary.

A girl who can see the Röntgen rays has been found by Dr. Braodes, of Halle. Starting from the fact that the rays do not penetrate lenses, he hunted for some one the lens of whose eyes had been removed—an operation performed not rarely for extreme short-sightedness or for cataract. The girl, who had had the lens of her left eye removed, was able to see the light with it, though her right eye, which retained its lens, could see nothing. Dr. Braodes asserts that the rays affect the retina of the eye, and if any one's head is inclosed in an opaque vessel near the source of the rays, the light can be seen, even with closed eyes.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Chamberlain at the Royal Academy exhibition, though a good likeness, does not please the *Tailor*, which declares that "the gaping opening between collar and lapel of the D. B. frock, the ugly creases in the sleeves, the vest without a button on it, are as repulsive to a tailor's eye as the most glaring want of harmony in color and form would be to the artist."

Connoisseurs in California.

The Paris *Figaro* a short time ago complimented Californians on their discrimination of taste and their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. According to recent importations, Messrs. William Wolf & Co., the agents for Pommery Sec, are again heading the list, as in previous years, by a large majority. This is so much more surprising as it is an accepted fact that Pommery Sec has its largest custom among the refined and aristocratic classes of Europe, and is by no means shipped in large quantities to the United States regardless of quality. The management of the Pommery establishment never catered to the masses by the adoption of the so frequently applied system of sacrificing quality to price, but in their aim to produce a high-grade and pure champagne of unexcelled properties succeeded in securing that recognition for Pommery Sec which this brand now receives as part of the real fastidious all over the globe.—*Pacific Wine and Spirit Review*.

—KODAK, KODET, BULL'S-EYE, BULLET, Premo, Poco, Hawk-Eye cameras, '96 models, from \$5.00 upwards. Everything new and fresh in photography. Developing and printing. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market St.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—HERALDIC ENGRAVING—COATS-OF-ARMS, crests, mottoes. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

PERUVIAN BITTERS

ANDREW USHER SCOTCH WHISKY

OLD VATTED GLENLIVET AND SPECIAL RESERVE.

Messrs. Andrew Usher & Co., Edinburgh, are the largest exporters of Scotch Whisky in the world, and constantly carry a stock of over 2,000,000 gallons in bond of this spirit. It is only by maintaining immense and most judiciously selected stocks that Messrs. Usher have been enabled to attain the position they hold to-day in all markets of the world.

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STRAW HATS
DERBYS
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LATE STYLES
GOOD QUALITY
LOWEST PRICES

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HARLOE'S

237 KEARNY ST. Phone Red 36r.

If you accept a substitute, you must not fuss because its not as good as genuine HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 2oz. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts. Office Hours, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GET

Whitman's Pure, wholesome,
INSTANTANEOUS convenient—made
Chocolate in a jiffy—
NO BOILING.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of June, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock, P.M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

HOOPING-COUGH GROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.
The celebrated and effective English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, London, England.
E. Foucra & Co., 30 North William St., N.Y.

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LAID, and LINED.**

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CARPETS, FURNITURE,
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641-647 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Until Further Notice.

SUMMER SCHOOL for BOYS Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.

Summer Session at BLUE LAKES,
LAKE COUNTY, CALIF.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 10th to August 4, 1896.
First—For the Entertainment and Care of
Boys.
Second—For the Instruction of those who
wish to make up back work, or to prepare
for Fall examinations.

The charge for the session will be \$35; for a shorter
period, \$12 per week. Payable in advance. Instruction
fifty cents per hour.
**ARTHUR CROSBY,
San Rafael, Head Master.**

H. B. PASMORE,

Pupil of Wm. Shakespeare, London and Leipzig
Conservatory.

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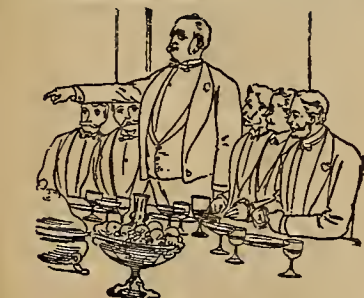
And the Theory of Music. During June and July will
teach at Stanford Summer School, and on Tues-
days and Fridays at residence, 1424 Washington Street,
S. F. Fall term Conservatory Classes begins Aug. 4th.
For particulars, address 1424 Washington Street or
Stanford University, Palo Alto.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCEMENT OF COURSES, 1896-97

OFFERED BY THE

Faculty of Arts and Sciences,

Also descriptive pamphlets of all departments of
the University are now ready, and may be had on application
to the Corresponding Secretary of Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a
brand new story to fit everything!"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know,
out of newspaper yarns. Ромашка sends 'em to him."

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110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes
Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the
world on any subject.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle, who have
been in Europe for about a year and a half, arrived in
New York city last Saturday, en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cunningham and Mr. and
Mrs. George Whittell arrived in New York city last
Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor
were at the Hotel Savoy in London a fortnight ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills re-
turned to New York last Saturday, after a month's visit
here and at Millbrae.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair will pass the month of July in
Mendocino County, and upon her return will go to the
Hotel del Monte for a month, accompanied by her daugh-
ter, Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant was in Paris at last accounts.

Mr. Fred R. Webster left London for Paris on May
15th, accompanied by Mr. George Work, of New York,
and Mr. Yale Dolan, Mr. John Ellison, and Mr. Clarence
Dolan, of Philadelphia. All are crack pigeon-shots, and
are to take part in the great international pigeon-shooting
match in France.

Miss Helen Boss and Miss Crockett are in New York
city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson are at the Hotel
Netherlands in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker will leave New York to-
day for this city.

Mr. Alphonso Wigmore left last Monday to visit
friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver and Mr. and Mrs.
Frank D. Madison are at Blythedale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Townsend are at Arverne-
by-the-Sea, Long Island, N. Y.

Mrs. Remi Chahot and family, of Oakland, have gone
to their ranch near St. Helena, where they will remain
during the summer.

Mrs. W. J. Owen and Miss Alice Oweo have gone to
their ranch in the San Ramon Valley, where they will
pass the summer.

Mrs. Charles F. Mullins, Miss Alice Mullins, and Miss
Maud Mullins will go to Lake Tahoe early in July to re-
main several weeks. Miss Alice Mullins, whose life has
been despaired of for some time, has almost recovered
from her severe illness.

Mrs. James M. Wilson and her two children have ar-
rived here from Baigor, Ireland, and will leave next Mon-
day on the steamer *Bertha* to join her husband at St.
Michael's Station, Alaska, where he is the agent for the
Alaska Commercial Company. En route the steamer
will stop at Unalaska to convey Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr.,
and Mr. Rudolph Neumann to St. Michael's. Mr. and
Mrs. Wilson will remain north for two years.

Mr. Henry Heyman has returned from a visit to Judge
and Mrs. John H. Boalt, at their country-seat, "Monte-
falds," which is eight miles from Cloverdale.

Mr. C. W. McAfee returned to the city on Thursday,
after passing a fortnight at Palermo.

Mrs. James Phelan, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, and Miss
Phelan will pass the summer at Phelan Park, in Santa
Cruz.

Mrs. George T. Folsom will pass the summer in San
José.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Smith, of Oakland, are in Lon-
don. The Misses Smith are in Brussels.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will soon leave to visit Los
Angeles for a couple of weeks.

Mr. E. I. Parsons has gone to British Columbia, and
will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge arrived in New York
city last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Katherine Dillon,
and Miss Cosgrave arrived in Paris last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman will pass the sum-
mer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Moore Salisbury has returned from a visit to
friends in Placerville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder are at Blythedale for the
season.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Beetz, of Santa Barbara, are
staying at the Palace Hotel. They will leave on June
15th on the steamer *Coptic*, to make an extended tour of
the Orient.

Miss Lucy May Jackson, daughter of Colonel and
Mrs. J. P. Jackson, has returned home after an ab-
sence of three years. She was graduated from the
Ogontz Seminary, then made a tour of Europe, and
finally studied music in Boston for a year.

Mrs. Hager, the Misses Hager, and Miss Lucas will
leave on June 15th to pass a few weeks at the Hotel del
Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister have leased the Dodge
cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and her son, Master William T.
Coleman, are in San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. John Boggs and her daughter, Miss Alice Boggs,
have returned from Colusa County, and are at the Hotel
Richelleu. They will soon leave to pass a month in Napa
Valley.

Mr. T. Z. Blakeman has gone East to visit friends and
relatives in New York and Kentucky.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl are occupying a cottage at
Moutet View, in Ross Valley, where they will remain dur-
ing the summer.

Mr. Henry T. Scott arrived in New York city last
Wednesday.

Mrs. Peter Decker will leave soon to pass a month near
Ukiah. Afterward she will make an Eastern trip.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Mr. Reginald
Dickinson will leave their villa in Sansalito next
Thursday to enjoy an outing near Ukiah.

Mr. John N. Featherston will leave to-day for a week's
pleasure-trip at Willets, in Mendocino County.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo left for the East
Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman are passing a
week at Castle Crags.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortbridge went to St. Louis last
Thursday.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, *nee* Masten,
in Alameda, was brightened on May 28th by the advent
of a daughter.

Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan have gone to
Anhuo, for the benefit of the latter's health, and will
probably be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young left last Thursday for
St. Louis.

General W. H. Dimond and Mr. Harry Dimond left
last Thursday for New York, en route to Europe, and
will be away about four months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Admiral William A. Kirkland, U. S. N., took command
of the Mare Island Navy Yard last Monday morning.
A salute of thirteen guns was fired. The new command-
ant was engaged all day receiving calls from officers of
the station.

Captain Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., for the past
three years commandant at the Mare Island Navy Yard,
came to the city last Monday, accompanied by Mrs.
Howison, and will remain here until he is transferred to
the Oregon.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Gneather, Fifth Artil-
lery, U. S. A., was promoted to the rank of colonel on
June 5th, and has been granted four months' leave of ab-
sence, after which he will take the command of Washing-
ton Barracks.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has
returned to Angel Island after a prolonged absence in the
East.

Captain Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., has been appointed
quartermaster at the Presidio, relieving Captain W. W.
Robinson, U. S. A., who will take station at Seattle,
Wash., and assume charge of the construction of the
new military post to be established near that place.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Corps of Engineers, U. S.
A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Monroe, and
ordered to Portland, Or.

Lieutenant M. C. Gorgas, U. S. N., now on leave of
absence, is in Philadelphia.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S.
A., has been found incapacitated for active service, and
will soon be retired.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N.,
now on leave of absence, is at 167 Clinton Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The United States Naval Academy graduates, now
living or serving on this coast, gave a reunion dinner last
Saturday evening at the University Club. Admiral L. A.
Beardslee, U. S. N., presided. There were fully a hun-
dred graduates present.

Surgeon-General and Mrs. Sternberg, U. S. A., are ex-
pected here this month from Washington, D. C.

Captain W. E. Hofman, U. S. A. (retired), is at the
Hotel Richelleu, San Diego, Cal.

Lieutenant A. G. Rogers, U. S. N., will be detached
from the *Carliste P. Patterson* on July 1st, and ordered to
the *Monadnock*.

Lieutenant J. B. Elish, U. S. N., has been ordered to
the *Bennington*.

Chief-Engineer W. H. Norman, U. S. N., has been de-
tached from the *Alliance* and ordered to the *Marion*.

Passed-Assistant Engineer H. Gage, U. S. N., has
been ordered to the Union from Works as assistant to the
inspector of machinery.

Passed Assistant-Engineer C. E. Rommell, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the New York Navy Yard and
ordered to the *Alliance*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer J. M. Pickrell, U. S. N.,
has been detached from the *Marion* and granted three
months' leave of absence.

Ensign Victor Blue, U. S. N., will be detached from
the *Bennington* on July 1st, ordered home, and granted
three months' leave of absence.

Ensign M. M. Taylor, U. S. N., will be detached from
the *Thetis* on July 1st, ordered home, and granted three
months' leave of absence.

Mr. Charles W. Howell, of Stockton, and Mr. Fred-
erick Griffith, of Sacramento, have been appointed cadets
at the Military Academy at West Point.

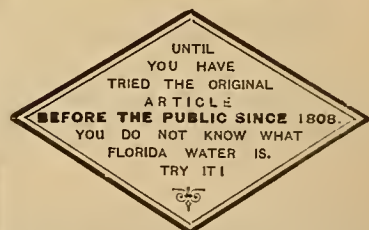
The Mannlicher rifle has been used in earnest in
Austria in a labor riot near Reichenberg. Three
soldiers fired one shot each and brought down
seven people, one bullet actually killing two per-
sons and badly hurting another. These recur-
ring evidences of the deadly character of the new
small-bores lend a sickening terror to the forecasts
of the next European war. On the other hand,
experience in the Soudan and in Matabeleland
shows that this modern tiny projectile, despite its
hideous velocity and penetrating power, is not so
good for stopping a Dervish or Kaffir rush as the
old big bullet. The native comes at such a pace
and with such tremendous force of will power that
nothing but the solid impact of a good, sizable
chunk of lead will hold him up. He will not stop
merely because he has been perforated by a metal-
lic pea. This would probably be true, too, of
Russian soldiers.

A society to check the decline in population in
France proposes to attain its object by legislation.
Families containing more than three children are
to be free from taxation, while those having no
children will be taxed heavily.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I went to two receptions last night and lost my umbrella at the last." "It's a wonder you didn't lose it at the first one." "That's where I got it."—*Truth.*

She—"Every time one of us girls gets married, father plants a tree on his estate." *He*—"A much better plan would be for him to plant a house there."—*Life.*

Mr. Gotroks—"I am worth a cool million. Do you think you could love me?" *Miss Highflyer*—"Oh, dear, dear Mr. Gotroks, I'll just love you to death!"—*Judge.*

Isaac—"Oh, Rachel, you vas de light of mine soul!" *Rachel* (shyly)—"Den vy don't you turn down de gas, Isaac?" *Isaac*—"Vat, und me a stockholder!"—*Life.*

Mr. Coldwater—"A man could not offer me a greater insult than to ask me to take a glass of beer." *Colonel Bourbon*—"Nor me, neithah, sah."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"So you feel you can not marry him?" "Yes, I am fully decided." "Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."—*Harlem Life.*

First actor—"Remember when we were on the road in that war play—scene laid in the South in sixty-two?" *Second actor*—"Yes—eggs laid in the West in sixty-one!"—*Puck.*

Lady in pony-cart (who has made several unsuccessful attempts to pass persevering beginner occupying the whole road)—"Unless you soon fall off, sir, I'm afraid I shall miss my train."—*Punch.*

Mr. Slowleigh (at the circus)—"Do you like three rings, Miss Catchings?" *Miss Catchings* (shyly)—"Oh, he he! Mr. Slowleigh! This is such a queer place to propose. No; one ring will be sufficient."—*Puck.*

At an official hall: "Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by way of showing that I know somebody here." "With pleasure, sir, as I am precisely in the same boat as yourself."—*Le Gaulois.*

Bacon—"It's funny you don't ride?" *Egbert*—"I'm waiting until they have bicycles built for two." *Bacon*—"You can get tandems now." *Egbert*—"I know; I mean a bicycle built for two dollars."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mamma—"I vos looking at some goods to make a new dress for little Ikey. Dey vos quivite cheap; but I tink ven dey're vashed dey vill shrink." *Papa*—"Vell, if dey do, eferybody vill say how fast little Ikey vos growin'."—*Puck.*

"Come, old man," said the kind friend, "cheer up. There are others." "I don't mind her breaking the engagement so very much," said the despondent young man; "but to think that I have got to go on paying the installments on the ring for a year to come yet. That is what jars me."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

In Arkansas: *Slick-Head Sal*—"Quick! quick! hurry up, young feller! I want a 'surance pol'cy on my husband for a hundred thousand dollars." *Bland insurance agent*—"But, my good woman, why all this hurry? Won't to-morrow—" *Slick-Head Sal*—"Ter-morrey he blowed! He's jist stole a hoss."—*Truth.*

"And the name is to be?" asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Cordinton Chesterfield Livingston Snooks." "Dear, dear!" (Turning to the sexton.) "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—*London Answers.*

"Talk about the misery of unattainable aspirations," mused the Fat Lady, who had something of a penchant for philosophy; "you weren't here, I guess, when the Four-Legged Girl first got the bicycle craze." No, the India-rubber Man had not been there at the time mentioned. However, he laughed hoarsely.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"Justice of the Peace Hooks is a very far-seeing man, isn't he?" *Alkali Ike*—"Far-seein'! You bet he is! Never takes no chances, Hooks don't! Whenever a strange couple rounds up before him to have the marriage ceremony administered to 'em, he looks the grdm in the eye, an' asks: 'Will you take this yere woman for better or worse, young feller, an' pay me two dollars an' fifty cents, cash down, for marryin' you to her?'"—*Puck.*

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Mr. J. H. Moon, of Harrisburg, Ark., is a Justice of the Peace and also owner of the Samson Stump Extractor for the State of Arkansas. He had never noticed the advertisements of Ripans Tabules, and had no knowledge of them, to quote his own words, until "I read on the slate from Spirit Side. I then got one of our druggists to order some of them. I received the box of Tabules by mail, which I have taken according to directions from the Spirit Side, and must say that it is one of the most wonderful medicines for liver and stomach that I ever saw. I wish these Tabules were in every family." (Signed, J. H. MOON.)

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.50
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.50
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.85
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Outing.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 15, 1896.

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It is being borne in upon the people of the United States with bloody impressiveness that clemency to murderers is encouragement to murder. In no country which makes pretensions to civilization is there so much killing and so little hanging. Homicide is so frequent and the chances of escaping punishment so good, that the law has almost ceased to have terrors for the bloodthirsty. It has become obvious to everybody of intelligence that to the uncertainty of the penalty is due

the fearful prevalence of murder among us. The most fruitful cause of this uncertainty is the privilege which the malefactor possesses of carrying his case from one court to another. Even the better class of lawyers, whose regard for fees is inferior to their sense of duty as citizens, blame the state of the law. Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, declares that the American experiment of appeals in criminal cases is a failure, and should be abandoned. Lawyers less concerned for society's welfare than they are for business, object to this view, and write largely of the right of innocence to every possible protection. They seem to believe that the right of appeal has the sacred sanction of immemorial Anglo-Saxon usage, whereas it is unknown in England, in the American sense, at least. Over there, when a murderer is convicted by a jury and sentenced by an approving judge, the days of life that remain to him are fewer than the months on which the American murderer can with confidence count.

The vital objection to the appeal is that it does not go to the question of guilt or innocence. If it did, the delay which is secured by an appeal could be tolerated, for nothing is more horrible to the mind than the thought of putting to death a guiltless man. But the supreme court concerns itself only with technical rules of procedure. If these have been strictly followed by the tribunal below, its judgment is affirmed; if not, the criminal is given a new trial, without regard to the real merits of his case. Were these technical rules so well established as to be always recognizable by the intelligence of trained trial judges, the supreme court's solicitude for their exact observance would not be irrational; but, as the facts stand, the rules are so often a matter of opinion that the best of lawyers frequently differ as to the points on which a red-handed murderer is given another chance to escape the gallows. The system of appeals, therefore, does not aid justice, but merely promotes a fondness for a mindless technicality that is not to be distinguished by the layman from pettifoggery.

The United States has given the system of appeals an exhaustive trial, with the result that no other people are desirous of imitating us, and we ourselves have been brought to see that our tenderness toward criminals breeds murder, and murder by wholesale. There are now committed in this country more than ten thousand homicides annually, and the average of executions to convictions is one to forty-five. In this city and State there is not even that appallingly small proportion between crime and punishment. We have nearly ceased to hang at all, and slaughter increases. Nowhere else is the appeal worked more successfully. It ought to be evident even to the legal mind that the deterrent effect of penalties is dependent upon their swiftness and sureness; but we are so accustomed in California to the lapse of years between a murderer's deed and his punishment—when, as occasionally happens, punishment is inflicted—that the supreme court, not long ago, was shocked into condemning the "unseemly haste" with which Fredericks, the assassin of a cashier in a bank by daylight, was brought to the scaffold. Yet this "unseemly haste" extended over twelve months. Goldenson, who shot down a school-girl on the street, lived in jail for upwards of two years. Dr. West, charged with the murder of a woman and the mutilation of her body, had his case before the courts for two years, and then went free. Mrs. Shattuck, mother of a chorus-girl, slew one of her daughter's lovers, and appeal and delay finally procured her her liberty. It is more than a year since Durrant was arrested for butchering the two girls in the Emmanuel Church, and his appeal to the supreme court is still in a state of preparation, though he was convicted last November. These instances are typical. When a man commits a murder in California, there is not more than one chance in a hundred that he will be hanged, and if convicted and sentenced, he is sure of living at least a year afterward, and more likely two years.

Simplification of the criminal law must be brought about. The object of that law is not to make practice for ingenious attorneys, or to give judges opportunities for a display of the subtlety of their fine intellects. Courts exist

for the purpose of doing substantial justice, and whatever interferes with the performance of that prime function is an evil. This is self-evident, but the need for insisting upon it is furnished by the courts themselves. A love of technicality, which is proof of a small mind, has become the most formidable obstacle to the administration of justice in the United States. Though some lawyers of large calibre, like Justice Brewer, give the weight of their authority to the demands of common sense, it is plain that reform will come from pressure from without and not from the profession, on or off the bench. The courts are the creatures of the people, and the people will insist that human life shall be held above lawyers' partiality for forms that are useful mainly as material for exercise in quibbling. Appeal in criminal cases should be abolished, and we have no doubt it will be. Experience has demonstrated that the right of appeal serves guilt a thousand times where it serves innocence once. It denies to thousands of American men, women, and children every year that inalienable right to life which is guaranteed them by the constitution. What is good for murderers and bad for everybody else, can not be defended by anybody who has not by professional bias been deprived of the power to think straight.

Within a few weeks, two horrible crimes have been committed in California, by which two whole families were wiped out—one in Santa Clara County and one in Fresno. If punishment were more sure and speedy in this State, so keen-witted a criminal as Dunham would have paused before committing his awful crime. We need a leaven of the speed and severity with which justice is meted out in England. On June 9th, three murderers were hanged in Newgate Prison, London, whose crimes were committed within three months. Mrs. Dyer, the baby-farmer, is to be executed there at once, although her trial took place only a fortnight ago. If California courts were to move as quickly as those of England, there would be fewer murders in California.

The question of utilitarian changes in the Yosemite Valley is being discussed, and is opposed on "VANDALISM" is being discussed, and is opposed on aesthetic grounds. We are not talking in the Yosemite. now about the question of lowering the rates into the valley, improving the fare and fodder, or letting people at the Stoneman House have fresh trout out of the Merced River instead of the canned salmon which they generally get now. Nor do we refer to breaking up the combine, by which every passenger is checked and tagged through by a fixed route into the valley by the allied stage and railway companies as if he were a package. Neither do we discuss the exorbitant charges. But what we are talking about is the utilitarian changes in the valley. There are many Yosemite tourists who spend their time on the floor of the valley, and do not climb the mountain trails. Some of them are old, some of them are weak, and some of them are lazy. They are, of course, to be pitied or despised, according to individual temperament, but the fact remains that they exist. Why should not provision be made for them as well as for the young and strong? When it has been suggested that it is well to build a railway to the Yosemite Valley, to light it with electric lights, to sprinkle its dusty roads, and to build funicular railways up to the peaks around the valley, a lot of Della Cruscan and other æsthetic persons cry out "Vandalism!"

But why is it "vandalism"? And if it is, why is such "vandalism" tolerated in Europe? People from all over the civilized world go to Switzerland. It has been called the play-ground of the globe. And yet, in Switzerland, during the last twenty years, there has been a complete change in the conditions of travel. Funicular railways run up to the tops of the highest peaks. Where the Rigi-Kulm and Mt. Pilatus were once accessible only to young and bardy mountain-climbers, now any one can go in a comfortable car to the very tops of those lofty peaks and gaze upon the beautiful cruciform lake in the valley thousands of feet below, write picture postal-cards to their friends from the tops of these mountain-peaks, buy souvenir articles, and

there, and then go and get an elaborate *table d'hôte* dinner in a magnificent hotel lighted with electric lights and with a string band playing in the corridor. This, of course, is "vandalism," and therefore to be despised by the æsthetic Californian. But it seems to be tolerated and in fact enjoyed by the utilitarian European, and he certainly knows as much as the Californian about what is or is not "vandalism." Not only the Rigi-Kulni, but the Uetliberg is also ascended by a funicular railway. The Splügen Pass is a tremendous gorge between lofty cliffs, with the river roaring below. Thousands of lives have been lost there by slips, until the degraded and vandal Swiss built a modern and expensive road, and now no lives are lost. But the mountain, of course, is "defiled" by the presence of the road.

Italy has also been invaded by "vandalism." Vesuvius, the mountain of fire, is now climbed by a funicular railway, and you may ascend from the side on whose flanks Pompeii and Herculaneum lie, and go nearly to the crater in a cog-wheel railway, conducted, horrible to say, by the Messrs. Cook, of Cook ticket fame. Even in the United States a similar degradation has been inflicted upon Mt. Washington, where a railway climbs the mountain-side.

If all these things may be done in other countries and in other States of our Union, we think we can stand them in California. If vertical or funicular railways were constructed in Yosemite, propelled by electric power generated from the wonderful falls which thunder down over its granite cliffs; if electric lights were used to light the valley both for illumination and decoration; if bunches of electric lights were suspended over Glacier Point to burn for hours in place of the gaudy fireworks which momentarily start out of the dark and disappear—in short, if those in control of the Yosemite Valley were to make it possible for more people to see the valley, more people to travel there, more people to view it under easier conditions, more people to see this grandest work of God, we do not think that it would be any crime against nature.

The Rev. S. W. Siberts, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writing of the religious condition of his field, takes note of the assertion in American newspapers that "the spiritual authority of the Pope will soon be reestablished in Mexico as in the time of Maximilian," and dissents vigorously from that view. This difference of opinion will be puzzling to most readers in the United States. Among us it is generally taken for granted that because Mexico is Spanish and Catholic, she is necessarily Papal. The two things are synonymous here. Refusal to acknowledge the absolute supremacy of the Pope is with us the sure and damnable mark of a heretic; but there exist places where a man may be a Catholic and yet hold notions as to the spiritual and temporal prerogatives of the Vatican which are identical with those of the Italian who is loyal to his country rather than to his Pope, but still says his prayers and trusts to the church for salvation.

In Mexico church and state are completely separate. The vast estates once belonging to Rome are now the property of the government. The convents and monasteries, which in the old Papal days were so numerous, have been abolished. Priests and nuns are even forbidden to wear the habits of their respective orders, and ecclesiasticism is deprived wholly of the aid to holiness which the tailor has rendered through the ages. Sectarian schools are denied public aid, and are forced to depend on their own resources.

This repression of the church extends from Mexico to several other Spanish-American countries, where the exactions, and oppressions, and greed of Romanism drove the people to revolt, and moved them to erect constitutional barriers against a repetition of the tyranny. Ever since Maximilian was overthrown, Mexico has been free from Papal dominion. The church, of course, gave its prayers, its blessing, and its active assistance to the invader. Imperialism ever finds a friend in Rome when imperialism wars upon republicanism. And when imperialism went down in Mexico, the church went down with it. That is to say, the people, while accepting the church's spiritual authority, declined to acknowledge its temporal supremacy, stripped it of its worldly possessions and withdrew from it its power to subvert the republic. Benito Juárez was the leader of a great movement, compounded of patriotism, common sense, and just resentment, which liberated Mexico at once from Maximilian and from Papal rule.

The church, needless to say, has been as restless under the new régime as the Pope is under the limitations placed upon his authority in Italy. It is forever scheming to recover the privileges which it forfeited by treason and pervasive abuse. A Papal delegate has been sent to Mexico. This delegate, Mgr. Averardi, has, however, no more official standing than Mgr. Satolli enjoys at Washington. The Roman journals state that he is going to arrange "certain

delicate questions regarding the crown of Guadalupe, which is said to have been stolen." But this is only part of the mission of Mgr. Averardi; it is the cover for his real object, which is to get Mexico back into the Roman fold.

The church is patient in her persistence, but her persistence will be fruitless, in Mexico at least, while President Díaz lives. The death of that strong and able man, who has done so much to advance his country and teach it the advantages of peace, will be the signal, doubtless, for a grand effort to resurrect the pious era when official speculation prevailed in the cities and brigandage flourished in the country; when everybody was at everybody else's throat in Mexico, with the church over all as arbitrator, and the appropriator of the bone of contention in every quarrel, if the bone had money value. But there is no probability that Mexico will ever again be induced to kneel and submit herself to the Papal yoke. It is now nearly thirty years since Maximilian fell and the Roman Church, the republic's deadliest enemy, was crushed by an indignant people. In this interval a new generation has come up—a generation of free men who could not habituate themselves to live in slavery. When Mexico summoned the courage to brave the thunders of Rome, to risk eternal damnation for the sake of owning herself in this world, she made one of those steps in progress which lead to permanent safety. For the terror of the church being once taken from men's minds, their minds expand, and soon have no place for superstitious fears. Mexico has broadened steadily under the influence of a strictly secular government and intellectual freedom. Her material prosperity is not more remarkable than her mental advance. Modern thought pervades the republic and brings it into sympathetic touch with a civilization in which the priest has only a small and diminishing part to play. A newspaper at the City of Mexico expresses the new spirit when it says: "Mgr. Averardi can ask what he pleases, but our country has suffered too much already from Romanism to give one inch of ground in this regard."

The Roman Catholics of the United States could with profit to their heads and their patriotism sit as learners to the Catholics of Mexico. Here, to be a Catholic is to be a Papist. Not the Latin, but the Irish view of the church obtains. That view is the most abject, the most slavish, which has survived the Reformation of Luther. Ireland is a remnant of the Middle Ages, and her people, in emigrating, have brought with them and transmitted to their descendants a reverence for everything connected with the church which is almost as foreign to the careless Latin Catholic as it is to the serious American Protestant. Fancy the uproar that would ensue in the United States were the government to follow Catholic Mexico's example, confiscate the church's property, suppress the convents and monasteries, and refuse permission to priests to array themselves in peculiar fashion. Yet none of these acts would go to doctrine—a point which Mexican Catholics understand, but which is beyond the comprehension of the American Catholic, who is a Papist, and therefore a thrall as well as a member of his church. And no true Papist, should a quarrel between church and state arise, can be a loyal citizen of the United States, of Mexico, or of any other country.

Next Tuesday, June 16th, the Republican National Convention convenes at St. Louis. On the eve of the convention it is apparent that McKinley has a walk-over. He will be nominated on the first ballot. All opposition has been overcome by the sheer force of the popular will. The political bosses, Platt and Quay, have been forced to get into line. Even Reed, the man from Maine, one of the most popular of Republicans, has seen his chances fading away. It is not that the Republicans love Reed less, but that they love McKinley more.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* published an article advocating Reed for the second place upon the ticket. Other newspapers throughout the country seconded this nomination. It seemed a most happy termination to any controversies which might have arisen in the Republican ranks—an alliance of the West and the East—a candidate for President from the great middle West, and a candidate for Vice-President from the farthest "down-East" of the New England States. This would have been an ideal ticket. But Reed refused to accept second place.

It is an open secret that within the last few weeks the friends of Reed have been inquiring into his chances for success as presiding officer over the Senate. It was believed that Reed could succeed in making that antiquated body become more modern in its methods. It was thought that, by the force of his will and his long experience as a presiding officer, he could succeed in accomplishing some reforms in the present cumbersome procedure of the Senate. As it is at present, there is in that body no earthly

means of closing debate. We say "earthly" because, as the Senate is at present conducted, the only way a senator's eloquence can be shut off without his will is when he drops dead. But Mr. Reed's friends were astonished at the discoveries which they made. They learned that the Senate is determined to have no reforms in its parliamentary procedure; that if the "closure," the "previous question," or any other means of shutting off debate is adopted, the Senate is determined that it shall not be instigated by the presiding officer. Further than that, it develops that there is in the Senate a deep-rooted and bitter prejudice against Reed personally. It is stated that if he were elected Vice-President there would at once be war between the Senate and the presiding officer. Mr. Reed could not, it is stated, be sure of the support even of the Republican senators.

While we regret that Mr. Reed can not be induced to accept the nomination, his declination is final. In addition to the "obscurity" of the office, Mr. Reed considers the salary—eight thousand dollars—inadequate. He is a man of limited means, and now that his Presidential aspirations are blasted, he intends to retire from politics and engage in the practice of law in New York. But Reed is not an old man and he can wait. Four years from now he may find his way to the Presidency easier than at present.

The fact that Reed, popular as he is, should have been defeated by McKinley before the battle began, shows the overwhelming popularity of Ohio's favorite son. Never since the Republicans have held national conventions has there been a contested candidacy so clearly settled in advance. There have been uncontested candidacies. Lincoln, in 1864, and Grant, both times that he was nominated, had no contestants. But, in both cases, the conditions were peculiar. Lincoln had just brought the country safely through a dreadful civil war. Grant was looked upon as the soldier who had saved his country in that war. While McKinley is not to be compared with these great men, it is none the less true that the people look upon him as the industrial saviour of the country. They look to him with an almost pathetic wistfulness for a return to the prosperous times which antedated the present Democratic ruin.

The annual hegira of Americans to the Old World is in progress. The newspapers of New York note the movement in large headlines. "Travel To Europe," "Off For Foreign Shores," "Rush To Europe Fairly Begun," "Nine Big Steamships Packed With Tourists," and the like, tell the story of this passion to be in the fashion. Notwithstanding the hard times, this year promises to exceed all past records. The agents of the steamship companies assure the reporters that the passenger lists will top previous ones by from ten to twenty per cent. What this means the figures make clear. In 1894, there were 101,509 cabin passengers to Europe, and in 1895, 102,221. The financial aspect of the fad for going abroad attracts serious attention. As a New York contemporary puts it in terse antithesis, "the rich of America take their money to Europe and spend it; the poor of Europe bring only their poverty with them." Three steamships sailed from New York, the other day, carrying 1,500 cabin passengers, of whom at least 1,400 were off on pleasure tours. It is estimated that each of these passengers took at least \$1,000 to cover the expenses of the jaunt. The total amount that left on these three vessels was, therefore, \$1,500,000. On the same day that these three ships departed, three others landed 1,500 aliens on Ellis Island. The law declares that each immigrant shall exhibit not less than \$30 as evidence that he is not a pauper. But allowing each of the aliens \$50, the total is \$75,000, as against the \$1,500,000 taken away on the same day by the tourists on the three ships. It is said on good authority that between May 1st and September 1st no fewer than 40,000 cabin passengers will sail from New York. This estimate is very moderate, yet if each of these 40,000 spend \$1,000 each, the total contribution of American coin to Europe will be \$40,000,000. Placing the total number of American tourists this year at 110,000, and the expenses of each at \$1,000, we have the pleasing knowledge that our countrymen and countrywomen will bestow upon Europe the sum of \$110,000,000.

Of course, as the *Argonaut* has always been ready to recognize, quarreling with a fashion is a futile thing to do. Nevertheless, the truth has claims, and the least that can be done for it is to state them. About ninety per cent. of that \$110,000,000 of good American money will be wasted, if not worse than wasted. Those who take nothing with them to foreign countries save full pockets, empty heads, and a languid wish to be amused, will bring nothing back that will advantage their country or themselves. For the student of art, music, architecture, and medicine, for the man of letters, for all who possess trained minds that can receive en-

larging impressions from scenes new to them, Europe is useful. But such people form only a very small proportion of the grand army which moves from America upon the Old World every summer. It is composed, for the most part, of the lazy and the brainless rich and their imitators and hangers-on. The opulent go because the opulent have always gone. They set the fashion, and multitudes follow in their steps, not for the reason that they long to see Europe, but because for them not to see Europe would leave their pretensions to fashion open to question. The trip abroad is as important an adjunct to social position as the proper cut of a coat or a gown. For a member of the American Four Hundred not to be able to prattle of London and the Continent means social shame.

There are not many of our young men and women of the plutocracy who are not glad to get back to their native land and homes. They yawn their rapid heads off among strangers who know not their greatness, and amid surroundings which have no educating significance for the dancing animal. In traveling, they do their simian duty, and have the high Philistine reward of being like everybody else. In fine, the European summer tour is a task which the snob must not neglect unless he or she has the courage to bear up under the suspicion of being poor or eccentric, a courage which is hardly to be expected from a snob.

Possibly boredom may ultimately make for patriotism. No one who has undergone the experience of mingling with the annual crowd of rich Americans lounging about Europe can forbear to pity them. They herd together, go the prescribed rounds, exhibit their clothes to one another, spend their money, wish they were anywhere else, and suffer torments of fatigue and ennui.

Out of the idle and self-indulgent mass we may confidently hope a true leisure class will in time be evolved. This leisure class will see Europe, naturally, but it will also think it worth while to see this continent as well. Once a tour of the republic is made fashionable, the Four Hundred may visit the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, the Cañon of the Frazier River, the Selkirk Mountains—may view the grand mountain scenery along the Canadian Pacific which makes Switzerland seem like a toy Japanese landscape. Indeed, the whole continent invites the idle rich to a picnic and felicity, whereas Europe means to them little more than bewilderment, inconveniences, and social snubs whenever they venture out of one another's society.

To make America fashionable for Americans is the only remedy for the annual flight to Europe and the great waste of treasure which it implies.

We note in the dispatches that "Sergeant-at-Arms Byrnes and his assistants are making arrangements at the St. Louis Auditorium for the handling of the crowds at the Republican National Convention." These arrangements are most elaborate. Four door-keepers will be stationed at every door, "two outside, to inspect the tickets as the crowd passes through, and two inside to tear off the coupons." Each division will have four ushers, and as there are "forty divisions in the dress-circle and gallery, a force of one hundred and sixty ushers will be necessary." There will be "several hundred sergeants-at-arms, an army of pages, and two hundred policemen."

This makes timely the question, what good end is served by admitting such crowds to a national convention? When the cyclone devastated St. Louis, fears were expressed that the convention would have to be held elsewhere if the Auditorium was injured. But there are less than one thousand delegates to the convention. There must be a dozen theatres and halls in St. Louis which would hold such a gathering, including the alternates and the newspaper correspondents. Why should the Republican National Convention be so much exercised about providing accommodations for vast crowds of gaping spectators and brawling toughs? It is our belief that a national convention could conduct its deliberations in a much more seemly manner if it were not interfered with by the enormous crowds that attend these bodies.

During the stormy days of the French Revolution, the national legislative body was so continually invaded by the Paris mob, and legislation was so often dictated by red-capped *sans-culottes*, shrieking fish-fags, and bellowing bel-dames, that even the revolutionary leaders themselves became disgusted and alarmed. Such was the lesson of the first revolution that in 1870, when the Third Republic was erected on the ruins of the Empire, the Chamber of Deputies was taken away from Paris and installed itself at Versailles. It would have been well had it remained there.

When this country, out of a small congeries of weak colonies, was molded into a great republic, the wisdom of our forefathers impelled them to avoid holding the sessions

of the Federal legislature in any large city. Hence it was that the Federal city, Washington, was erected on the banks of the Potomac. Now that the choice of our Federal officials is largely made in conventions, it would be well if a similar prudence should control the conventions. During the last twenty years the national conventions have become simply bellowing mobs. Not being able to produce noise enough with their throats of iron and lungs of brass, the spectators have brought all sorts of horrible noise-producing engines to aid them in their labors. The sessions of a nominating convention in the United States of America in the latter part of the nineteenth century have gradually come to resemble a Chinese New-Year.

We have received from far-away Siam a note dated Bangkok, April 19, 1896, in which the writer says: "If you have not already done so, will you be good enough to note an article in the March issue of the *North American Review*, entitled 'America's Interest in Eastern Asia'?" The article in question advocates the encouragement of trade between the United States and Asia. The writer says that Japan's imports from the United States in 1894 amounted to \$11,000,000; that Japan's imports from England were over \$42,000,000, and yet Japan is almost nine thousand miles nearer San Francisco than London. The writer of the article advocates "the building up of reliable branch American houses to handle all classes of American products; packing and preparing goods with great care; maintaining an effective naval squadron to 'show the flag' and protect American interests."

While we have no doubt that the export trade of the United States with Japan and China might be profitably increased, it seems to us that there is great and imminent danger that the export trade of Asia with the United States may most unprofitably increase. John Barrett, the writer of the article, speaks of the "balance of trade." It will not be many years before the balance of trade will be overwhelmingly in favor of Japan.

A number of months ago the *Argonaut* sounded the alarm in regard to the threatened invasion of the United States by Japanese goods. When the war was raging between China and Japan, we pointed out that whatever the result of the war, it would open up undeveloped resources and set millions of people to manufacturing. We stated then that Japan, already a vigorous and progressive country, would, if victorious in the war, utilize the indemnity extorted from China in developing her resources. If she took territory from China, she would use the money indemnity in training the inhabitants of the conquered territory to work with modern tools, and thus would doubly utilize her conquest of Chinese money and Chinese territory. Our predictions are being verified. Already the manufactures of Japan are increasing in the few months which have elapsed since the war.

This question has become so complicated with free trade and protection that all statistics are regarded with suspicion. However, a British consul's report may be looked upon in America as not having the ear-marks of an American campaign document. Mr. Longford, the British vice-consul in Tokio, recently transmitted a report to Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister in Japan. He directs the attention of British manufacturers to the present period of commercial activity in Japan, the great expansion in the volume of foreign trade in that country, the increasing wealth of the people, and the rapid development of manufacturing industries. Since the war, says the British vice-consul, a manufacturing boom has taken place. The total value of the foreign trade of Japan last year was £28,150,735, of which the imports were £13,526,710 and the exports £14,624,025. The British share of the whole trade was £10,609,167, the United States coming next with £6,819,422. The consul makes special mention of the rapid increase in the cotton trade with India. The Japanese mills last year used 182,000,000 pounds of cotton. Altogether, it is evident that Japan will soon take her place as one of the great manufacturing countries in the world.

When the *Argonaut* discussed this subject, now many months ago, it asked the free-traders whether they believed that American workingmen could compete with Japanese workingmen. We asked them, whether, if it was right to prevent Asiatic workingmen from entering into this country, it was right to allow the product of their hands to come in without a tax. We asked them, if Japanese men and women could produce manufactured goods for five cents a day, whether American men and women, working in American mills and factories, could compete with such Asiatic labor without protection. We have as yet received no reply. There has been some babble in free-trade organs of a "rise in wages" in Japan, but it will take many a rise and many a year before wages go from five cents a day to the level of wages paid workingmen in the United States.

The appearance of Japan as a manufacturing country is

making it impossible for the free-traders to maintain their preposterous doctrine. American workingmen and workingwomen can not compete in an open market with Asiatic men and Asiatic women working for five cents a day. We hope they may never have to try. But we can assure them that if the Democratic party remains in power, with its free-trade ideas, they will have an opportunity.

The first train of loaded cars of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad left Stockton on June 5th for Merced. The directors of the Valley Road have been conferring at Fresno with committees from Kern and Tulare Counties. The directors do not feel much encouraged at the attitude of the land-owners in the valley. The wave of enthusiasm which swept over the State when the Valley Railroad was born seems to have crystallized into a desire on the part of the honest granger to cinch the road for all it is worth. When the project was first talked of, judging from the enthusiasm of the people and the press, it seemed as if the road would be given a right of way running broad and straight from one end of California's great valley to the other. But now the honest granger is treating the Valley Railroad very much as he would the Southern Pacific, and is trying to get his pound of flesh. The directors have been so much disconcerted at the attitude of the grangers that they have decided not to build south from Fresno to Bakersfield at present.

We advise the directors, if they are going to build any more road, to build from Stockton to San Francisco. Then they will have a road beginning somewhere and ending somewhere. They will then have a railway, starting from deep water, from a great seaport, and running to Stockton, a distributing point of the interior. If they permit their road to begin at Stockton and end at Fresno, it will begin nowhere and end nowhere. The original plan was, of course, based largely on sentiment—to succor the oppressed people of the valley, and to defend them against the Southern Pacific. But inasmuch as the oppressed people of the valley have shown only a desire to cinch their benefactors, the benefactors have grown cold. We advise them now to build their road where it will do the most good to them, and let the oppressed grangers look out for themselves. If they run their road from San Francisco to Stockton, they will, at all events, have a complete, if short, railroad system, which will be based on business principles. One runniog down the valley and based on sentiment—with the sentimental grangers holding out for coin—would not be apt to pay. The Valley Road directors had better now consider their own oppressed stockholders instead of the oppressed grangers.

The illness of James S. Clarkson is going completely to demoralize the Allison forces at St. Louis. Clarkson and Trumbo are two of the men interested with John Spreckels in the San Francisco *Call*. It is an open secret that when the *Call* was sold, the money was largely put up by Allison, Spreckels, Clarkson, and Trumbo, and the paper was to start an Allison boom in California, and send a California delegation to St. Louis pledged to Allison. The McKinley wave, however, has settled all that, and the *Call* has been obliged reluctantly to get into line. It is, perhaps, a bad thing for California, politically speaking, for if Allison had been nominated there would have been Cabioet positions, foreign ministries, and Federal patronage galore distributed here. John Spreckels, in addition to being a local political boss, would also have been a Federal boss, for the Federal patronage would largely have passed through his hands. Sam Shortridge and Isaac Trumbo would have had whatever they wanted. Shortridge would probably have been made Secretary of State, and Trumbo Minister to the Court of St. James. But the Allison boom is "busted." Clarkson's illness is unfortunate for the Allison boomers, for, their manager being absent, it renders it difficult for them to throw their votes to advantage in any desired direction. However, it looks now as if there were nowhere to throw them except to McKinley.

Mr. M. H. de Young has again declined the nomination for Vice-President of the United States. It was at Minneapolis that Mr. de Young first declined this honor. It was at Denver that he declined it for the second time. It was on the Lupercal, as every reader will recall, that Cesar thrice declined a kingly crown. Why does Mr. de Young so firmly decline the second office in the United States? Does he fear that California will bolt the ticket? Or does he fear that the whole country will? Or does he fear that his acceptance of a Vice-Presidential nomination at this time might interfere with his chances for the Presidency in the future? "Adieu, Michel, that shall be king hereafter!"

NOMINATION
BY
MOB.

THE DISAPPOINTED
ALLISON
BOOMERS.

MR. DE
YOUNG
DECLINES.

THE EMPRESS'S AUTOGRAPH.

A Legend of the Lace-Counter of the Louvre.

Scarcely had the postman gone out of the house, after having left the morning letters, when Jules Dupré, who was watching from his sixth-story window, descended hurriedly to the porter's office.

"Any letters for me?" he asked.

The porter put on his spectacles, gathered up the letters which had just come in, looked them over one by one, and replied, laconically:

"None."

"Thank you," said the young man, and he slowly re-mounted the stairs, where his friend, Armand, was waiting for him.

Through economy, the two young men lived in the same room. There were to be seen all their furniture, all their books, and all their papers. There were more papers than anything else, because both of them ran manuscript-mills. We regret to say that while the two young men turned out a great deal of manuscript, they succeeded in placing very little. Once in a while, one of them would get an article inserted in one of the papers, but they scarcely made enough to live on, even by making a partnership of their assets—and liabilities.

"Well?" said Armand, seeing his companion enter.

"Nothing, as I told you. We shall have to wait until the end of the month. My uncle is a man who is a believer in fixed dates."

"The devil! We have five days yet to wait. Still, I would not object to breakfasting to-day instead of five days from now."

"We needn't breakfast. In that way, we can save taking a cocktail."

"Oh, I could spare that. I am as hungry as a wolf. You know we had rather a light supper yesterday."

"Yes, it is true that a smoked herring for two is scarcely gluttony."

Armand, his hands in his pockets, walked up and down the room reflectively.

"See here," said he, "don't you know anybody who could loan us a hundred francs?"

"Yes, I know lots who *could*, but I know no one who *would*."

Armand suddenly cried out: "I have an idea."

"Is it a good one?"

"Listen. Have you not often spoken to me of an old collector of autographs who lives in this house?"

"Yes. He lives on the first floor, a man named Bridoux."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, I don't know. I have scarcely seen him more than a couple of times."

"Suppose we try and sell him something?"

"That is a good idea. It is true we have plenty of autographs, but they are mostly our own. He wants historic ones."

"Are you sure that no celebrity ever wrote to us?"

"I don't think so, but there is the correspondence coffer. Look through it."

Armand seated himself at the table, emptied the box upon the table, and began to go through the letters. For at least half an hour he carefully turned over the sheets of paper.

Suddenly he cried out:

"Eureka! I have found it—a letter from the Empress Marie Louise."

Feverishly he waved in the air a yellowing sheet of paper almost cut in two by the folds.

Jules looked at it. "Why, I recognize that!" said he. "It is a note from little Marie Louise, who used to be a saleswoman at the lace-counter in the Louvre. I got that letter from her when I was serving my volunteer term of a year, with the grade of corporal."

"I tell you, old man, that it is from the Empress Marie Louise, and it is addressed to the great Napoleon."

"And dated 1873?"

"1813, my dear fellow. The seven looks exactly like a one. It is after the victorious battle of Lutzen, and this is what the empress wrote:

"My Little Corporal: You have won enough of laurels for the moment. Leave your army, and come to me at the Louvre, where I am yawning in the midst of billows of lace. Marie Louise."

"And you think you can sell that to our neighbor Bridoux? Why, you are joking. It would be a swindle."

"You can aid me. Have you that false beard that you wore at the masquerade last year?"

"Yes, I think it is around somewhere."

"Listen, then, and I will teach you your rôle."

In a few words Armand instructed his friend what he had to do, and then putting the precious autograph in his pocket-hook, said: "Do not forget. Knock in a quarter of an hour."

Armand repaired at once to the apartment of Bridoux. The autograph-collector lived alone. He was a man of about sixty years of age. Armand looked at him critically.

"I wish to speak to M. Bridoux."

"That's my name, sir."

"I wish to see you on a serious affair."

"Come in," said Bridoux.

Armand entered, and Bridoux offered him a chair.

"Sir," said Armand, "I have heard of you as being one of the most erudite autograph-collectors in Paris, and I wish to show you something very rare—an autograph of the Empress Marie Louise."

So saying, Armand unbuttoned his coat, carefully took out his lank pocket-hook, and from it took the letter, which he placed under the eyes of the autograph-collector.

Bridoux read it, mused, and said:

"It is very short. You say that those characters are

from the hands of the Empress Marie Louise? Her autographs are very rare."

"It is authentic. The empress addressed it to the great Napoleon the day after the battle of Lutzen."

"But the emperor lived at the Tuileries then."

"Certainly, sir, and that observation proves your intimate knowledge of the history of the time. But if you will remember, during the absence of the Little Corporal, as he whirled from battle-field to battle-field, the empress was in the habit of retiring to the Louvre."

Bridoux was evidently flattered at his historical knowledge being praised; but, rubbing his nose reflectively, he said:

"How did the letter fall into your hands?"

"Oh, in the most natural manner in the world. I got the letter from my father, who got it from my grandfather. My grandfather—a soldier of the Empire and a fanatic admirer of Napoleon—picked up this letter one day when it had fallen from the pocket of the great man, and preserved it as a precious relic. Sir, nothing but the most urgent need would force me to sell it. But I must have one hundred francs. It is for me a question of life and death. Nevertheless, I beg you to believe I am patriotic, for if I come to you, it is because you are French, and because, if you purchase it, this precious document will remain in my country. I could have had ten times the price I asked you. Just now an Englishman tried to buy it on any terms. He followed me, even dogging my steps to the door of this house."

But Bridoux evidently did not appear in a hurry to hind the hargain.

"I would willingly buy it, but I wish to consult an expert first."

"I regret, sir," replied Armand, "that I can not wait." He turned cold inside as he said to himself: "This affair is going to fall through if Jules does not hurry up."

At this moment the door-bell rang. Bridoux went to open it. Jules entered. He was unrecognizable. His hat was on the back of his head, his coat was hunched to the chin, and he had on a pair of long red whiskers not unlike those which adorn the English tourists who travel around with those queer "personally conducted" parties.

At the sight of this curious personage, the autograph-collector stared in stupefaction.

"Pardon me," said the false Englishman. "I wish to speak to the gentleman who just came into your house."

Bridoux was about to reply, when Armand interrupted.

"How," said he, "you here again, man?"

"Yes. I will give you two hundred francs for your letter."

"But I told you I would not sell it."

"I will give you five hundred francs."

"I tell you, sir, that I am already making a hargain with this gentleman."

"I will give you a thousand francs."

"I beg you, sir, to leave the room."

"Very well," said the false Englishman, "I will wait for you outside the door, but I must have that autograph," and he left.

"You see," said Armand to Bridoux, "the price that Englishman attaches to this precious document. Don't force me to let it pass into his hands when I ask you only one hundred francs."

The autograph-collector was at last convinced. He took out of his *secretaire* a bank-note for one hundred francs, and gave it to Armand, who thanked him and withdrew.

Not long after that the two young men made a raise, and the first thing they did was to put a bank-note of one hundred francs into an envelope with this indorsement: "Restitution and thanks," and addressed it to Bridoux.

But Bridoux never knew what it meant. He simply covered the hundred francs into his treasury, and for him the note of the little saleswoman at the Louvre lace-counter is still an authentic autograph of the Empress Marie Louise. —Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.

The St. Louis papers tell of many strange freaks of the tornado. In South St. Louis there is a house whose entire north wall is torn out save a support under one of the windows and the window itself. The frame is not damaged and not one of the panes of glass is broken. The entire front of a dwelling-house located on South Broadway was swept away, leaving the interior with furniture exposed to the elements. The furniture and bedding were piled in a confused mass upon each floor, while upon the rear wall of the second-story bedroom was the legend, "Good Luck." A tall office-stool fell from the top of the tower of the McLean Building on the following afternoon; it had no mark indicating whence it had come. But the most astonishing tale is of two young women who were on a Fourth Street cable-car at the time of the storm. It entirely denuded them, and they left the car stark naked, and were cared for in a house near by.

The Princess May, Duchess of York, has been dropping into poetry. She has for many years been actively interested in the institutions organized for the benefit of the waifs and strays of the streets of London, and a short time ago she wrote the following lines in their interest:

"If each man in his measure
Would do a brother's part,
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart;
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor,
And then might 'Merrie England'
Deserve her name once more."

A trade-union in London was permanently enjoined by the Court of Appeal, a few days ago, from continuing its practice of blacklisting the men employed by a certain firm of huilders during last year's strike. Moreover, it was ordered to pay damages in the sum of \$2,500 to the employers.

THE WORLD AWHEEL.

Cyclists and Cycling Kinks.

It is becoming more and more the fad to go on wheeling tours around European countries. Among theatrical people it has become a favorite trip. Last summer, Nat Goodwin, Al. Hayman, Daniel Frohman, Bronson Howard, Frank Sanger, Pauline Hall, and others toured through England and on the Continent. It is figured that one can go from San Francisco and spend five weeks in England and Scotland on a wheel for about three hundred dollars. This, of course, is close figuring and it does not mean traveling on the crack steamers. Neither does it include stopping at the big hotels, going to the theatres, or buying trousseaus, but it will enable one to wheel through the country, see the sights, and stop at the country inns. On the Glasgow steamers, one can get a round-trip ticket for seventy-five dollars first-class. A pleasant trip is to land at Southampton, run up through Winchester, Aldershot, and across Surrey to London, do London, then journey to Windsor Castle, Eton, and up the Thames Valley to Ascot, to Wallingford, to Oxfordshire, and then to the glorious old city of Oxford; then to Woodstock, where Fair Rosamund dwelt; then to Blenheim, the palace of the Duke of Marlborough; thence to Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon; then by Warwick to Coventry, where "Peeping Tom" peeped; then to Chester and up the River Dee, by Lake Windermere, and then Keswick, Newcastle, Carlisle, and Solway Firth through Dumfries, and thence to Glasgow, where you can take a steamer home first-class for forty dollars. The rural inns are of the best description, and you can get the most delicious roast beef, good ale, bread, butter, and cheese for a song. For sensible people, who have good health and good appetites, the trip would be an ideal one.

At a recent meeting of the Clinical Society in Chicago, Dr. C. E. Colwell read a paper on hicycle-riding, and said: "The saddles of to-day are almost without exception faulty and injurious. They carry the weight upon the perineum. The saddle should be so arranged that the weight is carried on the ischians—the tuberosities of the pelvis. If not so arranged, much injury is done to the prostatic gland. Male riders are apt to find permanent maladies resulting to them in the future. Some of them will not find it out until they have passed middle life, and it will then be too late to cure them."

In large cities a new style of bicycle thief has been found. He generally works with women. He accosts a rider, and tells her that her tire is flat, or that a spoke is loose, or that her chain is too tight or too loose. He apparently fixes up these defects, and then says: "Now, just let me see if it runs all right." With that he jumps into the saddle and starts off. Presently he turns a corner and disappears. The spectacle of a bloomer lady standing disconsolately in a street or park road, miles from home, watching a hicycle thief scorching off in the distance, would bring tears to eyes unused to weep.

Women purchasing bicycles should be careful to see that the crank-throw and gear are suited to their length of leg. The average crank is six and one-fourth inches. But a man with a 36-inch leg certainly wants a longer crank than a woman with a 32-inch leg. Women who ride hicycles with over-long cranks do not get the full force out of their muscles, and in addition to that have a most awkward motion caused by the knees rising too high. They should not only look to the gear, but to the crank-throw.

A "ladies' cycling troupe" has been organized in the West for a tour. There are ten ladies in the troupe. "Ten beautiful lady hicyclists doing fast riding and racing, and also introducing the great and only ocean-beach bathers in full bathing costume." The troupe opened at Milwaukee, and is about to do the smaller lake towns around Lake Michigan.

A few years ago there was not an American wheel shipped to foreign countries. Now there are thousands shipped every year, and the trade is increasing. Americans who make foreign wheeling trips almost invariably take their own wheels with them. They are lighter and stronger. American manufacturers are filling orders in Australia, in Africa, in South America, and even in the cannibal islands. One Chicago firm recently refused an order for eighty wheels from Moscow, as they already had more orders in this country than they can fill.

The pneumatic tire first appeared in London at the autumn wheeling meet of 1889. Arthur du Cros had come over from Dublin with a pneumatic safety to race, but was informed at the eleventh hour that he was harred. It seems extraordinary that only six years ago the present style should have been ridiculed by racing men, but such was the fact.

The latest invention in cycles is a spring seat-post which can be used on any hicycle, and it is claimed that fifty per cent. of the vibration is taken up in the post instead of in the body as now.

An Eastern paper recently published a symposium from clergymen, physicians, marriage-license clerks, and wheelmen on the question "Is cycling conducive to matrimony?" All of them agreed that it is. They all say that bicycling brings young men and young women together under circumstances of companionship that exist in almost no other way. The extreme popularity of the tandem—of which the manufacturers this year can not supply enough—has also had a great deal to do with it. The marriage-license clerk of Chicago says that the figures of his office show an increase in matrimony, and that it is principally among cyclists. The manufacturers say that whenever a young man comes in to buy a drop-frame tandem, he has the same sheepish appearance as has the young man who is buying an engagement-ring. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may say that the drop-frame tandem is distinctly for a man and woman, the front frame being dropped for the lady's greater comfort.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN DUCHESS.

Social Success of Her Grace of Marlborough, who was Miss Vanderbilt—She was Presented at the Last Drawing-Room.

The Duchess of Marlborough is making a very favorable impression on English society. She was, as in duty bound, presented at the last drawing-room. Her presenter was her mother-in-law, the poor Marchioness of Blandford. When I say poor, I do not desire to convey the impression that the duke's mother is in straitened circumstances. As a matter of fact, her financial condition is eminently satisfactory. It is true that her father, the Duke of Abercorn, was by no means a rich man. He was in his time one of that order of British nobility known as poor. "Poor for a duke" is not an altogether uncommon expression applied to the highest grade of English peer. There have been, and are, several dukes whom the term fitted and fits. The present Duke of Marlborough, for instance, was decidedly "poor for a duke," before Miss Vanderbilt's millions came to his rescue. So the Duke of Abercorn was "poor for a duke" when his daughter married the Marquis of Blandford in 1869. Therefore, he was not able to settle as much upon her as the daughters of many retired tradesmen are given on their marriage to some titled pauper or other. Yet the marriage settlements were ample enough to make her what in other spheres would be considered a rich woman.

No; calling her poor has nothing whatever to do with money. It is the shameful treatment she received from her husband, the late Duke of Marlborough, which brings the word "poor" to one's lips and to the point of one's pen when her name is mentioned. And the fact that, though justly her due, she never attained the legal right of being called a duchess—that title so dearly coveted by all womankind. She and the late duke were divorced while his father was still living, and he, as eldest son, was only the Marquis of Blandford. Thus, when her husband became a duke, she still remained but a marchioness, and had the pleasure of seeing an American woman put into the place which should have been hers. But no doubt she has found ample solace in this lady's dethronement by another Yankee duchess in the person of her own son's wife. Instead, too, of being overshadowed and thrust out of sight, as she was on the first occasion, this marriage of her son to the young American heiress has brought her out from her long term of seclusion and given her a new interest. With her, at her pretty house in Lowndes Square, the Duchess of Marlborough has been staying on a visit while the duke was out with the Oxfordshire Yeomany for the annual training. And from there the duchess was presented at the fourth and last drawing-room on Monday.

There are usually four drawing-rooms during the season, two before Easter and two after. Last year there were five, and this year the same addition will be made during the summer—say in June—on account of the royal marriage. The first drawing-room this season was held on March 11th, and at neither it nor the three succeeding has the queen presided in person, although each time it was hoped that she would do so. This, perhaps, may account for the delay in the presentation of the Duchess of Marlborough until the fourth occasion. However, for all social purposes, a presentation to one of the royal princesses is equivalent to a formal introduction to the queen herself, notwithstanding that the etiquette observed differs slightly in detail. For example, when the queen herself holds the drawing-room, the lady presented places her own hand beneath that of the queen, whose hand she kisses, at the same time making a courtesy. When, as on Monday, the Princess of Wales receives for the queen, ladies, on being presented, courtesy only, and do not kiss the princess's hand. People who are then introduced for the first time to the Princess of Wales have the privilege of writing their names in the visitors' book at Marlborough House.

It was rather a swagger drawing-room, the last one. Had it nothing else to give it *éclat*, every one was anxious to see the new American duchess, whose marriage and millions had already made such a sensation in England, and gaze upon her diamonds, which were simply superb. Her court train (so a kind lady friend who knows tells me) was of ivory white satin, embroidered by hand (how she knows this, I can not imagine) in silver and fine pearls, the design being very beautiful. The dress underneath (I had supposed the thing was all in one, which shows all we know about it) was white satin draped with point d'Angleterre lace of the finest and costliest description. Among the other presentations was Mrs. Alfred Austin, the wife of the new poet laureate. There were several other American ladies presented besides the Duchess of Marlborough. Mrs. Calvin Brice and her two daughters were vouched for by Mrs. Bayard. Miss Emilie Maud Talbot, of New York, was another fair lady from "the other side."

On Wednesday the Duchess of Marlborough dined with the Duchess of Buccleuch at Montagu House, Whitehall. The occasion was the commemoration of the queen's birthday, on which it is usual for certain state and royal officials to give grand dinners. The Duchess of Buccleuch is the queen's Mistress of the Robes, and it is her province to give one of the customary banquets. It was a graceful attention on the part of the Scotch duchess to her American sister thus to single her out. For, aside from the honor in itself, she met no end of swells and "smart" people. Such, for example, as the Duchess of Roxburgh, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Lytton (Mrs. Owen Meredith), and last, but not least, Mr. C. Sykes, the Prince of Wales's own particular pal.

I forgot to say, and add it as it may interest old friends at San Francisco, that among those ladies presented at the last drawing-room was Lady Booker, the wife of the late British consul-general at New York, who was at one time her majesty's consul at San Francisco. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 22, 1896.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Hurricane.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh;
I know thy breath in the burning sky;
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane.

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along.
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast, and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day.
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Grant of air! we hid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-holts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall,
Of the crystal heaven and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—William Cullen Bryant.

To the West Wind.

O wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver: hear, O hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them. Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble, and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the sky's speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit; be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
And by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Cycle polo is one of the fads of the day. At first it was played on ordinary wheels with clubs, but later exclusively upon the so-called "Star" bicycle, the ball being driven by the front wheel of the machine. The skill displayed in making lightning turns and quick shots for goal is of the highest order.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Gervex is to paint a picture of the coronation of the Czar Nicholas for the city of Paris on a canvas 33x24 feet.

Secretary Morton will return to Nebraska and go to farming when he leaves the Cabinet. He has a fine estate in that State.

A hundred original sketches by Forain, the caricaturist, were sold for three thousand six hundred dollars at an auction in Paris recently.

The estate of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, for which letters of administration have just been granted to Princess Beatrice, is valued at only \$5,145.

Mr. Gladstone usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other as he considers that his mind has reached the limit of its absorption.

Ex-President Casimir-Périer has entered political life again, at the bottom, having been chosen municipal councillor of the Commune of Pont-sur-Seine, where his estate is.

The late Baron Hirsch received an average of four hundred begging letters a day, and never read them, though he gave away in a single year as much as fifteen millions of dollars.

Sardou, the French playwright, is now sixty years old, but, though wrinkled and half bald, in his elastic step and brilliant eye he is as youthful as a boy. His earnings from his plays are estimated at one million dollars.

Captain Harry North, the elder son of the "Nitrate King," is not likely to play ducks and drakes with his father's millions. He is one of the class known as "steady," and has imbibed a good deal of his father's shrewdness in business matters.

Mascagni, who burst on an astonished world, five years ago, with his "Cavalleria Rusticana," has produced half a dozen operas since then, and none of them has been more than a *succès d'estime*. His seventh opera, "Benetto," just produced at Milan, has proved a seventh fiasco.

Durand, the man who stood on a pedestal for twenty-eight days and nights in Marseilles, some months ago, has just completed the feat of hanging from a gallows for thirteen hours in all while it lasted, but slept while hanging. He now proposes to allow himself to be buried for a long period.

Hubert Herkomer recently related how he painted Wagner's portrait. The composer was so averse to sitting that Mr. Herkomer finally decided to paint him from memory. Wagner saw the sketch and was so much pleased that thenceforth he consented to sit as long as the artist chose. This portrait is now in the possession of Wagner's widow.

The late Colonel North loved children, but was not wildly enthusiastic about kissing babies miscellaneous. Once, being implored by a bandsome lady to kiss an exceptionally unwholesome-looking infant, of which the mother stated herself to be the living image, "Well, here goes for the image," said North, and he forthwith imprinted a sounding kiss on the fair mother's cheek.

Prince Bismarck has just lost his famous dog Tyras. The animal, properly called the "Reichshund," died of old age. He was, however, not the original Tyras, so much talked of at the time of the Berlin Congress, because he bit, or tried to bite, Prince Gortschakoff's calves. After the decease of Tyras the First, the present emperor gave Prince Bismarck the animal which has just died.

Hetty Green's husband, Edward Henry Green, is twenty years his wife's senior, and is now nearly eighty, though he does not look it. When they were married, he was possessor of a million or so, made in the East India trade, but he lost it all in Wall Street and found himself a bankrupt twelve years ago. Though he and his wife had separated, she made him a handsome allowance, which is still continued, and he lives comfortably on it in a New York club.

President Faure is said to have consulted Jules Simon, the other day, as to the ministerial situation. After hearing some purely political counsels, M. Faure said: "And what about my own position?" "Oh," replied the old Republican, "all you have to do is to ride straight and not to read the newspapers." M. Casimir-Perier lost his balance because he was always perusing the cuttings about himself, which, after all, were written to goad him into resigning.

It is said that when ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, became interested in Henry George's gospel of the single tax, he did not have time to investigate it for himself, so he employed a lawyer, in whose honesty, acumen, and learning he had confidence, to explore the subject. The lawyer, after diligent research, duly informed his client that the single tax was right and just. From that day to this, Tom Johnson has been one of the most enthusiastic of apostles of Henry George.

The man who is charged with being the instigator of the assassination of the Persian Shah is Djemel-ed-Dheen Khan, a name that has been signed to some notable articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly*, and *North American Review*. An Afghan by birth, such is his genius for intrigue that he has been successively expelled for conspiring against the government from Cabul, India, Egypt, Persia, and Russia. Of late he has held an official position in the Sultan's household, where he would be under constant observation, and now the Sultan has surrendered him to Persian authorities.

A PORK-PACKING ANGEL.

The Curious Suit of David Belasco against N. K. Fairbank—The Chicago Millionaire was Mrs. Leslie Carter's Financial Backer.

New York has been convulsed during the past week over the suit brought by David Belasco against the Chicago millionaire, N. K. Fairbank. The playwright and stage-manager brought suit to recover sixty-five thousand dollars for his services in preparing and coaching Mrs. Carter for the stage. Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer and ex-Judge Gerber appeared for Belasco, and Horace E. Deming for Fairbank. From the standing of these attorneys, it may be seen what importance the contestants attach to the suit.

Mr. Belasco was placed on the stand by his attorneys, and gave a narrative of the events leading up to the suit. He told the history of his life, and described himself as a playwright and stage-director. He said that he had worked in the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, for some time as prompter, and subsequently as stage-manager, and that he came to New York twelve years ago as "dramatist" at the Madison Square Theatre, which he left for the Lyceum Theatre. In his testimony he said that while in San Francisco he prepared a "Passion Play" which was very successful, and that among his plays produced in New York were "The Wife," "The Highest Bidder," and "Lord Chumley." He was one of the authors of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," he dramatized "Pawnticket 210" for Lotta, and he adapted "Miss Helyett" and "She." His latest play, he told the jury, was "The Heart of Maryland," in which Mrs. Carter had made a triumph in the part of Maryland Calvert, and all the critics in New York and in other large cities had praised her most enthusiastically. Mr. Belasco grew excited as his testimony progressed, and was about to tell the jury what his annual income was from his plays; the word "fifty thousand dollars" were shaping themselves on his lips when his counsel, ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, stopped him. Judge Dittenhoefer is a foxy attorney, and knows that a jury does not feel so warmly toward a gentleman making fifty thousand dollars a year as it does toward one making five, or one who is broke. Mr. Belasco went on to say that among the persons whom he had coached were Mrs. James Brown Potter, Elsie de Wolfe, Rose Coghlan, Grace Kimball, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., Edward Sothorn, James O'Neill, Maurice Barrymore, and M. B. Curtis, the latter better known as "Samuel of Posen." Belasco went on to say that he had been approached first in this matter in 1888 by Edward G. Gilmore, who asked him to take up the task of preparing Mrs. Carter for the stage. Belasco refused, saying: "I don't want to have anything to do with society women who want to be stars. I don't fancy stage-struck society women; there is too much hard work in training them." He repeated this remark when he was introduced to Mrs. Carter, apologizing for his bluntness, but telling her to begin at the foot of the ladder and work up.

But the millionaire still pursued him. Mr. Gilmore was simply an agent of Mr. Fairbank. And finally they so worried Belasco that they ran him to earth in Mrs. Carter's apartments in "The Madison," a family hotel on East Twenty-Fifth Street. There he met Mr. Fairbank for the first time. Belasco tried his best to dissuade Fairbank from entering into the enterprise. He told him that Mary Anderson's friends had spent nearly fifty thousand dollars to make her a success. But Fairbank said that he could not be frightened by any such sum, and that he could lose a million one day and make it the next. Belasco then requested that the hacking be made open and above board, instead of hidden. To this Fairbank objected, and even requested that Belasco should not write him letters with the Lyceum Theatre stamp on the envelope. Belasco finally yielded, and Mr. Fairbank thus became the "angel" of the Belasco-Carter enterprise.

In theatrical slang, "angel" is the term applied to the gentleman who is the financial backer of any theatrical enterprise. It is generally a young man who has fallen in love with a pretty actress. In this case, it would seem to be an old man. Mr. Fairbank, a hard-hearted Chicago pork-packer and soap-boiler, certainly could not have backed Mrs. Carter to such an extent purely through altruism or a love of the dramatic art. Further than that, he would not have shown such coy and shrinking modesty concerning the disclosure of his backing had he not good reasons for it. But, if Mr. Fairbank wanted "no notoriety," he certainly made a mistake when he refused to settle up with Belasco. The suit which that aggrieved individual is bringing against him is filling all the newspapers in the United States, and the town is roaring with laughter over the discomfiture of the pork-packing "angel."

The appearance of the two men in court was noted with much interest. Mr. Belasco, instead of looking like a stage-manager, has a somewhat ecclesiastical air. He wears black clothes, a high-cut coat not unlike a clergyman's, and a modest flat black scarf. Mr. Fairbank is a benevolent-looking individual, with white side-whiskers and gold rimmed glasses. He is a kindly looking old gentleman, rather on the Sunday-school-superintendent order, and not the kind you would expect to see hacking up pretty actresses.

Mr. Belasco made an excellent witness. He is a highly nervous person, and very dramatic. He directed his face at the jury, and talked to them steadily throughout his testimony. It was plainly to be seen that they listened to him with interest, and his descriptions of his methods of coaching actresses, together with the vivid imitations of their falls, bandsprings, flip-flaps, back somersaults, and other muscular ways of displaying emotionalism, were followed by them very closely. Attorney Deming tried to cross-examine him, but he had very little success with Belasco, who was an excellent witness for his own attorneys, but a very poor one for the defense.

Opinions vary as to the result of the suit. It is generally

believed, however, that Belasco will get judgment against Fairbank, although possibly not for so large a sum as sixty-five thousand dollars. There is no doubt that his services were valuable, and it is true that he is making from thirty to forty thousand dollars a year in salary at the Lyceum and from royalties received from his plays. He devoted much time to coaching Mrs. Carter, and there can be no question that most of her success was due to him.

If Mr. Fairbank has a taste for playing "angel" and backing up pretty actresses, he ought to be willing to pay for it. When he goes long on lard or short on pork he has to settle. There is an old proverb that he who dances must pay the piper. And if Mr. Fairbank has been capering nimbly in Mrs. Carter's boudoir to the lascivious pleatings of a flute piped by piper Belasco, he ought to settle up, and I think he will have to. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1896.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Chronicle* is doing most commendable work at present in exposing the methods of the tax-eating hrigade. The present iniquitous tax-rate of \$2.25 on the \$100 hides fair to be raised next year to \$3.50. This year the municipal tax-eaters took \$6,400,000 out of the pockets of San Francisco's citizens, while the State took \$2,500,000 additional. This is an increase of over \$2,500,000 since 1890. Now the tax-eaters are trying to raise the levy to nearly \$8,000,000.

There is the usual amount of indignation expressed by the press and the people, but such popular furores usually result in nothing. The *Chronicle*, however, has taken up the matter, and with its usual thoroughness is going to the bottom. It is going over the accounts of the various departments, and is showing an infinitude of small steals, but which, in the aggregate, amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. But the fact on which the *Chronicle* keeps hammering away is that under the new charter the tax levy can not be higher than \$1.17 on the \$100, and that after the new City Hall is finished, it can only be \$1.07. This, to a tax-payer who is paying \$2.25, and who is threatened with \$3.50, is conclusive. If the new charter is carried, it will be due to the organized greed of the municipal officials of San Francisco. They will have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

There seems to be, in the political friendship of M. H. de Young and George A. Knight, a little rift within the lute. Mr. Knight, when interrogated as to whether he intended to support Mr. de Young in his Vice-Presidential aspirations, replied, crisply, not to say haughtily, that he occupied offices in Mr. de Young's building, but that as he paid his rent therefor, he did not consider himself under any obligation to Mr. de Young. The secret of Mr. Knight's coolness is said to be due to the fact that he wants Frank McGowan, an old Humboldt friend of his, to go to Congress, but that De Young is turning McGowan down. As to the Vice-Presidential office, Mr. Knight said that he was in favor of U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, Cal. We doubt whether the nomination will go to Mr. Grant. He is scarcely a Californian, and the Vice-Presidential nomination is largely dependent on geographical considerations. None the less, if George Knight puts the son of General Grant in nomination, he will make a rattling good speech while he is about it. We hope he may have the chance.

The flattening out of the Allison boom, the illness of J. S. Clark, Allison's manager, and the general demoralization of the Allison boomers from California, makes it seem probable that the contest in the delegation from this State may be settled in favor of the McKinley delegates. Joseph S. Spear, representing the anti-Spreckels faction, was early on the ground. He went to visit McKinley and Hanna a couple of weeks ago, and in St. Louis he seems to be hobnobbing with the McKinley leaders. The action of the committee on credentials so far shows plainly that the McKinley delegates will almost invariably be seated. If this rule be followed out—and it probably will be—it may result in the unseating of Samuel M. Shortridge and W. W. Montague, they to be supplanted by Joseph S. Spear and H. I. Kowalsky. The only factor militating against this is that McKinley's managers may fear to excite the hostility of a Republican paper like the *Call*, and thereby cause a split in the party. This may lead the committee on credentials to straddle on the question of the contesting California delegation.

The announcement by the "National Athletic Club" of a "four-round glove-contest" between Corbett and Sharkey has excited much surprise in San Francisco. It is not very long since special laws were passed to put a stop to these "glove-contests" here. They thrived in San Francisco some years ago, and, under the patronage of a number of so-called "athletic clubs," the city speedily gained a large and extremely undesirable addition to its population. Low-browed "pugs" from all over the world flocked to San Francisco. When they were not able to make an honest dollar by "boxing," they were not averse to making a dishonest one in other ways. The ranks of the criminal classes in San Francisco became unduly swollen during the heyday of the "glove-contest" period, and all good citizens breathed more freely when these meetings were stopped by law.

But they have recently been resumed. Under the guise of a "charitable entertainment," one was given some weeks ago (by the consent of the supervisors), which brought in over eight thousand dollars gate-money. If any of this went for "charity," we have not been informed of it. Now the supervisors have "given their consent" to this glove-contest between Corbett and Sharkey. What stand-

ing does the "consent" of the supervisors give to an act which is a felony? Are the board of supervisors of San Francisco superior to the laws of California? The code says that "to engage in what is generally known as prize-fighting, either with or without gloves," is unlawful, and that "all persons engaging in such contests, either as principals, aids, seconds, or backers, shall be guilty of felony, and shall be fined not less than one thousand dollars nor more than three thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the State Prison not less than one nor more than three years." The law seems clear. If its violation is attempted, we hope the city officials will see to it that arrest and conviction follow. Only semi-civilized places, like Hot Springs, Ark., and El Paso, Tex., allow these "glove-contests" now. They have been driven from every civilized city in the country, until they have only a shadowy standing on the frontier. Let us not permit them to make a final stand in San Francisco. It would be an ineffaceable stain upon the city.

The attitude of the free-silver men from the Western and Pacific Coast States in the St. Louis national convention is problematical. It is said that if the convention opposes free silver, the delegates from Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, and Utah will bolt and walk out of the convention, headed by Henry M. Teller, a possible Presidential candidate. There is, however, a strong effort being made to reconcile the silver men to the so-called "Indiana plank," which will probably be the one adopted by the convention. The plank on the money question runs as follows:

"We believe that our money should not be inferior to the money of the most enlightened nations of the earth. We are unalterably opposed to every scheme that threatens to debase or depreciate our currency. We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only and under such regulations that its parity with gold can be maintained, and, in consequence, are opposed to the free and unlimited and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1."

This plank has been thoroughly canvassed in the large cities of the East during the past fortnight, and the extreme gold men there, including the bankers and Wall Street men, seem to be satisfied with it. The only objection that they make is that it might be well to leave out the words "at a ratio of 16 to 1," thereby forbidding the free coinage of silver at any ratio. But they finally have decided to accept the plank as printed above.

The silver men in the West do not feel very enthusiastic over the plank, but they recognize the fact that it is the best they can obtain. There is not much talk of bolting, except in the delegations we have already referred to. M. H. de Young, who has persistently advocated silver through his paper, the *Chronicle*, for many years, advocates submitting gracefully to the inevitable. Salisbury, national committeeman from Utah, and Cleveland, national committeeman from Nevada, indulge in extreme free-silver talk, and say that if Teller walks out of the convention, he will be nominated by the Democrats and indorsed by the silver party convention and the Populist party. On the other hand, the delegates from Washington say that they will stand by the Republican party. Although they are in favor of free silver, they are more interested in protection, and as Delegate Sullivan said: "What we want is protection for our great wool industry, which has been damaged \$45,000,000 by the Wilson-Gorman act." Congressman Hilborn, a shrewd politician, stated in St. Louis last week that, in his opinion, the passage of the Indiana plank by the national convention would mean a hard fight in this State, and that possibly California would be lost to the Republicans.

The *Argonaut* has often pointed out the ludicrous nature of "Special Correspondents" of the United States that they have "special correspondents" abroad. As we have frequently stated, almost all of their foreign news is "lifted" bodily from the columns of the great London dailies. This accounts for the strong British tinge to our European news. Newspaper editors know that it is necessary to look over the files of Continental papers arriving by the mail in order to get a genuine view of European opinion on any subject. The so-called "special dispatches" in the columns of the metropolitan dailies of the United States are simply transcriptions from the London dailies.

We do not know whether these statements of ours have always been heeded by our readers. Such is the clamor and splutter made by the daily papers over their "enterprise" that doubtless many of their readers believe them. But a striking fact has just come to notice which proves the assertion the *Argonaut* has so often made. During the coronation festivities of the Czar of Russia, elaborate preparations were made for the accommodation of newspaper correspondents. Among other details, a grand banquet was given to the foreign correspondents by the Russian press. To the intense surprise of the managers of the banquet, but two American correspondents were discovered in all Moscow. One of these was the correspondent of the United Press. The other was Mr. Richard Harding Davis. We may remark—to the credit of Mr. William R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal* and San Francisco *Examiner*—that his was the only American newspaper that had a special representative upon the ground.

Yet every metropolitan daily in the United States had long dispatches from Moscow, most of them purporting to be from "our special correspondent." Many of them were pure fakes, and all of them were full of gross inaccuracies. One New York daily printed a mail letter, dated Moscow, May 3d, on May 17th, when it was a physical impossibility for it to have arrived in New York.

There is a trolley sprinkling-car in operation on Long Island. It uses up seventeen hundred gallons of water in four miles, and has proved very satisfactory, except to a few absent-minded persons who take it for an ordinary car and try to hoard it.

THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS.

Scenes from Miss Bicknell's "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire"—Eugénie and Napoleon the Third—How She Escaped to England.

An interesting volume of memoirs issued by the Century Publishing Company, not long ago, is entitled "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire." It is written by Anna L. Bicknell, an Englishwoman, who was an inmate of the palace for a period of nine years. She occupied the position of governess, in the court sense of the function, to the daughters of the Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie, superintending the reading of her young charges, directing their studies, and accompanying them wherever they went. The old Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, grandfather to the young girls, was first-cousin to the Empress Josephine, and a strong tie of friendship existed between Napoleon the Third and his relatives. The Empress Eugénie was also attached to the family, though petty court jealousies prevented her from visiting them informally as often as she would have liked. Miss Bicknell was treated as a member of the family, and therefore had exceptional opportunities for observation, of which she has made excellent use in her reminiscences. The routine of court life is described, together with many details and anecdotes concerning the imperial family and prominent personages of the times. Much of this, however, has appeared in the *Century*, where two papers were published last year, consisting of large cuttings from the book. These have been widely read, and therefore we will confine our extracts to those portions of the work which were not produced in the magazine.

The wardrobe and jewels of the empress were under the charge of "Pepa," who had been Eugénie's maid before the latter's marriage; and some idea of the extent of her dominion may be gathered from this account:

The region over which her particular authority was exercised comprised several rooms, entirely surrounded by wardrobes in plain oak, with sliding panels, in which all the various articles of clothing were arranged in perfect order. Four lay-figures, exactly measured to fit the dresses worn by the empress, were used to diminish the necessity of too much trying on, and also to prepare her toilet for the day. Orders were given through a speaking-pipe in the dressing-room, and the figure came down on a sort of lift through an opening in the ceiling, dressed in all that the empress was about to wear. The object of this arrangement was to save time, and also to avoid the necessity of crushing the voluminous dresses of the period in the narrow back-staircases.

Twice a year a certain number of her dresses were discarded, and divided between "Pepa" and the other two maids, the former having half. This was extremely profitable, as even the lace trimmings were not removed—with the exception of the broad and very valuable lace, which was, of course, preserved and transferred from one dress to another.

Much state attended the daily drive of the empress, as the following will show:

When the time came for the daily drive, the ladies and the *service d'honneur* to general were summoned to attend the empress, who went out in an open carriage and foot, with postillions and outriders in green and gold liveries; an equestrian rode by the carriage-door. She was always smiling, graciously bowing, and invariably putting on a pair of apparently tight-fitting oiled gloves, a slight dereliction from imperial etiquette, which was often remarked. The lady-in-waiting, who was of *grand service*, sat by her side in the carriage; a second carriage followed, with another lady and a chamberlain.

The young Prince Imperial, attended by his governess, and afterward by his tutor, was always accompanied by a military escort, which was considered necessary for his safety; but all hearts warmed to the pretty boy, who so graciously raised his little cap and smiled so confidently and so happily. The Parisians, even those of the lowest orders, still speak with affection and regret of "le petit prince."

The emperor went forth much more quietly, generally driving himself, and attended only by one gentleman and two grooms. He was in reality well guarded, however, members of the police being constantly at hand to protect him. Here is a description of the attempted assassination by Orsini:

When the emperor thus left the palace without any apparent state, an unpretending coupé or brougham was always seen to follow at a short distance; this contained the chief of police attached to the emperor's person, whose myrmidons were scattered along the way. There was one especially, a Corsican named Alessandri, who was devoted to the emperor with a sort of canine fidelity, and was always near him when he went out; so that to the initiated, the presence of Alessandri was symptomatic of the approach of the sovereign. He always paced the pavement before the Tuileries till the emperor's phaeton came out, and daily we met him as we left the palace for our usual walk.

It was Alessandri who arrested the would-be assassin, Pianori, and who disabled him by the ready use of his Corsican stiletto. It was Alessandri who, on the terrible night of the Orsini explosions, forcibly drew the emperor and empress from the shattered carriage in the midst of the darkness and confusion, the cries of the wounded, and the struggles of the fallen horses of the escort, crying:

"Sire, madame, descendez!"

There was no time for ceremony; the strong hand of the faithful Corsican disengaged them from the wreck, and dragged them into the opera-house, where at least they were safe.

The news soon reached the palace, and the Duc de Tascher de la Pagerie was quickly informed. The story goes on:

The duke, horrified at the news, went immediately to the opera, where he found the emperor and empress in the retiring-room behind the imperial box. The white satin dress of the empress was stained with blood, but she seemed perfectly calm, as she extended her hand to him, saying gravely: "Well, Charles, you see what life is worth." The emperor was far less calm than his wife; he seemed much excited and deeply moved. That night one hundred and fifty-six victims had suffered for his sake, in the attempt to take his life, and the magnitude of the catastrophe filled him with horror.

Meanwhile, at the Tuileries, all were awaiting the return of the imperial party with the greatest anxiety. What a triumphant return it was! Every house on the way was illuminated up to the very skylights. In the street, a dense crowd was swelling and surging about the carriage, and as it slowly advanced at a foot-pace, the prolonged roar of the multitude was heard like the sound of the ocean waves coming from afar, and getting louder and louder as the carriage drew near: "Vive l'Empereur!"

All the attendants and ladies were grouped at the door to receive those who had borne the trial so bravely; but as the empress crossed the threshold, for the first time her undaunted spirit failed her, and throwing herself into the arms of the Duchess de Bassano, she burst into tears.

But we will pass over the prosperous days of the Second Empire, and turn to the unfortunate time just before the war of 1870, when the emperor's health had begun to fail

and the empress was beginning to take that interest in political matters which resulted so disastrously. Concerning the time just preceding the declaration of war, Miss Bicknell says:

The torpor of the emperor exasperated the empress, who did not understand its cause, and she strove with passionate expostulations to rouse him to his former vigor of purpose. His mind and intellect had not failed, but his physical energies had given way so completely that the former seemed dormant. There was now a political party calling itself "le parti de l'Impératrice" (the party of the empress), and the ministers, with other politicians, perpetually held consultations with her, talking her over to their views, which she then enforced in vehement scenes with the exhausted, weary emperor.

The state of the emperor's health became so alarming that a consultation of eminent medical authorities was held. On this subject the writer says:

The statement of the case was duly drawn up by Dr. See, declaring the now well-known nature of the malady and the urgent necessity of an operation. The friends of the empress assert positively that the truth was concealed from her, and that she remained ignorant of the true state of the emperor.

Immediately after his consultation, the Hohenzollern incident occurred suddenly. It was of a nature to excite passionate feelings in the empress, for it concerned Spain, giving the crown of Spain to a German prince. Now (since the war which followed has caused such calamities) the partisans of the empress deny strenuously that she was in favor of risking it, or that she ever used the words so often quoted: "This is my war." It is, however, certain, on the best authority, that she considered any concession on the French side to be disgraceful, and that she took up the question with her usual passionate vehemence and direct interference.

When war was declared, and she saw how herself and sadly the emperor looked toward the future, she was greatly frightened at the sight of the demerit which she had raised, and would gladly have welcomed any peaceful intervention—but it was too late. The emperor went to the war with the worst forebodings, and with the despairing resignation of a doomed victim.

After Sedan and the emperor's surrender, the position of the empress was a terrible one, left, as she was, at the mercy of the populace at Paris, who hated her as the cause of the disastrous war. Here is the story of her flight from the Tuileries:

Meanwhile, the progress of events was fearfully rapid. Every half-hour brought more disastrous news. The Chamber of Deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved gardees in front of the palace, and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then a quarter past three in the afternoon.

The Austrian and Italian ambassadors, who were at the palace (with other supposed friends of the empire, and some sincere adherents), now entreated her to leave the dangerous imperial home, but she warmly rejected the proposal. She was the daughter of a noble race; the heroic blood of the Guzmans, her Spanish ancestors, flowed in her veins; and she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She "was a sentinel left to defend a post, and she would die there."

The roar of the mob became louder and louder, the cries of "Vive la République!" were distinctly heard.

"Madame," then said the prefect of police, Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a general massacre of all your attendants." She seemed struck by this, and turned to General Mellinet, she said: "Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?"

"Madame, I fear that it would be impossible."

"Then all is over," said the empress. She turned to those present: "Gentlemen, can you bear me witness that I have done my duty to the last?"

The haste of her departure was so great that she had not even time to finish the packing of a small hand-bag containing a few necessities which was found in her private room on a table, half-filled and left open. Two of her ladies hastily assisted her to put on a long cloak, a close bonnet, and a thick veil; Mme. Canrobert offered her carriage, but the empress seemed hardly to understand, and appeared as if dazed, merely bidding a hasty good-by to all.

All present were bewildered and uncertain as to what they ought to do, fully supposing that under the protection of two ambassadors she would be perfectly safe, and so accustomed to court reticence and submission that they did not venture to oppose what seemed to be her wishes, or to ask questions as to her intentions. One lady who filled a secondary, though confidential post in the household—Mme. Lebreton (sister to General Bourbaki)—would not leave her unhappy mistress, and resolutely followed her into exile. With this one faithful attendant and the two ambassadors, the empress threaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre, while the mob broke into the Tuileries on the other side. There was a door communicating, which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense; happily the key was quickly procured through faithful servant, and crossing the splendid gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, the fugitives made their way into the place opposite the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

The crowds of insurgents were coming in different directions; the danger was great, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, went off in haste to seek his carriage, which he had left on the quay at a great distance. Meanwhile, a street-boy called out: "There is the empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian ambassador, Cavalier Nigra, hastily thrust the empress and Mme. Lebreton into a hackney cab, called to the coachman, "Boulevard Haussmann," without giving any number, and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two ambassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle.

The empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked where he was to take her, she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends; none were at home, and the empress, utterly exhausted and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner, and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time; but as she insisted upon speaking to him, he came out, and was struck with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive empress. To his honor he it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more respect or more devoted zeal in her service than was shown on this occasion by Dr. Evans, and afterward Mrs. Evans, who was at Trouville for sea-bathing, and consequently could not assist her husband in receiving his unexpected imperial guest in Paris. But nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and at least she felt safe in the shelter of the American home.

Accompanied by Mme. Lebreton and Dr. Evans, she succeeded in leaving Paris and in reaching Trouville-Deauville in safety; and there they embarked for England in a small sailing-yacht belonging to Sir John Burgoyne. The circumstances are thus narrated:

Dr. Evans went on board with his oephew, and sending his card to Sir John Burgoyne, explained to him that the Empress of the French was concealed in the town; that she was in trouble and danger; begging him to take her on board at once. Sir John Burgoyne was at first incredulous, but on referring to Lady Burgoyne, who knew Dr. Evans well by name, he consented to receive the lady announced as the empress, on condition of making his own arrangements and assuming all responsibility. Dr. Evans was extremely anxious that she should be taken on board immediately, fearing not only for the empress, but also serious consequences for himself if he, as a foreigner, liable to expulsion at any time, were found in the act of aiding the regent to leave the country. Sir John Burgoyne pointed out the immense danger of embarking

the empress in broad daylight, especially as the harbor of Deauville was tidal, and the yacht could not leave it till the top of high water. After some discussion, it was settled that the empress should embark at midnight. At half-past eleven a police agent came on board and carefully examined every part of the yacht, at last leaving it perfectly satisfied that his suspicions were groundless. It is not known how he was first led to suppose that the empress might be there. Sir John Burgoyne appeared perfectly indifferent, giving him every facility for examining the vessel, but naturally felt much relieved when he went on shore; after watching his proceedings through night-glasses, and seeing him cross the bridge leading to the Trouville side, he went on shore himself at the place appointed for meeting the empress. So soon he saw two ladies walking together, followed by a gentleman (the nephew of Dr. Evans) carrying a hand-bag kindly prepared by Mrs. Evans, and containing traveling necessities. One of the ladies immediately accosted him, saying: "I believe you are the English gentleman who will take me to England. I am the empress," bursting into tears as she spoke. Sir John Burgoyne then told his name, and, offering his arm, led her on board the yacht *Gazelle*, where Lady Burgoyne was preselected to her. She eagerly asked for news of the emperor and Prince Imperial, and begged for newspapers. As she stepped on board, she seemed frightened; but on receiving the assurance that she was perfectly safe, she replied gracefully: "I am, I know, safe with an English gentleman." She spoke English, which she knew well, and often used in conversing with the emperor, when she did not wish to be understood by those around her. Her pronunciation of that language was perhaps less foreign than her French, which she spoke with a marked accent.

She was much agitated on that evening, weeping frequently, as she spoke to Lady Burgoyne, saying that she had been shamefully deserted at the Tuileries, that her very servants had stolen things from her private apartments, and that on the fourth of September, the day of her flight, she could not even get her ordinary servants to bring her breakfast, and her ladies had to perform menial offices to help her.

When the time came for setting sail, such a violent storm was raging that it was a dangerous matter to leave port. But, under the circumstances, all felt that the risk must be taken, and after a perilous voyage they reached England in safety.

As will be seen, the book is full of interest, from the earlier pages, which tell of brilliant prosperity, to those which narrate the close and fall of the empire.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

Recently in New York city a difference of opinion arose between the Employing Lithographers' Association and the Lithographic Artists' and Engravers' Union. There were three points on which they differed:

1. The abolition of piece-work, a minimum scale of wages at eighteen dollars per week, and whether forty-four or forty-seven and a half hours should constitute the weekly hours of labor. It was agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of Bishop Potter. The worthy bishop has decided in favor of the employers for the longer hours, which come to a little less than an average of eight hours a day. Concerning the abolition of piece-work and the demand for a minimum scale of wages at eighteen dollars per week, he decided against the employers and in favor of the employees. The reasons given by the bishop for his decision are certainly peculiar. He says that the wage system is favorable to solidarity of the workmen, and that piece-work tends to isolate the workmen. He does not believe in the isolation of workmen, and he believes that they should be beld together by their unions; for that reason he decided that they should not be dealt with separately by employers, but that they should have a minimum wage fixed at eighteen dollars a week.

Bishop Potter may be up on theology, but we do not think that he is up on questions of wages. The employing lithographers say that their best men now receive from twenty-one to twenty-seven dollars per week by doing piece-work—that is, by being paid according to the amount of work they do. They are the best men. They are the men who devote themselves most assiduously to their work. They are the men who are saving up their wages, and who, some day, will be employers themselves. The idle, the incompetent, the dissipated—all these will now be paid the same price as the industrious, the skillful, and the economical, to wit, eighteen dollars per week. These men will be sacrificed for the benefit of the inferior workmen. Bishop Potter is doubtless an expert on celestial matters, but when it comes to terrestrial considerations, we would rather have the opinion of an employing iron-molder. The bishop seems to think that "solidarity" among workmen is a desirable thing, and that isolation is not to be desired. We suppose the good bishop's idea of the ideal factory or work-shop would be some sort of place where the men would be paid by the day, and would spend their time in agreeable conversation—a sort of automatic conversation or mechanical afternoon tea.

A curious spectacle is seen when a series of photographs used in a kineoscope is reversed. For example, a drinker takes up an empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is re-covered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him into their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing, because we never saw these most ordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side dishes are also returned full to their respective places.

The editor of a literary publication, who has been advocating summer reading clubs and helping his subscribers to form them, has received this delicious query: "How can we get rid of our president? She is well meaning, but she has no grip. She is really a disadvantage, but has no idea of it. She will never resign, and our personal liking is so great we can not bear to ask her to go out." The editor was completely stumped, and has passed the problem on to his other subscribers.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Barras Memoirs.

The third and fourth volumes of the "Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate," surpass in malignity the two which preceded them. Judging him by the revelations he makes of himself in writing of others, one can well believe in the truth of the portrait Larevillere, another member of the Directorate, gives of him:

"He was excessively vulgar in society, lacking distinction. . . . In spite of his fine figure and manly face, he could not shake off entirely the low and hazy air acquired in his society. . . . He displayed remarkable aptitude for intrigue, in the practice of which he was indefatigable.

"At the Luxembourg his *entourage* consisted of the most corrupt aristocrats, women of easy virtue, men of ruined reputation, jobbers, dabbles in shady transactions, mistresses, and minions. The most infamous debauchery he himself confessed it was practiced in his house. . . . To him a lie is nothing and calumny a pastime."

Scarcely a person does he mention save to vilify. One of the few persons for whom he has a good word is an underling of Fouché, of whom he says: "I owe it to Vincent Lombard to state that he constantly gave me proofs of devotion, and that his interested connection with Fouché was never employed to do me harm, but, on the contrary, to serve me."

The audacity of his statements is such that the reader is more impressed with his venom than his truth. The Empress Josephine he makes out to be a profligate of the most abandoned type; Napoleon he pictures as accepting dishonor rather than create an obstacle in the way of his ambition; and the entire Bonaparte family is made out to consist of thieves, murderers, intriguers, and disreputable women.

An idea of the character of the man may be derived from the fact that, after recording a most unblushing proposition made to him by Josephine during Napoleon's absence in Egypt, he refers to an intrigue existing between her and one of his own aids-de-camp, "whose name the discretion of our French manners forbids my mentioning." He imputes unchastity to a score of women, giving names and dates, but when it comes to an obscure aid-de-camp, the discretion of his French manners—*faugh!*

As to the historical part of the work, it may be useful as an undigested source from which future historians of the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration may draw facts; but his statements would not be worth much unless corroborated by other evidence.

The fourth volume contains an index to the entire set.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.75 a volume.

Harding Davis and the Future of Literature.

Arthur Reed Kimball declares in the *Independent* that Lawrence Hutton has made a discovery about Richard Harding Davis "unknown to himself"—that is, Mr. Hutton does not seem to appreciate the nature and bearings, the significance of his discovery. In his "Literary Notes" department, in a recent issue of *Harper's Monthly*, Mr. Hutton asks, in discussing Richard Harding Davis's "About Paris":

"Why is it, and how is it, that Mr. Davis sees at once what some of us have been looking for, and looking at, for years and have not seen at all? And what extra sense is it that gives him the power not only of sight, but of expression? Close, serious, diligent, untiring students of London and Paris have been spending season after season in these two capital cities of the world without knowing half as much about them as Mr. Davis seems to have discovered on his first or second visit."

Further on in the same article, Mr. Hutton speaks of Mr. Davis as being "entirely unconventional in the expression of his impressions," and as having "the courage of his fresh enthusiasm."

The art and mystery of all this Mr. Kimball explains by the simple fact that Mr. Davis got his training by working as a reporter on the *New York Sun*. "His is a typical instance of the reportorial style of literature," Mr. Kimball declares; and he continues:

"The newspaper methods are dominating magazine and periodical literature—the subjects treated are largely chosen for their 'timeliness,' and the authors solicited are largely selected for their 'prominence.' Why is not the popularity of a newspaper style simply another manifestation of the same tendency? The day of the ornate and artificial in oratory and literature alike is fast passing away. This is in great part due to the constant, though silent, influence of newspaper reading, where the chief effort is to be direct, simple, and vivid—with the best newspapers—to attain the qualities, in short, of the most perfect unconventional conversationalist."

The New Volume of the "Century."

With the April number the thirty-ninth volume in the new series of the *Century* was completed, making a ponderous tome of nearly one thousand pages. A glance through the table of contents reveals many interesting articles:

The most important feature is Professor William M. Sloane's life of Napoleon Bonaparte, which was begun in 1894, and is yet unfinished. The continued stories are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady" and F. Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan." Colonel A. W. Greely and C. E. Schuchegvink discuss Antarctic exploration; John Bryce and the Duke of Westminster discuss the Armenian question; Emily Crawford

writes of the elder Dumas; Royal Cortissoz begins "Mural Decoration in America"; Captain Alfred T. Mahan writes of "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent"; Theodore Roosevelt and Governor William E. Russell discuss the political issues of 1896; Marion Crawford describes Rome and the Pope; and there are quantities of other articles on topics of interest and by writers of note.

In fiction one notes the names of Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Frank R. Stockton, and Gilbert Parker, and among the poets represented are Stedman, Gilder, Louise Imogen Guiney, H. H. Boyesen, and a score or more of others. Among the illustrations the most notable are those accompanying the Napoleon articles and the reproductions of Vibert's pictures, with his explanations of them.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

A French Diplomat in Berlin.

An interesting piece of diplomatic history by the Duc de Broglie, called "An Ambassador of the Vanquished," has been translated by Albert D. Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris." It relates the policy of France and the attitude of the Vicomte de Gontant-Biron, her representative at Berlin during the six years that followed the war of 1870. By the most delicate exercise of diplomatic talents, M. de Gontant-Biron was enabled to steer his country through a difficult crisis and to help her to resume her rank among independent nations; and to the elevation of character and statesman-like skill which brought about the successful accomplishment of his mission, a high tribute is paid.

The characters of the statesmen of the time, with Bismarck at their head, are noted with acumen, and the inner history of European politics during these six eventful years has a peculiar value, even though it be from the standpoint of a vanquished nation.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

"None but the Brave," a novel by Robert Lee Tyler, has been issued in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; price, 50 cents.

A new edition of Paine's "Age of Reason," edited by Moncure Daniel Conway, author of a "Life of Thomas Paine," and an editor of his works, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Secret of Mankind: With Some Singular Hints Gathered in the Elsewheres or After-Life, from Certain Eminent Personages, as Also Some Brief Account of the Planet Mercury and of its Institutions" has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," which the *Athenaeum* pronounced "one of the six greatest books written in America," has been re-issued in a new library edition, printed from new plates and furnished with a photogravure portrait of the author, in addition to the original illustrations by E. W. Kemble. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

A "History of Christian Doctrine" has been published as the fourth volume of the International Theological Library. The author is George Park Fisher, D. D., LL. D., professor of ecclesiastical history in Yale University, and he has performed his task in a way that makes the book invaluable for students of church history. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

"Social Meanings of Religious Experiences" is the title of a little book containing six lectures—sermons by George D. Herron, D. D. Abraham, Jacob, Elijah, Peter, and Paul are taken as types; the training through which they went, the mistakes they made, the successes they achieved, are interpreted to throw light on our modern and more complicated conditions. The titles of the lectures are "The Affections as Social Energies," "Economics and Religion," "The Leadership of Social Faith," "Repentance unto Service," "Material World and Social Spirit," and "The Appeal of Redemption to Progress." Published by T. V. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A novel by W. E. Norris is always entertaining, and "The Dancer in Yellow" sustains his reputation in this respect. The story relates the rash act of a baronet's younger son, who marries a stage dancer and, his brief passion over, discovers that he has made a mistake, and repents at leisure. She is vulgar, heartless, and not over virtuous, and the only piece of good luck for him in the matter is that the two are of one mind about keeping the marriage secret. But though she is not a wife upon whose possession a man is to be congratulated, she is a merry little person, and her presence in the novel makes it an enlivening one for a summer day's reading, and that is all the book aims to be. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Xth Commandment," by Halliwell Sutcliffe, is an English novel which promises at the beginning to be a quiet tale of curates and vicars, with a little of the society of the squire's family thrown in. It turns out, however, to be quite lurid

in its multiplicity of melodramatic episodes. The squire's daughter secretly marries a youth who masquerades as her father's game-keeper to be near her, and he meets with a violent death at the hands of poachers. The squire, instead of being a quiet country gentleman, has so very much of a past that there are two women in the case with him besides his wife, and his son is quite twisted up in entanglements with the other sex. The author apparently had it in his mind to declaim against shams of various sorts in his book, and to this the title refers; but he finds himself altogether too busy, and for this the reader may be thankful, as his sarcasm is rather heavy reading. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A new and revised edition of the Hon. George N. Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" has been brought out. The original edition appeared in August, 1894, within a few weeks of the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan over Corea, and as the book discusses those three countries, the new conditions necessitated this early revision. A few mistakes have been corrected and much new matter, supplied or suggested by the events of the war, has been introduced. The revision treaty between Great Britain and Japan and the treaty of peace between Japan and China are printed in appendixes, and a new chapter sums up the issues of the conflict and forecasts its bearing on the Asiatic situation. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

The Portfolio is the name of a series of monographs on artistic subjects, issued irregularly six times in a year. The latest number is "John La Farge, Artist and Writer," by Cecelia Waern. The text gives an account of Mr. La Farge's life and works, showing his development, ideals, and aims, and briefly discussing the temperament and gifts that constitute his artistic personality. The illustrations consist of two plates—a sketch of a portion of a mosaic glass window, designed by Mr. La Farge for W. H. Vanderbilt's house, and a water-color drawing; half a dozen colored illustrations; and some two-score smaller illustrations in the text. The typographical beauty of the book is in keeping with its subject. Imported by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Mrs. Alexander still continues to pour forth love-letters with facility, though time has a little impaired their early freshness. "A Winning Hazard" contains some easily recognized types. The heroine is the usual poor and pretty young woman, full of bright talk and gay rejoinders; the hero is the usual half-hearted lover who struggles against his growing passion, knowing he could do better from a worldly point of view. He yields to it, as he always does, and wins her. And a handsome legacy—always a feature of these stories—falls to the lady from an elderly admirer who obligingly dies in the nick of time, and thus settles all difficulties. Mrs. Alexander is a favorite with readers of the good old-fashioned type of love-story, bristling with difficulties throughout, certain of a happy ending; and "A Winning Hazard" is a fair specimen of this class. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Mark Heffron," by Alice Ward Bailey, is a novel decidedly up-to-date in the topics discussed. The author has been reading Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," to judge by the allusions to auto-suggestion and kindred subjects, and the story is a curious jumble of love and hypnotism, faith-cure and fraudulent healers. An animated picture of a summer-school assembly opens the book, and from there the scene shifts to Chicago, and we find ourselves in the midst of the crowds at the World's Fair, and later watch the conflagration which struck the first note of destruction to the White City. The railroad strike of '94 is the next sensation, and altogether, the book is like a spectacular play where the actors are overshadowed by the setting. Nevertheless, it is all entertaining enough, and the talk of the people, colloquial to the verge of slang, is as *fin de siècle* as their surroundings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Alida Craig," by Panline Hall, is a gushing tale of a young man who loves a mother and daughter at one and the same time, and is loved by both in return. The mother, a gorgeously beautiful Creole, with "a subtle exotic charm," is an actress of world-wide renown, and the daughter is a talented artist, who does illustrations for the *Century*. By one of those peculiar family arrangements familiar to romancers, neither knows of the relationship. The mother discovers it, however, and magnanimously gives up the lover to her daughter. She consoles herself by marrying the Duke of Axminster, and lives in England, where she becomes noted for her devotion to her husband, and thus "reclaims the name of her nation from that scorn of women who marry for position and title." It is quite evident that the writer has enjoyed herself extremely in the composition of her book, and it is ungrateful of her to refer with scorn, as she does, to the readers of "The Duchess" and "Dora Thorne," for there is no doubt her work will appeal to those same readers. Published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stevenson's Remarkable Posthumous Romance.

There will be few to dissent from Stevenson's own estimate of his unfinished romance, "Weir of Hermiston," and the opinion of his editor, Sydney Colvin, that it holds the highest place among his works. The book marks an epoch in Stevenson's development. In it he enters upon the fullness of his ripened powers in a degree as emphatic as it is sudden. In every line there is a sureness of touch, a completeness of purpose which is singularly wanting in the works immediately preceding it. Something of this is due, no doubt, to his return in the story to "his own race and place." His island home, in spite of his efforts, never quickened his fancy. "It is a singular thing," he writes in one of his letters, "that I should live here in the South Seas under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit the cold old huddle of gray hills from which we come."

And so it was. His own country ever gave him highest inspiration, and the South Sea stories that he wrote are for the most part unworthy of his reputation. It is as if the truth of this came home to him as he scanned the sprouting crop of Scottish novels in the field of literature, and the Scottish novel he set himself once more to write was destined to be greater than them all, to be indeed "a worthy tribute to the land he loved."

It is only a fragment, the merest beginning of a romance, that he has left behind; yet the characters are outlined and the story planned so clearly that it seems to write itself. The character of Weir of Hermiston, the hero of the story, is a remarkable portraiture founded on a hanging judge of history; and the differences in nature and misunderstandings between the terrible old man and his son foreshadow the tragedy that is to come.

Of female characters there is no lack. The wife of the Lord Justice-Clerk, "pious, anxious, tender, tearful, and incompetent," lives and dies in one chapter, but is nevertheless a finished creation. The two Kisties, on the contrary, are closely concerned with the development of the tale, and one of them, at least, is a loved child of Stevenson's brain. Taken altogether, the women of the story utterly refute the stand of some commentators that Stevenson was timorous and incompetent in dealing with the subtleties of a woman's nature.

For those readers who crave to know the intended course of the tale, Mr. Colvin appends the argument as Stevenson meant to pursue it, and the plan of the story, as laid down, only adds to the keenness of the regret that a work like this, which held so high a promise, should be cut short untimely.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Life of Cyrus W. Field.

A biography of Cyrus W. Field is necessarily a history of the great achievement of his life—the laying of the Atlantic cable. In "Cyrus W. Field; His Life and Works," edited by his daughter, Isabella Field Judson, that great enterprise is closely followed from its first inception, through every failure and discouragement, to the final triumphant conclusion which brought him fame. The account is deeply interesting, and not less interesting is the character of the man to whom the world is mainly indebted for the success of the work. Only such indomitable pluck as his, such unswerving resolution and energy of purpose, such buoyant hopefulness, could have surmounted the disasters which attended the undertaking.

In the preparation of the volume, his correspondence, extracts from his speeches, and journalistic comment are largely drawn upon, and no better means could be chosen to give a knowledge of his career, of the difficulties he overcame, and of the tumult of popular feeling which greeted the first telegraphic communication between two continents.

In all respects his life was a remarkable one, and the record will be followed with interest, from the early hardships that marked it, down to the close of his long and honorable career.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

A Hunting Trip to the Frozen North.

The love of sport leads men into manifold perils, as is shown in Caspar Whitney's "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds." The book is a narrative of a journey of twenty-eight hundred miles, most of it traveled on snow-shoes, into a region never before explored during the winter season. Though the object of the voyage—the shooting of certain rare game—was only partially accomplished, the incidents of the trip were sufficiently unique to make up for the omission. The terrible cold encountered, the many dangers and privations experienced, make it a marvel that the expedition was ever safely accomplished. In the face of every drawback, Mr. Whitney pushed on till he had crossed the Arctic Circle and penetrated to within fifty miles of the Arctic Ocean.

Such adventures make exciting reading, the simple, straightforward style of the narrative giving peculiar vividness to the scenes described. Beside the interest of absorbing adventure, the book

has a more lasting value in the descriptions of the Indians of this little traveled region, the character of the game encountered, and all the details of a most novel expedition.

Many fine illustrations add to the interest of the text, and in paper, binding, and type the book is handsomely finished.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.50.

A Greek Maid in London Lodgings.

In "Briseis," William Black has written a tale with a Greek maid for a heroine, but a transplanted one who slaves in a London boarding-school. She is as beautiful as any Helen in the eyes of the young Scotch baronet who loves her, but he dares not tell her so. He is already the property of a certain ruddy-haired chatterbox, who secured him at a house-party in Scotland and became his *fiancée* before he quite knew what she was about. While he frets at his chains, but accepts them, the reader is taken from Scotch moor to London drawing-room, whisked across the Atlantic and back, and provided plentifully with amusement. By that time the lively Georgie finds out that she loves another man, and she wants her freedom back.

Like most of Mr. Black's novels, the story is not free from padding. But his drawing-room chat and descriptions of Scotch scenery form very popular padding, and, on the whole, the story may be counted a pleasantly entertaining one.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The proposed Lowell memorial at Elmwood, the poet's birthplace and life-long home, involves the purchase of one hundred and forty thousand square feet of land for the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars, which must be raised by July 1st. The committee having the matter in charge includes Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Josiah P. Cooke, Miss Alice Longfellow, Mrs. William E. Russell, Rev. Edward Abbot, Arthur Gilman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Henry O. Houghton, and E. D. Leavitt. The treasurer, to whom contributions may be sent, is William A. Brillard, of the First National Bank of Cambridge.

"The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell, the first volume in the Story of the West Series, issued by D. Appleton & Co., has been republished in England, and is attracting much favorable attention from the English reviewers.

Horace N. Pym, the English *dilettante*, collector and editor of the Journals of Caroline Fox, is dead. His library was full of interesting treasures. Among them was Thackeray's school copy of "Thucydides," inscribed in pencil "William M. Thackeray, Charterhouse, 1827," and hearing on the cover what was perhaps the novelist's first attempt at verse:

"Love's like a mutton-chop,
Soon it grows cold,
All its attractions hop
Ere it grows old.
Love's like the colic, sure,
Both painful to endure;
Brandy's for both a cure,
So I've been told.

"When for some fair the swain
Burns with desire;
In Hymen's fatal chain
Eager to try her;
He weds as soon as he can,
And jumps—unhappy man—
Out of the frying-pan
Into the fire."

A correspondent writes to the *Athenaeum* from Paris: "'Rome' has been published a fortnight, and eighty thousand copies sold already. The first fifty thousand vanished off the face of Paris in the first five days—just double the number 'Lourdes' sold in the same time."

The next Nietzsche volume to be issued will be the notorious "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It is an assault upon "the sin of human sympathy."

"Maggie" is the title of Mr. Stephen Crane's book which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. It is said that Mr. Howells regards this as Mr. Crane's strongest work, and superior even to "The Red Badge of Courage." In the autumn, the same publishers will issue "The Little Regiment," by Mr. Crane, which will be complementary, as it were, to "The Red Badge of Courage." Both "Maggie" and "The Little Regiment" will be uniform with "The Red Badge."

George W. Smalley has arranged for the publication of several books, based on his long and wide experience as a correspondent in Europe. They will appear, probably, within the next twelve months.

A New York publisher is about to issue "A Library of the World's Best Literature" in twenty-five bulky volumes, edited by Professor Harry Thurston Peck and Hamilton W. Mabie. It is an heroic scheme, and means a literary anthology on the scale of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

Macmillan & Co., of New York, following the example of the London firm of the same name,

in becoming an incorporated company, will be known hereafter as The Macmillan Company. Its president for the first year will be George P. Brett, for some years the managing partner of the New York house. The directors of the company are the former members of the firm: Messrs. Frederic Macmillan, George A. Macmillan, George L. Craik, Maurice Macmillan, George P. Brett, with Alex. B. Balfour, Lawrence Godkin, Edward J. Kennet, and Lawton L. Walton.

Miss Kate Sanborn's book, "My Literary Zoo," is described as an amusing and picturesque account of animals in literature. D. Appleton & Co. will be the publishers.

The arrangement by which the *Philistine*, published by Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y., and the *Fly-Leaf*, published by Walter Blackburn Harte in Boston, were to join fortunes, lasted only nineteen days, and now they are two again, with a row between them.

The sale of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" is said to have reached eighty thousand copies.

Governor Morton has signed the bill to preserve the Poe cottage at Fordham by laying out a park to be called "Poe Park," and to remove thereto the Poe cottage. The plan is also to erect there a bronze statue of the poet, and to keep the cottage always open as a memorial.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is writing a sketch of the externals of New York for Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York."

D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish a book by F. Schuyler Matthews, which will probably be a useful substitute for Professor Sargent's great work on the Silva of North America. The new little book will be called "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves."

Miss Skene, who is a daughter of Scott's friend Skene, has written for Blackwood a paper entitled, "Some Episodes of a Long Life."

Stanley Waterloo, of Chicago, has attracted the attention of the London reviewers. The success of his "A Man and a Woman" has led to a British edition of his "An Odd Situation." The book is furnished with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant.

A one-volume edition of George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage" has appeared in London, and during a single week fifty thousand copies are said to have been sold.

"The Life and Times of Madame du Barry," by Robert B. Douglas, tries to show that the notorious favorite of Louis the Fifteenth was not so black as she was painted. The book has been issued in a limited edition in England.

Captain A. T. Mahan expects to finish his "Life of Nelson" by the end of June. It is to be hoped that he will now be able to get on with the volume that he stated a year ago is necessary to make his exhaustive treatise on sea power complete.

In Henry James's new volume of short stories, called "Embarrassments," there are four tales, entitled, respectively, "The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," and "The Way It Came."

The New York *World* paid Rudyard Kipling five hundred dollars for the privilege of publishing his bicycle poem. The *Critic* suggests that it would have been money in Mr. Kipling's pocket had he paid the *World* five hundred dollars not to publish it.

Three unpublished poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—a ballad and two sonnets—will be issued this year by Theodore Watts-Dunton, to whom the author gave the manuscripts of his last days as contributions to a joint volume of prose and verse. The ballad is entitled "Jan Van Hunks," and deals with a Dutchman's wager to smoke against His Satanic Majesty. The sonnets were written to accompany a design by the poet-artist called "The Sphinx."

When the late Mr. Shilleto published his edition of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," it seemed as if nothing further would be done about that curious production in many years, but Aldis Wright is engaged in tracing all of Burton's references and allusions, and in verifying quotations for a new edition.

Advance sheets of a new freak magazine—*Le Petit Journal des Refusés*—make good the claim of the announcements, to a new literature and a new system of illustration. The first number of this burlesque quarterly, which claims to be supported by fees from its female contributors, appears as an *édition de luxe* printed on wall-paper and lavishly decorated with illustrations that surpass the most insane of the modern school of fad periodicals. *Le Petit Journal des Refusés* is a parody, a *reductio ad absurdum*, of the attempts at sensation that have produced scores of imitations of the *Chap Book*. It is hardly possible that the end of the century will bring anything madder than this sixteen-cent journal.

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Mr. Nat Goodwin must have a good many friends in San Francisco. His reception on Monday evening might have pleased Bernhardt or Duse. The storm of welcoming applause kept him silently bowing, among the circle of silently waiting actors, for quite a minute. The Daly season has put the Baldwin patrons in a good temper, for not only was Mr. Goodwin one of the players who thought nothing good could come out of the Nazareth by the Golden Gate, but his leading lady, Miss Walsh, went from here shaking the dust of San Francisco off her feet for all time.

However, these little breaches are now healed. Miss Walsh has learned to take a criticism in a less fiery, untamed spirit, and San Francisco has had leisure to realize that she has a good deal of beauty of an unusual type, and that, with proper training and intelligent direction, she will develop into a clever actress. Moreover, feminine and fashionable San Francisco, which is always so deeply interested in the ideals of the effete East, may look at Miss Walsh with added interest, as hers is exactly the type of figure that all the womenkind of New York yearn to possess. To be of this extraordinary slenderness, which is yet never angular; to have just such a dog-collar waist and such an athletic length of limb; to be made on that rare model which the French call the *fausse maigre*, is one of the goals of the Eastern girl's numerous ambitions.

Indeed, Miss Walsh looks over-elegant and Eastern in the humble dwelling of the Missouri blacksmith. She is suffering from the civilizing influences of a school education, which has trained her into dissatisfaction with her environment, an untoward neatness of apparel, and a taste for fancy-work. This plaintive story of the daughter of frontier parents, educated beyond her sphere and her people, is one that the playwright and novelist have been fiercely exploiting for the past ten years. It has the real material in it; it is a true little story, with the cry of human pain and human bewilderment amid cruel conditions keeping it alive and full of interest. But the playwright, more trammelled by tradition than the novelist, is timidly prudent in his treatment of it, and leaves his discontented heroine to make the best of a dreary routine beside a well-meaning clod, the sum of her ambitions an extension to the south piazza, the red-letter day of her life that upon which she engages a "hired girl."

There is little more to the plot of "In Mizzoura"—a train-robber, a shooting, a concealment, an escape. Like all Thomas's plays, the thread of story is of the slenderest. His talent lies in the faithful reproduction of local life in little-known sections of the country. The listlessness and idleness, the remnants of a past habit of opulence, the broken traditions of pride and family, the ruined splendors of the destroyed South, are what is striking and picturesque in "Alabama." In his lighter comedy, the Missourian upon his native, mosquito-haunted heath is revealed to a world which finds him very much what it expected. He has the kind heart of the stage hero, but is very free with his shooting-irons. He has the drawl, the overalls, the sombrero, the local politics, and the love-affair that are essentials in his make-up.

The local color in the piece has been admirably caught by the dramatist and admirably rendered by the players. This is where Thomas's talent lies. Outside some of the hay-seed plays, nowhere do we find so vividly produced the atmosphere of odd localities. The two first acts of "In Mizzoura" are wonderfully realistic. The heat which has wilted all the life out of Lisheth's limp little anatomy seems to brood in stifling breathlessness over the scene. The homely details of the rude life are given with careful accuracy. With the settling down of the hot, heavy darkness, the mosquitoes begin to pour into the lighted room, where the overworked housewife pants and perspires over her belated ironing, and the blacksmith takes a refreshing wash in a tin bowl. The players are in perfect keeping with the scene and the dramatist's ideal. Their naturalism is well-balanced, and the act gains an air of curiously convincing reality.

The play, as a whole, is marred by the fact that it either was frankly written to order for Mr. Goodwin or that it was written with an eye to some particular actor's talents and requirements. There are a few dramatists who can write well to order for a particular star, but it is a dangerous path to tread. Jim Radburn does everything, and Jim Radburn is everywhere, and Jim Radburn dominates everybody from first to last. He does it all excellently. Mr. Goodwin is an exceedingly clever

comedian in his own line. But an actor sometimes forgets that the auditors are not so much interested in his particular performance as they are in the story that he is enacting, and to this predominance of the individual the story is often sacrificed. Of course people go to see Mr. Goodwin because he is Mr. Goodwin, and they admire his cleverness and skill. But they do not go to see Mr. Goodwin going through his tricks in isolated glory; they go to see Mr. Goodwin going through his tricks with other people to assist him, and, perhaps, gain a little glory themselves in the performance.

The writing of plays for stars is becoming a serious menace to such little drama as we have managed to coax and cajole into life in this country. A play, like a novel, is a growth round a central point of plot. When it becomes merely four acts strung together to show off the paces of one man or woman, it ceases to be a play at all, and the actors who yearn to appear in such pieces had better openly take to the reciting of monologues. When an actor like Mansfield produces a piece like "Rodion the Student," it is time for the public to say that they will pay only half price to see one man act. When they pay the full price, they expect to see the full company. "In Mizzoura" does not go so far in this direction as "Rodion," but the next time Mr. Goodwin buys a play, he ought to remember that the public like an undiluted story better than they do an undiluted star.

The play at the Columbia was also written for a star; but in "Brother John" there is some attempt at a story that is more or less involved, and there are a good many people in the cast who have something to say and something to do. "Brother John" is not the work of an experienced dramatist like Thomas. It shows the green hand, but also the bright head. The management of the large number of people whose fortunes and misfortunes go to the making of the story is clumsy in the extreme. They keep popping in and having a scene of blood and tears, and then go dashing out, and a second pair or trio come popping in and have their little tempest in a teapot, and go dashing out, to make way for another lot. The second act is a series of such episodes—sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic, sometimes downright tragic. The play displays a curious wavering between the farcically ludicrous and the elegantly emotional that is strongly suggestive of the amateur who has not yet "found her own voice."

Nevertheless, it is very amusing and very American—two first-rate recommendations for a modern comedy. There will be a day when Miss Morton will get a better grip on her characters, and will write a piece which knows whether it belongs to melodrama, or farce, or genteel drawing-room drama. She will understand better how to manage her villain-man, so that he will not have to go round telling everybody just how devilish he is, and she will realize that she has got to display a little more ingenuity and a little less magic in getting her characters from one place to another. How Hetty Rolan gets into the Long Branch villa is never explained. She appears suddenly, as if she had been summoned by a spirit; but nobody notices it, and the auditor feels stupid in being puzzled at what everybody else seems to find so natural.

The villain who goes about describing his iniquities fell to Mr. Frawley, whose style, in its straightforward robustness, is not suitable to the portrayal of subtle wickedness. Mr. Frawley has to recommend himself to the interest of the audience by telling them at the outset that his father died a drunkard, thereby breaking his mother's heart; that he himself has inherited the paternal vice and supplemented it with the craze for gambling, which is going eventually to take him straight to perdition. It is pretty hard on an actor to have to struggle with this sort of delineation of character. Mr. Frawley struggles, and is not worsted in the fray. But his scenes with Helen Van Sprague, pitched at a high key of emotional agony and sandwiched in between acts of deliberate farce, are severe trials to the patience and the skill of any player.

One of the principal defects of this type of drama is the traditional one of fundamental weakness in the causes of action. People do all sorts of strange, and tragic, and pathetic things for inadequate reasons. The Rolans' father fails and commits suicide, and the Rolans go away and hide, like two female felons, and cultivate mien of crushed melancholy. It is bad to have a suicide as well as a skeleton in your family closet, but it does not make the surviving members of the family abjure the world, the flesh, and the devil forever after. Van Sprague's remorse for having driven his old friend to such a desperate end is more believable, but unfortunately the Van Sprague type of man does not generally luxuriate in such sensations. The Van Sprague group, pictured with more care, would have been a striking one, though in the gay absurdity of the piece they have an air of alien gloom, the ugly revelations of their fraudulent lives sounding even harsher than they are after the light-hearted raillery that precedes them.

For the second time, on their return after an absence, one has the same criticism to make on the

company—the men have improved more than the women. This is curious, as American women are natural-born actresses and American men are natural-born sticks on the stage. But here they stand to prove the contrary. Mr. Arbuckle has grown into a player of real merit and pretension. A little more simplicity and spontaneity, a little less labor and apparent effort, a nearer advance toward the standards of truth and naive naturalness, and he will be an actor of some distinction. He still hankers after horse-play, and he still has the air of thinking he is acting a humorous character that he and the audience know to be broadly farcical. But he will get over this; he has got, sooner or later, to know that the audience must be kept well in their place on the other side of the footlights. Miss Bates comes back, stouter and fresher and better-looking than when she went away, as hard-working as ever, and as sparkingly vivacious. She has the same hard brightness that only time and a wider comprehension and fuller sympathy will soften into the deep and mellow charm of pure comedy. This she will attain to in time, for she has undoubted mimetic intelligence and a grasping and inquiring mind. There is one defect she still adheres to, and which could be easily remedied—the sharp restlessness of her manner and movements. The cultivation of repose of manner and of a slower mode of speech would be of incalculable benefit to her style.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

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Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has known.

When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head

Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed; When a small but fierce volcano vexes my sore inside, And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo-bide,

How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall At the clink of the ice in the pitcher that the boy brings up the ball!

Oh! is it the gaudy ballet with features I can not name That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame?

Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we retire, That presently by combustion setteth us all afire? Or is it the cherry magnum?—nay, I'll not chide the cup That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop things up.

Yes, what the cause soever, relief comes when we call— Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one vast hulk of flame, And that I was Abed-nego a-wallowing in that same; And I've dreamt I was a crater possessed of a mad desire To vomit molten lava and to snort big gobs of fire; I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets that fizzed and screamed—

In short, I've dreamt the cursedest dream that ever a human dreamed; But all the red-hot fancies were scattered quick as a wink When the spirit within that pitcher went tapping its clinkety-clink.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Opening of the Stock Season at the California.

The California Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday for the first night of the new stock company. This is an occasion to which local playgoers have been looking forward with pleasurable anticipation, and a large and critical audience will be present.

The play to be presented is "The Home Secretary," a modern English play by R. C. Carton, who wrote "Liberty Hall" and "The Squire of Dames," and it deals with a man who becomes so immersed in politics that he neglects his wife, and she finds a consoler in a friend of the house, who is in reality a noted dynamiter. The scenes to which this situation gives rise will be presented by a company including Effie Shannon, Winona Shannon, Olive Oliver, Herbert Kelcey, William Beach, J. T. Sullivan, L. R. Stockwell, J. N. Long, and others of less note, from whom an admirable cast can be made.

A New Opera and a New Singer.

"Lorraine" has proved so popular at the Tivoli Opera House that it is to be continued through next week. It is a light romantic opera, with plenty of the comedy element in it, the music is generally pretty and catching, and it presents opportunity for some handsome scenery and costuming. In it Marie Millard made her first appearance on the Tivoli stage. She is a pleasant little woman, with the refined and quiet charm of the concert-singer, rather than the more imposing personality of the light-opera queen; but she has an excellent and well-trained voice and an attractive stage presence. The audiences have received her warmly. Louise Royce, who is not a stranger to Tivoli audiences, was heartily welcomed back after her Eastern sojourn. The others in the cast were Ferris Hartman, John J. Raffael, Martin Pache, W. H. Tooker, W. H. West, Arthur Boyce, Fred Kavanaugb, Anna Schnabel, and Irene Mull.

"A Trip to the Moon" will be revived on Monday, June 22d, with elaborate scenery and an augmented ballet, and after it the short season of grand opera will be begun with a presentation of "Romeo and Juliet."

The Frawley Company in "The Charity Ball."

Next week the Frawley Company will give us "The Charity Ball." This is one of the most successful plays ever written in America, coming second to "The Old Homestead," we understand, in the length of its run. Its authors were De Mille and Belasco, both trained writers having every resource of the dramatist's art at their fingers' ends. "The Charity Ball" is, in fact, an excellent model of dramatic construction to study. It is not a work of genius, unless it be that genius which is an unlimited capacity for taking pains; but its plot is pieced together with the ingenuity of a Chinese puzzle, its situations are developed with a full knowledge of stage work, and the dialogue has the crisp, natural, and forcible qualities only to be produced after long practice.

From the resources Mr. Frawley has at hand in his stock company, a cast is to be drawn that should present the play admirably.

Nat Goodwin's Second Week.

Nat Goodwin will present "A Gilded Fool" at the Baldwin on the first three nights of next week and at the Saturday matinee, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights "In Mizoura" will be repeated—this in view of its popular reception this week. "A Gilded Fool" was written by Henry Guy Carleton, and deals with a young fellow who is, suddenly raised to great wealth and plunges into dissipation, from which he is rescued by love awakening his ambition.

John Drew will follow Mr. Goodwin at the Baldwin on June 22d. He is coming for only one week, and he will be seen in "The Squire of Dames," by R. C. Carton, author of the piece to be given at the California next week. In Mr. Drew's company are Maude Adams, Annie Irish, Gladys Wallis, Ethel Barrymore, Annie Adams, Virginia Buchanan, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, Lewis Baker, Leslie Allen, Herbert Ayling, Frank Lamb, Graham Henderson, and others.

"Minnie Walton's Husband."

The dispatches from New York state that Frederick Lyster has brought suit against David Belasco for royalty on the play "The Heart of Maryland." Lyster claims that he wrote all of it but some dialogue which was written by a Miss Ginty. He says that it ran two hundred and twenty-nine nights at the Herald Square Theatre, and that it drew two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Belasco's share of this being over fifty thousand dollars. Lyster was well known in San Francisco some years ago. He was the husband of Minnie Walton, a handsome young woman who was a member of the old California Theatre stock company. Lyster was not an actor, but was very clever at remodeling or, in theatrical slang, "revamping" plays. He wrote librettos for operas and operettas, translated occasional plays from the French, and was an excellent musician. He conducted for a number of months a weekly paper here called the *Grizzly*, which finally went to the

grave. He was connected with Dalzell, the husband of Dickey Lingard, a sister of the beautiful Alice Dunning Lingard. Dalzell ran a daily paper here called the *Mail*, which lived a malodorous life for some months. Dalzell then left for New York, and started a paper there, on which Lyster was employed. Lyster is a clever man, but always has occupied a subordinate position. As in the present case of Belasco, cleverer men than he were in the habit of using his clever brains. When here, he was generally known as "Minnie Walton's husband." She was a great favorite in the old days, and was once exposed to the practical joking which possessed Dundreary Sothorn. While she was on the stage with him once in Dundreary, he kept talking to her, as was his custom, in a whisper between his speeches, and told her that her petticoats were coming down. He scared her so much that, grabbing her skirts, she left in the middle of her lines and bolted from the stage.

The Death of Frank Mayo.

The death of Frank Mayo will cause genuine grief in San Francisco. He had many friends in this city. He began his theatrical life as a super in the old Jenny Lind Theatre, on Kearny Street, subsequently the old City Hall. About thirty years ago he made his first bit at the old Maguire's Opera House, on Washington Street, near Montgomery, now torn down by the cutting through of Montgomery Avenue. There was a very stirring melodrama played there in those days, in which Frank Mayo and Charley Thorne had a most exciting fight with knives, both of them playing Spanish bandits. Mayo afterward began playing the rôle of Badger in the "Streets of New York," in which he was very successful. Shortly after that he had a play, "Davy Crockett," written for him which ran for years, and from which he made a large fortune. Like most actors, however, he became dissatisfied with his rôle, and took the money which he had made in "Davy Crockett" and lost it in Shakespearean ventures. Of late years he has been in financial straits, but was getting on his feet again through the success of his dramatization of Mark Twain's story, "Pudd'n'head Wilson." He died of paralysis of the heart on a train near Omaha on June 8th. He leaves a wife, two daughters, and a son, Edwin Mayo, who is now playing in "The Heart of Maryland." One of Frank Mayo's daughters, a very beautiful girl, married James Elverson, the son of a wealthy newspaper publisher in Philadelphia.

The Theatre Hat.

A number of well-known people who were written to by the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, recently, on the subject of the theatre hat, have expressed decided views. Mr. Howells, who has long been fighting this public nuisance, says that women who wear theatre hats "should be subject to a suit for damages." Charles A. Dana thinks that the question is one of "good manners and possibly of local police. If the managers of public amusements can't regulate it, let people stay away from their places." Senator John Sherman believes that suitable regulations should be made against this public inconvenience, and strictly enforced. Governor Morton believes that the matter is one that can not be settled by "legislative action, but rather by the force of public opinion."

Death of a Great Italian Actor.

Ernesto Rossi, the distinguished Italian actor, died at his home at Pescara on June 4th. He had studied law at the University of Pisa, but abandoned it for the stage, studying at the dramatic school founded by Gustavo Modena. His first excursion out of Italy was made in 1853, when he accompanied Mme. Ristori to Paris. He made in all three trips to Paris, at the last giving a remarkable series of Shakespearean representations. Subsequently he visited London, where he was very well received. In 1887 he published a book entitled "Forty Years of the Artistic Life." He had retired from the stage seven years ago.

Notes.

An Eastern paper states that Marie Wainwright will join Wilton Lackaye in producing several new pieces.

Georgia Cayvan denies the statement that "Vanity Fair" is the piece chosen for her starting tour.

A second of Stanley Weyman's novels, "An Enemy of the King," is being dramatized for Edward H. Sothorn.

Kathryn Kidder, who is now in Europe, will return in August, and come direct to this city to open her tour in "Madame Sans-Gêne."

When "The Prisoner of Zenda" is given here at the Baldwin, Isabelle Irving and James Hackett will be the leading members of the company.

After the Frawley season, the Columbia Theatre will be occupied by Palmer's "Trilby" company, which will have returned from Australia by that time.

Lillian Russell has hankrupted the largest firm of operatic *impresarios* in this country, and yet she is one of the best paying attractions in the the-

atrical business. She is not to remain idle, and she has already been engaged to sing in two new operas at the Columbia Theatre next season.

Bronson Howard is now in Europe, and will spend the summer making bicycle tours about England with his wife. He has a new play half finished, and will work at it between rides.

"The Grey Mare," a comedy-drama by Sims and Kaleigh which has held a prominent place in the Lyceum Theatre repertoire, is to be the play during the stock company's second week at the California.

At the end of John Drew's single week at the Baldwin, the theatre will be closed for the summer. The opening attraction of next season, beginning on July 27th, will be "Bohemia," presented by the Empire Company.

Martha Morton, the author of "Brother John," which the Frawley Company are now playing at the Columbia, has written a new play which William H. Crane will bring out next year. It bears the title "Fortune's Fool."

A new play has been written for Sarah Bernhardt by Louis Frechette, who has been called the Canadian poet laureate. It deals with Italian life in the seventeenth century, and it is to be produced soon after Mme. Bernhardt's return to Paris.

It is said that Jefferson and Brooks are so well satisfied with the success of the all-star company in "The Rivals," that they contemplate making up a similar cast for "The School for Scandal" next spring. Both Joseph Jefferson and William H. Crane have been suggested for the part of Sir Peter Teazle.

Henry Guy Carleton, the author of "A Gilded Fool," which Nat Goodwin is to give at the Baldwin next week, is in some degree a San Franciscan, by virtue of his long residence here before reaching his majority. His first notable success in writing was the Thompson Street Poker Club sketches, but he has been writing for the stage rather than for publication since his first play, "Victor Durand," made a success.

Chauncey Olcott, who will be remembered here as one of the best singers at the Standard Theatre in the old minstrel days, is to follow the stock company at the California. He appears in what may be called singing comedies, and a new one is being written for him by Dr. George H. Jessop. Dr. Jessop is another former Californian, and has recently become notable in London by writing the libretto for "Shamus O'Brien," in which Denis O'Sullivan, a third Californian, bids fair to make himself famous.

Among the attractions booked for the coming season at the Columbia Theatre are the Holland brothers, in two new plays; Lillian Russell, in two new comic operas; Georgia Cayvan; Joseph Murphy, in new plays; "The Parlor Match," with William Hoey and a specialty company; Fanny Rice and an opera company; Henderson's new production of the "Crystal Slipper"; Edward Harrigan and his company; "The Twentieth-Century Girl," with Hallan and Hart; "The Cotton King"; "Humanity"; "Old Jed Prouty"; and Mrs. Potter and Kyle Bellew.

Sarah Bernhardt has been writing to the Paris *Figaro* about the Grau failure. She says that Mr. Irving and herself were unable to make up for the losses entailed by the tours of Rejane and Mounet-Sully, and especially Lillian Russell. Mme. Bernhardt is generous enough to say that the tours of the two French artists were disastrous simply because they went at the wrong time. Finally, she says: "We dramatic artists, Coquelin and I, have had to thank Mr. Grau for popularizing the French tongue and causing our most subtle masterpieces to be appreciated. His dream was to take the Comédie-Française to America. It was an unrealizable dream."

An advertisement that has recently been sent liberally abroad in New York recommends a home for pet cats, during the absence of their owners in summer, where the best of care is promised, and where they will be housed, to quote the circular, "in a large new house with wire-covered runs." One cat will be boarded for a month for three dollars, and two cats will be accommodated for five dollars. Canary birds, also, are assured of comfortable quarters and attention at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents a week. Any merciful owner of a cat would be inclined to think twice before condemning her pet to stand such a nervous strain as a prolonged sojourn in a boarding-house for canary birds.

A Paris shop-keeper, who does not smoke, is trying to get a divorce from his wife, the only evidence he offers of her infidelity being that her clothes always smell of tobacco.

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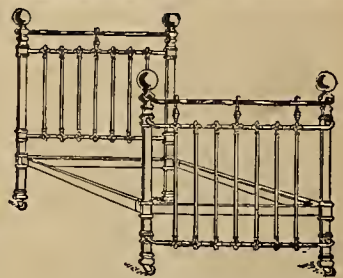
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VANITY FAIR.

The fact that the American minister to Russia, C. R. Breckenridge, appeared in court costume at certain court functions during the ceremonies connected with the coronation of the Czar was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant its being cabled across the ocean, and some objection to his doing so has been made. The New York Journal prints a picture of Minister Breckenridge in his court costume, and arraigns him in this fashion: "Minister Breckenridge attended the coronation ceremonies of the Czar in satin knee-breeches, silk stockings, diamond-buckled shoes, and a gorgeously embroidered and 'frogged' coat. He also wore a sword. Minister Breckenridge wore this costume several times. All of this is against the law of the United States. Here is Section 1,683, Title XVIII., of the United States Revised Statutes: 'No person in the diplomatic service of the United States shall wear any uniform or official costume not previously authorized by Congress.'"

But court-dress, such as Minister Breckenridge wore, is neither a "uniform" nor an "official costume." It is customary for those attending court functions to wear a uniform, if they hold a position entitling them to do so, and the diplomatic representatives of other countries appear in a uniform prescribed for their rank. But the American representative, not having a distinctive ministerial costume, has to fall back on the costume his rank in the army or the navy entitles him to, or, in default of that, he should dress as other private gentlemen do—that is, he should wear court costume.

The history of court costume, as worn by American ministers, is somewhat curious. At the beginning of our government the costume worn by men in society admitted of much greater variety than at present in color, cut, and ornament; and therefore there was no special distinction, except in point of richness, between dress worn at court and on ordinary occasions. When our mission went to Ghent, in 1814, for the conclusion of the treaty with Great Britain, the members of the mission agreed to wear as a uniform to mark their rank a blue coat, slightly embroidered with gold, with white breeches, white silk stockings, and gold knee-buckles, a sword, and a small cocked hat with a black cockade. In 1823, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, wrote to our ministers abroad recommending the use of the uniform worn by the mission of Ghent. During the administration of General Jackson, in 1829, this uniform was made simpler and cheaper, consisting of a black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar, black or white knee-breeches, a three-cornered *chapeau-bras* with a black cockade and a gold eagle, and a steel-mounted sword with a white scabbard. This dress was not prescribed by the President, but was suggested as an appropriate and convenient uniform dress for the diplomatic agents of the United States. Not all ministers conformed to this recommendation, some of them appearing in more brilliant uniforms suited to their respective tastes. Some suggestions were made on this subject to the Department of State; and Mr. Marcy, on June 1, 1853, issued a circular withdrawing all previous instructions, and recommending the appearance at court of our ministers in the simple dress of an American citizen, "whenever it could be done without detriment to the public interest." Mr. Marcy cited the example of Dr. Franklin, who had appeared at the French court in very simple dress; but it is now well known that this was not owing to any love of simplicity on the part of Franklin, but merely that, on a certain occasion his presence was so much desired at court, when he had no clothes in which he considered it fit to appear, that he was requested to come in whatever he happened to be wearing at the moment.

In compliance with these instructions, several of our ministers attempted to go to court in plain evening-dress. To Mr. Belmont, at The Hague, no objection was made, although it was evidently preferred that he should comply with the usages of the place. Mr. Mason presented his credentials to the Emperor Napoleon in civil dress, but subsequently adopted a simple uniform, which he always wore on ceremonial occasions. At Stockholm, while the king expressed his perfect willingness personally to receive Mr. Schroeder in plain dress, he said: "The etiquette of my house is subject to regulations which can not be waived for one in preference to others. In audience for business I will receive him in any dress his government may prescribe; but in the society of my family, and on occasions of court, no one can be received but in court-dress, in conformity with the established customs." Mr. Vroom, at Berlin, was told that "his majesty would not consider an appearance before him without costume as respectful." Mr. Buchanan was excluded from the diplomatic tribune, at the opening of Parliament, because he refused to wear court-dress; and when subsequently he insisted on wearing civilian dress, Sir Edward Cust told him "that he hoped he would not appear at court in the dress he wore upon the street, but would wear something indicating his official position." He therefore appeared at court in ordinary evening-dress, with a plain black sword

and a cocked hat. H. S. Sanford, who had been acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Paris until the arrival of Mr. Mason, carried out Mr. Marcy's instructions literally, and adopted an evening-dress. When Mr. Mason, as has just been mentioned, returned to the use of uniform, Mr. Sanford complained of this to the Department of State, and offered his resignation. His conduct in the matter was approved by Mr. Marcy, but his resignation was accepted. Six years afterward, in January, 1860, when Mr. Faulkner was about proceeding to Paris, Mr. Sanford wrote to General Cass referring to the previous correspondence, ridiculing Mr. Mason's course, and asking that Mr. Faulkner should be instructed to wear civilian dress. In compliance with a resolution of the Senate, the papers on this subject were printed shortly afterward. No further action was taken until March, 1867, when, by the joint efforts of Senator Sumner and General Banks, the resolution quoted above was forced through Congress.

The objection to plain evening-dress is not its simplicity, but because being the only persons, as a general rule, at any court ceremony in evening-dress, except the waiters and servants, our representatives are unpleasantly conspicuous. They are much more comfortable in a hot and crowded room than if they wore a heavy, closely buttoned uniform; but they are the subject of remark, not so much on the part of their colleagues, who profess to envy them their ease, but from other persons unaccustomed with our usages; so that when at court they generally feel in an awkward and false position, much as a private gentleman would, who by some accident found himself at a dinner or evening-party in a morning-dress. It is said that the gentleman who is chiefly responsible for this rule experienced himself the discomfort of it; and that, although he wore civilian dress on his first appearance as minister at Brussels, he subsequently obtained a commission as major-general of militia in Minnesota, which allowed him to appear in uniform.

New York society's latest attempt to relieve ennui in the name of charity took the shape of an entertainment on a ferry-boat, on which three hundred people danced, supped, and entertained each other. A "tea" of the St. John's Guild, to be held aboard the Floating Hospital of the Guild, suggested the idea of utilizing a ferry-boat for a similar affair. Instead of having the vessel float at a wharf, they planned to have it actually do some moving in the water. Colonel E. A. Stevens, president of the Hoboken Ferry Company, tendered the service of the *Hamburg* with its crew, and the patronesses did the rest. The main cabins of the boat are one hundred and thirty feet in length, with about twelve feet of floor space between the seats. The women's cabin, in which the dancing was done, was decked with palms and varied potted plants, and the chandeliers were festooned with smilax. The men's cabin was divided by portières into two compartments, which served as dressing-rooms. The upper saloon was converted into a supper-room. At nine-thirty o'clock the boat left its slip, and it got back to the dock at twelve-thirty A. M.

Some of the women who saw and admired the costumes of Mrs. Peary and her little daughter last winter, doubtless felt that there were compensations as well as penalties connected with the lot of an Arctic explorer's family. Among the furs in which Mrs. Peary wraps herself in cold weather is one superb pelerine cape of blue fox which reaches nearly to her feet, and she has one or two gowns trimmed with this and other rare furs. The long-haired white fur of the Arctic rabbit has been made into a cloak for little Miss Peary.

A novel club, called "The Playgoers," was started in Boston last winter, and it is in flourishing condition. Its aim is to bring the higher thought of Boston to bear on things dramatic, and to that end it has fortnightly meetings, where a paper on some play or actor then before the public is read and discussed. But the most notable feature of the club is that it is "mixed," that men and women are equally eligible for membership. They pay the same fees, and have an equal right to the use of the club-rooms. Practically, however, men make far larger use of the club-rooms as such than do women. It is doubtful if three women in the club have applied for the latch-key to which they have a right. The rooms of the club are centrally located, and include a grill-room, which is popular for suppers after the theatre. Twice a month it holds receptions. Sometimes, though there may be no special guest, several more or less well-known actors or actresses are present. Mr. and Mrs. Taber, Mme. Janau-schek, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and several others have been thus entertained. Among the officers and members are not a few clergymen and professional men, as well as journalists and men and women of leisure.

What must have been a remarkable frolic is described by a correspondent as having taken place in London not long ago. It seems that a party of people—frivolous matrons and giddy girls, with

their complement of attendant cavaliers—after leaving a smart ball at three o'clock in the morning, procured bicycles and wheeled through the deserted streets in the gray twilight of early dawn. The odd procession—the women in be-frilled and beflounced lace petticoats (they discarded their long skirts of silk and satin), and the men in correct evening attire—proceeded along Park Lane, down Oxford Street, and by sundry by-ways to Covent Garden market. Here they found, to their delight, the great flower and fruit market at its busiest. The Covent Garden "coster" is "full of strange oaths," and one can fancy he and his "pals" making their remarks upon the visit of the "after-the-ball bicycling brigade." Having explored the market to its fullest extent and spoiling their dainty satin shoes in the process, the ladies insisted upon stopping at a cab shelter and having some sweet and weak coffee, together with fried eggs and a lump of bread. Then they went home with bundles of fresh market vegetables and flowers tied to the handle-bars of their machines, and caroling gayly of the joys of early rising.

Silver is being much used in ornamenting bicycles, according to the *Washington Star*. The foundation must be of steel tubing, of course, but this is sometimes entirely covered with silver tracery. For these ornate wheels silver lamps are used, which range in prices from thirty-five to one hundred dollars, the latter style being imbedded with pearls. The cyclometers are made of nickel, with silver mountings, and on the handle-bar is fastened a silver bracket, from which hangs a silver watch; price, ten dollars. The entire outfit will cost nearly five hundred dollars.

William Waldorf Astor has entertained royalty at his country-place, Cliveden, and his social standing in England's swell set is assured. The Prince of Wales became Mr. Astor's guest on Saturday afternoon, a fortnight ago, and remained until the following Monday. Of course there was a house-party "suggested" by the prince, the members comprising it including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, the Earl and Countess of Carrington, Lord Roberts, Lady Trafford, Sir Edward and Lady Lawson, Colonel Saunderson, and some few others. Furthermore, it is said that Mr. Astor is about to astonish London with a series of evening-parties. An army of workmen and work-women are already engaged at the great mansion in Carlton House Terrace, which Mr. Astor bought at a bargain from the executors of the late Earl Granville. The good offices of Scotland Yard have been called in, and among the guests at the parties will be a famous detective inspector who knows every leading British and American crook. This may not seem flattering to the other guests, but, at least, it will insure the safety of their diamonds.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An admirer of Rossini sent the composer at Christmas-time a fine Stilton cheese and an oratorio which the donor had recently composed. In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote: "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very much."

James Payn tells a story of a gentleman who took his little boy, the other day, at his own request, to the Bristol Museum to see the Elgin Marbles. When he beheld them the child burst into tears. "Why, after all," he sobbed, "one can't play with them."

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girls' seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had engaged a friend named Adams to operate the apparatus while he talked; but when the "Wizard" arose before his audience, he felt so dazed that he simply said: "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity, and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus."

In a university town in one of the Southern States a reading club had been organized (relates the *Bookman*), each member of which was required to prepare a paper on some designated literary masterpiece. One member, an Episcopal clergyman, was asked to take for his subject Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Immediately after the meeting he sought the study of a literary friend. "What is this 'Morte d'Arthur' that they've given me?" he queried, anxiously; "of course, I've always known that Malory edits the *Churchman*, but I never heard before that he'd written a book!"

Apropos of Embassador Bayard's habit of monopolizing conversation while at dinners, receptions, or in official intercourse, a writer in the *New York Tribune* relates that at a certain dinner-party in Washington, Mr. Bayard entertained the company with his views on a variety of subjects, including Japan. One of the guests was a member of the Japanese legation. After listening to Mr. Bayard's wordy discourse on Japan as long as he could, the artless young Japanese, turning to his fair neighbor at the table, remarked: "What a wonderful man is your Secretary of State. He seems to know something about everything—except Japan!"

The daughter of a well-known representative (according to the *Washington Times*) tried, not long ago, to explain the silver question to her father's colored butler. He went away insisting that the silver question meant that any one who wanted it could get sixteen silver dollars for one gold dollar, if the measure ever passed. Senator Stewart's daughter happened to call one day. During the conversation, the young hostess told her guest of the butler's inquiring turn of mind. At this Miss Stewart broke in impulsively with: "Oh, why didn't you send him over to see papa? He wants some one to talk silver with so much."

James Shields was elected to the Senate in 1848, defeating his predecessor, Senator Breese. Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and at the Battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing out at his back. His recovery was one of the marvels of the day. Shields's war record is believed to have secured to him his triumph over Breese. When the news of Shields's election was received, a lawyer named Butterfield was speaking of it to a group of friends, when one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican bullet that did the business." "Yes," retorted Butterfield, "that was a great shot. The ball went clear through Shields without hurting him, and killed Breese one thousand miles away."

A reporter of a New York daily once went to the office of the late General Casey to get some information concerning the Lydecker tunnel story. General Casey looked at the young man rather sternly at first, and the reporter expected but scant detail to follow. "Come in, sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone of almost unpleasant command. The two doors of his office were open. The reporter was standing. The general, without a word, went to one door and closed it with the utmost precision; then he went to the other door and closed it with the same precision. The reporter was in doubt. The two were in the room alone. Coming up to the newspaper man, he pointed his index-finger straight at his eye, and said, "Sit down there, young man, and I'll tell you the—st story you ever heard." And he did.

At the final rehearsal of Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni," the composer was dissatisfied with the efforts of the young lady to whom the part of Zerlina was assigned. Zerlina is frightened at Don Giovanni's too pronounced love-making, and cries for assistance behind the scenes. Mozart was unable to infuse sufficient force into the poor girl's screams, until at last, losing all patience, he clattered from the conductor's desk on to the boards. At that period a few tallow candles dimly glim-

mered among the desks of the musicians, but over the stage and the rest of the house almost utter darkness reigned. Mozart's sudden appearance on the stage was therefore not suspected by poor Zerlina, who, at the moment when she ought to have uttered the cry, received from the composer a sharp pinch on the arm, emitting, in consequence, a shriek which caused him to exclaim: "Admirable! Mind you scream like that to-night!"

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles (says the *Evening Sun*) in a spectacular play in which she made her *entrée* accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt; but when the time came for them to go on, one of the youngsters had disappeared. Sarah mustered the five in order and made her entrance with a grand flourish. The house was crowded, but not a band-clap greeted her as she appeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrase. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed, sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in this house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?" The man rose, bowed to the actress, and remarked, in very bad American-French: "Madam, you are shy ooe Turk."

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

Polyglot.

O Belle Marie,
Charmante aussi,
If thou couldst see
My love parfait,
Oh, wouldst thou say,
Gleichgültig he?

Formosa tu,
Ich bin so blue,
So schwach and sad;
One smile I know,
Ex animo,
Would make me glad.

Puella fine,
One kiss of thine
Would so delight
Thy slave soumis,
'Twould dwell with me
Für ewigkeit.

Mais donc en tout,
So kalt hist du,
Most frigid she,
Mehercle! Is't so?
Then say it slow,
Thou'rt married? Oui!

—Nathan M. Levy.

Maude the Scholar.

Maude wears so many charming hats,
Straw, ribbion, velvet, toques, and flats,
'Tis hard to tell from out the rest,
In which device I love her best.

I long to kiss her saucy lips,
When o'er her braids a sailor tips,
And when a Gainsboro' crowns her hair,
She calls to mind a portrait rare.

At tennis in her Tam o' Shanter
She charms me with her witty banter,
And 'neath her party hood of lace,
A flower fair I think her face.

But when she does her curls entrap
Within the scholar's Oxford cap,
The power of her mind I feel,
And at her feet I humbly kneel.—Vogue.

The Syntax Perfect.

I love to hear Clarissa talk;

It always makes me glad;

Though *entre nous*, I must confess,

Her grammar's very bad.

But there's one way she speaks to me,

That none can criticise;

She never makes the least mistake,

When talking with her eyes.—Life.

A Long Search.

Everywhere Kitty had sought the quotation—
Browning and Teonyson, Shelley and Lang;
Shakespeare she handled with great veneration,
Shutting, however, the tomes with a bang.

Byroo she searched, and Swinburne so burning—
Gosse, Austin Dobson, Stevenson, Moore:
Leaves of each one she was futilely turning,
Hopeless her search as ever before.

Then wearied, tearful, she angrily flung
Out of the library, rushed she distraught
"Let's give it up," then she poutingly blurted,
"For I have forgotten the line that we sought."

"Between You and I."

Miss Minerva Van Boston's engagement is broken,
She's returned to her lover each letter and token,
They have had their last drive and their last friendly
chat;

And the rather remarkable reason why,
Is because he would say "between you and I";
And Minerva Van Boston could not endure that.

Of a very old family he was a scion,
And the kind of a man it was safe to rely on,
With a character no one would dare to impeach.
And in fact, in every other respect
His habits were perfect, his manners correct;
Yet he *did* make this terrible error in speech!

Miss Minerva Van Boston had tried hard to break him,
She had reasoned in vain, ere she vowed to forsake him,
She had seen, as it were, 'twixt the fire and the hammer.

She had talked to him kindly, firmly, severely,
And to tell the sad truth, she still loved him dearly;
But dearer by far was her love for her grammar.

And to live with a man who was slightly defective
In the daily use of his pronouns objective,
Would have caused Miss Minerva much anguish and worry.

So with many regrets, and half broken-hearted,
These lovers, poor things, have forever been parted
By the shade of ridiculous old Lindley Murray!

—Bessie Chandler.

A crowd of Rutgers College students were taught a salutary lesson a few nights ago by the proprietor of a circus. They attended the show in a body numbering about one hundred, and their cat-calls and geying became so hoisterous that the performance could not go on. The proprietor of the circus, Robert Hunting, appealed to them to behave, but they had come to break up the show and were not to be quieted. Then Mr. Hunting walked up and sat among them. As he did so, fifty men employed about the tents crawled under the canvas with tent-stakes in their hands and sat down. "Do you see those men over there?" Hunting said; "I've just got to speak two words and every one of them will come at you and those clubs will drop on your heads. If I yell 'Hey Rube!'—the circus alarm for a riot—every one of my hundred men will attack you. Remember, now, one more word and you will be mobbed." The collegians watched the rest of the show in silence.

Australia is a paradise for tramps. They comprise about one-quarter of the population, and spend their life in traveling from one little colony or "station," as it is called, to another. The name "sundowner" is applied to them for the reason that the sun's setting is a signal for their coming. The "stations" being so far apart—twenty or thirty miles, or even more—the people have not the heart to send them adrift in the bush, to go hungry for the night, and they are recognized as a necessary evil. The well-to-do farmers have usually a "travelers' hut," and regular rations are served out to these wayfarers—a pound of the inevitable mutton, a pannikin or dipper of flour, the water-bag refilled, and a hunk for the night.

Responsive Both to Harsh and Sweet Sounds,
The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquillizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nervine. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A winglassful before retiring confers sleep.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The use of the Röntgen rays has become so important in surgery that the publication of a paper, entitled *Archives of Clinical Skiagraphy*, has been begun in London.

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PURE AND FRAGRANT.

Every package of
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frice contains:

A large bottle of liquid
Sozodont

A box of Sozodont Powder

A sample cake of Sozo-
derma Soap, for the skin

Use liquid Sozodont daily: the powder twice a week. A small sample of the liquid by mail, if you mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, Hall & Knobel, New York.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now to store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-lb Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Cocooning at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896.
Coptic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, June 20
Gaelic... (Via Honolulu)... Thursday, July 2
Doric... (Via Honolulu)... Tuesday, July 21
Belgic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, August 8
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 13, 18, 23, July 3, 13, 18, 23, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. June 14, 18, 23, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. June 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, June 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, June 2, 27, and 25th of each month thereafter. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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OCEANIC S.S. CO. 6 DAYS ONLY, to AUSTRALIA, HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 16, at 10 A. M. Special party rates.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, June 25, at 2 P. M.
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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
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Majestic... July 1 | Adriatic... July 29
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H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Howard-Hunter Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Frances Hunter, of Newport, R. I., and Mr. O. Shafter Howard, of Oakland, took place last Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, at the home of the bride's mother, on Rhode Island Avenue. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter; a niece of the late W. Hunter, who was First Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, D. C., for more than half a century; a granddaughter of W. Hunter, the American Minister at Brazil for many years; and a niece of the late Captain Charles Hunter, U. S. N. The groom is a son of Mr. Charles Webb Howard, of this city, and of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, of Oakland. He is a graduate of Harvard.

Mr. Karl Howard, the groom's brother, was best man. The bride's brother, Mr. William R. Hunter, gave her into the keeping of the groom. Rev. Edward L. Buckley officiated. A large reception was held after the ceremony. The wedding presents were numerous and very valuable. For the present, Mr. and Mrs. Howard will reside in New York, but later on will come to this city.

The Pawson-Bonner Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bonner and Mr. Arthur Pawson took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 1114 Post Street. Miss Bonner is the daughter of the late Charles Bonner, and Mr. Pawson is secretary of the United States Smokeless Powder Company. Only a few relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. C. L. Miel, of Sausalito. Miss Stella Locan was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Geraldine Bonner and Miss Martha Wagner. Mr. Arthur Wallace acted as best man. After the wedding there were congratulations, followed by a supper. Mr. and Mrs. Pawson left on Thursday to make a Southern trip, and when they return they will reside at 1114 Post Street.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Claire Tucker and Mr. Philip Williams will take place next Monday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 2114 Vallejo Street. Miss Tucker is the daughter of Mrs. J. C. Tucker, formerly of Oakland. Mr. Williams is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, of this city. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present at the wedding.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Aileen Goad to Mr. Charles K. McIntosh. Miss Goad is the second daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad. Mr. McIntosh is connected with the First National Bank, of this city.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Minnie Mansfield Wood and Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. Mrs. Wood is the widow of the late Captain Abram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who died at the Presidio April 14, 1894. She is the daughter of Rev. Dr. Mansfield, of San José, at whose home she is residing. Lieutenant Coffin is a native of the Dis-

trict of Columbia, and has been in the army service since September 1, 1869. He has been stationed at the Presidio, but has just been assigned to duty at Fort Canby, Wash., for which post he left on Friday. He will return, on leave of absence, late in July, when the wedding will take place at the residence of the bride's father, on Saturday, the 25th.

The wedding of Miss Rose Faull and Mr. Willard O. Wayman will take place at the bride's home, "Pine Knoll," near St. Helena, on Thursday, June 25th, at 12:30 o'clock P. M. On account of the death of the bride's grandfather, the wedding will be a quiet one.

The wedding of Miss Frieda Siebe and Mr. Werner Stauff took place last Thursday evening at the home of the bride's father, 2217 Sacramento Street. The bride is the daughter of Mr. John D. Siebe, and the groom is a member of the firm of Stauff & Cooper. A limited number of relatives and intimate friends were assembled in the beautifully decorated parlors to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. Fuendeling. The bride's sister, Miss Christie Siebe, was the maid of honor, and Mr. William Berg was best man. The affair was pleasantly celebrated. The happy couple left yesterday for a northern trip.

Miss Agnes Dornin and Mr. Louis McKisick were married last Thursday at the home of the bride's parents in Dwight Way, Berkeley. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dornin, and the groom is the son of Judge McKisick.

The wedding of Miss Anita Williams Bannahan and Mr. John A. Stanton took place last Tuesday evening at St. Patrick's Church in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives. Rev. Father P. J. Quinn officiated. Miss Lizzie Monahan was the bridesmaid, and Major Charles T. Stanley acted as best man. Mr. Stanton is the well-known artist of this city, and his bride was one of his pupils. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton went to Monterey on their honeymoon.

The golden wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schelluyne Gibbs will take place next Wednesday evening at their residence, 722 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence on Turk Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Judge and Mrs. Isaac Belcher, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wilson.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a dinner-party at their home last Saturday evening in honor of their guest, Miss Bellinger, daughter of Judge C. B. Bellinger, of Portland, who returned to Oregon on Monday. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Mrs. Woods, Judge E. M. Ross, Judge W. B. Gilbert, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Mr. Alvord, Mr. Findlay, Colonel Moorhead, and Judge Houghton.

Cacoethes Scribendi.

We have received a manuscript, accompanied by a note in which the following curious passage occurs:

"I inclose you manuscript of '—', which I commend to your favorable consideration. If you like it, you may accept on any of the following conditions: You may pay me at your current rates. If you do not care to pay for it, you are welcome to it for nothing. If that is asking too much, you may draw on me for five dollars to pay the printer for setting up the type, if you will publish it in the Argonaut."

We have had many curious notes accompanying manuscripts sent to the Argonaut, from the epistle of the girly-girl, as she sends her poem circled with blue ribbon, to the assured and eulogistic note of the professional hack-writer, who endeavors to impress the editor by himself praising his own work and incidentally praising the paper in which he hopes to place it. But the foregoing is the most curious in our experience. We may say to the writer that we consider it inadvisable for him to make his three propositions simultaneously. It is reminiscent of the story of General Grant, who, when a boy, was sent by his father to buy a horse from a neighbor. Young Grant, when asked by the neighbor what he was willing to give, replied that his father told him to offer fifty dollars, but if the offer was refused, to make it seventy-five dollars. "In that case," said the neighbor, with a twinkle in his eye, "the price of the horse is seventy-five dollars"—which young Grant paid. We may point out to the gentleman sending the manuscript that his third offer is calculated to interfere with the first. But we regret that the Argonaut can not accept any of the offers, or the manuscript either, which is returned with thanks.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the brilliant young San Franciscan of whose career in Paris as a mathematician and astronomer one of the Argonaut's correspondents has kept our readers informed, has achieved a new honor in being selected to be one of the members of the British expedition which will go to Norway next month to observe the solar eclipse. Miss Klumpke is the daughter of Mr. John J. Klumpke, of this city, and has for several years lived in Paris with her mother and sister. The latter is an artist of note.

She Thanked him for his Seat.

In a Powell Street car, the other day, a well-known clerk in a San Francisco bank gave up his seat to an elderly lady, who said:

"I am very much obliged to you, sir—you are extremely kind."

"Don't mention it," said he.

"But," said she, "it was really very good of you, and I thank you very much."

"It is nothing, my dear madam," he replied.

"But," said the lady, "do not attempt to put aside my thanks. Your act is so unusual, young sir, that it is my duty to acknowledge a courtesy so sincere."

"But," said the bank clerk, somewhat annoyed, "it is nothing. Never mind, madam."

"But I do mind," said the lady. "We are living in a time when people who should show the lesser courtesies of life frequently fail to do so."

"But—" said the hapless man.

"Do not interrupt me," said she. "Age nowadays is little, habituated to receive from young people the courtesies to which it is entitled. Besides, the marked courtesy which you have shown me in giving up your seat so promptly, shows at once that you must have been brought up with the utmost care."

The embarrassed bank clerk by this time was scarlet.

"Yes," said the old lady, continuing, "and your mother should be proud of you. Ah, a mother's love and the benefits of the higher education are easily apparent. I do not wish, sir, to flatter you, and I do not wish to reciprocate your courtesy by fulsome acknowledgments, but it is sufficient merely to look at you to know that you are a gentleman by birth and breeding. I appeal to anybody in the car."

The passengers giggled in chorus, while the unfortunate bank clerk fled.

A Story of Socorro Island.

The master of the schooner *Zampa* recently reported to the United States Hydrographic Office that the Island of Socorro, off the west coast of Mexico, was in a state of violent eruption. Socorro is one of a group of islands four hundred miles west of Manzanillo, Mexico. It is of interest to San Franciscans for the reason that it recalls the first visit to this city of Sir Thomas Hesketh in the *Lancashire Witch*, a number of years ago. At that time, Sir Thomas, with a party of friends, was making a tour of the world in his steam-yacht. He came to San Francisco, and while here, fell in love with Miss Flora Sharon, whom he subsequently married. While he was paying court to his lady love, his yacht lay idle at her anchor in San Francisco Bay. A ship came into port, bringing a number of castaways, and the report that their ship had gone down not many miles from Socorro Island, and that it was believed that the rest of their shipmates were on the island. Sir Thomas at once generously offered his yacht for the purpose of succoring the castaways, and the *Lancashire Witch* was put into commission and steamed for Socorro. But no human beings were found on the island. For a couple of weeks the *Witch* cruised north, south, east, and west, around the island, but no trace was found of the castaways. So the yacht returned to San Francisco. Her master reported that they had found as the only trace of human occupation a cairn of stones erected near the beach, which was supposed to betoken a burial-place. The United States Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*, which recently visited the island, is stated to have found the same cairn.

A circular has reached San Francisco from the management of the International Pigeon Shot Tournament in Paris, from which it is learned that two San Franciscans are crack shots there and have been very successful. Mr. Frederick R. Webster and Mr. Richard Sprague. Among other shots present who are known in San Francisco are Mr. George Work, of New York, and Mr. John Ellison, of Philadelphia.

The Paris firemen were called out recently for a fire in the Avenue de Neuilly, just outside of the Porte Maillot, one of the gates of Paris. But, as the fire was outside the gates, they had to stand by and watch the house burn, while some one was hunting up the prefect of police, without whose special permission they could not venture past the gate.

—KODAK, KODET, BULL'S-EYE, BULET, Premo, Poco, Hawk-Eye, cameras, 96 models, from \$5.00 upwards. Everything new and fresh in photography. Developing and printing. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market St.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—THE SACRIFICE SALE OF PRECIOUS STONES, watches, and silverware is still going on. A. Hirschman, Diamond Jeweler, 113 Sutter Street.

—HERALDIC ENGRAVING—COATS-OF-ARMS, crests, mottoes. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 745 Market Street.

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TO STUDY IN GERMANY.

A German lady of high culture, and an American lady physician, daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, wish to take charge of a limited number of young ladies to study languages, art, and music in Germany—also to travel. Unexceptionable references. Address GERMANY, care of Sherman & Clay, Cor. Sutter and Kearny Sts.

CAPITOLA

Is charmingly situated on the shores of the Bay of Monterey, four miles east of Santa Cruz, on the line of Broad Gauge Railroad. Thousands visit this resort yearly to enjoy the surf bathing, salmon and trout fishing. The hotel is situated at the very water's edge; surf bathing and hot salt water baths; furnished and partly furnished cottages and provisions for amusement and recreation, are all befitting a first-class seaside resort. Free camping ground. Address F. REANIER, Superintendent, Capitola.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of June, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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For all who desire and appreciate the inconvenience of getting at a watch with gloves on and coats buttoned. Carriers of Pig Skin, Russet and Patent Leather. An accurate timepiece with large, legible dial that can be seen at a glance—very serviceable and stylish.

The Waterbury Watch Co.
Mills Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW LOT JUST IN

Their Price Betrays Them

Baking powders sold, either wholesale or retail, at a lower price than the "Royal," are almost invariably made from alum and should be avoided under all circumstances.

Alum baking powders make unwholesome food, and no housewife having regard for the health of her family will knowingly use them. Resist all efforts of peddlers and grocers to sell them to you.

Aside from the fact that low-priced baking powders contain alum and are unwholesome, their use is extravagant. It requires two pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening gas.

Economical food, pure and wholesome food, and food that is of finest flavor, light, sweet, and palatable, require the use of ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Chief Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, of Washington, D. C., arrived here last Tuesday. In about three weeks, they will go to Paso Robles for an extended term.

Prince Poniatowski, who has been in London for several weeks, arrived last Tuesday in New York, where he was met by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Princess Poniatowski.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight, formerly Miss Childs, of Los Angeles, are at their farm in Red Valley, New York. Mr. and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett and Miss Ella Margaret Bender will sail from New York city soon to visit England. Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and Miss Cherry Bender are on the Continent.

Mrs. Hager, the Misses Hager, and Miss Lucas will leave next Monday to pass a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte. Mrs. Hager returned last Monday from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Miss Julia M. Crocker, and Miss Florence Ives have arrived in Paris. The ladies will remain on the Continent, but Colonel Crocker will return here soon with his children, and pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott returned from England last week, and was met in New York city by Mr. Scott and Miss Cunningham.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt and her son, Mr. Orville C. Pratt, will pass the summer in San José.

Miss Helen W. Boss and Miss Crockett left New York for Europe last week, and will be away several months. Mrs. Frank M. Piskey will leave next week to pass the summer at her country home, "Owl's Wood," at Corte Madera, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen have departed for Paris, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedel.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill have decided not to go East, but will pass a month at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., will occupy Boyd Lodge in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt have leased the cottage at Burlingame formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mrs. Charlotte Clarke and her son, Mr. E. K. Clarke, have been visiting Santa Cruz during the week.

Mrs. J. L. Moody and the Misses Moody are passing several weeks at the Geysers.

Mrs. Van Dyck Hubbard arrived in Paris a fortnight ago. She will remain abroad several months.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth have arrived in Paris.

Mr. John D. Spreckels left for St. Louis last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, and Miss Herrick, of Oakland, are passing several weeks at Grizzly Flat, El Dorado County.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are in St. Louis. They will sail from New York in about a week for Paris to see their children and Mrs. Margaret Dean, who is with them.

Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle returned from their European trip last Sunday.

Mr. W. B. Wilschire came up from Los Angeles last Monday for a brief visit.

Miss Amy McKee, of Oakland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Norman Lang, in Portland, Or.

Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Fanny Lent, and Miss Jennie Hooker have been in San José during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher returned last Sunday to Oakland, after a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry, at Fresno. They will not go East until about the middle of July.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Mr. Reginald Dickinson have gone to Utah for an outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Warre C. Gregory are expected to return from Japan early in July.

Mrs. James M. Wilson and her two children sailed on the *Bertha* last Saturday for St. Michael's Station, Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Jobo F. Bigelow will pass the summer in the cottage of Mr. Denis Donohoe, in San Rafael.

Mrs. K. R. Simpkins is visiting San José for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel have gone to visit Switzerland and will also make a general tour of Europe.

Mrs. Yoloe Spalding is at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Misses Ebel and Bee Hooper have returned to St. Helena, after a visit to friends in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William L. Asbe will pass the summer in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin and the Misses Sabin are at Liberty Hall, their country seat, near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bassett and Miss Bassett, of Menlo Park, will pass considerable of the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Manrice Casey, Miss Katherine Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave are in Paris.

Mrs. Louis Feldman, Miss Feldman, and Miss Tillie Feldman have been in San José during the past week.

Mr. J. F. J. Archibald has returned from a visit to New Orleans, Los Angeles, and the Yosemite Valley. He went to the latter place with a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., whose guest he was.

Mr. George McWilliams returned from Spokane, Wash., last Sunday, after a prolonged stay. He will soon leave for Chicago to reside there permanently.

Mr. Albert Wieland and Mr. John Siebe are expected to return home on the steamer *Coptic* about June 15th, after making a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Salz have returned from an extended trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker has gone to Castle Crag, where she will remain until the end of July.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker is at her country home, near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, and Miss Adèle Martel are passing the summer at the Martel ranch, near Mountain View.

Mrs. Alfred Holman, Mrs. George C. Shreve, and Miss Bessie Shreve went to San José last Tuesday on a visit.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe is visiting Mrs. John R. Jarboe at Concha del Mar, in Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney and family left last Tuesday for Santa Cruz, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. John W. Mackay has not the slightest intention of leaving New York for this city in June, as has been stated in the dailies. If he does come out this year, it will not be until September or October.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Flood, who have been East for several weeks, expect to leave New York city on June 15th for this city. It is their intention to avoid the stereotyped route they have heretofore taken, and to

travel over the Canadian Pacific road, taking in various points of interest. British Columbia and the Sound cities will also be visited. This trip will prolong their journey somewhat, but it will be an agreeable change.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Emma Hunt will go to the Yosemite Valley to-morrow for a couple of weeks.

Misses Lillian and Celia O'Connor left last Thursday for Los Angeles to join their sister, Miss Belle O'Connor, who is visiting friends there. They will remain away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Faymonville left last Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, during the greater part of the summer, will occupy their country residence, "Casa Boyd," near San Leandro. Later on they may pass a few weeks in the foothills of Placer County.

Mr. Paul Delmas left New York last Tuesday for London to attend his sister's wedding.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Mrs. Alexander Center will pass a part of the summer at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Stephen M. White and family have returned from Washington, D. C., to their home in Los Angeles. Senator White will join them soon, after which they will all visit friends in San José for a fortnight.

General W. H. Dimond and Mr. Harry Dimond arrived in New York city last Wednesday.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean, who went to the Hotel del Monte last Saturday, returned to the city on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Knabe, of Baltimore, who are making a pleasure trip to this coast, will leave here today to visit the Yosemite Valley.

A large party left here last Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley. Included in the number were Mrs. Austin Sperry, Miss Mary A. Sperry, Miss Bessie S. Sperry, Miss Margaret E. Simpson, Dr. Marcia Cleveland, Mr. William Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Simpson, Mr. Louis J. Simpson, Mr. Edgar M. Simpson, Miss Edith Simpson, and Mr. Henry Simpson.

Mr. James V. Colemao and a party of his friends will soon go to the Guadalupe Mines, in Santa Clara County, for a week's outing at his cottage.

Mrs. E. E. Goodrich is passing a few weeks at St. Helena. Later on she will return to El Quito for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. A. H. Small is visiting New York city, and is staying at the Hotel Waldorf.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs are visiting in Reno, Nev.

Mrs. Ketchum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little, of Alameda, arrived on Friday to pass the summer with her parents.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has gone to Washington, D. C., to visit her sister and to be present at the graduation of her son, Mr. Walter S. Martin, at Georgetown College.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman are occupying their cottage at Burlingame.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George Almer Newhall will pass the summer in the Howard cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are passing the summer in Ross Valley.

A cablegram was received here yesterday to the effect that Miss Woolrich, who is in Paris with Mrs. Bradbury, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Susie Blanding are occupying the Bradford cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. H. E. Huntington returned to the city last Thursday after a prolonged absence in the southern part of the State.

Mr. Paul Neumann, Jr., of Honolulu, is in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General R. N. Batchelder, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., and Major George W. Davis, U. S. A., the military representative of Secretary Lamont, returned to Washington, D. C., last week after inspecting the army posts around the harbor. They also visited Del Monte and San José as the guests of Colonel A. S. Kimball, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California.

Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marx, U. S. N., of the *Maine*, was married last week to Miss Grace Filkins, of the "Shore Acres" Company. The ceremony was performed by Mayor Wanser at the home of Dr. W. W. Barick in Jersey City.

Captain Euclid B. Frick, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Light Artillery Battalion for duty with that command during its absence from the Presidio.

Chief-Engineer E. W. Milligan, U. S. N., has been ordered transferred to the *Oregon*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer Frank W. Bartlett, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Oregon*.

Lieutenant George W. Gatchell, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William P. Pence, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will remain on duty at Alcatraz Island until further notice.

Captain William N. Tisdall, U. S. A. (retired), is at the Ebbitt House in Washington, D. C.

Captain Seldeo A. Day, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of six months and to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant H. A. Field, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Montevideo*.

Lieutenant A. P. Niblock, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Massachusetts*.

Medical Inspector George F. Winslow, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the Asiatic Station during the past three years, is now on duty at New London, Conn.

Passed-Assistant Engineer S. Arnold, U. S. N., will be detached from the Mare Island Navy-Yard, June 30th, and then go to the *Montevideo*.

Passed-Assistant Engineer Albert Moritz, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Montevideo* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Mrs. T. O. Selfridge, wife of Rear-Admiral Selfridge, U. S. N., is passing the summer at Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant J. J. Knipp, U. S. R. C. S., will leave Washington, D. C., in a few days for this city to report for duty on the *Carlisle P. Patterson*.

Mrs. Louis Brechemin, wife of Dr. Brechemin, U. S. A., is visiting the family of Lieutenant W. A. Mann, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., at Columbus Barracks.

Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marx, U. S. N., of the *Maine*, and Mrs. Grace Filkins, an actress, were married in Jersey City, N. J., by the mayor of that city, May 31st. The bride has played leading rôles with Mme. Modjeska, in Mr. Augustin Daly's companies, and in some of Mr. Charles Frohman's organizations.

Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marx started on a short wedding-trip through the North. Mrs. Marx intends to sail for Europe on June 15th, to place her daughter, by her first marriage, at school in Geneva. She will not leave the stage, and is at present considering an offer she had had to play in a musical comedy in London.

A report has reached here as to the causes of the court-martial sentence in the case of Lieutenant Commander E. W. Sturdy, until recently executive officer of the *Olympia*. News reached Washington a short time ago that Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy had been sen-

ted by a court to suspension for two years, and the loss of ten numbers. According to the story, the commander of the *Olympia*, Captain Read, was on the sick-list for over a month, and Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy was in command. On April 13th, the latter officer left the vessel and went to Shanghai, turning over the duties of commanding officer to the next senior officer, Lieutenant Richard Mitchell. Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy did not return to the vessel until the evening of April 17th. Admiral McNair, it seems, sent a letter to Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy, requesting an explanation of his absence from the *Olympia*, and stating that such absence was unauthorized. Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy's reply was, in effect, that as commander of the *Olympia* he could give himself leave, and that as such he had done so. Admiral McNair returned this reply as unsatisfactory, and upon Lieutenant-Commander Sturdy declining to make any further statement, or to excuse himself, the admiral ordered his trial by court-martial.—*Army and Navy Register*.

Captain M. A. Healy, U. S. R. C. S., has received his sentence from Secretary Carlisle, of the Treasury Department. The order reads: "That Captain Michael Healy be dropped to the foot of the list of captains of the revenue cutter service, and that he retain that place hereafter; that he be suspended from rank and command and kept on waiting orders for a term of four years; and that he be publicly reprimanded by reading this order on board all vessels of the revenue-cutter service by the commanding officer of each at a muster of the commanding officers, and admonished if again found guilty of the excessive use of intoxicants during the term of his sentence thereafter, whether afloat or ashore, he will be summarily dismissed from the service." Captain Healy commanded the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, and charges were preferred against him by Lieutenants Daniel and Emery and Assistant-Engineer Jones.

The Figaro-Salon.

The *Figaro-Salon* for 1896 is already in course of publication. This admirable annual is published by Boussod, Valadon & Cie., successors to Goupil & Cie., of Paris, and consists of six parts, in which the most notable pictures of the year are reproduced, accompanied by a critique by Philippe Gille. The second part has just been issued, and among its illustrations are a double-page colored plate of Albert Lynch's "Manon Lescaut"; full-page pictures, "Au Feu!" by Georges Busson; "Les Bouches Inutiles," by Tattagrain; "La Bergère de Rolleboise," by Ridgway Knight; "Lever de Lune—Soloque," by Carlos-Lefebvre; Debat-Ponsan's "Visite au Sculpteur"; a portrait of a lady in a white ball-dress, by Humbert; and a few others; and through the text are scattered a number of smaller reproductions. Price, 30 cents a part.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Weld Corning to Mr. Rufus W. Peckham, Jr. Miss Corning is the daughter of Mr. Erastus Corning, of Albany, N. Y. Mr. Peckham is the son of Justice Rufus W. Peckham and nephew of Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham.

An Australian clergyman recently preached a sermon on the bicycle, taking his text from Ezekiel, x., 13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O, wheel."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"She has such a sad face." She—"I should think it would make any one sad to have such a face."—*Life*.

Young doctor—"Which do you consider the best paying specialty?" Old doctor—"People who only think they are sick."—*Puck*.

A long-felt want: "I know a blind man who can play poker." "You don't happen to know a dumb woman who can play whist, do you?"—*Chicago Record*.

"So you went out driving with your new beau, Susie, and I expect he read your heart like a book?" "Yes, mother; he read between the lines."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Judge—"Do I understand that you decline to give your age?" Fair witness—"Your honor, how can I swear to a thing as a fact that I know of only by hearsay?"—*Vogue*.

"Give a dog a bad name," said the Cornfed philosopher, "and the policeman will come along and plug everybody in the beast's neighborhood full of bullets."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Merchant—"You say you are an orphan?" Applicant for position—"Yes; I haven't a living relative." Merchant—"Well I'll take you. I ought to get a lot of work out of you during the base-ball season."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Ferry—"Miss Morton told me that she thought you were quite a humorist." Hargreaves—"Really, I—." Ferry—"At least I guess that was what she meant when she said you were such a funny little man."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mrs. Wallace—"Isn't that a rather pretty girl Mr. Ferry has as a type-writer?" Mrs. Ferry—"I—I guess she is. It is a pity she is so deaf. Mr. Ferry has to lean right over her shoulder when dictating a letter."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mrs. Farmer—"You say you was a soldier in the late war?" Truthful Tomkins—"Yes'm; I was killed at Antietam." Mrs. Farmer—"Killed!" Truthful Tomkins—"Theoretically killed, ma'am; I wuz never heard uv afterward."—*Judge*.

"Somebody," she faltered, "may come between us." His breast heaved. "Whoever would do such a thing," he fiercely exclaimed, "would be contemptibly small." And with that he moved even yet nearer to her.—*Woonsocket Reporter*.

Customer—"Why do you always relate those boring robber stories and other uncanny adventures when you are cutting one's hair?" Hair-dresser—"Because they make people's hair stand on end, and it is thus much easier to cut."—*Unsere Gesellschaft*.

Excited visitor—"Point him out to me! Which is he?" Native Russian—"The Czar? There he stands, with the crown on his—." Excited visitor—"Not the Czar. I don't care anything about the Czar. Which is Richard Harding Davis?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mr. Wiggles—"Didn't I tell you not to tell Waggles that we were going to move? I didn't want him to know it, and to-day he asked me when we were going to make the change." Mrs. Wiggles (indignantly)—"I didn't say a word to him about it. I didn't tell anybody but his wife."—*Somerville Journal*.

Mrs. Yeast—"I wish I could think of something to keep my husband home at nights." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Get him a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast—"That would take him out more than ever." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Oh, no, it wouldn't! My husband got one day before yesterday, and the doctor says he won't be out for a month."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Nerve!" said the enthusiastic man, "Jerrold has the most nerve I ever knew one man to carry. What do you think he did while the doctors were sawing his leg off?" "Give it up," said the man who was listening with one ear and watching for the car with both eyes. "He lay there and sang 'Just Tell Them that You Saw Me'; that's what he did."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Watts—"I agree with the Shah of Persia in regard to horse-races. You know he said he took no interest in racing, because he already knew that one horse could run faster than another." Potts—"Of course one knows that one horse can run faster than another, but you never know whether he will be allowed to do so. That's where the excitement comes in."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 246 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

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The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Bevis Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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The average citizen who is engaged in earning his living—and most of us are, from millionaires to hod-carriers—groaned when he picked up the daily paper the day before the St. Louis convention. All of us are busy. Hod-carriers begin earlier, but millionaires work none the less hard. Even the young gentlemen at Burlingame sometimes are put to it to catch a train, owing to their multifarious occupations, and the fact that they sometimes have to get a shave and a hair-cut on the same day. Probably the only idle persons in this prosaic community, the only lotus-eaters in this land of grinding commerce, are the clerks out at the City Hall. It has often been said that they are the only citizens who read the daily papers through. But even they must have revolted at

this, their only task, during the last few days. By a careful computation, we find that on a single day, before the Republican convention fairly opened, the San Francisco daily papers devoted to it space as follows: *Chronicle*, thirty-seven columns, *Call*, twenty-six columns, *Examiner*, twenty-five columns.

We congratulate the *Examiner*. We rarely have to do so. But there are degrees in crime, and from twenty-five to thirty-seven columns is indeed a stride. So shines a good deed in a naughty world. The *Examiner* has beaten the *Chronicle* twelve columns.

The invention of telephones, multiplex telegraph-wires, and type-setting machines, together with the low price of paper, are beginning to bring in their train deplorable results. They have rendered it possible for the daily newspapers so to increase the number of their pages that they are practically unreadable. It has been said that literature is simply printed speech, that speech is simply vocal thought, and that thought is practically illimitable. The truth of this has never struck us so forcibly as during these last convention days, when all of the daily papers engaged in a wild, mad chase to get the most voluble thought-vocalists, and to get them to vocalize each at greater length than the other.

The various dailies glory in their shame. Each parades a long list of names of the men intrusted with the reporting of the convention. The *Chronicle* has the longest list of names. But the thoughts of these presumably famous writers all seem to run in the same channel. They all told the same story, and they all might say, in the words of Channing's Needy Knife-Grinder: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" For it is remarkable what an extraordinary amount of nothing can be compactly packed into thirty-seven long newspaper columns.

There is in the city at present a distinguished Japanese gentleman, His Excellency Hoshi Toru, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. This gentleman is accompanied by a suite of Japanese *attaches*, most of whom are fluent in English. Their ideas of a city where the newspapers each engage ten or twelve men, one of whom tells a story and the other nine all tell it over again, must be peculiar. It would be interesting to know what these Japanese gentlemen think of a practical and busy people whose newspapers devote themselves to such elaborate folly.

For many years this country was afflicted by a journalistic bellows known as "Gath"—one George Alfred Townsend. It was a common remark that George Alfred Townsend could produce a greater flood of words upon any given subject and say less about it than any man in the newspaper business. It was a common joke among newspaper men that he always used to write up his convention letters in the morning before the convention met, and then enjoy himself the rest of the day hobnobbing with "statesmen." Those who suffered under the floods of "Gath's" drooling verbiage have been revenged by the whirligigs of time. "Gath" has ceased to flood the land with words. But the newspapers feel the need of another "word-painter," and the place has been filled by "Joe" Howard. This gentleman wears worthily the mantle of "Gath." He is as garrulous, his words flow as endlessly, his gabble is as empty.

But what reason is there for collecting, telephoning, and printing such rubbish as this from "Joe" Howard's letter: "The morning broke with the mercury high in the testing bulb, and it required no weather-gauge to inform us that another day of intensely humidic proportions was begun." This is Howardese for hot.

Commenting on the prayer with which the convention was begun, Mr. Howard says: "Very few people in the audience heard Rabbi Saale's deliverance, but as it was presumably addressed to a higher power, that objection 'cut no ice.'" That is indeed a merry jest—that a clergyman's invocation to the Deity "cuts no ice." Is this mixture of blasphemy and Bowersy slang worth telegraphing and printing? Here is another of Mr. Howard's "word-painting" para-

graphs: "Chairman Fairbanks said a great deal, but very little of it was heard by the audience. The long-drawn continuity of his eloquence produced its normal effect, shuffling of feet, more or less subdued hum of conversation, with now and then a suggestion of applause, which ought to have told him he had gone beyond the limit. He was game to the backbone, however, and during his long speech, drank goblet after goblet of St. Louis water, until it was suggested that it would have been a good idea to fit him with a pipeline leading direct to the river." Mr. Howard closed his long and inane letter with an elaborate speculation as to whether McKinley would accept a nomination if it were made on Friday. This is about as profitable as it would be for Mr. Howard to speculate whether it was more unlucky to be run over and killed by an electric car or a hearse. Such childish halderdash is eminently fitting as a close to a puerile letter.

It is our belief that the best reportorial work done for the San Francisco papers was by Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, and George Heazleton, correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The stuff which has been furnished to the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* by "writers of national fame," like Murat Halstead, John J. Ingalls, Henry George, Frank D. Carpenter, "Joe" Howard, and others, is written against time and merely to fill space.

Out of this mass of verbiage it is almost impossible, as we have said, for a busy man to find the news. There has not been printed in a daily paper in San Francisco a concise, coherent, succinct account of the proceedings of the Republican National Convention. On the other hand, there has been a mass of matter headed with yawns, whoops, and howls, chopped up with foolish pictures, interlarded with portraits of nobodies, jumbled with absurd drawings of St. Louis hotel corridors, pictures of negroes with fans, and "views of the interior of the St. Louis Auditorium," which looks exactly like the Mechanics' Pavilion or any other barn. Through this labyrinth of nonsense the wearied reader wanders, trying to find the news, and fails.

The public indignation aroused by the proposed raid upon the city's treasury by the City Hall brigade is beginning to make itself felt. The finance committee of the board of supervisors has agreed to meet with the committee of the Merchants' Association, and the latter body is preparing a statement to show how the city's affairs can be efficiently administered without exceeding the one-dollar limit in the tax levy. The Civic Federation has entered the struggle vigorously, and the principal real-estate firms are circulating petitions demanding a reduction in the tax rate rather than an increase. In view of this activity, the tax-eaters are in a fair way to be put to flight.

Five years ago, the tax rate in this city was \$1.434 on each \$100 of valuation. In 1894-5, it was \$1.493, and last year it was \$2.25. This year the heads of the various departments ask an appropriation that would involve a rate of \$3.50. Why the expense of governing the city should have more than doubled in two years is not apparent. The rate last year was too high, and was met by a storm of indignant disapproval, but the tax-payers submitted in view of the permanent improvements that were proposed. Market Street was to be repaved, Folsom Street was to be bituminized, a new criminal court building was to be erected on the site of the old City Hall, a home for inebriates was to be provided. The taxes were increased, but the promised improvements failed to materialize. In place of improvements, came a material increase in the number who draw salaries for shirking work at the City Hall, and now they are clamoring for larger amounts of money to spend.

The board of health got along last year with \$18,000, but wants \$55,200 this year; the City Cemetery asks for five times as much as was expended last year; the fire department asks for an increase of \$15,500; the assessor wants a raise from \$65,000 to \$80,000. The county clerk's office was conducted in 1889-90 for \$72,000, and asks this year for \$138,000, though Benjamin M. Gunn, who was formerly

connected with the office and is familiar with its business, offers to enter into a contract to run it for \$60,000. The street department got an appropriation of \$559,000, which was intended to cover several items of extraordinary expenditure, and this year, with the utmost assurance, raises its demand \$1,000,000, and asks for \$1,558,180. And it must be remembered that this does not cover the whole expense to the tax-payer, for he is called upon to pay an extra assessment for street improvements in front of his property.

Apart from inefficiency, if not absolute dishonesty, there is no reason why the tax levy of this city should exceed one dollar for each one hundred dollars of valuation. European cities have expenses that are unknown here. Many of them are taxed to assist in the support of the military forces, they have expensive national buildings to maintain, and perform various functions that are not thought of in American cities. In Glasgow, for instance, the cleaning department acts as scavenger for the common passages of what may be described as tenement houses. This department also attends to watering the streets, every night the streets are swept by machines, and during the day men and boys gather up all refuse matter and deposit it in boxes that are let into the sidewalks, to be removed at night. With 181 miles of streets and a population of 600,000, this work is done at an annual cost of \$190,000, or a little more than thirty cents for each inhabitant.

The per capita cost of city government in Europe is so low that it would probably arouse the contempt of the average politician. In Vienna, it is \$8.34; in London, \$11.46; and in Berlin, \$11.97. In San Francisco, where the government is relieved of much of the work done by the administration in these cities, the proposed rate amounts to an average tax of \$21.66 on every man, woman, and child. The comparison is not a very favorable one for popular government and free institutions.

The expenses of administration in this city have been increased out of all proportion through the carelessness of officials and the dishonesty of subordinates. The cost of repairing bituminized pavements during the last ten months has been a little less than \$10,000; the cost for the preceding twenty months was \$9,950. Nobody will claim that twice the amount of repairing was done, yet the monthly expense was doubled. Supplies are purchased at extravagant prices, and are wasted in a manner that would soon bankrupt a private concern. Dockets for the justices' courts now cost \$25, though formerly they were purchased for \$15; carpets for the city offices range from \$1.75 to \$3.00; chloral hydrate, which retails for 90 cents, costs the city \$2.00; glycerine, which may be purchased for \$1.80, costs the city \$4.35. And so the list may be indefinitely extended. The school department, which the tax-payer most willingly supports when it is properly administered, costs more per capita now than it did ten years ago. It is proposed that the expense upon each inhabitant of the city shall be \$5.33; the expense in New York city is \$3.15, or little more than one-half.

The proposed tax rate if levied will bear equally upon all classes of citizens. Real estate values will suffer, and business will be depressed. Building operations will be at a standstill; new enterprises will not be undertaken. The capital of the rich man will remain idle, and the labor of the poor man will no longer be in demand. The savings banks have already announced that the cut of one-half of one per cent. made in January last, owing to the heavy tax rate of last year, will be repeated, if not increased, in July. The savings banks have on deposit more than \$100,000,000, largely owned by small depositors, and the proposed reduction in dividends means a loss to them of half a million dollars. This is but an instance of what will happen throughout every branch of business should the raid of the looters not be repulsed.

As we predicted, the Republican convention has passed a money plank which comes out squarely for the maintenance of the present gold monetary standard. At the same time it favors a larger use of silver and advocates the promotion of international bimetalism. Here is the exact language of the Republican money plank:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of a law providing for the resumption of specie payment in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such an agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency now in circulation must be maintained at a parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolable the obligations of the United States, and all our money, either coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

The passage of this plank has resulted in a bolt of some

of the silver men. Senator Teller of Colorado, Senator Dubois of Idaho, Senator Cannon of Utah, Representative Hartman of Montana, and Representative Cleveland of Nevada have announced their intention of withdrawing from the Republican party. As we write, it seems probable that they will place Senator Teller in the field as a candidate for the Presidency on a free-silver platform. He will probably be indorsed by the Populists, and around him will flock the rabble of the great republic. Dissatisfied Democrats, disgruntled Republicans, Populists, anarchists, socialists—these will make up the rank and file of the new party of which Senator Teller will be the banner-bearer.

We do not envy Senator Teller. For forty years he has been a Republican. For forty years he has fought, shoulder to shoulder, with patriotic Republicans, whose aim has been to protect this, our common country, from foes within and without. Now for a money question, now for a matter purely of finance, he abandons the party within whose ranks he so long has fought, and goes into a hostile camp. And such a camp! Senator Teller will live to regret the day when he became a traitor to his party. Disloyalty is inexcusable at any time, but most of all when the battle is about to begin. Senator Teller has closed his long and honorable career by an act of party disloyalty and treachery which will leave an ineffaceable stain upon his name.

This journal is unusually favored in the continual receipt of SOME ROMAN CATHOLIC BERS. Roman Catholic pamphlets and other literature breathing piety. Whether it be that the *Argonaut* is considered as a pious journal, or whether it is looked upon as a brand fit for the burning, and therefore in need of such literature, we do not know. But, as our readers are aware, we continually receive printed invitations to subscribe for the erection of churches, for the purchase of rosaries, for the acquisition of little leaden images of saints, and other holy bric-à-brac, all of which seem to be accompanied by "indulgences," thrown in as premiums.

The latest in this line of literature that we have received is a booklet published at Rome (in English) entitled "Annals of Our Lady of the Angels, by Members of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis of Assisi." Some gems from the table of contents are as follows: "Salve Regina" (poetry), by Sister Mary Josephine; "Sanctuaries of Our Lady"; "Marvels of the Blessed Sacrament"; "Life and Miracles of St. Anthony of Padua"; "Marian, or the False Accusation"; "True Tales of the Holy Angels"; "Offerings for the Mortuary Chapel"; and "Acknowledgment of Subscriptions."

"Subscriptions"! Magic word! It always occurs in pious pamphlets. Without at once turning to see what the subscriptions were for, or whether they bought masses, beads, books, or religious bric-à-brac, we began at the beginning, and perused the poem by Sister Mary Josephine. A sample stanza runs as follows:

"No sighs of exile-mourning
Shall waft to thy listening ear.
But songs full of praise and gladness,
To Christ and thee, Mother dear!

"O Salve Regina pia!"
At morning and restful eve.
O clemens, O dulcis Virgo!"
Our prayers, in thy love, receive!"

While the piety of Sister Mary Josephine may be above par, as much can not be said for her verse. There is something the matter with her muse. While she may be inspired, it certainly is not by the muse of poetry.

The succeeding article is one devoted to "the Sanctuaries of Our Lady in the Church of Carmel in Naples." There is in this sanctuary, it seems, a picture of the Virgin which was brought to Naples in the twelfth century. A bull of Pope Sixtus the Fourth, in 1475, attests that for three hundred years it had accomplished wonderful prodigies. One is thus related:

"A procession of Carmelite fathers set out for Rome, bearing in front of them this holy picture of Mary. It was raised on a portable throne, covered by a baldacchino of silk to protect it from the dust. The procession left the church, singing psalms and hymns. Among the faithful who gazed on this touching ceremony was a poor crippled beggar named Thomas Saccone. The sight of the devout assembly moved him to tears, and he said, 'If only I could walk, I also would join them and go to Rome to gain the Holy Indulgences.' He loudly prayed to the Holy Virgin to obtain his cure. Hardly had he finished his prayer, when he felt an unusual burning sensation creep through his limbs. Wonderful to say, he found that he could walk freely, thanks to our Dear Lady who had obtained this grace from God. The by-standers who witnessed the cure joined with him in rendering thanks and proclaiming the miracle."

Further prodigies are told concerning the wonderful works of the miraculous picture, and the book goes on to say:

"The King of Naples, a pious monarch, ordered the governors of his province to send to the capital as many sick and infirm as could expose themselves to the journey. While all, with groans and deep sighs, continued their supplications, the sacred image was unveiled. When, wonderful to say, a luminous beam of fire was seen to descend from above, which darted toward the sacred image of Mary, and

from it reflected its brilliant rays upon all the sick there assembled, who at the same instant were perfectly cured."

If any unbeliever should doubt these miracles, we are informed that they were "carefully recorded by a notary public engaged for this purpose, and paid by the Carmelites; his certificates are preserved in the archives of the monastery." The same Carmelites also had a wonderful crucifix, which was more powerful than the picture. They placed it in the Church of Torre del Greco on the slope of Vesuvius. When Vesuvius on December 16, 1631, burst forth, its lava-flow "destroyed churches, houses, towns, and all that it encountered, until it reached the miraculous crucifix, where it was marvelously arrested, so that it remained untouched, although surrounded on all sides by fire." The Carmelite historians state that "on October 17, 1439, a cannon-ball was fired from the camp of the Aragonians at the Church of Carmel. The image on the crucifix bowed its head, thereby arresting the cannon-ball. After this the Neapolitans held it in great veneration."

There are a number of pleasing narratives in this interesting book on which we can barely touch. One of the most fascinating tales is told under the heading, "Marvels of the Blessed Sacrament." It runs thus:

"A poor man kept a number of bee-hives. He found in a certain hive that the bees were singing religious melodies, and one night he found their hive encircled with an unusual light. The poor man at once took himself to the bishop, who accompanied him to the bives, and ordered that the one from which the music issued should be opened in the presence of all. Marvelous thing! A pyx wrought of the purest wax, containing a Consecrated Host, was found within, and arranged all around the pyx were choirs of bees, thus forming its guard, like a celestial army. The Sacred Host was taken to the church with all veneration. Two thieves, seized with fear, confessed that they had robbed a church near the hives of its silver pyx, in which was the Sacred Host, and which, in the hurry of their flight, they had thrown among the bees."

We had intended to give some further narratives, including the one in which a Benedictine Sister lost a clock and prayed it back again. But we are convinced that anything after this bee-story would be in the nature of a post-climax.

We may return to this interesting volume again, but it is sufficient to say here that at the end, after the faithful have been worked up to a proper frame of mind by tales of marvelous miracles, an appeal is made to them for the maintenance of a chapel in honor of St. Anthony in Rome and the foundation of a perpetual mass. Persons desiring to share in this may have their names cut on the marbles of the chapel for five dollars. For lesser amounts their names will be inscribed in a large book of parchment. Indulgences are promised to those who make these contributions. The names of some of those sculptured upon the marbles are as follows:

Miss Annie Gaffy, Mr. James Foley, Mr. Matthias Conway, Mrs. Catherine McGuire, Mrs. Bridget Craig, Mrs. Nora Callahan, Miss Bridget Cleary, Miss Winnie Maloney, Mrs. Johanna Houleban, Mrs. Ellen Daley, Miss Bridget Lavins, Miss Margaret Flannery, Mr. Bernard Brady, Miss Julia Byrnes, Miss Maggie Kelly, Miss Annie Mulligan, Miss Sarah Cassidy, and Miss Maggie McFadden.

From these names it is plainly to be seen that the subscribers to the Mortuary Chapel of St. Anthony in Rome are not all Romans, but that some are Neapolitans.

The *Argonaut* is frequently in the habit of making studies in newspaper inaccuracy. It would greatly prefer studying newspaper accuracy, but that seems to be non-existent. The most

amazing thing about the fairy-tales of the dailies is that they should select such peculiar topics. Snake-stories doubtless appeal to a certain order of mind. Circumstantial ornithological narratives probably serve editorial purposes, like a recent one in the *San Francisco Report*, describing the appearance in this city of a peculiarly colored and gorgeous bird known as the "tanager" (which bird is never found here); how it was shot in Golden Gate Park (it is forbidden to shoot birds in Golden Gate Park); giving the name of the officer who shot it (there is no such officer there); and printing the remarks of the curator of the Park Museum when he received it (he received no such bird, and therefore made no remarks at all). These narratives may have their uses, although they are not readily apparent. It may be for the purpose of cultivating the imaginative faculty in the reporters. He who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is a benefactor of his race. Correspondingly, the city editor who makes twenty lies to bud and blossom in the brain of a reporter where only five slumbered before is doubtless a benefactor—to the reporter, if to no one else. But why not select the topics more intelligently? Lies about our neighbors are always interesting; publishing the engagement of two inoffensive people who are only slightly acquainted will "make the paper talked about"—as well as the unfortunate victims; and accusing a gray-bearded husband and father of giving diamonds to a ballet-dancer will add to the gayety of nations—if not to that of his own family.

But what good end is served when the dailies print lies

about uninteresting matters—about cold, bald figures—about time-tables? Yet this is their latest exploit in San Francisco.

Now there is nothing distinctly interesting or fascinating about a time-table. No man reads a time-table unless he has to do so. Even the daily papers are more interesting reading. Further than that, no one's feelings are wounded by lying about a time-table. Possibly we might except the hapless traveler who arrives at the station too late for his train through having read one of these witless paragraphs. But he deserves this fate for having depended on a newspaper paragraph concerning a matter of figures.

These remarks are inspired by the appearance of several paragraphs recently in the San Francisco dailies concerning a change of time on the Coast Division. This went into effect on June 7th. Owing to the economy of the railroad company, the time-tables are no longer printed in the newspapers. The average man is not apt to see them anywhere else. Therefore when a change is made, the newspapers content themselves with printing a brief paragraph or two, summarizing the changes. But, with their usual slipshod methods, they never succeed in getting even an approach to accuracy. For example, when the recent change was made, the *Examiner* printed the following:

"The Southern Pacific Company has revised the schedule of the San José Flyer on the Coast Division. The train which leaves Third and Townsend Streets at 5:42 o'clock each afternoon will make the run to San José in one hour and twelve minutes. The trip formerly took two hours. The first run on the new schedule was made yesterday."

Now the foregoing paragraph does not contain a single statement which is correct, and it contains no statement which is not incorrect. 1. The "schedule of the 'Flyer'" has not been revised. 2. The "train which leaves Third and Townsend at 5:42" is not the Flyer. 3. There is no train leaving Third and Townsend at 5:42. 4. No train "makes the run from Third and Townsend to San José in one hour and twelve minutes." 5. The trip of the Flyer did not formerly take two hours. 6. "The first run on the new schedule was not made yesterday"—nor the day before yesterday, nor will it be made to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, or at the Greek Kalends, or at all—according to the *Examiner's* schedule. 7. A train leaves Valencia Street at 5:42, but not Third and Townsend. 8. A train leaving Valeocia Street makes the run to San José in one hour and eighteen minutes, but not in one hour and twelve minutes. 9. No train makes it in one hour and twelve minutes from Third and Townsend Street station or any other.

There are nine distinct errors—nine false statements, not of, but concerning facts—in an *Examiner* paragraph of eight lines. There is newspaper accuracy for you. And yet in the whole eight lines there is not a single statement of fact. The fact that there has been a change in the stopping-places of the 2:30 train is carefully omitted, and the fact that the 5:30 train has changed its stopping-places is also left out. The only information of any value is omitted, while in its place nine blunders appear.

The *Chronicle*—although usually a more careful paper than the *Examiner*—in this instance is also inaccurate. It prints a paragraph saying there are "changes in the schedule," but gives no information further than that contained in this paragraph:

"The Coast Division of the Southern Pacific announced to-day [June 6th] that a change had been determined upon whereby the Monterey Flyer is to stop at Palo Alto instead of at Menlo Park, as formerly. This is the only stop between San José and San Francisco, and is considered quite a favor to Palo Alto. Both San Mateo and Redwood City have been endeavoring to get the Flyer to stop at those places, but were unsuccessful. The change is to go into effect to-morrow, Monday, at which time the citizens of Palo Alto will hold a celebration while the first train from Monterey makes its stop."

No such change has been made. It was not made "to-morrow" [June 8th], nor has it yet been made. We believe that it is in contemplation to make such a change, but the observant citizen who trusts his own observation rather than that of fat-witted reporters, knows that the Monterey Flyer can not change from Menlo to Palo Alto until a tank is erected at the latter place, for the train has to take water at one of the two stations. As for the "celebration" which the "citizens of Palo Alto" held on Monday, June 8th, that probably existed only in the brain of the reporter.

It will be said by the conductors of these papers that these are "trifling errors." We do not think so. A reporter who can not make an accurate statement of the change in a time-table certainly can not make an accurate statement in more complicated affairs. Further than that, there are frequently motives to make misstatements in more important affairs—motives political, motives financial, motives personal. There could have been no possible motive to misstate the change in the time-table of the Coast Division. When, then, it is considered that one paper made nine mistakes in an eight-line paragraph, and another paper printed an eighteen-line paragraph about the same matter with absolutely no truth in it, it makes the student of human nature

despair. If the daily papers lie like that when there is absolutely no motive, no reason, and no profit in their lying, what will they not do when there is?

William C. Whitney is a Democrat of undoubted loyalty and a man of profound knowledge of political affairs. He was about to sail for Europe on June 17th, but changed his plans at the solicitation of friends, and will attend the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. He said to a reporter: "I do not wish the idea to obtain that I am deserting the party at such a critical juncture, for the Democratic party is about to witness a crisis in its history. It is on the verge of disruption, and every one who can help to keep it together should enlist in the cause."

We agree with Mr. Whitney. While such a remark coming from a Republican source would be taken as indicating political malevolence, coming from a Democrat, and such a prominent Democrat as William C. Whitney, it is deserving of profound attention. The Democratic party is indeed on the verge of disruption. In the West, the party is solidly for silver. In the East, it is solidly for gold. While there are divisions along the silver line in the Republican party, its attitude on the financial question is more promising, geographically considered, than that of the Democratic party. The Republican party has declared for the present gold monetary standard. The Democratic party will most infallibly declare for the unlimited coinage of silver. The Republican party will lose votes in the West. The Democratic party will lose votes in the East. But the densely populated portion of the country lies east of the Mississippi, and it is there that the Republican declaration for gold will help its ticket. In the sparsely settled West, the Democratic declaration for silver will gain it votes. When we consider that the Republican ticket will draw from the over-populated East and the Democratic ticket from the under-populated West, it is easy to see where the advantage will lie.

The *Argonaut* has recently been receiving some rather hard knocks from its women readers. The article which seems most to have excited their ire is one which appeared some weeks ago, entitled "The New Woman's Ideal Man." We will freely confess that the attempt of the Woman's Congress to segregate a certain type of man from all mankind, which type they designated as "The Ideal Man," struck us as being extremely ludicrous, and so thinking, we commented upon it from that point of view. Our article brought in a number of communications. While some of their writers agree with the *Argonaut's* article, all resent its tone. All of them say that the article in question was only one of many such in the *Argonaut*, and all of them deplore what they call "our cruel and ruthless criticism of women."

The *Argonaut* has the highest respect for all good women. It knows of but two kinds—good women and bad women. It knows of no medium. The various shades of distinction which many people draw in the morals of women convey no meaning to the *Argonaut*. It divides the other half of humanity into honest men and rascals, and correspondingly it sees no shades of difference there. We do not think that a man can be rather honest, fairly honest, or occasionally honest. For men who are not honest, we have nothing but contempt. For women who are not good women, we have a sort of pitying scorn. We have often in these columns expressed in vigorous language our opinion of women who have lapsed from virtue, or violated in any way the code which women themselves make. We freely admit that for such women we feel little pity. And yet we have often been scored for these articles by good women, who seem to have a weak sympathy for the fallen of their sex.

In regard to these matters, the *Argonaut* has nothing to explain and nothing to apologize for. It still adheres to its rigid code. For the woman who is unchaste as well as unwedded, for the daughter who dishonors her father's name, for the disloyal and adulterous wife who defiles her husband's home—for such women as these the *Argonaut* has always expressed and always will express its scorn. If it be for these views that our women readers have taken us to task, we assure them most earnestly that we can not change our beliefs.

But it is possible that in discussing other topics concerning women, the *Argonaut* may have indulged in a satirical tone, which, while it may have amused men, must certainly have wounded women. The numerous communications which have reached us on this subject are tinged with a deep resentment, and they are evidently from thoughtful and earnest women, too. One correspondent says:

"I read the article on 'The Ideal Man' with a feeling of pain and resentment which I am sure every woman who glanced over it must have felt to a greater or less degree, and I think that I am, not without reason, grieved by its tone. It is a lamentable fact, but it is none the less true, that within the last few years a vague distrustfulness, an unnatural embarrassment, has grown up between men as men and women as women, which articles like the one in question

tend only to aggravate. They are funny, it is true, and the good, easy-going, thoughtless world will always laugh at what is humorous, but it is a kind of wit that leaves a bitter sting behind it."

While there are some ludicrous things in the proceedings of deliberative bodies of women—notably the Woman's Congress "Ideal Man" discussion—it must be admitted that honest struggle for advancement, whether by man or woman, is not food for laughter. The *Argonaut* did not agree with most of the papers read at the Woman's Congress, and was of the opinion that the most cogent one delivered there was that by Professor Powers, of Stanford University, in which he told some plain truths concerning the limitations of woman. It was very coldly received, while the flattering paper of Professor Griggs resulted in his being crowned as "The Ideal Man." The *Argonaut* agrees with Professor Powers in thinking that women are unable to surpass their physical and mental limitations. Yet we can not but admit that it is more generous to encourage people who are struggling, rather than to taunt them with their inability to succeed.

Another correspondent says:

"Why nourish this foolish strife? Why continue these shallow bickerings that tend only to widen the breach between human beings who should mutually admire and respect each other? I should very much like to see a nobler sentiment prevail in the *Argonaut's* columns than that manifested by its attitude toward the Woman's Congress a few weeks since. I should like to see the *Argonaut's* powerful voice lifted in a well-directed effort to restore the honest, unselfish sympathy, that mutual admiration and respect, each for the other, that existed between men and women in the days of our grandparents."

There is no journal that would more willingly strive for the attainment of such an end than the *Argonaut*. It is an old-fashioned journal. It believes in old-fashioned things. It believes in courage and manliness in men, in modesty and womanliness in women. It does not believe that any good end can be subserved by stirring up strife between the sexes. But it also believes that the vague unrest which seems to prevail among women in this our day and generation does not tend to bring about the condition for which our correspondent yearns. As we have often said, we believe that while the New Woman movement may tend to make women more self-reliant and more independent, it does not tend to make them incline toward matrimony. And anything which tends to alienate either of the sexes from matrimony is to be deplored, for the state is huddled upon the family, and if the foundations of the family be shaken, then the state must fall.

We hope that the women readers of this paper will believe us when we say to them that the *Argonaut* is sincerely sorry if it has wounded any good and earnest woman by the tone it has assumed in commenting upon matters relating to the sex. The *Argonaut* has nothing but sympathy and respect for women who respect themselves, and it believes that all that is best in our race is brought forth by the influence of good women upon men. Without that influence, men would speedily retrograde into barbarism, and the world would become, as Hamlet says, an unweeded garden.

The arrival of Justice Stephen J. Field on this coast has revived the rumor of his resignation. Justice Field is beginning his thirty-fourth year as a member of the United States Supreme Court. His great age and his long service on the bench have led many to believe that he intends to withdraw from active duty. But Justice Field has no intention of resigning. His mental faculties are as clear as ever. Bodily he is suffering only from a lame knee, the result of an injury inflicted fifty-eight years ago. It is possible that Justice Field might resign, were circumstances different. But inasmuch as there is no love lost between him and President Cleveland, Justice Field has determined to remain in office until after Cleveland is out of office. He will thus deprive that gentleman of the pleasure of appointing his successor. We are very glad of this, for two reasons: first, because it will irritate Mr. Cleveland, and second, because it will insure the appointment of a Republican as a successor to Justice Field.

Elsewhere we have noted the attitude of the Republican State Convention of California toward women. As corroborating our remarks concerning the friendly attitude of the Republican party, we note this paragraph in the National Republican Platform: "The Republican party is mindful of the rights of women. Protection of American industries includes equal opportunities, equal pay for equal work, and protection to the home. We favor the admission of women to wider spheres of usefulness, and welcome their coöperation in rescuing the country from Democratic and Populist mismanagement and misrule." This is an entering wedge. As we have said elsewhere, the Republican party has shown itself at least not hostile toward the advancement of women. Let women show themselves at least not hostile to the Republican party.

HIS SPANISH SWEETHEART.

A Romance of Southern California told on the Soot.

I wondered why Barry should be sitting alone in the garden at ten o'clock on a fine midwinter night. As I remembered him, he had been a sociable sort of fellow, fond of gayety and pretty girls; and there was a cotillion going on indoors in the ball-room. I wondered, too, where his wife was; for he had told me he was married. It was six years since I had last seen him. We had been boys together, just out of college, and I had visited him for a summer in the southern part of the State, where his home had always been, and where his family was one of the few "old" ones which could rightly lay claim to gentility of other than mushroom growth. After that visit I had gone back to San Francisco, and to a truly San Franciscan system of work, with the result that my health and spirits had steadily decreased, and at the end of these half-dozen years I was obliged to come south for a long rest.

I had chosen this delightful and quiet hotel in the hope that I might not have my peace disturbed by any of my numerous acquaintances; but here, the first thing, came down upon us in our retreat a crowd of worldlings from town, bent on dancing a cotillion. Barry had come with them; why then, I repeated, was he not in the hop-room, and where was his wife? Perhaps she did not dance. But in that case, why was either of them with the frivolous party that was turning our secluded spot into Bedlam?

For a moment longer I let my gaze follow a girl in white satin, who had fascinated me. She was very young and brilliant and erect, with the face a painter would have chosen for Olympia's, wreathed in vines and serpents. A high, unnaturally white forehead, with very black and very straight, thin brows, eyes long and flashing and cruel, a large nose, suggestive of the Hebrew, thin red lips continually parted in a wild sort of smile over wonderful teeth; a brilliant color, a long face, black hair parted and twisted low on one of the most columnar necks I had ever seen. It was not a beautiful face; in repose it was far from beautiful, but it was rarely in repose, and her laugh was the most bewildering thing imaginable. If she had been the heroine of a romance, men would have loved and hated her to the extent of the shedding of a great deal of blood, but in life to-day it is hard cash, not women's faces that accomplish that. I took one last look at the demoniacal young face, and then went to hunt up Barry.

We had already met in the office, but had not had time to exchange a dozen words. I wanted to talk over old times and new times, so, when I drew near him, I scraped my feet and coughed, as being the approved method of breaking in upon têtes-à-têtes and meditations; and when he started, I said: "Hullo! That you, Barry?" and took a seat beside him on the bench. He offered me a cigar and gave me a light, from which I inferred I was not unwelcome.

"What are you doing, mooning under a pepper-tree? It seems to me dancing's more in your line; or, doesn't the madam dance?"

"Yes, she dances."

"Oh!" I said, and feeling slippery ground, proceeded to avoid it. "Came down from town to-night with the party, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Heaps of pretty women."

"Do you think so? I admire your Northern women more; they have more distinction, too. Ours fade early, besides."

"Well, there's one girl there, by Jove! that makes up for a country of mediocrity—that witch of a flirt with the black hair and the very bare shoulders who is dancing with Thornton. If I didn't happen to have some one I like better in the city, I think I'd go in for her."

"But she's married, my friend."

"No? Who's the proud possessor?"

"I am."

"You don't say? Since when?"

"Since five years ago, nearly."

"Well, it's a little late, but permit me to congratulate you; she is superb."

"Thanks." And then we lapsed into silence, and I reflected upon the facility with which a well-meaning man may put his foot in it.

"You wonder at my not dancing, don't you?" he said, abruptly. "Well, I used to like it; I like it now; but I found Mrs. Barry was already engaged, so there was nothing for me to do but to order flowers gracefully and step out here—to reflect and recall."

"Do you know," he went on, "I had a romantic meeting and parting on this spot once. Right under this very tree. It was just after I left you, six years ago—the meeting. I had ridden out from town on Nocturne—you remember her, the little black mare? I was walking her along a road which ran about six feet from here, just about where that Bon Silène bush is (it was before the days of the hotel), when all of a sudden she shied at what looked like a bundle of old clothes under this tree. No—no, I wasn't thrown and I wasn't rescued by the heroine. It was not much of a shy, just enough to make me look again at the bundle and wonder what it was—it was dusk, you know—and then to notice that the bundle moved."

"Wherefore I concluded it was a woman, probably a Mexican. It was a woman, or a very young girl, rather, and a deuced pretty one—a Mexican, too. I could see that, even in the twilight, for her eyes gleamed in the dark as only a pair of Mexican eyes can gleam; and there was an added brightness, for the eyes were wet with tears. How do I know? I dismounted and found out, of course. It isn't likely I was going to see a woman prone on the ground, a long way from the nearest habitation, at nightfall, and yet not offer her any assistance in my power."

"Well, as I said, she was crying stormily, and I set about finding out why. She told a most blood-curdling tale of

parental cruelty. It wasn't true. I've found that out since. She was only sixteen, but she could tell an extraordinarily good lie. As a matter of fact, she had found that a particular flame of hers was going to take another girl to some shindy. But the cruel-treatment story did nicely, and I comforted her—she was such a mere child, I honestly thought. The lie was innocent enough. They aren't taught to think a falsehood anything serious. She was just a trifle shy and shrinking, like a little girl who puts her hands behind her and lowers her lashes at the advances of a stranger. In fact, that is exactly what she did. You should have seen those lashes! You'd have been just as big a fool as I was, and have stayed until the moon rose, and made an appointment for another meeting, and eventually you'd have fallen as badly in love as I did."

"We always met under this tree. It was on her father's land, but quite out of sight of the house. She said that if he were to find us together, he would redouble his brutality; but I assured her that if we were discovered, we would run off at once and get married. The child was in one of her acquiescent moods, and lowered her eyes and agreed. Of course I could only manage to get away on Saturday evenings or Sundays (this is the anniversary of our meeting, by the bye. You see I cling to old memories), but we made the most of our time. I never had been so infatuated as I was with that Spanish child, with her tawdry, bright frocks, her shy ways, her gorgeous eyes, and her broken English. She really was Spanish, and not Mexican, I learned."

"They all are," I ventured.

"I know, but your sarcasm is wasted; in this case it was beyond question, and there was American blood in her veins, too—a little of it."

"I insisted upon running away with her and getting married at sea; and, after no end of refusals, she finally consented. Oh, I was far too smitten, too ensnared, to have it occur to me then how a match of the sort would hamper my career; how an ignorant country girl would prove a thorn in my flesh in the critical town clique; what a social drag she would be upon me. I knew the family would raise particular Cain; but when a man wants to marry, in spite of his family, he is apt to look upon it as a small stone to be kicked out of his path, and it takes him some time to discover that his pebble is a good-sized boulder."

"But we quarreled." A long pause, while Barry lit another cigar from the old one and puffed it into glowing. I kept silence, and after a while he went on: "You may think most women are fiery, but you should try a Spaniard. She got the cruel father—a harmless, shriveled-up old fellow—to take her into town behind one of his trotters one day. She wanted to buy a gown, which she told him was for some kind of a *baile* out here, but it was really to get married in. I had brought her a sample of the stuff I wanted her to get, otherwise she'd have appeared in pink and green and white lace, beyond a doubt. Her taste was simply nul."

"Well, she saw me on the street with a city girl. I believe it was Nora Clarke—you remember her? She was the merest acquaintance, as you know, and I treated her as one does any woman one happens to meet. We passed a confectioner's, and I, naturally enough, asked her to have some soda-water. I don't suppose I'd have done it if I'd known that Ysadora was around, simply because I was aware that she wouldn't take it as an American *fiancée* would have done. But she was around, and she thought I was doing the deadly devoted; so the next Saturday, when we were to have run away, she met me with reproaches and tears and deviltry generally. She wouldn't listen to reason. She tore up the new gown, and refused ever to marry me or any other man, and she used some strong, but musical Spanish. I fancy she was worse jealous than hurt, but I—well, I was completely done up. To say that she looked more beautiful than ever, would be to put it weakly. When I saw her disappear for good, over behind that clump of eucalyptus, I was on the verge of suicide. Pity I stopped at the verge."

"The fellow who has since built the hotel bought this spot, that saw our meeting and our parting, when her old father died, a year or so latter."

"You came along just as I was going over old memories and wishing—I suppose I should not say it—wishing that it were six years ago and that I was still blindly infatuated with my Spanish sweetheart of sixteen."

I am not fond of the modern unfinished story. I want to see the heroine laid in her grave by a host of weeping grandchildren, and the hero following her contentedly soon after, so I asked: "But what became of the girl?"

"Nothing ever 'becomes' in real life," he answered.

"Where is she now?" I persisted.

"In the ball-room, dancing the cotillion with Thornton."

"Then—"

"Yes. We made it up after her father's death, and were married—on dry land—and have lived happily ever after," he added, shrugging his shoulders and throwing away his cigar.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1896.

Charles A. Dana, who has been a journalist more than fifty years, and who gets through more work in a day than most men do in a week, ascribes his excellent health, his continued mental vigor and activity, at a time when most men have retired, mainly to his never allowing himself to be in a hurry. This habit has, he says, saved him from the nervous disorders from which more than half of us Americans really die.

The professors of agriculture in French colleges throughout the country are being put to practical use by the government, in consequence of the failure of the bay crop. M. Méline has ordered them to proceed to the rural districts, where they will try to persuade the farmers to sow vetches, corn, and other fodder to make up for the hay, and to make use of oil-cake, straw, bran, and corn.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Skaters.

Like clouds they scud across the ice,
His hand holds hers as in a vise;
The moonlight strikes the back-blown hair
Of handsome Madge and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel;
It groans to feel his spurning heel;
While ever with the following wind
A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land?
Oh, Rupert Clare, let go my hand!
I can not see—I can not hear—
The wind about us moans with fear!"

His hand is stiffer than a vise;
His touch is colder than the ice;
His face is paler than the moon
That paves with light the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, I feel, I trace
A something awful in your face!
You crush my hand—you sweep me on—
Until my breath and sense are gone!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vise;
His touch is colder than the ice;
She only hears the ringing tune
Of skates upon the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare! kind Rupert Clare!
For Heaven's mercy hear my prayer!
I could not help my heart, you know—
Poor Willy Gray—he loves me so!"

His grip is stiffer than a vise;
His lips are bluer than the ice;
While ever thrills the ringing tune
Of skates along the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, where are your eyes?
The rotten ice before us lies!
You dastard! Loose your hold, I say!
O God! Where are you, Willy Gray?"

A shriek that seems to split the sky—
A wilder light in Rupert's eye—
She can not, can not loose that grip;
His sinewy arm is round her hip.

But like an arrow on the wind
The shadowy skater scuds behind;
The lithe ice rises to the stroke
Of steel-shod heels that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair—
He tears his bride from Rupert Clare—
His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say,
"Ah! here, at last, is Willy Gray!"

The lovers stand with heart to heart—
"No more," they cry, "no more to part!"
But still along the lone lagoon
The steel skates ring a ghostly tune.

And in the moonlight, pale and cold,
The panting lovers still behold
The self-appointed sacrifice
Skating toward the rotten ice!—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

Sir Roland's Ghost.

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
"And set you safely down."
"Oh, your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the night is wondrous lown."
"Yes, dark, dark is my secret bower,
And down the midnight may be;
For there is none waking in a' this tower
But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * * *

Bludy, bludy are her hands,
And drumily is her e'e.
The red heart's blude of her own true love
Runs trickling down his knee.
She is mounted on her true-love's steed,
By the ae licht o' the moon;
She has whipped him, and has spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the town.
She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but aye,
When she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding over the plain.
And he was riding burd-alane,
On a horse as black as jet;
But though she followed him fast and fell,
Nae nearer could she get.
"Oh, stop! Oh, stop! young man," she said;
"For I in dule am dight;
Oh, stop and win a fair lady's love,
If ye be a leal true knight."
But nothin' did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin',
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.
The knight spurred on his tall black steed;
The lady spurred on her brown;
And faster they rade into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.
"The water weets my feet," she said;
"The water weets my knee;
Hold up my bridal reins, Sir Knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."
"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin;
For I've sworn ne'er to trust to a fair maid's word
Till the water weets her chin."
"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said;
"Sae does it weet my skin;
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn maks sic a din.
Oh, help me now, thou fause, fause knight!
Have pity on my youth;
For now the water jaws ower my heid,
And it gurgles in my mouth."
The knight turned slowly round about,
All in the middle stream;
And he stretched out his head to that ladye,
And loudly she did scream!
"Oh, this is Hallow-morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day;
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away.
And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes o'er your bree;
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,
Wha rides this foord wi' me!
Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round and look on me!
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on wi' thee."—*Anon.*

A CALIFORNIA SINGER.

The Story of a Santa Barbara Girl, Told in a French Novel—Pen-
Portraits of Well-Known Members of the American
Colony in Paris.

"Chercheur d'Ideal" ("A Seeker for the Ideal") is a remarkable book, inasmuch as it is written by a French novelist and yet presents truthful pictures of Americans. There is no one so provincial as your thoroughgoing Parisian, and "Tout Paris" rose as one man to protest when Paul Bourget, their pet novelist and analyst of the female heart, admitted in "Ostre Mer" that there were in America things not only worthy of Parisian interest, but even of Parisian emulation. But "Jeanne Mairet"—the pseudonym over which Mme. Charles Bigot writes—is less prominent among French readers, though she has had one book "crowned" by the Academy.

The hook is, in fact, much more interesting to Americans than to French readers, for it is a romance of the American colony in Paris. It is the story of a California girl who is sent to Paris to cultivate her voice and becomes a great singer.

The girl is Mila Harcourt, and she is discovered in the Santa Ynez Valley, near Santa Barbara, by Hugh Macready, a multi-millionaire of American birth who has become a thorough cosmopolitan. He is also "a perfect example of the true American gentleman." "Whatever may be thought in Europe," the author says, "this type is to be found in the United States. The really distinguished man seems then, perhaps by the effect of contrast, more refined, more absolutely courteous and polished, more appreciative of the beautiful, more open-minded, with a better equipped brain, than his peers of London or Paris."

Macready sends the girl to Paris to study, and sees her again, three years later, on the eve of her Parisian debut in the salon of a certain Mrs. Milner, in whom one might find certain resemblances to one of our fair compatriots famous in Paris and London. Macready thus describes her:

"My American, as you call her, is a woman of sixty summers, who belongs to the American colony, but entertains as many titled people as possible. Of her own compatriots she receives only the smartest, or the fabulously rich—those belonging to the famous Four Hundred, as they say in the United States—or distinguished by an established reputation. . . . Need I tell you she is very wealthy?—for she has married her two daughters to ruined noblemen. One is a princess, if you please; the other is a simple countess, but she bears an historic name. True, the princess has been very unhappy, and lives apart from her husband. Once, when I expressed my compassion for her, the mother replied: 'Yes, poor child, it is terrible. Only think, he actually beat her! But—she remains a princess, all the same.' So the good lady consoled herself for the blows."

"The woman must be a monster."
"Not at all. On the contrary, she is a good woman, hospitable, possessing even a certain love for the beautiful. Once sure she is not making a mistake, her enthusiasm knows no bounds. There are quite a number of young American painters in Paris, pupils and imitators of the French, possessing some talent, believing they possess more, making a band apart, pitiless for those who are not of themselves, ferociously cruel on occasion, and putting all the American energy, all the adroitness of their race, into the struggle for their own success and against the success of others. Mrs. Milner receives them as soon as they are accepted as painters by an authoritative French critic, not before, and they make what they can out of her."

We now follow this cynical mentor to Mrs. Milner's reception:

Mrs. Milner was known in the Parisian world as "the woman with the jewels." A certain diamond collar, in particular, worthy of being worn by an empress, always made a sensation on opera nights when she queened it in her *loges*. Her pearls, emeralds, and sapphires were the admiration of connoisseurs. She collected them as others collect pictures by certain masters, eighteenth-century fans, Venetian laces, or postage-stamps. She amused herself with them, rather than wore them as adornments.

When Mr. Macready, who alone, perhaps, among her friends always spoke his mind to her, one day made fun of her fan, she replied, with the slightly disingenuous frankness that is characteristic of her:

"Recollect, my friend, for many years I had only one triquet—my wedding-ring. It was heavy to wear, but I wore it nevertheless. Now I have my revenge," and, with a smile wrinkling her fat, soft face, she showed her hands, covered even in the day-time with diamonds. "Not all my friends are so captious as you, Macready," she added; "they find that I am quite perfect as I am."

"But I have no wish to make anything out of you or to marry you. The men about you seem to belong to one category or the other."

"Perhaps you doubt it?—not as regards the first, of course, but the second?" She turned to a dainty little desk, and, opening a secret drawer that had been made to conceal real love-letters, she took from it a handful of papers, tossed there in disorder. "Read those. Oh, they will amuse you. Just notice the signatures. They are not only from adventurers; many of these gentlemen belong to great families."

Mr. Macready declined the letters, with a gesture of disgust. "And rest assured, my friend," Mrs. Milner continued, "there would be many more of them if, instead of being sixty, I were seventy years old. When a man has more than enough of debts, a love of comfort, and a horror of work, such a bait as an income of two millions of francs will make him do almost anything."

Mrs. Milner's *hotel* was situated in the Rue Tilsitt, and when Mr. Macready and his friend arrived there, the way was blocked with a long procession of carriages advancing by slow stages. The two men left their cab and made the rest of their way on foot. Lackeys, in white satin breeches and brilliant red coats, stood in line or relieved the guests of their wraps. Electric lamps threw their brilliant white light everywhere. A staircase, overflowing with rare exotics, and lavishly ornamented with painted panels signed by famous names, led to the reception-rooms, which were already full of visitors from the New World and the Old.

Villeroi, little accustomed to such a display of luxury, gazed astonished at this succession of splendid halls, in which there was a little too much of everything—too many pictures on the walls, too many rare pieces of furniture of heterogeneous epochs, too many Japanese draperies everywhere, marvelously embroidered with gold and silver. What struck him, with his trained musician's ear, was the voices, often too highly pitched, which sounded clear and gay, but a little sharp through the hubbub of mingling conversations. At the entrance to the principal salon the affable mistress of the house smiled the smile of an idol or a queen under an elaborate make-up which gave her a false air of youthfulness unpleasant to see. She wore a robe of cream-white satin completely covered with golden embroidery. Her fabulous diamonds threw out glittering coruscations of fire at her slightest movement.

Beside her stood her eldest daughter, the unhappy princess, as slender as her mother was gross, ugly, but with a sympathetic ugliness, her mouth a little hard, but her eyes sad and gentle. There was about her an air of studied simplicity which contrasted strangely with her mother's magnificence. Her costume of black velvet was absolutely plain; her hair was worn like a school-girl's, without a jewel, flower, or bit of lace. Her complexion was out at all made up; she had not even used powder.

Let us now present "Jeanne Mairet's" heroine in her new environment and under her stage name of Mila del Paso:

In truth, she was good to look upon. Of the little savage of Santa Barbara there was left only the wonderful light of her eyes, her aureole of curling hair, and the suppleness and grace of her movements. But civilization had set its mark upon her. No woman of the world wore her gown with a better grace, handled her fan more adroitly, or replied more gaily or with a more perfect ease to the compliments paid her than did Mila, del Paso. . . . The fact that she was received by Mrs. Milner, not only as an artist, but as a friend, proved her respectability, at which every one was surprised, or, proved, at least, that scandal had not yet been able to couple her name with that of any man.

Here is her own account of the hard work that has wrought this transformation:

"A year ago I found that I must make some money. I had myself recommended to Mrs. Milner. I sang for her, and not badly. She questioned me. When she found that I had no engagement in Paris, she told me that at her fetes a voice counted for something, of course, but a name counted for much more, and she dismissed me. 'It is true that she offered me assistance, but I refused it.'"

"And when she saw you again, the recollection of this did not trouble her?"

"Not in the least. She has a convenient memory. She gives me a thousand francs to sing for her this evening, on condition that she shall have the first hearing of my voice. I make my debut the day after to-morrow. My manager wished to refuse his permission, but I held my ground and he gave way. If I listened to my new patron, I would pass half my time in her house. I come and go as I choose. I am not obliged to be shown in by her companion, or her secretary, or her maids. A little more, and she would admit me into her dressing-room while she is making-up. This repays me for my years of obscure poverty and toil. But I have developed a number of bad instincts. I do not like cottage furniture and I adore luxury."

"And why," scolded the American, "should you be condemned to cottage furniture?"

"Because, my dear sir, I love my independence even more than luxury." Then she added, with calm frankness, though not without a faint increase in color, "I have not lived in Paris, I have not rubbed elbows with actors and actresses, without losing some of my illusions. My comrades knew how much money I made at Naples and at Brussels. My salary would provide only—cottage furniture. If it had even been covered with cretonne, people would have said, 'Who pays for the cretonne?' There it is, you see."

"You are right, my child," and Mr. Macready affectionately took her hand. "Tell me what you have done since you left school."

"It is soon told. I had worked hard, I assure you, during those three years, not only at my singing, but at my French. I saw no one, I had no holidays like the others, and I was altogether very happy. I lived in a sort of dream, beyond the reach of material cares, sure of being able later to earn my living. My teacher, Mme. Liardow, obtained my first engagement for me. In Naples, I did not see any more of life than I had in Paris. Once on the stage, I saw wherein I was lacking, and I put all my energies into my studies. Except at the rehearsals and performances, I saw little of my comrades. I got the reputation of being a prude, but they did not count that against me. I read a great deal during that year, and perfected my Italian. I was preparing for my real debut. I knew very well that outside of Paris nothing really counts. Perhaps I am not very modest, but to you I can say that I have never had a doubt of my success, and when M. Surgeres asked me to create the rôle of his heroine in Paris, I was delighted, but not at all surprised. It was then at last that my aunt consented to join me. We together lead a more extended and happy life. I can receive my friends, have music at my home, and be a woman of the world as well as an artist."

Mila soon falls in love with a composer, Villeroi, and Mrs. Milner's daughter, the princess, tries to dissuade her from the match by relating her own unhappy history:

"I seem old, do I not? However, I am scarcely more than thirty years of age. I was not eighteen when I was married. I obeyed my mother's wish in marrying the prince, but it was my own also. In a girlish way, I set myself to adore my husband from the bottom of my very enthusiastic heart. It would have taken very little to make me happy—satisfied after my own fashion, at least. This very little, however, was denied me. Do you know what was the principal count against me? It was that I was of another race; that I talked, thought, breathed like an American. My plainness, my humble birth, all that was nothing beside my nationality. The prince, feeling my superiority to him—I can well say that now—in education and fineness of nature, was seized with a sort of ferocious jealousy of me. A thorough aristocrat and very handsome, he, like many Italians of his class, despised books and those who made use of them. He was phenomenally ignorant, but disguised it easily under an appearance of arrogance. In intimacy, this disguise fell from off him. Then all our instincts were found to be, not different, but in absolute contradiction. I would have liked, through love, through that humility which comes to us through love, to bring myself down to his level. The more I forced myself to do this, the more American I became. This antagonism of race, much more than the antagonism of caste, increased and was irritated year by year, almost day by day. I, who had been brought up in France, at length spoke French and Italian with a pronounced accent. An American girl plays a dangerous game, I assure you, when she marries a foreigner."

"However, there have been such marriages that were successful in every respect."

"Yes, but then it is love that is the stronger. Then all is simple, all is divine. Does Villeroi love you so? Do you, oo your part, love him above everything—more than art, more than fame? In that case, marry him without fear. If you hesitate to answer, then beware lest the dissimilarity of your two characters should some day be developed. You are only a child, Mila, in spite of your twenty-two years and your success as an artist. You are entering upon life, confident, smiling, enjoying the little happlenesses as well as great ones, and it is in this that your character lies. You see things with natural simplicity and justice. You throw aside troublesome problems, instead of trying to solve them, and for your happiness you need sunshine and you need also success, applause, homage, the praise of the world as well as the plaudits of the stage. Your nature is not restless and complicated. You are an American, wholesome, direct. And he? What delights you would be odious to him. He is distinctly of the Old World; he has his longings, his torments. It is as if the chagrins, the bitter struggles of past ages, weighing upon him, put a sadness into all that he conceives. He does not know the pleasure, healthy, frank, and even childish—"

"Ah, you are mistaken, princess. At times he seems to become a child again, and then he is even more gay than I."

"That is a mere matter of nerves. It is a form of artistic intoxication. Go to the bottom of the matter. You will see that he always seeks something—seeks and never finds. . . . If you marry M. Villeroi, the world will not smile upon you as it smiles upon you now. You are useful to it, and it makes a pet of you. If you cease to be useful to it, if you absorb yourself in a deep sentiment in which the world has no place, the world will be angry with you. It will do more, perhaps; it will calumniate you if it can. At the present moment my mother represents the world for you. She wishes to have you marry M. Nevin because the union of two of her *protégés* would be a little triumph for her. Among French people she loves only the French of the Faubourg St. Germain. She does not admit plebeians. Perhaps she would close her doors to M. and Mme. Villeroi; or, if she admitted the wife, whose name for her would remain Mila del Paso, she would, figuratively at least, leave the husband to cool his heels in her antechamber."

It is unnecessary to continue here the course of the story. Suffice it to say that the book is a strong argument against international marriages and against any sane woman choosing an artist for a husband.

Published by Paul Ollendorf, Paris; price, 3 fr. 50.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Marquis de Mores has started for the Egyptian Soudan in order to draw together the Arab chiefs and resist the British advance.

Verestchagin, the Russian artist, who lives in Paris, has planned a revolving glass studio, by means of which a constant supply of the most useful light can be obtained all day long.

Alexander H. McGuffey, well known as the author of McGuffey's school readers and spellers, which were so popular many years ago, has just died in Cincinnati at the age of seventy-nine.

Mlle. Marie Louise Marsy has become reconciled with the Comédie-Française, and made her re-appearance in "L'Ami des Femmes." This may be looked upon as closing officially the Max Lebaudy incident.

"Our finest English historian in paint, as he has been in black and white"—that is what a London critic calls the American artist, Edwin A. Abbey. Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard Crookback and the Princess Anne has captured London.

Joseph Chamberlain, since he became Secretary of State for the Colonies, has scandalized the bureaucrats by habitually giving news to the press, and early one morning actually sent out cigars and whisky to the reporters waiting for official news announcing Jameson's capture of Johannesburg.

By the death of M. Cernuschi, the city of Paris comes into possession of his fine collection of Chinese and Japanese bronzes and porcelains, his early Italian pictures, and his house in the Parc Monceau, which will be turned into a museum. Cernuschi was brought up at a Jesuits' school, but was so surfeited with Christian art as to lose all taste for it. He used to sit often for hours looking at his bronze statue of Buddha, and admiring its benign expression. It was seventeen feet high.

Nikola Tesla—next to Edison, the foremost electrical inventor of the age—is not yet forty. He began to experiment with electricity when he was a boy of seventeen, and he is a graduate of Edison's laboratory, in which he found employment when he first came to this country, fresh from his studies in Paris. Tesla shows his Slav origin in his black hair, dark face, and nervous manner. He is a singularly hard worker, and his work is done with as monotonous regularity as that with which he takes the physical exercise that keeps him in good health.

N. K. Fairbank, Mrs. Leslie Carter's "angel," has lived in Chicago more than forty years, and has been a prominent figure the greater part of that time. Originally a brick-layer, and then a partner in a flouring mill, he went to Chicago in 1855, and went into the grain and commission business, soon afterward turning his attention to lard and oil-refining and the making of soap. He has made millions. His wife died about a year ago. Mr. Fairbank has always been interested in church matters, and is never absent from divine service save when away from Chicago.

Cecil Rhodes is a brutal as well as a confirmed misogynist. On one occasion, when he was implored to allow a lady and her daughters to travel in a special train with him, he remarked, after resisting the appeal for some time: "All right, put the women in the guard's van," and then settled himself comfortably among his rugs and cushions, in a luxurious saloon car. Once, too, when a lady attempted to engage him in conversation at some social gathering in London, he is said to have rebuffed her with the rough remark that he had "no time to talk to women," and then relapsed into gloomy silence.

Francis Joseph, who succeeded to the Austrian crown in 1848, has now outlived three heirs. From 1848 to 1858 his heir was his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian. From 1858 to 1889 his heir was his son, the Archduke Rudolf. Then, till the other day, his heir was his brother, the Archduke Charles Louis. Now his heir is his nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Archduke Francis Ferdinand is consumptive, and spends his afternoons, when it is fine, in an inclosed space, formerly the playground of the emperor's children. An ottoman has been carried into this garden, and upon it he reclines in the sun, very much distressed by an incessant cough.

Miss Elizabeth Gardner, who is to be married to M. Bouguereau, the French artist, next Monday, June 22d, is a native of Exeter, N. H., but has been for twenty-five years in Paris. She early became a pupil of Bouguereau, and it is nineteen years ago since they became engaged. But Bouguereau's mother would not consent to her son marrying an American. She died recently, at the age of ninety-one. M. Bouguereau himself is seventy-two years old. He is a widower, with a daughter and a son, both of whom favor their father's marriage. Miss Gardner has gained much distinction in her art. The Paris Salon presented her a gold medal in 1887. She is the first American woman to have won such an honor.

Henry White, formerly secretary of the American Embassy in London, returned early this month to that city "on private business connected with bicycles," it is said. He at once proceeded to Downing Street to the residence of Arthur Balfour, and there deposited a bicycle of the latest American type. Mr. Balfour was at the House of Commons when he heard of the arrival of the American bicycle, but he immediately hastened home, and was soon giving his new machine a trial. The world first heard of Mr. Balfour's passion for the wheel through a newspaper announcement that he had been thrown. Since then he has been the recipient of any number of bicycles from manufacturers anxious to obtain a note of approval. The cellar of the house in Downing Street, the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, is now crowded with bicycles, new and used.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When McKinley becomes President of the United States, he will enter upon that lofty office more untrammelled than any man who ever occupied the Presidential chair. The political bosses have been opposing McKinley, hence he owes nothing to Platt or Quay. In other States, the favorite sons, like Allison, Cullom, Morton, and others, have been opposing him, so he owes nothing to the machines in those States. The condition in California is significant of that of many States; the Republican machine here was for Allison and opposed McKinley. Therefore the machine has no claims upon McKinley, and Mark Hanna has, according to the dispatches, informed John Spreckels and Hervey Lindley that they need expect no favors from the Ohio man. As a result, McKinley will truly be the people's President, and will go into office with no strings on him.

At the California Democratic Convention, held in Sacramento, the Buckleyite delegates were ignominiously routed, and John Daggett, who represents the administration wing of the Democracy, and who deals forth Federal pap to the bread-and-butter brigade, came out on top. He came out on top in everything—that is, except the money question, because Daggett, being a Cleveland henchman, is a gold man. But the California Democratic Convention declared in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. A strong effort was made by E. B. Pond, James D. Phelan, Charles Wesley Reed, and others, to substitute a plank in favor of the present gold standard. They failed in their efforts. The vote is interesting—it was nearly 2 to 1 against gold, the exact vote being 417 in favor of free silver and 202 in favor of gold. The Democratic convention elected as delegates-at-large to the National Democratic Convention W. W. Foote, James V. Coleman, Senator Stephen M. White, and Congressman James G. Maguire.

The woman suffrage question was laid before the California Democratic Convention, the delegates being addressed by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Miss Anna Shaw. The Democratic convention refused to consider woman suffrage by a vote of 420 to 149. We call the attention of the women of California to the fact that the Republican delegates not only listened courteously to their claims, but incorporated a plank in favor of woman suffrage in the Republican platform. They thus gave it their formal party approval. The Democrats, on the other hand, extended but scant courtesy to the advocates of woman suffrage, and refused to consider it at all. If the women have any influence politically, they had better exercise it on the side of the Republican party. That party has at least recognized them in its platform this year. That is a step gained. The friends of woman suffrage have nothing now to hope from the Democratic party. They have everything to hope from the Republican party. The Democratic party has declared itself to be their enemy. The Republican party has declared itself to be their friend. Now let us see what the women can do for the Republican party, and the Republican party will see what it can do for the women.

Boss Platt, of New York, has been manoeuvring in St. Louis to get some slight prestige out of the recent contest, in which he most distinctly was not "in it." He has been posing as having forced the "gold plank" upon the McKinley men. This is folly. The complexion of the committee was largely Western, and the passage of the financial plank was not due to Mr. Platt. He has been so humiliated by Mark Hanna that he has been clutching at any straw in order to save his reputation as a politician. His claim of passing this gold plank is one instance. His attempt to nominate Morton for the Vice-Presidency is another. But a man who brings his candidate before a convention claiming the Presidency, and then accepts the Vice-Presidency, is certainly not a successful leader of men. He is reminiscent of the Southern politician in Jackson's time, who went to Washington demanding the office of Secretary of State, and finally was mollified by the President giving him an old pair of boots.

The political attitude of the San Francisco *Examiner* of late has been uncertain. The *Examiner* has never been an out-and-out Democratic paper, although it has claimed to be. Lately it has been running almost daily, in a conspicuous place on its editorial page, Populistic proselytism, in the shape of articles by Thomas V. Cator, an apostle of Populism. The *Examiner* has always inclined toward the Populistic and socialistic side of the problems of our troubled California civilization, and it is beginning to look from its tone as if it were going to be more of a Populistic organ than a Democratic one.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who is now in Paris, has issued the following authoritative statement to the press: "I am confident that the time is ripe for the settlement of the silver question and the reestablishment of bimetalism by international agreement and with the large cooperation of England. The next Republican administration can have the honor of this if the convention does not commit itself to an extreme statement in favor of gold monometallism and the leaders are prudent in their action." The plank just passed at St. Louis is exactly on the lines indicated by Senator Hoar in Paris. It is characterized by extreme wisdom. It adheres to the present gold monetary standard, favors an enlarged use of silver, and advocates bimetalism by international agreement. If the monetary question should be settled by the incoming Republican administration, it would make the third time that the Republican party shall have saved the country: once at the time of the Civil War, twice when it brought the country

back to a specie basis, and thrice when it shall succeed in settling this vexed gold and silver question, in which the Democratic party is playing its usual crooked rôle, and in which Democracy spells Demagoguery.

The San Francisco Press Club gave a private entertainment recently, at which only members and invited guests were expected. The next day, the *Examiner* printed a long and circumstantial account of the proceedings at this entertainment, purporting to have been written by a Miss Agnes White. The article was garnished with elaborate illustrations, one a portrait of the young woman in her ordinary apparel, and another in male attire, under which disguise, it seems, she gained admittance to the Press Club entertainment. Miss White, in her report to the *Examiner*, gave some details concerning the Press Club's proceedings, among others animadverting upon some remarks which she considered unfit for publication. But a young woman who goes to a place where she is not wanted, and to which she gains admittance under false pretenses, is scarcely in a position to condemn; she is reminiscent of the old maid who complained of some boys who went in swimming; true, it was half a mile away, but none the less she was shocked—through a spy-glass.

The conduct of the young woman is said to have caused much feeling among the newspaper fraternity. It seems that they resent this invasion upon their privacy. This is odd. There is no kind of a gathering that we know of which newspaper men look upon as sacred. They are in the habit of applauding reporters who listen at key-holes and climb over transoms. It is the fashion of the newspaper fraternity to speak admiringly of the Dotty Dimples and Nellie Blys who intrude themselves, in various disguises, into places where they are not wanted. But it seems that the newspaper men do not like it when they are given a dose of their own medicine.

Years ago, when the Bohemian Club was organized, many of its members were newspaper men. At first, the club was made a source of continual "copy," but gradually life within its walls became intolerable. It began to dawn upon its members that there are times and places in men's lives when they wish to feel at ease. The nervousness engendered by the apprehension that some man behind you was listening to your confidential conversation, taking mental notes of it, and that it would probably appear in next day's paper in a more or less garbled form, was not conducive to club comfort. As a result of this uneasy feeling, and several resulting rows, the club finally concluded to prohibit the publication of all matter concerning its entertainments or other affairs taking place within its walls. This rule has been followed ever since. It is true that occasional paragraphs about the club appear in the press, but these are generally believed to come from newspaper men who are chums of the scullions, and not from newspaper men who belong to the club. It is probable that the late experience of the Press Club will force it to the same conclusions as those reached by the Bohemian Club years ago. When newspaper men feel alarm for their own invaded privacy, they may feel some respect for that of other men. It is an ill wind that blows nowhere.

THE "OREGON'S" SPEED.

A Comparison between Her and Some English Battle-Ships—An English Officer Questions Her Preeminence—Irving M. Scott Replies.

The recent wonderful performance of the battle-ship *Oregon* and the not unnatural gratification expressed in this and other papers over this, the latest success of the Union Iron Works, has brought the following communication to this office. We may remark that the writer is a gentleman in the English service and a member of the Royal Yacht Club, and takes a deep interest in maritime matters. His communication is as follows:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of May 18th, under the title of "Editorial Notes," you repeat the assertion made in the *Call*—and perhaps in other San Francisco daily papers which I have not seen—that in her recent speed trials the *Oregon* proved herself to be the fastest battle-ship in the world, or, to quote your words, "She made . . . the record of the world for ships of that class." The speed quoted is an average of 16.79 knots.

As a general rule, your paper is accurate and conservative, and sets a good example in those respects to the daily and weekly papers of the United States, and I do not think that even for the sake of the national satisfaction which the success of so fine a ship as the *Oregon* must give, you would deliberately mislead the public or join in "jingoism" or "spread-eagleism." Therefore, I venture to think you are simply misinformed as to the speed of modern battle-ships. I am assuming, of course, that you class the *Oregon* as a "first-class battle-ship."

I have before me, as I write, two copies of an English paper, the *Naval and Army Illustrated*, which is, I believe, a well-informed and accurate paper on service matters. In it are pictures of some of the newest English battle-ships, with details as to their armament, speed, etc.

This gives the speed of the *Revenge* and *Ramillies* at 17.5 knots; *Majestic*, 17.5; the *Royal Sovereign* and *Empress of India*, 18 knots; the *Royal Oak*, 18.2; the *Resolution*, 17.9; the *Anson*, completed for sea, 18.9, 16.9 knots; the *Hood*, 17.5; and, finally, the *Barfleur* and *Centurion*, ships of about the same tonnage as the *Oregon*, completed for sea in 1894, the latter flag-ship on the China Station, speed 18.5 knots, and quotes these two as "the fastest battle-ships in any navy."

You may have at your command better sources of information on this subject than I have, so I only suggest that you look up the question and see whether a speed of 16.79, or even 17.34, the highest attained at any time by the *Oregon*, represents actually the highest speed of battle-ships in the world.

I only quote English ships, as I have no knowledge of those of France, Russia, Germany, or Italy, all of which countries have, I believe, some fast modern battle-ships.

The *Fuji*, recently launched on the Thames for the Japanese Government, is designed, I believe, for a speed of 18.5 knots.

Yours faithfully, ALMERIC E. F. RICH.

Inasmuch as the editors of the *Argonaut* are not familiar with the matters on which Captain Rich touches, we referred the matter to Mr. Irving M. Scott, vice-president and general manager of the Union Iron Works, who has built many

ships and who is familiar with the navies of the world. Mr. Scott has very courteously prepared the following answer:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1896.

Concerning the statements made by an English correspondent of the *Argonaut*, in regard to the relative speeds of the *Oregon* and several battle-ships of the British navy, it is rather difficult to make a satisfactory comparison between the *Oregon* and any of the vessels of the British navy, as actually the British navy has no vessels that might be termed as belonging to the class of which the *Oregon* forms one of three.

The vessels named by the *Argonaut* correspondent are very widely different, and could not very well be compared with each other. He mentions first the *Revenge*; gives her speed at 17½ knots. I think he means *Renown* class, and 18½ knots was expected of that class, and I think the *Renown* made over 18 knots on her four hours' full-power trial. The speed, however, is taken from the log, and is not always taken with the vessel at her full displacement. For instance, the *Magnificent* on her four hours' full-power trial had a draught of 24 feet 8½ inches mean, while her full displacement requires a draught of 27 feet. This would make an immense difference. The *Oregon* made 18 knots in the harbor before her full weights were on board.

I need not say that the four-hours' trial by patent log is a very different thing from a four-hours' run on measured distance. A trial by log at a speed of from 16 to 20 knots is very unreliable, and could not be accepted as the actual speed of the vessel; but apart from that, the *Renown* class of vessel is built for speed, and carries very little more armor than an armored cruiser.

The *Renown* has a length of 330 feet, compared with 348 feet of the *Oregon*. Her engines were built for 15,000 horse-power.

The side-armor of the *Renown* is 8-inch against 18-inch on the *Oregon*. The bulkheads at the ends of the armored belt are 6-inch on the *Renown* as against 14-inch on the *Oregon*. The barbettes of the *Renown* are 10-inch, against 17-inch on the *Oregon*.

The *Renown* carries four 12-inch guns; the *Oregon* four 13-inch guns. The *Oregon* has eight 8-inch guns; the *Renown* no 8-inch guns. The *Renown* has twelve 6-inch R. F. guns; the *Oregon* four 6-inch guns.

The main battery of the *Oregon* is very much heavier than that of the *Renown*, and in the armor out of all proportion to her; so that a comparison between the two vessels will not hold.

The *Renown* was built for a speed of 18½ knots, and it is claimed that the *Renown* made that speed by log. The *Oregon* was built for 15 knots, and attained a speed of 16.79 knots over a course of 80 knots with fixed beacoe and 20 knots by log.

The *Argonaut's* correspondent mentions the *Majestic* having a speed of 17½ knots. The *Majestic* is a vessel of 15,000 tons, and has an extreme length of 430 feet, and bears no resemblance to the *Oregon* either in form or class.

By "Brassey's Manual for 1896," the results of the four hours' full-power trials of the *Majestic* are given on page 5. Mean draft is not given. The air pressure is not given. The mean revolutions are given at 106. Indicated horse-power, 12,097. Speed by log, 17.9 knots. Without knowing the draft of water, this data is useless; but taking the *Magnificent*, which is a sister-ship, and which is given by Brassey immediately under the *Majestic*, the draft of water is given at 24 feet 8½ inches. That is 1,680 tons less displacement than the normal displacement of the vessel, which would make a very great difference in the speed. The air pressure given for the *Magnificent* is .9 inches. That is the same as the average of the *Oregon*. Mean revolutions, 100.3. Total indicated horse-power, 12,157. Speed by log, 17.6 knots.

The *Majestic* class was designed and built for a speed of 17½ knots. They have evidently obtained that by log at a much less displacement than their normal displacement, and their performance is not to be compared with that of a vessel of a decidedly different class, built for a speed of 15 knots.

The *Royal Sovereign* and the *Empress of India*, mentioned by the *Argonaut's* correspondent, belong to the same class. Also the *Royal Oak* and *Revenge*. These are vessels of 14,000 tons displacement. The speed given for them of 18 knots is not correct. That speed was obtained on measured mile, while the vessel was running the contractors' trial for machinery, and without having any weights on board to bring them near the regular displacement.

Brassey says, on page 3, that the increased length given the *Majestic* class has improved the speed of the new vessels as compared with the *Royal Sovereign* class, the new vessels having attained a speed of 17.8 knots per hour. This is a very good evidence that the *Royal Sovereign* class did not attain the speed of the new vessels, although the *Argonaut's* correspondent states that the *Royal Sovereign* attained a speed of 18 knots; yet the new ships attained a higher speed when making 17.8 knots.

The *Centurion* class of ships, also mentioned by the *Argonaut's* correspondent, approaches nearer the dimensions of the *Oregon* than any of the others. The *Centurion* has a length of 360 feet, 12 feet longer than the *Oregon*; the same beam, but has much finer lines, as the draught of water of the *Centurion* is 25 feet 6 inches, and the displacement 10,500 tons; while the *Oregon* has a displacement of 10,500 tons on 24 feet 2 inches.

The armor of the *Centurion* is 12 inches against 18 inches on the *Oregon*. The barbettes, 9 inches against 17 inches on the *Oregon*. The *Centurion* carries four 29-ton guns; the *Oregon* carries four 62-ton guns. The *Centurion* has no other large guns, while the *Oregon* has eight 8-inch and four 6-inch guns.

The speed of 18½ knots of the *Centurion* is a measured-mile speed and does not compare with the long-distance trial made by the *Oregon*. The indicated horse-power of the *Centurion* is 13,214, and if that power can be maintained on the *Centurion*, seeing that she has finer lines than the *Oregon* and carries much less armor and much lighter guns, she certainly ought to make a greater speed than the *Oregon*. Yet the *Oregon* carries a battery that the *Centurion* would hesitate to fight, and if she has any superior speed to the *Oregon*, it would be a fortunate thing for her, in case she ever had to meet that vessel in a hostile attitude.

Everything on the *Centurion* class has been sacrificed to speed, and they are fast ships; but as fighting-ships they are not in the same class as the *Oregon*.

I call your attention to the following extract from the *Engineering*, dated April 10, 1896:

"The trials of big war-ships is a subject that should receive attention on the part of the Admiralty, and the problem is a somewhat difficult one. The patent-log records are notoriously untrustworthy when anything like accuracy is required."

"A measured mile course is hardly satisfactory, as the ship turning at end of every mile is a serious consideration."

"Beyond all this, however, there is no measured mile in the south that is fit to run a big ship upon. The Stokes Bay is notoriously a bad one, and so is the Malpin Mile. Possibly the Admiralty may see fit to have a longer distance—say a ten-mile course—laid down in the Channel in some part where the run of tide is small and depth of water sufficient."

Ship	Speed (knots)	Displacement (tons)	Length (ft)	Beam (ft)	Draught (ft)
Barfleur	18½	13,200	360	42	25
Centurion	18½	13,200	360	42	25
Majestic	17½	15,000	430	42	27
Royal Sovereign	18	14,000	348	42	24
Renown	18½	14,000	330	42	24

"These figures are suggestive of the unreliability of the records, as the *Renown* is credited with one-quarter knot more speed, with less power, than the *Centurion*, while with 1,800 tons more displacement."

"The *Majestic*, again, is 2,550 tons greater displacement than the *Renown*, but is one knot slower, with nearly the same horse-power on trial."

"These figures seem to show that the method of taking speeds of large vessels on trial leaves something to be desired."

The above shows you what the English themselves think on this subject.

The information contained herein has been collected from Brassey's *Manual and Engineering* and from the engineers at our works, and we believe the same to be correct. Our trials are absolutely correct over accurate distances of 80 knots.

Yours respectfully, IRVING M. SCOTT.

President Cleveland is disgusted with public life and expresses his opinions in language more forcible than eloquent. "I shall be glad to get away from Washington," he said recently to a caller: "the whole country seems determined to use me for a spittoon."

MANHATTAN GOSSIP.

The Town Interested in a Murder Case—Mrs. Fleming's Trial for Poisoning her Mother—A Bicycle Parade of Ten Thousand—Bad Polo Accident.

New York has been interested the past fortnight in two trials, one a civil, the other a criminal case. The first is the Belasco-Carter-Fairbank suit, concerning which I have already written. The second is the trial of Mrs. Mary Almont Fleming for the poisoning of her mother.

This trial is a most extraordinary one. The prisoner at the bar is a young, beautiful, intelligent, and well-educated woman. If she be guilty, it is a case of heredity, for she claims that her knowledge of evil came from her mother. The motive of the crime was apparently a desire to gain possession of eighty-five thousand dollars which was to revert to Mrs. Fleming on the death of her mother. This money is now in her hands, and she is using it to pay the ablest lawyers of New York to defend her. The trial has been going on for four weeks, and will probably last another month.

Briefly, the facts are these: Mrs. Evaline D. Bliss, the mother of Mrs. Fleming, died at her home, 397 St. Nicholas Avenue, on the night of August 30, 1895. The preceding afternoon Mrs. Fleming had sent some clam-chowder to her mother by her little daughter Grace. Mrs. Fleming lived at the Colonial Hotel, a short distance from her mother's house, and it was her custom to send appetizing dishes to Mrs. Bliss. After eating the soup, Mrs. Bliss was seized with cramps, which lasted until her death, some hours after. She suspected her daughter, and in her dying paroxysms accused the daughter of having poisoned her.

Mrs. Bliss, the mother of the accused, was also a woman of great beauty. Years ago, when a young woman, with a reputation for giddiness, she met and fascinated one Robert Swift Livingston, a wealthy octogenarian. The bride was about twenty-five years old, and was the daughter of an old New York actor, who committed suicide. A daughter was born to Mrs. Livingston, and not long after Mr. Livingston died. The Livingston estate was large, and the widow inherited two hundred thousand dollars, her daughter one hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Livingston, being a young and pretty widow, married again, this time wedding Henry H. Bliss, a real-estate dealer.

The girl who, now a woman, stands at the bar accused of matricide, grew up under the tutelage of these two. They were not desirable persons to train a young girl, and she herself says frankly: "I drank evil from my mother's breast when an infant, and she it was who first led me astray." She was to the habit of accompanying her mother and her step-father to various places of amusement, and it was at a music-hall that she met Fleming. Like her mother's husband, he was a wealthy man, and like him again he was old. She cunningly compromised and entangled the man, sued him for breach of promise, and was given a verdict of seventy thousand dollars, the largest verdict for breach of promise ever given in New York. She claimed to be his "common-law wife," and after his death assumed his name.

Mrs. Fleming was extravagant, and speedily ran through the one hundred thousand dollars left to her by her step-father. She then began importuning her mother, Mrs. Bliss, for money, but the latter grew tired of her demands, and refused. Mrs. Fleming knew that on her mother's death eighty-five thousand dollars would revert to her under the will of Robert S. Livingston, her step-father, and this is the cause alleged for the crime.

The trial began before Recorder Goff on May 11th. The prosecution has been attempting to prove that Mrs. Bliss died of arsenic poisoning. A pitcher, a tray, and a piece of pie, all with traces of arsenic on or in them, have been introduced in evidence. Each day's testimony makes about fifty thousand words, the size of a two-hundred-page novel. The testimony during the last four weeks has amounted to half a million words. In this vast amount of verbiage it is safe to say that "clam-chowder and pie" must occur many thousand times.

For the first time in its history, the State of New York has called in special counsel to assist the prosecution. Some of the most brilliant criminal lawyers of New York are arrayed on the side of the defense. Some of the most eminent medical and chemical experts in New York have been employed on both sides to testify. One thousand talesmen were summoned, and out of these, six hundred and nine were examined before a jury could be selected. A curious fact concerning the jury is that there were three men of the same name who were impaneled on the jury, and these men were in no way related, and not one had ever seen either of the others before.

The most sensational testimony that has yet been given was yesterday, when a little eleven-year-old girl—one Florence King—told how she and little Grace Fleming had carried the clam-chowder and pie to Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Fleming's mother. She related that when they returned to the rooms of Mrs. Fleming, she heard her exclaim to Grace, her daughter: "I hope you didn't eat any of grandma's chowder." The latest development in the case has been a violent quarrel over the experts. Dr. Walter T. Scheele is a chemical expert employed by the prosecution. He was bitterly attacked by Charles W. Brooke, senior counsel for the defense. Mr. Brooke asked Dr. Scheele if he had not, in the Harbor Hotel, on April 26, 1896, publicly proclaimed his intention of gaining a reputation by swearing to the guilt of the defendant, whether she was guilty or not. One question and answer struck the public notably in the case. Attorney McIntyre asked Expert Scheele: "Did you not say in a saloon across the way, a few days ago, 'I can find chemicals in anything I am paid for'?" The witness turned livid at this, and said: "That is a lie." But, none the less, it is the belief of the public that the average expert can find chemicals, and any kind of desired chemicals, in anything that he may want. The papers are filled with

this trial, and the accused woman figures daily on their pages in every possible pose.

Turning to pleasanter themes, let us talk of the great cycle parade started by one of the daily papers. Day before yesterday an army of bicyclers paraded before the grand stand on the Riverside Drive at One Hundred and Fourteenth Street. Here had been erected a stand accommodating fifteen hundred persons. Back of this reviewing stand, between the bridge path and the river, there was a crowd of at least ten thousand persons, who stood there broiling under the June sun, but enjoying the scene. The parade was headed by a six-in-hand containing the judges, followed by coaches bearing distinguished guests. Immediately after them came three of the celebrated "Park bike cops" riding abreast in perfect alignment, followed by some of the "city bike cops," all of them scorchers, and any one ready to do over eighteen miles an hour if necessary. Then came a cycle corps of State militia, each with knapsack, canteen, haversack, and rifle accoutrements. Beneath the saddle each man had his rifle slung. Their officers led them with drawn swords, guiding their wheels with the left hand. There were bicycle squads from the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth regiments. Then came the wheelmen's clubs, all differently uniformed, and some of the uniforms were very handsome. One odd feature of the procession was the Wolf-American Wheelmen, led by a very pretty girl clad in scarlet, with a basket hanging to her handle-bars; she was Little Red Riding Hood going to her grandma, and she was pursued by a set of wolves. A number of men appeared as burlesque hooner girls, and were received with much laughter and applause. Not only New York, but New Jersey and Brooklyn wheelmen figured in the parade. The division devoted to women riders was large, and it was notable that there were few of them who wore bloomers and none of them visible knickerbockers. Nearly all wore skirts, some with leggings, some with high boots, and some with golf-stockings. It was estimated that eleven thousand four hundred wheelmen passed before the judge's stand.

A great sensation has been caused in New York by the formal announcement by Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson of the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Grace Wilson, to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. On the same day, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt announced that the engagement was against his wishes and without his consent. Miss Wilson is much the senior of her fiancé, the difference being variously stated from eight to ten years. It is, however, certain that Miss Wilson was a belle in society in 1884, which was nearly twelve years ago, and that Cornelius Vanderbilt graduated from Yale in the class of '95. He is twenty-two years old. Mr. Wilson has resided in New York since the early seventies, coming here with his family from the South. He is rated as possessing many millions of dollars. His daughters have all married well. His eldest daughter was married about twenty years ago to Mr. Ogden Golet. About twelve years ago, Mr. Orme Wilson married Miss Caroline Astor, youngest daughter of Mrs. William Astor. A few years later, Miss Belle Wilson became the wife of Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, son of Lady Herbert of Lea, at that time second secretary of the British Legation in Washington. Miss Grace Wilson was once engaged to the Hon. Cecil Baring, Lord Revelstoke's son. The engagement was broken off, however, when the great Baring failure occurred.

A most distressing accident occurred at the Westchester Country Club yesterday. E. C. Potter, one of the most expert polo-players in the country, came within a hair's-breadth of being killed. Mr. Potter, who is a member of the firm of E. C. Potter & Co., No. 36 Wall Street, left his office early in the afternoon for his country-place near the town of Westchester. He began a practice game of polo with some of the members of the club, including James L. Waterbury, Jr., F. H. Allen, J. C. Cooley, and H. M. Potter. An exceptionally good hit was made, and E. C. Potter and James L. Waterbury, who were playing on opposite sides, made a dash for the ball. Neither player was willing to avoid what seemed likely to be a collision, and the result was that they collided with great force. Mr. Potter was thrown violently, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged for some distance. He was taken to the clubhouse and restoratives administered, but they had no effect. When physicians arrived, they made a careful examination, and could find no fracture of the skull, although it is feared that there was concussion of the brain. Mr. Potter remained unconscious all that night and all of next day until late in the afternoon, when he recognized his wife. Mr. Potter married a Miss Havemeyer. He is a partner of C. M. Oelrichs, brother of Hermann Oelrichs, and an all-round athlete and sportsman. He is a member of most of the leading clubs in New York. The accident has caused a gloom in polo circles.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1896.

Some pioneer ought to start a newspaper where one can find the news. The typical journals for the dwellers in a busy city are the evening papers published in London—the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Westminster Gazette*. These papers are made up of small and easily handled pages—exactly the size of the *Argonaut's* pages, by the way—and they contain the news in concise form, so arranged that it can easily be found and quickly read. Foreigners gaze in amazement at the spectacle of Americans struggling through their blanket-sheets of freak pictures and fake news. But what amazes them more than all is the complacent attitude of the conductors of these extraordinary journals, and their evident belief in their boast that they are the "greatest on earth."

Last season on the coast of Essex 2,000 tons of sprats were sold for manure at a shilling a hundredweight, when they were selling in London for ten times that sum. It is believed that electric roads connecting the metropolis with the coast will stop the waste and provide the people with cheaper food.

BOX NUMBER TWELVE.

An Idyl of the Stage.

In the personal column of a daily paper there appeared one day this seductive announcement:

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS GUARDIAN OF A YOUNG orphan lady twenty years of age, very pretty, very stylish, and with a fortune of two millions, desires to marry his ward to a distinguished-looking gentleman between twenty-five and forty-five years of age. His fortune is no object. Address W. 37, office of this journal. No agents need apply.

It is useless to say that immediately on the appearance of this announcement letters poured in upon the W. 37 box at the office of the daily paper in such quantities that one wearied clerk was specially detailed to empty the box and put them into a large bag. The first two days more than five hundred letters came.

Some days afterward, one of the five hundred, Captain Castle, received the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR: The particulars that you have taken the trouble to furnish me concerning your social position, etc., satisfy me completely. As to the wishes of my ward, I shall only say that the sight of your photograph has seemed to give her no disappointment—very much to the contrary. Therefore I have determined to bring about an interview between you and her. Will you therefore make it convenient to go next Wednesday, the fifteenth of this month, to the Folly Theatre, wearing a white rose in your button-hole? My ward and I will occupy Box Number Twelve, and we shall be charmed to receive you between the first and second acts.

Very truly yours, W. 37.

Captain Castle shot out of his chair as if impelled by a spring, and did not pause until he had reached the ticket-office of the Folly Theatre.

"Give me an orchestra-chair," he demanded of the box-office keeper.

"For to-day?"

"No, for the fifteenth."

"None left."

"What's that?"

"The whole house is sold out for that day."

Captain Castle insisted, but in vain. The countenance of the ticket-seller did not soften, and he finally pulled down his wicket and turned again to his daily paper, while Captain Castle walked out of the lobby, much cast down.

As he stopped on the sidewalk, a shabby-genteel individual with a shocking bad hat approached him.

"Want an orchestra seat, mister?"

"Go to the devil."

"I got a good seat, for Wednesday, the fifteenth."

"What's that?"

The shabby-genteel individual walked invitingly toward a neighboring saloon, and Captain Castle, with a gleam of hope in his eye, followed him.

"It's a good seat, mister, in the first row."

"I'll take it. How much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Great snakes," said the captain, "do you want to rob a man?"

"You can't have it for a cent less," said the ticket-peddler, "the whole house is sold."

The captain made a wry face, but he wound up by paying the money.

The evening of Wednesday, the fifteenth, was one of the most notable in the annals of the Folly Theatre. The auditorium was packed like a Market Street car, and the orchestra was thickly populated with gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, each one wearing a white rose in his button-hole. Every box was filled, with one exception—Box Number Twelve.

Between the acts the swallow-tailed gentlemen swarmed through the lobbies, but it was particularly around the door of Box Number Twelve that they were thickest. It was like a human ant-hill.

The second act commenced. Yet Box Number Twelve remained hermetically closed, full of nothing but air. And yet toward this box there were cast anxious glances ever and anon from the well-dressed crowd in the orchestra.

While all this was going on in the theatre, a band of actors were seated around a table in a beer saloon at the back of the theatre, swallowing mountains of frankfurter and sauerkraut, and washing it down with gallons of beer. At the head of them was old Bagot, the Dutch Comique, who was presiding in the most paternal manner over this feast. It was Bagot for whose benefit the show was given that night.

"Eat all you want, hoys," said he. "Drink all you want. Old Bagot has money to burn to-night."

"You bet your sweet life you have," replied one of the actors. "Why, such a benefit as this will enable you to retire on your money."

At this moment, Miss Tottie, the Parlor Patti, who had just finished her turn in the second part, burst into the beer saloon, pale and disheveled.

"What's the matter?" cried the convivial band.

"Oh, it is terrible," said the Parlor Patti. "They are fighting in the orchestra."

"Fighting? Who?"

"Oh, all those swells in swallow-tails. They are beating one another over the head with canes, and nobody knows why."

"I know why," said old Bagot, tranquilly. "It's all on account of Box Number Twelve."

"But there is nobody in Box Number Twelve," said the paralyzed Parlor Patti.

"Exactly. That's why."

And old Bagot added, as he slowly closed one eye: "Box Number Twelve is a little snap of my own. I wanted to be sure that the theatre should be filled, and, by Jove, it is."

Such was indeed the bitter truth—bitter, that is, for the band of swallow-tailed gentlemen. The letter which Captain Castle had received they all had received. It was not a letter. It was a circular.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1896.

LITERARY NOTES.

Three Well-Written Short Stories.

Of the three tales contained in "The Folly of Eustace," by Robert S. Hichens, the author of "The Green Carnation," the title-story is the best. It is a character-study of a man who wears a mask of eccentricity for the sake of being talked about and wondered at, while he is in reality no buffoon, but only a very prosaic young man. The conception is fantastic and original, and it is worked out with skill and force.

Both of the other stories are touched with morbidity, and give little pleasure in consequence. "The Return of the Soul" is the better of the two. It is an uncanny tale, recalling an equally horrible but more powerful one by Erckmann-Chatrian on this same theme of the souls of animals living again in human form. Mr. Hichens's story tells of the soul of a cat which is re-incarnated in a woman. While the tale verges closely on the horrible, it succeeds admirably in presenting the image of the beautiful cat-woman who is bent on bringing about the death of her husband in retaliation for ill-treatment received from him during her feline career.

"The Collaborators" runs on an equally repulsive theme, and it has nothing to redeem it save an always admirable style.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Extraordinary Legal Cases.

"Extraordinary Cases," by Henry Lauren Clinton, is a record of the author's experience at the New York bar. It is not an autobiography, nor is it a collection of stories founded on legal cases; it simply tells of the notable cases in which Mr. Clinton has been engaged or which especially interested him during a half-century of practice, giving such details of the suits, the suitors, and the counsel on each side as a lawyer might relate in friendly chat with a group of his fellows.

Many of the cases are of more than local renown; such, for example, as that of the famous Mike Walsh, the noted Forrest divorce case, the celebrated Lemmon slave case, the extraordinary *crim. con.* case of Millsapugh versus Adams, and the Jumel will case—Mme. Jumel married *en secondes nocces* Aaron Burr.

Mr. Clinton gives incidentally a number of pen-portraits of noted New York lawyers, and through the pages are scattered many amusing anecdotes.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

A Swedish New Woman.

The New Woman has invaded foreign fiction. In "Camilla," a translation from the Swedish of Richert von Koch, the author revolts against the demure young girl who has so long held her established place as the unmarried heroine in the fiction of Continental Europe. Camilla is a Danish girl whose strong individuality and advanced views are as shocking to the elders of Stockholm as the young men find them captivating. In her defiance of convention she might be modeled after an American girl abroad, whom she resembles in her independence of chaperons and the easy *aplomb* with which she monopolizes conversation.

Her most eccentric phase is presented in a chapter where, having been thrown from a sleigh, she becomes delirious in the illness that follows, and carries on an imaginary argument with St. Paul on theological matters. The author feels himself to be indulging in a delightful audacity here, but we are bound to admit we find the young woman's delirious ravings dull reading.

Beyond presenting this unconventional type and depicting the varying developments of character in a brood of young Swedish barons and baronesses whose alarming modernity of thought startles the parent birds, there is no particular plot to the story. There is freshness and novelty to the pictures of life in Stockholm, but the book does not equal the best work in the new school of Norse fiction.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Tales."

The latest volume in the new, uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's books is "Wessex Tales."

It contains six stories: "An Imaginative Woman"—she falls in love with a man she has never seen, and her child, born subsequently, bears so strong a resemblance to him that her husband will not own it; "The Three Strangers"; "The Withered Arm," founded on a horrible superstition about witchcraft and its cure; "Fellow Townsmen," in which a man and woman are strangely separated, despite their mutual love; "Interlopers at the Knap"; and "The Distracted Preacher," who falls in love with a West of England girl and becomes a smuggler.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Mistress of a South Carolina Plantation.

"Eliza Pinckney," the latest volume of the series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times, is a biography of the wife of Chief-Justice Pinckney of South Carolina, written by her great-granddaughter, Harriett Harry Ravenel. Mrs. Pinckney was an entirely domestic woman, a

typical Southern matron of the old time, and the interest of the volume lies in the picture it gives of colonial ways of living in South Carolina from 1737 down to nearly the end of the eighteenth century.

In those days, a Southern plantation, apart from the planting operations, was entirely under the supervision of the mistress. And what with two or three hundred souls under her charge; with hand-maids to train in spinning, weaving, and the making of clothes; with meats to cure, and soap and candles and butter and cheese to make; and all the countless details that made up the daily work, the active, useful career of Mrs. Pinckney forms a sharp contrast to the life of a modern lady of fashion.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Romantic Defense of Mrs. Maybrick.

In "The Duchess of Powysland," Grant Allen makes a variation on Hilltop morality by essaying a defense of Mrs. Maybrick, whom he thinly disguises as the Duchess of Powysland. In the beginning of the tale she is a London lodging-house keeper, but on emigrating to the United States she makes a colossal fortune in a couple of years and graduates as an American heiress. At a Vanderbilt ball she meets the Duke of Powysland, and innocently believing that he loves her for herself alone, she consents to marry him and emerges into London society as an English duchess. The duke is insanely jealous, entirely without grounds, and actuated by diabolical malevolence, he takes poison and kills himself, arranging matters so that suspicion will point to his wife as the murderess. The book is long and wordy, and as self-complacent as it is inaccurate, flat, and puerile.

Published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Frenchman in India.

India has captivated the poet nature of André Chevrillon in much the same way that Japan first laid a spell on Lafcadio Hearn. "In India," translated by William Marchant, stands quite apart from the ordinary hook of travels. It is a new India that he shows us, a land of wonderful beauty, called up in a series of glowing pictures.

The beauty of form and color that surrounds him, the architecture, the strange religious ceremonials, the nature of the people themselves, all fascinate him, and he sets down his impressions with wonderful freshness and vivacity. His travels led him over the beaten track of tourists, through Ceylon and Calcutta, Benares, Cawnpore, and Delhi; but though he looks upon the British world of India with curiosity, it does not attract him. The salient characteristics of the country, quite apart from its British occupants, give shape to the crowding images in his mind, and make the book unique.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Tales of the Very Poor.

Henry W. Nevins, author of "Slum Stories of London," has written another volume of tales of the very poor, called "In the Valley of Tophet." The scene is a village in the coal and iron region of England, each story dealing with the colliers and their families. Throughout a thread of connection is kept up by keeping to the same locality, and by the occasional re-appearance of characters already encountered. The stories are not ambitious ones, consisting of only slight sketches, but they succeed in their purpose of giving a vivid impression of the environment and limited lives of these poor hard-working folk. The incidents are various in kind, a quiet vein of humor running through some, with a hint of tragedy here, a touch of human nature there; and while none of the tales rise to any great height, they all have a claim to interest in the truthfulness of the picture that is presented.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Mark Twain's Yankee at King Arthur's Court.

The second volume to be issued in the new library edition of Mark Twain's stories is "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." In it Hank Morgan, a Connecticut machinist and inventor, suddenly finds himself transported back through the ages to the court of King Arthur at Camelot. The story is full of strange incidents, in which the practicality and mechanical ingenuity of a nineteenth-century American are contrasted with the formalism and visionary ideas of Britain in the sixth century, and these afford abundant opportunity for the free play of Mark Twain's peculiar humor.

The book is printed from new electrolyte plates, and contains a photogravure portrait of the author and other illustrations by Dan Beard.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

New Publications.

In "Ruth Farmer," by Agnes Marchbank, an angry wife deserts her husband, leaving him under the impression that she is drowned. Like Miss Multon, she repents; but, unlike that love-lorn governess, she re-appears in time to prevent him from taking a second wife. She is disguised

under a wig, and her beauty is ruined by the marks of small-pox; but nevertheless her husband finds her out, and there is a happy reunion at the end of the story. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Fair Jewess," by B. L. Farjeon, and "St. Ann's," by W. E. Norris, two English novels well adapted to summer reading, have been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Clinton Scollard has collected the poems he has published in the past few months, and has issued them in a volume entitled "Hills of Song." It contains a number of miscellaneous ballads, lyrics, and short poems; nine legends and pictures grouped under the heading "In Italy"; twelve similar Oriental stories; and fifteen lighter poems classed as "Madrigals." There is an occasional striking bit in each of the four divisions, but the best work is in "Ex Oriente," from which we print three poems in another column. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Woman with a Future," by Mrs. Andrew Dean, follows an unhappy marriage from an inauspicious beginning to a disastrous close. A vain, shallow girl, selfish, heartless, and pleasure-loving, marries a quiet, scholarly man of modest income, and after ruining his home and compromising her name, she abandons him at a moment when he is stricken down by an infectious disease. The story is well told, without straining the probabilities, and it contains several keen character studies. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann") has published another volume of "Legends of Florence," collected from the people and re-told in his own gay and animated style. In number and variety they are quite wonderful, every famous place in Florence supplying a host of legends. The traveler who lingers here will find his pleasure intensified and his knowledge of the people and their ways of thought much increased by the reading of this unique volume; while the folk-lore may thus pleasantly add to his store of knowledge. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Picture of Las Cruces," by Christian Reid, is a romance of Mexico. It describes a wonderful picture by Velasquez—the portrait of a Spanish Marquesa—which was discovered by a handsome young wandering artist in a remote quarter of Mexico. The artist discovers, too, a beautiful Mexican girl, the counterpart of the Marquesa, whose descendant she is. And he paints her portrait and falls in love with her, and many consequences proceed therefrom. The book is smooth and graceful in style, a little high-flown at times, as becomes a Mexican romance with a tragical ending, and is of the order of literature which can be absorbed and forgotten with equal ease. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Richelieu," by Richard Lodge, one of the Foreign Statesmen Series now being issued, gives in brief form a clear and scholarly review of the great cardinal's career. A biography of Richelieu must include the history of France during the long years of his power, and in bringing out this fact those achievements of his are dwelt upon which contributed most to the lasting greatness of his country. An impartial view is given of the character of Richelieu, and although the qualities which made him the greatest statesman and diplomatist of his time are strongly emphasized, the cruelty and vindictiveness which formed part of his nature are in no way palliated. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

After reading "Whose Soul Have I Now?" by Mary Clay Knapp, we own ourselves hopelessly incompetent to answer the query. The book is written in a bloom of enthusiasm, and is full of the "spiritual forms of existence," "soul transference," the passing of the "age of materiality," and the dawn of the "age of spirit," with much more concerning the "supreme heights of spiritual existence," to which material souls may not hope to be uplifted. Intermingled with all this is a story as bewildering as the transcendentalism, and even the "analysis" thoughtfully appended, wherein each character is tabulated according to the grade of spirituality it attained, does not served to render it less befogging. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Flotsam," by Henry Seton Merriman, is a novel of Anglo-Indian life. The chief events take place during the period of the Indian mutiny. A young English officer is the hero, a reckless, drinking, gambling, fortune-squandering ne'er-do-weel, yet, nevertheless, a youth who wins the reader's affection and sympathy, despite his misdeeds. He is watched over by a good angel and a bad angel, and unfortunately he marries the wrong one. And there is a villain in the tale who dogs his footsteps, and some fine fellows who try to save him from going wrong. The situations have a tendency toward melodrama, but there is a good deal of human nature to the story, and it will be followed with interest to the end. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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The Madonna of a Day.

By L. DOUGALL, author of "The Zeit-Geist," "The Mermaid," etc. No. 194, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stephen Crane's New Book.

The first three sentences of Stephen Crane's new book, "George's Mother," are respectively bluish, golden, and crimson and red in color. But after an opening description of the dripping streets of a great city at dusk, the "color scheme," as Charles Dudley Warner puts it, only crops up occasionally, as when the hero falls to the ground with a "yellow crash."

That extraordinary imagination which Stephen Crane possesses is projected into the mind of a young workman whose downward career forms the subject of the story. His old mother looks on and suffers mutely, only half comprehending what has befallen her son and powerless to turn him from the path he has chosen. Beside these two, there is no character of note in the story, the scenes alternating between the little kitchen on the fourth floor of a tenement house, where the old woman makes a home for her boy, and the cheap saloons in which he and his rowdy companions carry on their carousals.

It is all bald realism, this depressingly dreary little tale of circumscribed lives and limited mentalities. There is power in it, since people and scenes start into reality at the author's touch. But there is little in it to enjoy, and the sordid scenes in which the advancing stages of drunkenness are minutely studied belong to pathology, not to fiction.

Perhaps the hopelessness of the story, suggested rather than uttered, comes from the feeling that the character of George, so lacking in moral stamina, in spite of fugitive glimpses of a better nature, is typical in a measure of a certain phase of American civilization. At any rate, the book is markedly American in tone, and is interesting as representing another phase of development in a remarkable young writer.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, 75 cents.

How Characters in Novels are Named.

What Julian Hawthorne calls the "improper names" of the characters in his novel, "A Fool of Nature," have provoked so much comment that he writes to the *Book Buyer* concerning them. He says:

"There were a great many characters in the book (for such a small one), and I took queer names partly in order to fix them in my memory. When, for example, I wrote 'Christopher Plurevoise Agahag,' the complete man rose before my mental eye—his educated whiskers, his smug smile, his musical intonations, and his insinuating manners. So with the others. As for the names themselves, I got all of them out of the lists of jurors in the 'English State Trials' reports, a dozen folio volumes of which, from Richard the Second to George the Third, are in my library. I have made combinations, no doubt, but all the names are real."

The fact that Mr. Hawthorne finds the names for his characters in old volumes of British "State Trials" recalls the stories told of Dickens hunting names on sign-boards, from the top of omnibuses. An article has lately been going the rounds of the newspapers detailing the various attempts made by Dickens before he finally settled on the name "Chuzzlewit." "Chiselbit" and "Swazzlewig" were among the discarded suggestions.

One of the most popular writers of boys' stories (according to the *Book Buyer*) gets all his names from the catalogues of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Another writer is accustomed to choose his names from the *Elite Directory*; another from historic biographies and advertisements. Marion Crawford was asked lately how he chose the names for his characters, and he answered substantially as follows:

"It would be very hard for me to tell in a few words how I have chosen the names for the characters in my books. I called my first hero 'Mr. Isaacs,' because the original of the character, whom I knew, was well known as 'Mr. Jacobs.' 'Saracinesco' is the name of a real place in the Roman mountains—I made 'Saracinesco' of it, because it is commonly so pronounced. I got 'Keyrok Arahian' from a sign-board in Prague, but the name is an Armenian one. 'Unorus' I made, correctly enough, from 'Unor,' which means 'February' in Bohemian.

"'Gianforte Campodionico' I saw written in pencil on a door-post in a country inn in Italy. An Italian friend was much struck by the historical sound of it, as I was. 'Corona' is a name occasionally found in old Italian families. Several names I have used are merely names of places in Italy, Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia. 'Braccio' is a mediæval name—the family is extinct, I believe. Briefly, I take a name wherever I find a good one, and sometimes I make a note of one, though not often. To me, the name I use describes the character of an individual or a family, as the case may be; and is, to myself, of very great importance when writing. I find it hard even to sketch out the main points of a story until the characters are named, and I have very rarely changed a name after once choosing it."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish "My Literary Zoo," by Kate Sanborn, an amusing and picturesque account of animals in literature.

Louis Becke, the author who, by his "The Ebbing of the Tide" and "By Reef and Palm," has preempted the literary domain of the South Seas, is the son of an Australian court-clerk. At the age of fourteen his longing for the sea became so intense that he and his elder brother were sent on a voyage to San Francisco. The brother became a California ranchman, but Louis stuck to the sea, living much on the South Sea Islands, until on a

visit to the colonies he married a young Irish lady. For the last three years he has been living in Australia and writing stories.

Horace Annesley Vachell, an Englishman resident in the southern part of this State, will soon publish "The Quicksands of Pactolus," in which he has set forth the dangers of sudden wealth. Mr. Vachell is the author of "The Romance of Judge Ketchum."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers' plans for publication during the next two months include the following books:

"The Silk of the Kine," a novel, by L. McManus, dealing with the eviction of Roman Catholics in Ireland in the seventeenth century; "Mrs. Gerald," a novel, by Maria Louise Pool; "Love is a Spirit," a novel, by Julian Hawthorne; "The Pith of Astronomy" (without mathematics), the latest facts and figures as developed by the giant telescopes, by Samuel C. Bayne; "Tales of Fantasy and Fact," by Brander Matthews; "Rick Dale," a story for young people, by Kirk Manroe; "With my Neighbors," a number of plain talks to plain people on familiar and homely subjects, by Margaret E. Sangster; "A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires," by "One with a New Name"; "Shakespeare the Boy," by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D.; and "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities," edited by Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

Mr. Haweis, of London, has again emerged from temporary eclipse with the announcement of a new volume to be called "Travel and Talk." It is a popularly written account of his one hundred thousand miles of travel through America, Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the Pacific.

Justin McCarthy has a new novel, with the title "The Riddle Ring," which is soon to appear in England in the three-volume form.

Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, who won the prize of three thousand dollars offered by the New York *Herald* for the best novelette with the tale "The Sprightly Adventures of Marsac," and a prize of five hundred dollars, offered by the *Youth's Companion*, with her first story for boys, called "Little Jarvis," is the same woman who started a heated discussion in the *Critic*, several years ago, by denying that women possess the creative faculty in literature.

Within the next year the Harpers will publish for George W. Smalley several books based on his experience as a correspondent in Europe.

"The World and a Man," by "Z. Z.," otherwise Louis Zangwill, younger brother of the renowned "Israel," is denominated by the London correspondent of the *Book News* "a very sordid, commonplace, and occasionally nasty story, that will certainly not meet with much approval on the American side."

In its notice of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston," the London *Times* says:

"The fragment, as it stands, is a series of studies, the most masterly which Mr. Stevenson had yet produced. Neither Dickens nor even Thackeray left a fragment so tantalizing, because 'Denis Duval' was not written, like 'Weir,' in the fullness of the author's powers, and 'Edwin Drood' was written in their decay. In 'Weir of Hermiston' Mr. Stevenson was culminating, and the thread broke in his hand. To lovers of literature the fragment will probably be his most interesting piece. It is the most potent, true, sincere, and original of Mr. Stevenson's works, and, despite its gloom, is, perhaps, the most attractive. The style is the old exquisite style, with few or none of the old excesses in the qualities. We can say little more without diminishing the pleasure of readers in the too brief fragment, which is all of gold."

Early in July the Harpers will publish "Stories of Fantasy and Fact," by Professor Brander Matthews.

Miss Lillian Bell, of Chicago, has arranged for the publication of a new novel in London and New York. It is to be called "The Under Side of Things," and the American edition will appear a month hence from the Harper press.

Stephen Crane's "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" has just been published by the Messrs. Appleton. The book was printed, but never published, before. Mr. Howells, who has been Mr. Crane's literary godfather, says that it is the best thing he has written. The story has been revised and recast since it was first printed, and is altogether new, so far as the public is concerned.

The manager of a New York newspaper syndicate has secured the serial rights of Kipling's new story, the scene of which is laid on the deck of a Gloucester fisherman. The price is said to have been about twelve thousand dollars, or twenty-four cents a word. Nobody has yet secured the book rights.

It now appears that Master Thackeray did not write the verses scribbled in his school copy of "Thucydides." They are from a now forgotten burlesque by J. R. Planché, and the school-boy, who had doubtless witnessed the production, copied them into his book.

The committee having in charge the plan for a monument in Chicago to the late Eugene Field has, with the cooperation of Mrs. Field and a number of artists, prepared a little book to be sold in aid of the undertaking. The book is called "Field Flowers," and is a brief anthology of poems by the writer to whom the tribute is offered. The proceeds will be divided between Field's family and the monument fund.

OUT OF THE ORIENT.

The Dervish's Prayer.

The tyrant Yusef, crime and passion stained,
Upon the throne of gracious Haroun reigned.
Day after day, through busy Bagdad ran
Dark rumor ripples,—how this ruthless man
Goaded invention, so that he might see,
With every snarl, some new agony.
Fear brooded o'er the city; then there came
Adown the breeze the murmur of a name,
And smiles again lit lip and eye, as though
The sun had pierced the midnight clouds of woe.
The blessed dervish, he whose feet had traced
The path to Mecca o'er the weary waste
Devout each year for years a rounded score,
Was seen to pass along the streets once more.
"His prayers will save," the happy people cried,
"For ear to him hath Allah ne'er denied."
Scarce had the echo of their triumph slept,
When on their hope base Yusef's minions swept,
And hore him swift to be the tyrant's sport
Where high he sat, amid his cringing court.
"Slave," said the monarch, with a brutal stare,
"Lift me to Allah straight a goodly prayer,
Since it is noised through Bagdad broad that he
Will grant whatever may he asked by thee."

Thrice bowed the dervish Mecca-ward, the while
Around the throng ran changing sneer and smile;
Then rang his voice, as piercing as a sife
Above the clangorous din of battle strife,
"I pray thee, Allah, take thou Yusef's life!"

A form fell forward, writhing on the stone;
No more a tyrant ruled on Haroun's throne.

Dawn in the Desert.

When the first opal presage of the morn
Quickened the east, the good Merwan arose,
And by his open tent door knelt and prayed.

Now in that pilgrim caravan was one
Whose heart was heavy with dnmh doubts, whose eyes
Drew little harm from slumber. Up and down
Night-long he paced the avenues of sand
Twixt tent and tent, and heard the jackals snarl,
The camels moan for water. This one came
On Merwan praying, and to him outcried—
(The tortured spirit hursting its sealed fount
As doth the brook on Damavend in spring),
"How knowst thou that any Allah is?"
Swift from the sand did Merwan lift his face,
Flung toward the east an arm of knotted bronze,
And said, as upward shot a shaft of gold,
"Dost need a torch to show to thee the dawn?"
Then prayed again.

When on the desert's rim

In sudden, awful splendor stood the sun,
Through all that caravan there was no knee
But bowed to Allah.

Karooon, the Pilgrim.

Noon in Aleppo. For a little space
The hahel died within the market-place,
And down the long hazar the tread of feet
Knew soft casuras in its rhythmic beat.
Above mosaicked courts and house roofs dun
Kept fiery sovereignty the Syrian sun;
Without the town, where brown the hill lines rose,
The breeze scarce stirred the green pistachios,
And in the river garden slumbering
Were fount and hird and silver rither-string.

Karooon, the pilgrim, dozing by the door
Of Khan Wezir that threw cool shadow o'er
The high deserted highway, heard the din
Of hot Levantines quarrelling within,
Roused, hushed the swarming flies, and set to lip
A few poor dates from out his scanty scrip.
Then grasped his staff and sought the distant star
Of light that glimmered through the dim hazaar.
The nets that hung o'er many an entrance there
Proclaimed the midday hour of rest and prayer;
But harter was not tongue-tied while the Greek
Or Syrian Christian of his wares could speak.
Though ne'er in worldly ways had Karoon thrived,
Thought's hoarded honey in his brain was hived;
As radiant roses spring from darkness mold,
As seeming barren sands yield grains of gold,
As priceless pearls drop from the ragged shell,
From Karoon's lips a wealth of wisdom fell.
Past tiny stalls where gums and spices blent
To cloy the air with fumes of heavy scent,
Past wide divans, where, 'mid his curios,
The tarhoosed Moslem stole a brief repose,
Past slinking curs that scavenged the street,
Went Karoon, musing, through the noontide heat.
Raising his eyes, as branched the roofed way,
He saw one brooding o'er a rare display
Of blue Bokharas, yellow Daghestans,
The choicest store of many caravans;
Hullal, the rich, men called him. Karoon stayed
His wandering steps, and man and wealth surveyed.
Deeply the merchant's face, despite his beard,
With discontentment's arabesques was scored.
He met the pilgrim's eye with gaze unsure,
Ent'ried to him, "What wouldst thou, O most poor?"
"Hold!" answered Karoon, with unheeded how,
"Call him not poor who richer is than thou."
"Aha!" laughed Hullal, and "aha!" again,
"What monstrous fantasy beclouds thy brain?"
Calmly stood Karoon till the laughter died,
Then with the prophet tongue of truth replied,
"No empty mirage has my brain begot;
Mine is contentment, and thou hast it not."

Lightly he turned, and faded in the maze
Now thronged with meo from Allah's house of praise,
While Hullal, sitting silent and apart,
Brooded and brooded with a heavy heart.
—From Clinton Scollard's "Hills of Song."

Crockett's "The Grey Man" is to appear in book-form next October, and Rolf Bolderwood's "The Sealskin Cloak" is slated for about the same time.

A most entertaining book of travels.—N. Y. Herald.

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The record is an excessively difficult task successfully performed, and the reader will find himself taking a personal interest in Mr. Whitney's exploits and good fortune before he has turned half a dozen pages.—N. Y. Tribune.

Mr. Whitney writes interestingly of his adventures and experiences; he has an excellent literary method, which adds a charm to the story.—Detroit Free Press.

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Just what the Monday evening performance of "The Charity Ball" was like, it is rather difficult to say. The high hats successfully shut out the view of the stage, and one had only occasional brief glimpses of Miss Elliott's gazelle-eyed countenance, and now and then saw, as through a glass darkly, Miss Bates in a state of extreme anguish, either fainting or falling on her knees. The seats were so far back that it was impossible to hear what anybody said except Mr. Frawley, whose voice carries to the last row in the dress-circle, for which those who sat in that remote locality thanked Heaven.

If you had not seen the play before, it was wrapped in dense obscurity. Sometimes a flash of illuminating light came in with Mr. Frawley or Miss McAllister, who can also make her voice carry to those distant regions under the balcony, where unfortunate sit and strain their ears and dodge the large hats and try to think that they are enjoying the oew play. When Mr. Worthing had the stage, a dark, dank mystery settled over everything. Mr. Worthing's ooish sentiments did not carry further than the first row of the dress-circle. For the audience back of that he might as well have been acting in pantomime; certainly everything he said remained to them dead secrets. In fact, the spectator who had not seen the play before would have had great difficulty in forming any idea of the story, which of itself is complicated, as everybody is in love with the wrong person and as Phyllis Lee's misfortunes are treated with the dignified reticence which a regard for *The Young Person* and *The Home Circle* has cultivated in the native playwright.

It is curious that in so short a time "The Charity Ball" should have grown so old-fashioned. It is a play of the past decade, and, without the dove-like, soft-toned femininity of Georgia Cayvan to cast a charm over it, it seems clumsy and antiquated. If it was always so, and the cleverness of a first-rate company hid the deficiencies, no other company should dare to step in where angels have trodden and left such plainly visible foot-prints. More probably, however, the piece in its fresh heyday had the charm of its youth, which has now passed away, and we feel its angles and see its ill-shaped skeleton.

Its sentiment is the falsest in any of De Mille and Belasco's plays, and they dearly loved sentiment and knew its worth. Anything more untrue to humanity and nobility than the love-sentiment of this piece was never written, even by Dumas fils. The hero, who loves one woman madly in the first act, is quite ready to forget all about her and love another woman madly in the last act. The authors seem to have the same sort of view on these subjects that Richardson's Pamela had—marriage was the end and aim of her ambitions; it did not much matter to whom, provided the wooer came carrying the marriage-lines in his hand. Every Jill is mated to her Jack, whether they are suitable or not, and the curtain falls upon a future of domestic infelicities. The old false situation which Sudermann reared to pieces in "Magda" is also dragged up again, and we are supposed to sympathize with Phyllis Lee, dogging the heels of her despicable lover and begging him to marry her. Afterward, when he has heaped upon her innumerable insults, deserted her, and lied to her, the clergyman-brother exhorts, commands, and cajoles him into marrying her, and this life-long union with an utterly contemptible creature is supposed to be balm to Phyllis's wounded soul and to promise happiness and prosperity.

In the scene between Ann Cruger and Phyllis Lee, the situation and its treatment are peculiarly antiquated. The Charity Ball is a decidedly untoward occasion to choose for the making of such confidences. Two young women picturesquely agonizing in the foyer of the Academy of Music would certainly create some remark. Miss Bates on her knees imploring sympathy from Miss Elliott is bad enough, but when Mr. Frawley comes in and requests that Phyllis leave his mother's roof then and there, the climax is one that belongs to second-rate melodrama. In the third act, Phyllis gratefully marries this hero, and lives happily with him until they either murder each other or get divorced. But De Mille and Belasco take us only to the church where the tragedy of their love-drama may be supposed really to begin.

The company treat this piece with an earnestness worthy of a better cause. Their main fault now is that they are all too obvious in their methods of delivuation. Miss Elliott, as the benevolent young woman with a superabundant amount of

heart, and soul, and love, and generosity, is crushingly sweet and amiable. The authors made Ann Cruger a prig, and it takes an artist like Miss Cayvan to put some leaven of real humanity into such an exalted being. Miss Elliott contributes the charm of her dark, liquid-eyed beauty, the beauty of that Shulamite who was the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley; but the benevolent aspect of the character has oppressed her, and in her rendering it is never allowed to be lost sight of. So Miss Bates goes about in a state of dreary blight, smooths her hair back rigidly, wears dark clothes and high collars, and is so obviously under a cloud that even the blind mother ought to have realized something was preying upon her damask cheek. Every member of the company insists too much on the salient characteristics of the being portrayed, and it is this heaviness of touch which gives the players their suggestion of amateurishness.

While we have flabby American drama at the Columbia, we have at the California English drama scraped thin. "The Home Secretary" has four acts, and would have been much better if it had had three. It is the new type of English play that is originally molded on the French form, and has some crisp dialogue touched to here and there to give it a taste of mustard. The piece is absolutely without action, but, like a novel of Trollope's, is so well sustained and the story so skillfully unraveled that it holds the attention of the auditor, not in a magic spell of speechless absorption, but in a gently tranquil mood of placid enjoyment.

The action of the perfect comedy is supposed to cover a period of from one to three days. "The Home Secretary" heats this, for the first act begins at five in the afternoon and the fourth ends at midnight of the same day. In this short space of time a drama takes place which, opening in the unexciting key of a small domestic imbroglia, works up into a situation of tragic import that meoaces the peace of countless thousands. Mr. Carton has learned the value of keeping the heart of his mystery hidden until the end of the play, and it is this cooealed solution of the story—which is hardly guessed and can not be fully grasped—that makes the attraction of the drama and holds the spectator in a state of speculating curiosity.

The first two acts glide by without an incident to ruffle their smooth serenity. In places they drag. In others, the gay smartness of a dialogue that recalls "Lady Windermere's Fan" carries them on in an atmosphere of fashionable witticisms. Mrs. Thorp-Didsbury contributes much of this, and being a tall woman, with a good, clear voice and a placid demeanor—which she retains while saying the most extraordinary things—she is a great success. When the plot begins to concentrate toward the climax, the dialogue chaoges its form and becomes charged with a sort of pompous tragedy. People, when they are faced by great crises, never talk in graceful metaphors or use high-flown similes. Mr. Beach, being an old Shakespearean, comes off very well from a bout with these elaborate flowers of speech. But it is bad to make the hard-headed leader of a band of anarchists talk like Claude Melnotte. Another defect in the piece, but one which we can not cavil at, is its presentation of a life and its allusions to political situations of which we know nothing. While our managers persist in producing English plays and while the English playwright makes a drama which the Americans like better than the native article, we have to endure the piece which bears the hall-mark of foreign manufacture.

The company gathered to present "The Home Secretary" is a remarkably good one. Mr. Kelcey is there, and Mr. Kelcey is an excellent actor. This is a bold, dry way of praising a player who has given so many thousands of people in so many hundreds of plays honest artistic pleasure. It is a satisfaction to see Mr. Kelcey act for many reasons—in the first place, he knows his business well; in the second place, he is always improving; in the third place, he thinks more of his work than he does of himself; in the fourth place, he knows how to play a gentleman. Like John Drew, he has passed the stage, not only in years, but in the ripening of his art, when he is seen to most advantage in youthful characters. He has achieved a dignity and a poise which fit him best for such parts as Duncan Trendel or the Q. C. in "Rebellious Susan." The only criticism to make on his performance of "The Home Secretary" is that he did not have enough to do. They might have given us a little less of the romantic anarchist and a little more of the Home Secretary, and no one would have grumbled.

The whole setting and cast of "The Home Secretary" has a suggestion of metropolitan finish that one rarely finds in any but the large New York stock companies. Whether the troupe will suit their other dramas as well as they do "The Home Secretary" is a question that it will take the season to answer; but if they do, they deserve something more than a quiet success. It is a heavy responsibility for Miss Shannon to take leading parts. She has been a charming *ingénue*, and as Rhoda Trendel she is a still charming, if somewhat crossly petulant, heroine. There were some dreadful rumors that she was growing fat, but these were base libels. She is the same delicately

molded creature, with golden filaments of silky hair curling about a face of the traditional strawberries-and-cream tinting. Her acting has hardly yet the force to deal with leading rôles. Her noble indignation is inclined to lapse into something very like the scoldings of a little shrew. Force and breadth are her deficiencies. She lacks the depths that the heroine should possess of all women. It may be that she will sound a deeper note when she is cast for a more congenial part. But one can overlook a good deal of petulance in such an irresponsibly young and dainty-looking creature. And she wears such pretty clothes! All the women do that. Even Mrs. Thorp-Didsbury's clothes were interesting, though they were so loud they made the welkin ring.

The Loss of the "Drummond Castle."

The terrible disaster of the *Drummond Castle*, which suok off the French coast at midnight on June 16th, having on board two hundred and fifty human beings, again throws a doubt on the safety of modern passenger steamers—the same doubt that was inspired by the loss of the North German Lloyd steamship *Elbe*. The lost steamer belongs to the famous Castle Line plying between England and the Cape, the property of Sir Donald Currie. This is one of the best-equipped lines sailing under the English flag. If the *Drummond Castle* sank in three minutes, and if the *Elbe* went down in so short a time that nearly all her passengers went to the bottom with her, it would seem as if the so-called safety compartments and bulkheads of our modern steamers were useless. It is not improbable that in the passenger-list of the *Drummond Castle* there will be found names familiar to Californians, as there was much travel between the Cape and England by the many mining men and their families who have left here for South African employment.

Henry Bernd, "a St. Louis subscriber to the *Argonaut* for sixteen years," writes to us saying that "Miss Helen Gould sent her check for one thousand dollars to Mr. C. G. Warner, vice-president of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, for the St. Louis sufferers, and not for one hundred thousand dollars." Another subscriber writes to us from Decatur, Ill., making the same correction. The *Argonaut* is sorry that it should have misstated the amount of Miss Gould's donation, but it was due to our having relied on the statements made in the dispatches of the San Francisco dailies. As our readers know, we are not in the habit of attaching much importance to their statements. It would seem that in this case our doubts as to their accuracy were again proved.

He forgot to mention it: *Greene*—"Say! That shot-gun I bought of you blew into ten thousand pieces the first time I fired it off. I don't see how I ever got off alive." *Gunsel*—"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you. You have heard of those new disappearing guns the government is getting? Well, that was one of them."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Willy—"Were you embawressed wheo you met 'is 'ighness?" *Clarence*—"I was; but th' good fellah pwetended not to notice it—twied to appeah as if he didn't notice meh et al, yeh know."—*Puck*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

John Drew's Week at the Baldwin.

Nat Goodwin's second week at the Baldwin Theatre will come to an end this (Saturday) evening, the play being Henry Guy Carleton's "A Gilded Fool," and in a few days Mr. Goodwin will sail for Australia.

John Drew is to take his place on the Baldwin stage on Monday evening. He has just closed his New York season, which began early in September, lasting for fifteen weeks, in "Christopher, Jr.," at the Empire Theatre, and continuing until a few days ago at Palmer's, lower down on Broadway. It was at the latter theatre that Mr. Drew produced "The Squire of Dames," R. C. Carton's adaptation of a play by Dumas fils, and it lasted through his engagement. He has now come direct from New York to San Francisco to commence his fourth annual tour in this city. His engagement at the Baldwin is for only one week, and the seven performances will be given up to "The Squire of Dames." The hero is a young fellow who restores a headstrong young woman to her husband, and throughout the play he is constantly delivering himself of clever and cynical remarks on woman and matrimony.

The company supporting Mr. Drew is headed by Maud Adams, and others in the list are Annie Irish, Gladys Wallis, Ethel Barrymore, Annie Adams, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, Lewis Baker, Leslie Allen, Herbert Aylog, Frank Lamb, and Graham Henderson.

An Old Burlesque in a New Dress.

Dellioger's "Lorraine" will be withdrawn at the Tivoli Opera House after to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday the spectacular burlesque founded on Jules Verne's "A Trip to the Moon," with Offenbach's music, will be revived.

This burlesque has been given many times in San Francisco since it was produced by the old stock company at the California as a farewell frolic, but there will be so many interpolated scenes and topical songs, so much that is novel in the scenic and mechanical effects, and the ballets will be so elaborate, that it will practically be a new production.

In the cast, Ferris Hartman will be the terrestrial king, Louise Royce his son, and W. H. West and J. J. Raffael the learned men, and on the moon Marie Millard will be the princess, Margaret Marshall the queen, Helen Merrill and Anna Schnabel ladies of the court, and W. H. Tooker, Raffael, Boyce, and Gerard, the other leading characters. The ballet will number twenty, under the direction of M. de Filippi, and Mlle. Adele Verelessi will appear in three new dances.

"Lord Chumley" at the Columbia.

"The Charity Ball" has been doing a tremendous business this week at the Columbia Theatre. Every night, so far, there has not been an unoccupied chair, and people have stood at the back throughout the performances. It will be continued only through to-morrow (Sunday) night, however.

Next week the Frawley organization will make a bold move in presenting "Lord Chumley." This play was written by De Mille and Belasco to suit young Sothern, and as it is eminently a one-part play and that one part has been associated since its creation with Mr. Sothern, the actor who essays the rôle has a hard task before him. But the actor, in this case, is Frank Worthing, and he has many qualities which should help him to success.

"Lord Chumley" will be preceded by a one-act "curtain-raiser." It is entitled "The Silent System," and has only two characters, which will be interpreted by Maxine Elliott and Mr. Frawley.

Second Week of the Stockwell Company.

"The Grey Mare," a clever play by Sims and Raleigh, is to be given during the second week of Stockwell's stock company at the California Theatre, beginning on Monday night.

The play—which is not new in San Francisco, having been given here some seasons ago by the Lyceum company—turns on a serious-minded young physician's attempt to cure his fiancée of telling "white lies" by himself indulging in a flight of fancy; and, telling of a ride he took on a gray mare, he finds himself liable for a livery bill, damages to a farm, a suit, or killing, for abduction, and other calamities. Herbert Kelcey is to repeat the rôle of the young physician, in which, though it is cast on broad comedy lines, he made a great hit a few years ago, and Effie Shannon, William Beach, John T. Sullivan, Wuona Shannon, J. N. Loog, and the others should complete an excellent cast.

The Garb of "A Gilded Fool."

Nat Goodwin's waistcoat in the first act of "A Gilded Fool" is a fearsome thing in colors. As he is "discovered" at his toilet à la Beau Brummel, the audience knows by the end of the act that he is attired in pale-blue underwear, white shirt, with ditto cuffs and collar, a brilliant crimson Ascot tie, yellow-and-black barred hose, patent-leather ties, checked trousers, a black cutaway, and the waistcoat. This latter article is made of chamois leather of a subdued brick color, and the back is of yellow

satio. It is a pity to hide its vociferous beauties under a black cutaway. In fact, if Mr. Goodwin would keep his coat off and have the aid of a colored calcium light or two, he would be abnormally equipped for a fire-dance that would rival Papinta's.

But as regards Mr. Goodwin's costumes, "A Gilded Fool" is an inverted pyramid. In the second act he wears a brown frock suit, and the only startling note in his street costume is his white undressed kid gloves. In the third act, he simmers down to ordinary evening-dress, and, in the fourth, he has sunk to the sartorial level of a broker's clerk.

Bernhardt as an Epigrammatist.

An impertinent young man once asked Sarah Bernhardt how old she was. "Let me see," answered the actress; "I was eighteen years old at the birth of my son Maurice. His father was thirty-four years old, and he would be now twice that age if alive. According to that, I ought to be twice eighteen years also, but you had better figure that for yourself."

This son, Maurice, is a great expense to Mme. Bernhardt, and how he repays her devotion is illustrated by a story which Sarah told on herself just before she left New York.

She was dilating upon the charms of Maurice, and mentioned among other things his extreme exclusiveness. "Why, do you know," exclaimed Sarah, "one morning last summer, just after my return from London, I asked him to take a little walk with me in the Bois. 'My dear mother,' he remarked, 'I hate to disoblige you, but really I don't like to be seen on the street with an actress!'"

Notes.

William Redmund will be Alexander Salvini's leading man next season.

Al. Hayman has secured a five-years' lease of Abbey's Theatre in New York.

While Nat Goodwin is in Australia, he will have a try at "The Prisoner of Zenda."

During Julia Marlowe's forthcoming engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, she will produce a new play.

The two last performances of "The Home Secretary" at the California Theatre will be given this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings.

The Frawley Company will follow their presentation of "Lord Chumley" at the Columbia with "His Wife's Father," a play that is new to us.

Wilton Lackaye, before leaving for this city by way of Panama, signed a contract with a theatrical man who is to direct his starring tours for the next five years.

"The Prodigal Father"—which calls to mind the elder Sothern in "My Awful Dad"—and "Town Topics" are among the new plays engaged for the Columbia Theatre.

"A Bunch of Violets," a play that is entirely new to us, though it was a leading feature of Beerholm Tree's American tour, is to be the bill for the Stockwell company's third week at the California Theatre.

Italian papers state that Sibyl Sanderson, while on her way to Venice, was robbed of three thousand dollars' worth of jewels. It was not a romantic "hold-up" by hoodlums, but simply a prosaic rifling of her trunks.

Wilton Lackaye is now on his way to this city to join the Frawley Company at the Columbia Theatre. He will make his first appearance with the organization when they give "A Social Trust," a new play by Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell, its first public production.

The Empire Theatre Company will present "Bohemia"—which, after much pruning, has been made a very successful play—at the Baldwin next month. Next season the company will split up like a starfish, and three new and complete companies will be formed from it.

Herbert Kelcey will leave the Stockwell company and start for England after the performances of "The Idler" during the fourth week of the present season at the California. In the following week Frederick Warde and Rose Coghlan will become members of the company.

Kathryn Kidder is to have a large company supporting her when she comes to the Baldwin with "Madame Sans-Gêne." It will include Augustus Cook, Harold Russell, Wallace Shaw, Willis F. Granger, James Cooper, Charles W. Stokes, Charles Plunkett, T. J. McCrane, James P. Duell, George Brecoan, Florence Lincoln, Katherine Campbell, Ruth Oliver, Adelaide Plunkett, Faoy Barth, Louise Draper, and Christine Hill.

After the run of "A Trip to the Moon" at the Tivoli, a season of grand opera will be inaugurated. The direction of the enterprise will be in the hands of Gustav Hinrichs, who preceded his brother as conductor of the orchestra at the Baldwin, but left there several years ago to become conductor of the National Opera Company, which hailed from Philadelphia. He has since made that city his home,

and is credited with having given the first American performances of several notable operas, including "Cavalleria Rusticana." He promises several novelties during his season at the Tivoli.

Nat Goodwin has joined the ranks of those who call San Francisco a "jay town." His audieoos have not more than half filled the house, since he has been here; but, on the other hand, they have been generous, even enthusiastic in their applause. For example, on Wednesday night, he was called out after each act, including even the last one, when people were standing in the aisles preparing to go home. Goodwin evidently cares more for lucre than for fame.

There are three songs now being sung in New York which are likely to become very popular. Gustav Kerker's "Molly," which is sung in "In Gay New York," is exasperatingly infectious. Mack's "My Black Baby Boy" has already set Philadelphia humming, and, according to the Boston newspapers, Trevethan's new song, "Hokey on My Lips," which has proved to be the hit of "The Merry Go Round," is in every way a worthy successor to his "New Bully."

Olga Nethersole's kiss in "Carmen"—which is said to last three minutes by the clock and causes nervous people in the audience to swoon—has fired her sister-histrions with a desire to emulate her, and the result is that there are several dramatic versions of Bizet's opera on the stage. Two of them are soon to be seen in San Francisco—one at the Columbia, with Elita Proctor Otis in the title rôle, and the other at the California, soon after Rose Coghlan and Frederick Warde join the Stockwell company.

The revival of "A Trip to the Moon" recalls the sad fate of W. A. Mestayer, who made his first essay in burlesque in that spectacle. He used to be the heavy villain of the old California Theatre stock company, but he made such a success as the king of the moon that he forthwith adopted burlesque as his especial line. He appeared with Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton at the Standard for several weeks, and then went East in the same line. Subsequently he came out here once or twice in farce-comedies of the kind that preceded Hoyt's successes, but for some years past he has been a confirmed invalid. He is still living in New York, where he is tenderly cared for by his wife, Theresa Vaughan.

The Columbia School of Dramatic Art is not a little elated at the high compliment paid it by Augustin Daly, for that discerning manager, who can have the pick of the country, carried away with him as new members of his company no less than five of its pupils. They are Daisy Bell Sharp, May Warring, May Wheeler, Loretta Grace, and Cleomeot Hopkios. The school will give another exhibition next Thursday afternoon, June 23th, when a new one-act drama, entitled "Expiation," by William Greer Harrison, will be presented, and also a one-act comedy, entitled "The Three Miss Biddles," by Alice Yates Grant, who used to live here, but has now joined the San Francisco colony in New York. The third play of the afternoon will be Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset," and the programme will include a minuet danced in Louis Quatorze costume, a bolero, and other pretty dances.

Cheaper Bicycles.

Despite the protestations of the bicycle manufacturers, there is a decided downward tendency in the price of wheels. Big establishments, like Macey's in New York, are having wheels manufactured for them and selling them at prices far below the regular rates. Macey's, for example, advertises what they call the "Webster Wheel" at \$39.66. Ehrich Brothers, another big New York firm, are advertising a "high-grade" wheel at \$45. It is true that the manufacturers of certain well-known wheels claim that these are inferior wheels. But, once the less, they have a softening effect upon the market. The large number of wheels of this description that are being thrown on the market mean just so many purchasers taken away from the manufacturers of high-grade wheels. That this is recognized is shown by the fact that some of the big manufacturers, like the Columbia people, are themselves advertising wheels at \$40 and \$50 and \$60. They still nominally keep up the price of their most expensive wheels, but they compete with other manufacturers with these cheaper wheels. Altogether, as we have said, it would seem as if the price of bicycles were declining, and as if they would be heavily marked down in the next few months.

The Hawthorne Club will give its one hundred and thirty-third entertainment next Friday evening at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Miss Carrie Bowes, the pianist, who recently returned from Europe, will be the principal attraction.

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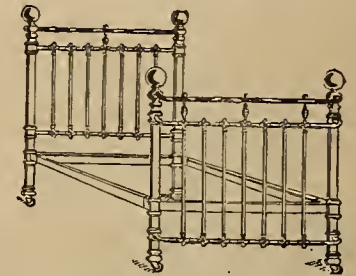
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LOVELL WHITE

VANITY FAIR.

Frenchwomen have reduced the art of giving successful charity affairs to a science. An example of this was the recent bazaar and garden-party held in the grounds of the Princesse de Sagan's house in Paris. It was a "vente de charité," and the stalls were presided over by the prettiest and most aristocratic women, not only of French society, but also of the foreign colony. Each of these ladies sent to all the dames on her visiting list an engraved announcement of the event, inclosing her card, on which was written the following legend: "Who will be very grateful for a visit to her stall or for an offering." It is an excellent arrangement at these charity sales that at each stall there is a little box in which a person may drop a contribution measured according to his inclination, without being obliged to buy. The stately old garden of the princess's house was filled on this occasion, between the hours of two and seven in the afternoon, with the prettiest and most elegant women in Paris. The princess herself received everybody from the center of the booth over which she presided. With her were the Princesse Amédée de Brégille and the Marquise de Gallifet, Mrs. Arthur Paget, the Honorable Mrs. Ramsey, the Baronne Seillière, the Comtesse Tyszkiewicz, the Comtesse Emilie de la Rochefoucauld, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, and Mrs. Clarke. The Americans were represented by Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss Goelet, and Mrs. Kingsland. In the booths were sold all manner of things—pretty articles in Sévres and Saxe porcelain; dainty articles of Paris in silver and leather; French fancy-work, which is not nearly as pretty as our own; and so on. At one of the stalls, over which the Marquise de Castellane presided, with the assistance of her daughter-in-law, who was Miss Gould, and other ladies, shares were sold in a Foulard gown—a nine-hundred-franc dress to be made by Paquin, and after the measure of the winner. In addition to these stalls where articles were sold, there were a number of booths to which admission could be had for a trifling fee, where were a theatre of performing monkeys, a marionette show, an orchestra that played dance-music, and a quartet of hunting-horns.

The latest praise of the bicycle cracks it up as a conservator of domestic felicity. Wives and husbands, notably those who have reached the early forties and beyond, have found a bond of companionship in the bicycle that is as strong as it is oftentimes unconscious. The advent of children and the encroachments of business cares slowly force a man and wife apart to a greater or less extent, till, after twenty years of matrimony, it not infrequently happens that, without any jar or conscious estrangement, the two are spending most of their time in separate pursuits. Into this breach (says a writer in the *New York Times*) the wheel has slipped with a magnetic power. A common enthusiasm for the steel steed brings them together in interest, their daily sprees in company make them amusement sharers, and the silver wedding anniversary is likely to stretch on to the golden one, if they are spared to see it, with their lives happily welded.

The life of an English society woman in London during the season is "one demerit grid." She is constitutionally an early riser (writes a correspondent of the *Chicago Times-Herald*), and the breakfast hour is always between nine and nine-thirty. After the matutinal meal there are letters to write, the housekeeper's list of suggestions for the day to be looked over, and various little odd duties to be performed. Then the dainty breakfast gown must be changed for a bicycling costume or a riding habit, and my lady "hikes" or rides in the park from ten to twelve, then home again, and another change of costume, for there is a picture-gallery, or a bazaar, or something of the kind to be visited, and then there is a lunch at the Countess of Blank's or Duchess So-and-So's. In the afternoon, there is a concert, or a reception, or a drive to Ranelagh, and Hyde Park between five and six must not be forgotten. Perhaps half an hour's rest will reward madam for her day's work before she commences with her maid the business of making a grand toilet for a big dinner at eight, which may be followed by dropping in for half an hour at the opera. Finally, there may be two or more balls before the hard-worked London woman throws herself wearily into her neat brougham, when the sun's first bright rays are peeping through the trees in the park. And so it goes on, day after day, for about three months, varied by race-meetings, regattas, and cat and dog-shows.

That the wife should run the home has been affirmed by no less an authority than the Supreme Court of the State of New York. One justice of the appellate division wrote the following opinion in a recent suit for separation, and two of his four associates concurred in it: "While in a legal sense the husband is the head of the family, and has the right to rule the household and compel his wife, as well as his children, to obey him and submit to his dictation in the details of the management of the house and servants, still the practical view of the

marital relations usually is that within her peculiar sphere, the home, the wife should have her own way and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. An intelligent woman should certainly not be subjected, in the presence of servants and guests, to humiliation and ill-treatment by her husband, by the offensive assertion that he is master and she must in all things obey him."

A most eligible young man has been lost to matrimony by the revelation made to him by acting as junior trustee of an estate left to a good-looking mother and four young and attractive daughters. He had to go over certain of their accounts, and, among other things, found a bill for their summer outfit of shoes which quite took his breath away. The entire family was much given to outdoor sports, and their needs in the way of foot-gear are thus summarized in *Vogue*: "The list started out with golf and tennis shoes, four pairs; cycling shoes, four pairs—making eight pairs—and after those came what the girls would have called their 'tramping boots' for mountain climbing and all that sort of thing, adding up another four pairs, making twelve, followed by what as children they were wont to call their 'dress up' for each, a pair of very smart-looking, patent-leather ties, making sixteen pairs, and four pairs of patent-leather slippers, making twenty pairs, besides four pairs of kid ties, some pairs black, others bronze, making twenty-four pairs; while each daughter was in need of two pairs of satiny dancing-slippers to match her frocks, and besides a pair each of white kid ties, making thirty-six pairs, and finishing up with four pairs of simple toilet-slippers and four pairs of bathing-shoes. The mother's bill was headed by one pair of fishing-boots, one pair of half-boots, with rubber soles, making two pairs; then followed riding and cycling-boots, each one pair, adding up four pairs, walking-boots, five, and two pairs of dress-ties, seven, a pair of patent-leather slippers, eight, one pair of black satin slippers and another satin pair to match a dinner-gown, making so far ten pairs, the list ending with one pair of pale-blue kid mules and one pair of bathing-shoes—all in all, twelve pairs, the entire number of pairs for the family amounting to fifty-six pairs of shoes for the season's outfit."

It is a curious fact that of the ladies of royal rank during the present century only two have been leaders of feminine fashion, and they have both been plebeian-born empresses of the French. In the early years of the century, the Empress Josephine was the accepted model for the feminine world to follow in its dress, and fifty years later the Empress Eugénie dictated the fashions from Paris. Queen Victoria never originated a fashion, and her daughter-in-law is responsible only for the high collar or band about the neck, which she wore to conceal a scrofulous scar, and the bunching of frizzes on the forehead which becomes her better than any other style of hair-dressing. Queen Margherita and the Empress of Austria never originated a style, and the present German empress and her mamma-in-law are too domestic to care for fashions. And an Eastern paper states that Queo Sophia of Sweden, far from caring for frills and furbelows, is a member of the Salvation Army and affects the garb peculiar to that organization.

"Women seem to have a rooted dislike to insuring their lives," recently declared one of a new firm of women "insurance brokers" to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter. "If it is a married woman, she will say: 'Why should I pay money for another woman to enjoy after I am gone?' It is strange that married women always take it for granted that their husbands will marry again if they ever become widows. The single woman has plenty of reasons for refusing to insure, and most of them valid. She says that she can not afford to, for one thing; then she will ask why she should insure her life and pay out money annually, when she has no children to enjoy the money she may leave. She will say that there is absolutely no inducement for her to go into such a speculation. Even when we point out the advantages of an endowment policy, which will give her the money at the end of twenty or twenty-five years, she can not see it. She feels that she would rather have ten dollars in her pocket to-day than wait twenty-five years for ten thousand dollars. I suppose there must be about two millions of dollars invested by the rich women in this city in insurance policies. Your rich woman knows the value of insurance, and she does not hesitate to take any means to add to her wealth, even if she must die to do it."

The dreadful utilitarianism of the age is invading even so sacred a function as presentation at court. As is well known, each debutante presented must wear a coiffure in which a bunch of three ostrich-feathers stands erect upon the head, and the arrangement of the hair is necessarily elaborate. Those who have the entrée by belonging to the official or diplomatic circles can avoid the three hours' delay in the string of carriages in the street, and so need not have the hair-dresser come until ten o'clock in the morning. But the debu-

tante who takes the usual course must be in the capillary artist's hands at least three hours earlier, and to be up at seven on the morning of one's presentation is no joke. But relief has been found, and—of all places—in the Army and Navy Stores. These great emporiums now supply a court coiffure—otherwise a wig with the necessary feathers—which can be adjusted in a few minutes, and which is guaranteed in escape detection.

Two bicycle costumes are a necessary part of a woman's summer wardrobe—one of serge or covert cloth for cool days, and one of lineo or white duck for the hot weather. Both for convenience and for appearance, the skirt must not be wide; it should fit closely over the hips, the fullness being quite at the back, and the flare should be around the bottom of the skirt only. Bicycle skirts should never open in the back, but on either side of the front seams, and should button or hook over the side-breasts. It is a little difficult to attain to this and have the front-breast fit without a wrinkle, but curving it out just a little around the waist in front will obviate the difficulty. The shirt-waist is almost invariably worn, and over it a short jacket, either with loose front or tight-fitting waist. The Etna jacket is the most useful, as it can be carried on the handle-bar if desired. The cloth costume, which tailors prefer, as it is much more pliable and hangs better, can scarcely be had under fifty dollars, this including, of course, a silk-lined jacket. But the linen costumes are wonderfully cheap. A well-appearing one, though made by a cheap dressmaker, has been made, including all the fittings, for only seven dollars. It is a puzzle to many women riders to know what to wear in warm weather under the skirt. Knickerbockers of tweed, serge, or satin are found much too heavy. Pongee silk and colored lawn are good, but an authority, writing on this subject in the *Bazar*, declares that best of all is Lansdowne or gloria silk. For warm weather, canvas leggings are being generally discarded, and in their place most ladies wear plaid stockings.

It is a bonny sight to watch the lithe and breezy English girl promenading with her bally dog upon the bouldery beach at Brighton (according to Sterling Hellig). She will run a foot-race with her eight-year-old brother down the main street of the village utterly thoughtless of attracting attention. If she happens to pull up breathless and glowing, flushed and moist-eyed, with her golden hair a-hanging down her back, in the centre of admiring friends, it is to explain to them that she has been running. "Such larks. Tommy and I have been running a foot-race." It's not to make her effect, as a French girl would. Really, it isn't. She doesn't know enough. She will scratch herself in company, no matter where the mosquito has been. She will fall in love with a man, and will follow him about like a dog. She will sit on a rock and be hugged, oblivious of the fact that every one is looking. She is wonderfully frank. She will say to a seascam man: "What a shocking bad sailor you are. Your liver must be in a frightful state." She is a great fisher, and can row a boat. She is all the time blushing. She has freckles on her hands. When she walks out with her bally dog upon the blooming sands, you don't know which to whistle to, both are so intelligent.

The British Matron has been so shocked at the opportunities bicycling affords for her daughter to enjoy solitude à deux with a young man that some remedy had to be found. This has now been provided by the organization of a Chaperon Cycling Association. This body, which professes to be under distinguished patronage, provides "gentlewomen of good social position to conduct ladies on bicycle excursions and tours." The terms for a party of four or less are to be eighty-five cents an hour, or two dollars and sixty cents per day, so that a "cycling chaperon" is somewhat less expensive to hire than a cycle itself; but, then, refreshments, if required, must be provided for her consumption.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There is an ancient jest in Paris which originated with a waiter at the famous Tortoni's. A guest had ordered a dozen of oysters. "Only one dozen?" asked the waiter. "Yes, that will be enough." "You are not superstitious, then," said the waiter, with a curious smile. "Why?" "Because you are not afraid of being thirteen at table."

An Englishman and an American girl, at a state hall, were talking over some of the people present, when the former said: "That is Lord B. who has just passed. Have you met him?" "Yes," was the answer, "and I thought him extremely dull." "You surprise me. He is one of the most brilliant lights of our service." "Really?" returned the American girl; "then it is my turn to be surprised. His light flickered so when he talked with me that I set him down as one of your tallow diplomats."

Dr. Eaton, president of Madison University forty years ago, was beloved by the students and his good opinion courted above all things. One commencement day, the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment and then said, slowly: "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

A country boy, who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland, had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he remained staring at it with astonishment, and then, running into the house, he said: "Fayther, fayther, come oot! There's a smiddy ran off wi' a row of houses, and it's awa' doon by the hack o' the town."

Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary Islands, and hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in West Africa," she felt she must go out of mere feminine curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied: 'An introduction to the Wesleyan Mission, because they have a fine hearse and plumes at the station, and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

When "Ben" Wade, of Ohio, was the presiding officer of the Senate, he used occasionally to call some senator to take the chair, and relieve himself by walking up and down in the lobby, which runs back of the Senate chamber. Once, while thus walking, he was overtaken by a certain carpet-bag senator from one of the Southern States, who occupied the identical chair that Jefferson Davis had used while a member of the Senate. Walking along by the side of Wade, he rubbed his back wearily, and said: "Wade, these Senate chairs are the most uncomfortable things I ever saw. My back is positively blistered from sitting in mine." Wade looked at him for a moment, and, as he turned away, muttered: "Davis left enough brains in the seat of that chair to blister the backs of two or three such men as you are."

As the Duke of Wellington was standing, one day, opposite his house in Piccadilly, waiting an opportunity to cross the street, an entire stranger to him offered his arm to the duke to assist him in crossing. Although Wellington hated assistance of any kind, he accepted the stranger's arm, and the latter, having secured a passage by signing to the drivers of the vehicles to stop, conducted the great man in safety across the street. "I thank you, sir," said the duke, releasing his arm and proceeding to his house-door. But the stranger, instead of moving off, raised his hat and delivered himself to the following effect: "Your grace, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." "Don't be a damned fool!" responded the duke, and turned on his heel.

Thomas Bartlett, of Vermont, was renowned for his flights of elaborately rhetorical oratory, and a seat in Congress was the special goal of his ambition. When he was elected, a story of how he had been silenced by an audience of college boys got around, and, on the occasion of the new member's first appearance, the House was prepared to receive him in anything but a serious spirit. Rising to indorse a proposition which had just been vigorously attacked, he began to declaim impressively: "Sir, were it not for the rules of the House, I would pour upon the opponents of this measure the vials of my wrath—" He got no farther. Mr. Polk, of

Tennessee, was upon his feet in a moment, moving, with every appearance of eager interest, "that the rules be suspended, and the gentleman allowed to pour!" Such a disconcerting hurst of laughter followed that the unfortunate orator could only subside wrathfully into silence and his seat.

A few years ago when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, the Rajah of Holkar paid the viceroy a visit. While he was there, he saw Lord Dufferin take up some illustrated London papers which had just arrived by mail and cut them with an ivory paper-knife. It was the first time the Indian prince had seen such an instrument used. "Make me a present of that," said he to the viceroy, "and I will give you another." Lord Dufferin hastened to comply with this modest request, and the young rajah returned to his country. Not long after he returned to Calcutta, bringing with him a young elephant whose tusks had been carved in the most artistic manner in the shape of a paper-knife. This he brought as a present to the viceroy. A table bearing some illustrated papers was placed by a servant before this intelligent beast, who immediately seized them with his trunk, cut them most deftly with his tusks, and then handed them to the viceroy.

THE MASHER AND THE LADY.

He Came, Saw, and Carried.

Like all big cities, Paris has its mashers. They annoy the ladies often enough, but, as a rule, they are harmless fools, after all. Here is the latest little story of a masher and a beautiful lady, which the Paris papers are printing and which the *Sun* translates:

At the Quai aux Fleurs on market day, a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted, and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally, she purchased two big geraniums.

"Do you live far from here, madam?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an instant's reflection, prompted by the size of the geranium pots and plants, and the necessity of employing a *commisnaire*, she replied, sweetly: "Rue du Louvre, 99."

"Oh," exclaimed the masher, "you can't carry such a burden so far! Allow me to help you."

She smiled, but, in the language of the duelists, instead of "abandoning to him the choice" of pots, she pointed to both, and smiled again. The masher put a pot under each arm, and, equipped in that way, went off with the lady. When they came to the Rue du Louvre, 99, she stopped, thanked the dude, and stretched out her beautiful little hands for the flower-pots.

But the masher politely insisted upon carrying them up to her apartment.

"The trouble is," said the lady, "I live on the top floor and there is no elevator."

"I would not be surprised if you told me that you lived way up in heaven. Angels live there," said the enthusiastic masher.

"Well, come, then," said the lady, in the golden tones in which the Divine Sarah in "Cleopatra" addresses her Tony.

So up they went until they came to the abode of the sorceress. She rang the bell. Heavy foot-steps were heard inside. The door was opened, and a fine-looking man appeared.

"Allow me to introduce you to my husband, sir," said the lady. "My dear," she added, addressing her inferior portion, "this gentleman has been kind enough to carry these plants for me all the way from the flower-market and up the stairs, too, as you see."

"Good enough," said the big fellow. "Here, my man, here is a twenty-cent piece. Go and get a drink!"

The dude started down the stairs at a lively rate, without waiting for his *pourboire*, and, as he was going down, he could hear the ringing laugh of the lady and the hoarse "ha! ha!" of the happy husband.

"How do you feel?" asked the sheriff, with morbid curiosity. "Who, me?" said the star performer in the hanging; "I feel just about ready to drop."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE ORIGINAL McKINLEY SONG.

[The following verses were written by Lloyd Wyman, of Painesville, O., in the summer of 1891, when Major McKinley first ran for governor. They appeared in the *Cleveland Leader*, and, though the captious may cavil at the poetry, the people indorsed the sentiments, and it soon became a popular campaign song.]

BILL McKINLEY DID IT.

The autumn days are with us
And winter's near at hand,
And soon the snow will drift and blow
And cover all the land;
Yet have no fear, for labor's dear,
And soon our purse will fill—
And Bill McKinley did it
With his big McKinley Bill!

The green wheat carpets all the plains,
The corn-shocks stand a-row;
The starving thousands of the East
Will watch the overflow.
Our herds are thick in every vale,
Our flocks on every hill—
And Bill McKinley did it
With his big McKinley Bill!

In every street, the happy feet
Of well-paid laboring ring,
The hearts are light, the homes are bright,
Where wives and children sing,
The hearts are light, the tin-pail bright,
The faces brighter still—
And Bill McKinley did it
With his big McKinley Bill!

Our ships are crowding every wharf,
Our steam-cars thunder by—
Swift shuttles of the loom of toil,
From east to west they fly.
They bear the food from farm to mine,
The ore from mine to mill—
And Bill McKinley did it
With his big McKinley Bill!

The world moves faster every hour;
The wheels begin to hum.
To-day is but an earnest of
The brighter days to come.
So here's a health wish hring us wealth,
Let's give it with a will—
Three cheers for Bill McKinley
And his big McKinley Bill!

A Sinking Fund

Of vital energy is easily and pleasantly replenishable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an invigorant without a peer, and will speedily infuse fresh stamina into an enfeebled physique. Besides this, it averts and remedies malaria, and subdues bilious, kidney, dyspeptic, and rheumatic ailments. The nervous derive great benefit from its use.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Ells—"Why did you get a divorce from your husband?" Stella—"Incompatibility. He didn't ride a wheel."—*Puck*.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION. TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH.



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• AVOID IMITATIONS.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1896. Complic... (Via Honolulu)... Saturday, June 20. Gaelic... (Via Honolulu)... Thursday, July 2. Doric... Tuesday, July 2. Belgic... Saturday, August 8. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska. A. M. June 18, 28, July 3, 13, 23, 28. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 13, 18, 23, 28, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pemona*, at 2 P. M. June 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. June 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, June 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, June 2, 27, and 29th of each month thereafter. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. 6 DAYS ONLY, to AUSTRALIA, HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND. S.S. AUSTRALIA

S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, June 25, at 2 P. M. S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Saturday, July 11, at 10 A. M. Special party rates. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic... July 1 Adriatic... July 29
Germanic... July 8 Teutonic... August 5
Teutonic... July 15 Teutonic... August 12
Britannic... July 22 Britannic... August 19

Saloon rates, \$60 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin rates, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Williams-Tucker Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Clare Tucker and Mr. Philip A. Williams took place last Monday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 2114 Vallejo Street. The bride is the daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Tucker, formerly of Oakland, who was a prominent pioneer of this city. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, of this city. The young couple are well known in society circles on both sides of the bay. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the bride, only relatives and a few very intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. W. W. Moreland, pastor of St. Luke's Church. Miss Mae Tucker was the maid of honor, and Mr. E. S. Heller acted as best man. After the wedding and its attendant congratulations, a supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left Tuesday on the steamer *Australis* to visit the Hawaiian Islands. They will be away several weeks.

The Parker-Young Wedding.

Miss Louise E. Young and Mr. Stafford H. Parker were united in marriage last Monday noon in Trinity Church by Rev. George Edward Walk. A few relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a breakfast at the home of the bride. Among those present were:

Rev. and Mrs. George Edward Walk, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. George H. Huntsman, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Miss Gwin, Misses Huntsman, Mr. William H. Fisher, Mr. E. L. Parker, and Mr. Edward Thomson.

The Gibbs Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schelluyne Gibbs celebrated their golden wedding last Wednesday evening at their residence, 722 Post Street, where they hospitably entertained a large number of their friends, and received not only their congratulations, but many golden tokens of their esteem. Although they have both passed the period of threescore-and-ten, they are in the full possession of health and are as active as many of their juniors. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs were married in Brooklyn, N. Y., just fifty years ago last Wednesday, and arrived in this city in April, 1849. Mr. Gibbs has been prominently identified in the world of commerce here since then. He was one of the founders of Trinity Church, one of the principal promoters of the Young Women's Christian Association, was twice elected president of the Society of California Pioneers, and for the past two years has been president of St. Luke's Hospital. Mrs. Gibbs has been especially notable in her charity work and as an hospitable entertainer.

The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by their two daughters, Mrs. John Stafford, wife of Lieutenant Stafford, U. S. A., and Miss Martha P. Gibbs, and by Mrs. W. C. Gibbs, Miss Harriet Gibbs, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. J. R. Walker, Jr., Mrs. George C. Cobb, and Mrs. Eli Lewelling. A feature of the reception was the exhibition of a piece of the original wedding-cake that did service a half-century ago, the white kid gloves and lace handkerchief that Mrs. Gibbs wore, and the white brocaded waistcoat that the groom wore on his wedding day. A string orchestra played during

the reception, and refreshments were served. The pleasant affair came to an end at midnight.

The Hotel del Monte.

The beautiful weather is attracting many visitors to the Hotel del Monte. The surf and tank-bathing, the famous seventeen-mile drive, and the tennis-courts, all have their patrons, and there is no lack of other attractions. Among those at the hotel now are:

Mrs. E. J. de Saota Marin, Miss de Santa Marina, Miss Polastre, Mrs. Hager, the Misses Hager, Miss Lucas, Mrs. C. Simpkins, Miss Throckmorton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Bergen, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Foster, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, and Mr. Barry Coleman, of San Francisco.

Among those who have engaged rooms for the season up to July 1st are:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilcox, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Adam Groat, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Dean, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brugiere, Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Miss Jennie Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Spreckels, Lieutenant and Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Jerome, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tuhls, Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., and Miss Laura Bates.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

There are quite a number of guests now at the Tavern of Castle Crag enjoying the picturesque attractions of that delightful mountain resort. Among those who are there are:

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dooty and Miss Rowe, of San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink, Miss Klink, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reed, Mrs. H. W. Reed, Mr. W. H. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Rounselle Wildman, Mrs. H. E. Huotington, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Dr. C. W. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Goewey, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Mr. Herbert Goewey, Mrs. A. P. Whitell, Miss Florence Whitell, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Master N. T. Shaw, Mrs. Lester A. Beardslee, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. W. Van Bergen, Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken and family, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard and Miss Frances Howard, of San Mateo; and Mrs. P. C. Pope, of Mare Island.

Those who have engaged rooms, and the dates on which they are expected, are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrio and Miss C. M. Dunn, June 20th; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tuttle and family, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant and family, June 22d; Captain and Mrs. J. J. Brice, U. S. N., June 24th; Mrs. General Williams and Miss Fillmore, June 28th; Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses King, June 30th; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, and Miss Mary Bell Gwin, July 1st.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Ella Hobart has selected her bridesmaids, who will comprise Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Florence Mills, and Miss Juliette Williams. There will be no maid of honor.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Upson and Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett will take place next Wednesday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. L. S. Upson, in Sacramento. Mr. Hanchett is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, and brother of Mrs. George Crocker and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Delmas, daughter of Mr. D. M. Delmas, of this city, and Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald Kenny, of Dublin, Ireland, will take place to-day in London.

Miss Alice Voorman was married last Wednesday evening to Mr. Heber Cody Tilden at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry Voorman, on Bush Street. Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Church, officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Ida Voorman, Miss Mattie Whitier, Miss Flint, and Miss Griswold, as bridesmaids. The affair was very pleasantly celebrated.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lena Schell and Mr. Wilson Underhill, of Fresno. Miss Schell is the daughter of Judge G. W. Schell, of this city, and Mr. Underhill is the son of Mr. W. W. Underhill, of New York city. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday afternoon, July 1st.

Richard Harding Davis at Moscow.

Richard Harding Davis attended the coronation of the Czar as a reporter, and since then the New York papers have been having much fun with Mr. Davis. The *Tribune* in particular daily devotes a certain amount of space to Mr. Davis, and invariably spells his name with capitals and spells Czar Nicholas with a small c and a little n. Throughout all the paragraphs referring to Mr. Davis, he is the only person who enjoys capitals. This is a sample of the style in which Mr. Davis is handled: "Now that Mr. Richard Harding Davis has got the czar nicholas crowned, all the russians will breathe more freely. It is true that he first cabled to New York: 'I have just returned from the kremlin; moscow is wild with enthusiasm.'" Whether the enthusiasm was caused by the appearance of the Czar or the disappearance of Mr. Davis is not stated. Another handle was given to the lampoons upon Mr. Davis by the fact that Mr. Hearst, his editor, printed at the beginning of his article a portrait of Mr. Davis, with a semicircular background, giving somewhat the effect of a halo.

He—"Would you marry me if I were poor?" She—"No; I wouldn't marry a man unless I loved him."—*Fuck.*

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

It is rumored that Rear-Admiral Francis A. Ramsay, U. S. N., the present chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and who is to be retired next spring, will take command of the Pacific Squadron in August, succeeding Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., whose two years of sea-duty expire that month.

Surgeon H. T. Percy, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monterey* to take the place of Surgeon R. Whiting, U. S. N., who has been ordered home and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. N., sailed for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamship *Australis*. Lieutenant-Colonel William Sinclair, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., for duty. He was recently promoted from the rank of major of the Second Artillery.

Colonel R. E. Crofton, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding Fort Sheridan, Ill., has been found physically incapacitated for further active service by the surgeon at that post.

Mrs. John Gibbon, widow of the late General Gibbon, U. S. A., is visiting her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward F. Moale, U. S. A., at Fort Snelling, where she will remain during the summer.

Captain Louis Kempf, U. S. N., is at Chevy Chase, Md. He is on duty in Washington, D. C., as a member of the Examining Board.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Guenther, U. S. A., commander of the post at Alcatraz Island, and Miss Guenther left Tuesday on the steamship *Australis* for a trip to Honolulu.

Chief-Engineer C. W. Roche, U. S. N., will be placed on the retired list on July 3d.

Chief-Engineer J. H. Perry, U. S. N., will be detached from the Bureau of Steam Engineering on July 15th, and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Chief-Engineer R. W. Milligan, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Monterey* on July 15th, and ordered to duty in connection with the *Oregon*.

Lieutenant William Kilburn, U. S. N., has been detached from the Hydrographic Office and ordered to the *San Francisco* per steamer of July 4th.

Lieutenant F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Thetis* on July 1st, and ordered to the *Independence*.

Ensign Yates Stirling, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Major Edward Field, Second Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed inspector of artillery in the Department of California. He was recently promoted from the rank of captain of the Fourth Artillery.

Lieutenant Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., has gone to Europe.

Lieutenant Frank H. Dimock, U. S. R. C. S., has been placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant W. H. Hart, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will soon be transferred to Troop H, Seventh Cavalry.

Lieutenant Lucien Young, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Deloit* at the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and assigned to the *Independence*.

Californians in Paris.

There is quite a knot of Californians at present in Paris. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Miss Emma Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Madge Carroll, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague gave a dinner-party a fortnight ago at their home, among the guests being several of those mentioned above. Mr. Sprague and Mr. Webster both won valuable prizes at the Great International Pigeon-Match. The Grand Prix de Madrid was won by George Work, of New York. Mr. Webster had left Paris to attend the Derby at last advices, and expects to sail for home July 1st.

Mr. Alexander Center invited some fourscore gentlemen to a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club on Thursday, the eighteenth instant, to meet His Excellency Hoshi Toru, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from the Empire of Japan.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.]

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.

Moet's, 75 shillings.

Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—FOR ILLUSTRATING summer outings we have new cameras, '96 patterns, from \$5.00 to \$25.00. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market St.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—HERALDIC ENGRAVING—COATS-OF-ARMS, crests, mottoes, and book plates. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

HATS

STRAW HATS
DERBYS
FEDORAS

LATE STYLES
GOOD QUALITY
LOWEST PRICES

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HARLOE'S

237 KEARNY ST. Phone Red 361

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

PERUVIAN
BITTERS

There's a store in town where all the plain substantial things are out of sight and the pretty things are conspicuous; so that it looks as if the store had nothing but pretty things in it.

That's Crocker's stationery store.

Just like Crocker's engraving: the beauty is on top; and, when you look closely, you see that nothing is overlooked.

Cards, invitations, announcements, etc.

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STROZYSKI
LEADING LADIES' HAIR DRESSER
REMOVED TO 24 GEARY ST.

Depot for French Hair Restoratives and finest French Toilet Articles. Gray and bleached hair restored to its natural color. Ladies' and children's hair dressed, cut, singed, and shampooed by the latest process. Hair-dressing for brides and veil adjusting a specialty.

POPULAR PRICES.

CAPITOLA

Is charmingly situated on the shores of the Bay of Monterey, four miles east of Santa Cruz, on the line of Broad Gauge Railroad. Thousands visit this resort yearly to enjoy the surf bathing, salmon and trout fishing. The hotel is situated at the very water's edge; surf bathing and hot salt water baths; furnished and partly furnished cottages and provisions for amusement and recreation, are all hefting a first-class seaside resort. Free camping ground. Address F. REANIER, Superintendent, Capitola.

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
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Possesses in the highest degree the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark. Endorsed by the medical faculty as the best remedy for FEVER AND AGUE, MALARIA, POORNESS OF THE BLOOD, GENERAL DEBILITY AND WASTING DISEASES; INCREASES THE APPETITE, STRENGTHENS THE NERVES and builds up the entire system.

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the lightest,
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cake, biscuit and bread,
ROYAL
Baking Powder
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VAN NESS SEMINARY
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A Boarding and Day School for Girls, under the joint direction of Miss Sarah D. Hamlin and Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson. Departments of school work from Kindergarten through College Preparatory.
Fall term opens Wednesday, August 5th.

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Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.Summer Session at BLUE LAKES,
LAKE COUNTY, CALIF.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 10th to August 4, 1896.
First—For the Entertainment and Care of Boys.
Second—For the Instruction of those who wish to make up back work, or to prepare for Fall examinations.

The charge for the session will be \$85; for a shorter period, \$12 per week. Payable in advance. Instruction fifty cents per hour.
ARTHUR CROSBY,
Head Master.
Sau Rafael.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

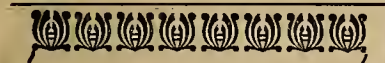
ANNOUNCEMENT OF COURSES, 1896-97

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Faculty of Arts and Sciences,
Also descriptive pamphlets of all departments of the University are now ready, and may be had on application to the Corresponding Secretary of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA SEMINARY.
1325 N. Broad St., Phila. College preparatory. Languages, Art, Music, etc. 26th year. For circular address REBECCA E. JUDKINS, Principal.

ANNUAL MEETING.
The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

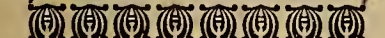
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.



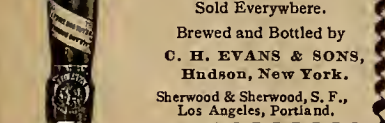
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Special designs for trophies for the ladies. Oxidized steel cases, with emblems in gold and silver. Unique and beautiful, but not very expensive. We can show you a good line of these outing watches—*if you call this week.*

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New Office in the Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Turn it
Upside-down:

It won't hurt it.
There are no drugs or sediment at the bottom.
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When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.
Sold Everywhere.
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have been prescribed with great success for more than 50 years, by the leading physicians of Europe, in the treatment of female patients. Specially recommended for
Poorness of the Blood and Constitutional Weakness.
Imported by E. Fongera & Co., N. Y.
To avoid imitations BLAUD is stamped on each pill.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mollie Thomas are passing the summer in Ross Valley.

Miss Romietta Wallace will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Ethel, Helen, and Bertha Smith have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Mr. William S. Blair and his sister, Miss Jennie Blair, have been visiting health resorts in Lake County recently.

Miss Frances Curry will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Daisy Van Ness will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll and the Misses Lizzie and Gertrude Carroll will pass the next four weeks in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, who are now at Menlo Park, will be at the Hotel del Monte during August.

Mrs. F. B. Lewis and Miss Mabel de Noon will pass the summer in Southern California.

Miss Ella Goodall, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mr. Hugh Tevis is en route home from the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, nee Simpkins, are occupying their cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. Frank A. Greenwood is passing the season at San Rafael.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace met with a sad affliction recently by being stricken with almost total blindness for several days. The trouble was caused by a severe nervous prostration. She is now improving in health, and her complete recovery is assured.

Miss May Clark has returned from the East, and will spend the summer with her sisters in San José.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and family have left Bakersfield, and are occupying the cottage of Mr. Roy Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is visiting in Washington, D. C. Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Flood will leave New York to-day en route to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt have leased the Carolan cottage at Burlingame for the season.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley will leave this city to-day to pass the remainder of the season at her country home, "Owl's Wood," at Corte Madera, in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Richard Tobin and the Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin are occupying the Ripley cottage at Burlingame.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and family will pass the season in the Berry cottage at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Susie Blanding are passing the summer at the Bradford cottage in San Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith and the Misses Griffith are occupying the Connor cottage in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond will leave Pretoria, South Africa, next Monday, for England.

General Nathaniel Harris left on Wednesday for a brief visit to Portland, Or.

While riding a spirited horse at his ranch near Auburn, a few weeks ago, Mr. J. Hodges Toler, who was recently married to Miss Florence Reed, of this city, was violently thrown. His collar-bone was broken, and he received other injuries and bruises. He is rapidly recovering, however, and will soon be entirely well.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying a cottage in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods is passing several weeks in San José.

Mr. Paul Jarboe returned from Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mrs. James Phelan and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams will pass the summer at Castle Crag and Del Monte.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne and Mr. Thomas O. Larkin left on Friday to view the water carnival at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., of Fruitvale, will pass the summer at Castle Crag and Del Monte.

Mr. George Loughborough has returned to the city for a brief visit, after a prolonged absence in Mexico.

Miss Anna Hobbs has been passing the week in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth are passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mrs. William L. Ashe and family are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz for the season.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Miss Morrow, and Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., are at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. William F. Bowers will pass most of the summer with friends in Seattle.

Mrs. Duke Baxter is here from El Montecito, Santa Barbara County, on a visit to her mother, Mrs. William Macdonald, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. F. M. Hatch, wife of the Hawaiian minister to the United States, has returned from Washington, D. C., and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. G. Hawes, in Santa Rosa. Mrs. Hatch was formerly Miss Allie Hawes, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Davis have leased the Crosby cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. Henry Glass is occupying the cottage of Mr. Frank S. Johnson in San Rafael during his absence in New York.

Mr. Robert P. Wieland will leave next month to make a tour of the world.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, and the Misses Sadie and Grace Hecht are occupying "Meadowlands," the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. de Young at San Rafael.

Mrs. S. W. Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman left last Thursday to visit Alaska. When they return they will pass the remainder of the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. D. E. Allison is visiting friends in New York city, and will return home in July.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele and family and Miss Bennett are at the Steele country-seat, "Felicidad," Salmon Falls, near Auburn, in Placer County.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes

McLaughlin, of Santa Cruz, are at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot were in Paris recently. Miss Clara Taylor is visiting at Paso Robles.

Miss Susie Wells and Miss Sallie Fields are passing a few weeks at Cazadero.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eelden are in San José for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott will be at Castle Crag during July. They are now at Santa Cruz.

Miss Daisy Ryan, of Menlo Park, has been visiting Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, of San José, have secured rooms at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Shortridge and Miss Vesta Shortridge, of San José, will soon leave to visit Honolulu for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, nee Badlam, are visiting health resorts in Lake County.

Mr. Albert Wieland and Mr. John Siebe arrived here from Japan on the *Coptic* last Tuesday, after making a tour of the world.

Mrs. Charles E. Green and family are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. Albert Ehrenberg will leave in about a week to make a tour of Southern California.

Mr. S. C. Pardee has gone East on a brief visit. When he returns he will go to San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nagle Burk, of San José, visited here during the early part of the week.

Mrs. Volney Spalding is making a prolonged visit at Paso Robles.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow arrived in New York city last Sunday.

Mr. Henry W. Hyman and family are passing the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. George H. Rice and Miss Birdie Rice are at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crow are giving a house-party at El Rancho de Cuervo, Crow's Landing, in honor of Miss L. Dorothy Steffens, of Sacramento, prior to her departure for Europe. The other guests are Miss Evelyn Bell, of Atlanta, Ga., the Misses Crow, of San José, Mr. Robert Bradford Marshall, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Albert Jack, of Paso Robles, Mr. William C. Cressey, and Mr. Glenbard Crow.

Mr. D. M. Delmas is passing the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels is at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Florinne Brown, of Oakland, will pass the summer at Capitola.

Mr. James N. Suydam and Mr. Charles H. Suydam sailed for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamship *Australia*.

Colonel William Macdonald sailed on the steamship *Australia* last Tuesday to visit Honolulu.

Mr. Tarn McGrew sailed for Honolulu last Tuesday. He may go to Corea, in which case he will be absent for some years.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left last Thursday to visit Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane; he will be away about two weeks. Upon his return, he will go to Del Monte to witness the fiesta.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Prince and Princess Poniatowski will return from the East late in June.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, who is visiting in Portland, Or., is expected home late next week.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle will leave soon to pass several months in Southern California.

Mrs. George D. Strickland, daughter of Mr. Arpad Haraszthy, left last Wednesday for Medea, Penn., where her husband is dangerously ill.

Miss Susie Russell has returned from a visit to friends in San José.

Dr. L. Neumann will pass the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods is passing the summer in San José.

Miss Beaver, Miss Etzel Beaver, and Miss Fitch are visiting at Coronado Beach.

Mr. E. H. Kittredge and family, of Oakland, have leased a cottage near Los Gatos for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison have been passing the week in San José.

Fireworks.

Save time and money and patronize home industry by buying an assorted case of fireworks from the California Fireworks Co., 219 Front Street.

—THE POPULAR MANUFACTURERS OF BATHING suits, bicycle suits, sweaters, and knitted goods are going to remove from their old quarters, where they have been located for the last twenty years, to the more central location at 103 and 105 Post Street, upstairs, on or about July 6th next. We refer to J. J. Pfister Knitting Co., now at 120 Sutter St., S. F.

—KODAK, KODET, BULL'S-EYE, BULLET, Premo, Poco, Hawk-Eye cameras, '96 models, from \$5.00 upwards. Everything new and fresh in photography. Developing and printing. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market St.

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A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

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SPEND IT AT
THE SEA BEACH HOTEL,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

Now under the proprietorship of MR. JOHN R. CHACE. It is the ideal health and pleasure resort, nesting in a very hower of loveliness. For further information address
J. R. CHACE,
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FOR SALE.

A California Country Home

Just the Place for One Desiring
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Climate.

A man of means who is brain-weary and who desires to live in the country, and grow young again, can find an ideal home in the pure atmosphere of Santa Cruz County upon a ranch of ninety acres. The ranch has upon it a commodious residence fully furnished, and with modern improvements; a good barn, and all necessary out-buildings. The orchards are planted to apples, olives, nuts, and prunes, all bearing, with sufficient yield to give a man all the outdoor occupation he desires. Situated not far from a railroad station.

On the place are horses, cows, poultry, wagons, carts, and all needful farming implements. Immediate possession. The owner's reason for selling is that he has recovered his health here and desires to return to active business.

Parties desiring such a home may address

E. K. ALSIP & CO.,
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2 FAMOUS SUMMER RESORTS 2
Representing the Seaside and Mountain Interior of Central California. Both noted for efficient management.

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On the Great Scenic Route between San Francisco and Portland, Or. Elevation 2,100 feet. Magnificent views of Mount Shasta and The Craggs. For further information address

GEO. SCHÖNEWALD, Manager,
Tavern Castle Craggs, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

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"The Queen of American Watering Places." Always Open. ONLY THREE AND ONE-HALF HOURS from San Francisco by Express Trains of the Southern Pacific Company. For further information address

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To the popular resorts of the great

Shasta Region,

Castle Crags,
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All under the brow of the great mountain monarch, and in the midst of many of the most picturesque scenes in America.

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Santa Cruz Mountains,

Are such delightful retreats as

Alma, Wrights, Laurel,
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Boulder Creek.

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Send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for folders giving complete information about the resorts of the State, how to reach them, rates, etc., or apply to any S. P. Co. agent.

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Church and Opera Chairs.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hazel—"I wonder why he has never said that he loves me." Nutte—"Perhaps he has not dared to interrupt you."—Truth.

Pertinent: Sam—"Whar yo' gait all de hens, Jim?" Jim—"Raised um." Sam—"Fum whar—eggs or coops?"—Puck.

Rivals: "I must say," remarked the armless wonder, "that I never saw anything so remarkable in the Venus de Milo."—Puck.

The count—"In French we call it 'dot.'" Her father—"You just call it 'dough'?" That's what some folks call it in English."—Puck.

Friend—"Do you always wait for inspiration before you write a poem?" Author—"No. I always need ten dollars."—Somerville Journal.

Her father—"Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Suitor—"Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."—Philadelphia American.

She—"When they hear you are going to be married, dear, won't they raise your salary?" He—"I am afraid not, darling; they have heard it so often before."—Truth.

Tom Toppnot—"Hullo, Jack! how do you do?" Jack Plunger—"I (hic) do as I (hic) blame please, thank you." Tom Toppnot—"I see—when does your wife get back?"—Judge.

Tommy—"Paw, what is a designing villain?" Mr. Figg—"Oh, the description would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Poor Dick is gone! He was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?" "Yes, indeed! He left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out on our new cinder path."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Waddington?" "No. I don't think the best dinner on earth is sufficient compensation for making one's self agreeable for three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Record.

Rugby—"Our landlady is one of the most expert calculators in town." Wilkins—"Is she?" Rugby—"Yep. We had beans for dinner to-day, and she asked me how many I would have."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"It seems to me that, under certain circumstances, a minister might be justified in using another minister's sermon." She—"Under what circumstances?" He—"Well, for instance, if it was a very short sermon."—Puck.

Old lady—"Poor fellow! I suppose your blindness is incurable. Have you ever been treated?" Blind man—"Yes, mum, but not often. 'Tain't many as likes to be seen going into a bar-room with a blind beggar."—Hartford Times.

Tom—"Why have Dick and Grace quarreled?" Hazel—"They are both learning to ride the bicycle, and last week they met each other in the park. She tried to bow to him, and he tried to raise his hat, and each blames the other for the result."—Truth.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"I should not think that piano-tuning would be a very lucrative occupation in this region—pianos are not very plentiful here, are they?" Piano-tuner—"Well, no; but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barbed wire fences on the side."—Puck.

Tom—"Where shall you stop—at the Baldorf?" Harry—"I hope so. I'm afraid, however, that Parker will hear I'm in town, and insist upon my putting up with him." Tom—"Don't you like Parker?" Harry—"Yes, very much; but he has three daughters, and I don't know if I can afford it."—Bazar.

Guy—"Could you spare me a cigarette?" Gontran—"My dear fellow, my doctor has strictly forbidden me to smoke." A fortnight later Guy meets his friend puffing away at a splendid Havana. Guy—"I thought you had to give up smoking?" Gontran—"Oh, my doctor died a week ago."—Le Figaro.

First lawyer—"I was looking over my boy's geometry lesson last night. I was quite interested in that proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles." Second lawyer—"That isn't very complicated." First lawyer—"No; but I was trying to think what a man could do if he had the other side of the case."—Puck.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

When baby is teething or feverish, ask your druggist for Steedman's Soothing Powders.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

BRANDS OF RUBBER HOSE AND BELTING
MANUFACTURED BY
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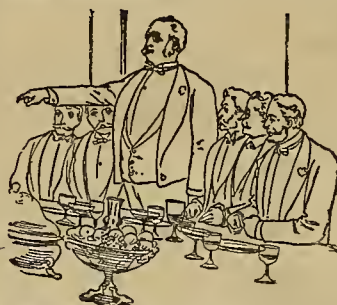
577 and 579 Market Street, San Francisco.

A YOST DOES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORK
UNITED TYPEWRITER AND SUPPLIES CO., 663 Market Street.



Mrs. Margaret Treadwell, of Milburn, Long Island, in an interview had with her on the 24th day of May, 1895, said: "Two years ago I had the Grippe, and since then I have never been real smart. Nothing that I ate seemed to set well on my stomach. I ain't been much of a hand for doctoring, but I tried different kinds of herb teas, but they didn't seem to do much good—Catnip was the best, but I got kind of set against that. One day a lady asked me if I would try some of her medicine—Ripans Tabules, she called them. They seemed harmless-like, and Richard he took some too, and whatever they are made of I don't know, but they beat all the herb teas, and we ain't felt so well in years. We work on the farm all day now and eat our three regular meals, and all kinds of victuals seems to agree with us. My advice is, don't bother with herb teas when you can get these Ripans Tabules, and don't besitate, as I did, about taking them. They won't hurt you. (Signed), "MRS. MARGARET TREADWELL."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything?" Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMANUS sends 'em to him."

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VOL. XXXVIII. No. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 29, 1896.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 245 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Bevis Buildings, Chancery Lane. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brenand's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Among the curiosities of the Republican convention, one of the most notable was the wave of hysterical feeling excited by the defection of Senator Teller and the other silver bolters. Large bodies of human beings are a good deal like bands of herp. They are at times led in various directions without reason. We can readily understand the emotion of Senator Teller at leaving the party with which he had been

connected for so many years. But why the convention should have been "moved almost to tears," and why it should have "vigorously applauded" the treacherous Teller and his fellow-traitors, we can not understand. According to the press reports, the bolters "marched proudly toward the door opposite the platform, between the lines of their former brothers-in-arms. Then, moved simultaneously by the same impulse, the entire convention sprang to its feet and burst into applause. Such staid citizens as Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas C. Platt, William Brookfield, Cornelius N. Bliss, and S. V. R. Cruger shouted and waved hats and handkerchiefs with the same enthusiasm which was manifested by the unseasoned youngsters from the Far West and South. All were carried out of themselves and away from politics by what looked like self-sacrifice for a principle. Scarcely a delegate in the entire body retained his self-control. The band struck up "The Red, White, and Blue," and again the delegates and spectators, moved by a common impulse, burst into song, and for five minutes the tremendous chorus resounded through the great auditorium."

We are writing at a distance from the convention, out of its heat and noise, and unaffected by its fits of hysteria. Therefore we freely confess that we do not see why staid citizens like Chauncey Depew should burst into tears or throw up their hats over the defection of some treacherous Republicans from the silver States. Nor do we understand why delegates and spectators should burst into roars of applause, nor why the band should play "The Red, White, and Blue." It does not strike us as being an occasion for congratulation, and if the band played anything, it should have played that melody which sounds in the ears of disaffected soldiers when they are drummed out of camp.

In Senator Teller's speech, he dwelt upon the fact that he had been a Republican since the birth of the Republican party. That is true. But let him look back over the lapse of years, and contrast the birth of that party with the birth of the recent misbegotten bolt where he has acted as midwife. When all is said and done, the motives which actuated the silver bolters are not noble ones. The Scripture says: "The love of money is the root of all evil." While many men secretly love money, most of them are openly ashamed of that love. There is no vice so despised as parsimony in youth, none so common yet so unlovely as avarice in age. Poets and playwrights, in all ages and all countries, have held the usurer up to public scorn. Shylock, the Jew whom Shakespeare drew, is one of the most abject characters in dramatic fiction. Children are taught from their infancy to despise misers. All revere the acts of those broad-minded and generous men and women who give away their fortunes, either before or after death, for the founding of institutions of charity or of learning. Prodigality, although a weakness, is one that is looked upon with more indulgence than any other human weakness. Even the youthful spendthrift, who throws away his money on horses or cards, is generally looked upon with indulgent eyes. While money need not be despised, still "the love of money" can be, and is, as the good book says.

Yet upon what is Senator Teller's bolting silver party founded but upon "the love of money"? There is no great moral principle underlying this bolt. It is simply a question of the silver bolters forcing their fellow-citizens to pay more for their silver than those fellow-citizens think it is worth. It is a question of how much a certain mineral product is worth an ounce. It is a question of how much profit a man can make on a mineral which he has dug out of the bowels of the earth. It is purely a question of money, a question of the love of money, a question of that love of money which is the root of all evil.

Contrast this ignoble infancy with the birth of the Republican party. It was on the twenty-ninth of May, 1856, that the Republican party was born. It was at the Illinois convention, then held, that Abraham Lincoln delivered the greatest speech of his career, that known as the "lost speech." In that convention there were Abolitionists like Owen Lovejoy, Democrats like John M. Palmer, Whigs like

David Davis. They differed on other points, but they were as one in declaring that they would not permit the further spread of human slavery upon free soil. Kansas was then in the hands of a pro-slavery mob. Her governor was a prisoner. Her newspapers were gagged. Her voters were intimidated by pro-slavery ruffians. Charles Sumner, the eloquent senator from Massachusetts and the earnest advocate of human freedom, had just been brutally beaten by a bludgeon in the hands of Brooks, a Southern pro-slavery bully. The men who composed this convention at Bloomington, Ill., knew that although they were of differing political faiths, the only salvation for the country lay in the fact that they should bury their discordant beliefs and agree on the one dominant idea—that slavery should no longer be permitted to extend its slimy coils around free States and Territories.

Man after man spoke before that convention, and finally there was a call for Abraham Lincoln. It was he who, in the fiery crucible of his eloquence, molded and fused the various elements of that convention into pure Republicanism. Such was the intense emotion caused by Lincoln's speech that even the reporters there forgot to take notes, and there is no report of it left except in the memory of those who heard it. Joseph Medill, the veteran editor of the Chicago Tribune, had attended the convention to report it for the paper with which even then, forty years ago, he was connected. But Medill himself says that, after he had written a few paragraphs, he became "so absorbed in Lincoln's magnetic oratory that I forgot myself and ceased to take notes." William Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, was in the habit of taking careful notes of his speeches, but he also says: "At the end of a few minutes I threw away my pen and lived only in the inspiration of the hour." The only attempt at a report is that made by a young lawyer, H. C. Whitney, who was a friend of Lincoln's, and even this is merely a fragment. And it was in that convention in 1856, when the Republican party was born, that Lincoln uttered the famous remark: "We will not go out of the Union and you shall not." It was there that he said to the opponents of the Nebraska bill: "Our weapons must be ballots and not bullets, or at least must not be till nothing else will do." It was at that convention that he said: "The battle of freedom is one to be fought out on principle. We have tempered with slavery from the necessities of our condition, but that black, foul lie can never be consecrated into God's hallowed truth. The repeal of the sacred Missouri Compromise has installed the weapons of violence—the bludgeon, the burning torch, the bristling cannon—the weapons of king-craft, of the inquisition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of oppression. We see its fruits in the dying bed of the fearless Sumner, in the ruins of the Free State Hotel, in the smoking timbers of the Herald of Freedom, in the Free State Governor of Kansas chained to a stake on freedom's soil like a horse-thief for the crime of defending freedom."

It was at that famous meeting, forty years ago, that Lincoln uttered the burning words which so thrilled the souls of those who heard his oratory that even impassive reporters could not take them down. It was at that meeting that the advance of slavery upon free soil was checked. It was at that meeting that the first move was taken toward wiping the black stain of slavery from our starry flag. It was at that meeting that the Republican party, which Senator Teller has just left, came into being, forty years ago.

If Senator Teller and the traitors who followed him shall found a new party, let them contrast the birth of that party with the birth of the one that they have just deserted. Let them reflect upon the principles which actuated the men who made the Republican party in 1856. Let them contrast them with the principles of those who started the Silver party in 1896. In the hearts of the men who founded the Republican party in 1856, there was a pure love of country, an intense love of freedom, and an indomitable determination to strike the shackles from the slave and to prohibit the extension of human slavery upon free soil. In the hearts of

the men who deserted the Republican National Convention in 1896 there was a sordid determination to sell an ounce of silver for a dollar instead of for fifty cents.

The nomination of William McKinley is another evidence that the successor of the State of Virginia, the sometime "Mother of Presidents," is the State of Ohio. President Grant was a native of Claremont County, Ohio; President Hayes was born in Delaware County, Ohio; President Garfield was born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio; President Harrison was born in Hamilton County, Ohio; William McKinley was born in Trumbull County, Ohio. It is a striking fact also that with the drift of population westward, the country has chosen its Presidents from States further west. Another fact of note is that nearly all the Presidents of the United States have been natives or residents of small towns, or living in rural districts rather than in large cities. Washington lived on a plantation in Virginia; Adams lived in the village of Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson resided at Monticello, Va.; Madison lived at Montpelier, Va.; Monroe lived at Oak Hill, Va.; John Adams, the younger, lived at Quincy, Mass.; Jackson lived at his country seat, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn.; Van Buren lived in the village of Kinderhook on the Hudson; the first Harrison lived in North Bend; Polk resided in Nashville, Tenn.; Taylor lived at Baton Rouge; Pierce came from Concord, N. H.; Buchanan lived at Wheatland, Penn.; Lincoln in Springfield, Ill.; Grant in Galena, Ill.; Hayes in Fremont, Ohio; Garfield was from the village of Mentor, Ohio; Andrew Johnson was a resident of Greenville, Tenn. The last two Presidents, however, have lived in cities. Grover Cleveland came from Buffalo, a city which now has a population almost as large as that of San Francisco. Benjamin Harrison resides in Indianapolis, a city with a population of over one hundred thousand.

The fact that the nominee of the Republican party for the office of President of the United States should live in a modest rented house in a small city like Canton, Ohio, is significant. The population of the United States is largely rural. At the last census more than half of our population of 62,000,000 resided in places of less than 1,000 inhabitants. Only a small fraction of the people of the United States live in large cities. We are inclined to believe that there is always a slight feeling among this vast rural population against the dwellers in cities, when it comes to choosing leaders of men. We have often felt it in California. Whenever the two great parties, the Republican and Democratic, are assembled in convention in this State, there is always the same feeling of hostility toward the "city man." It is generally the case that when California wishes to choose a man for the highest office in her gift—that of chief magistrate—she selects him from the interior and not from the metropolis.

So has it been in this case. A man who springs from the people, who is of the people, and who lives among the people, has been chosen by the people as their nominee for the great office of President. He is very near to the people, is William McKinley—much nearer than he would be were he a New York city corporation lawyer.

The auditor of San Francisco has completed his estimate of the amount of money required to pay the expenses of the various departments of the city government during the coming year, and finds, as was to be expected, that the amounts asked for by the heads of the various departments can be extensively scaled down. He has cut the total expenses of the city from \$6,400,610, the amount appropriated last year, to \$5,350,000, or a reduction of more than one million dollars. Instead of a tax rate of \$3.50 on each \$100 of valuation, which would be required should the department estimates be allowed, or of \$2.20, which was levied last year, the auditor's estimate would place the rate for all purposes at \$1.70.

Even this rate is higher than it should be. Until within the last two years the rate has never approached these figures. The city of Boston, with its numerous and expensive public buildings and its extensive municipal activities, gets along with a tax rate of \$1.28. The rate in Pittsburg is \$1.20; in Buffalo it is \$1.62; in Detroit it is \$1.57. There is no reason why the expenses of San Francisco should be higher in proportion than in these cities. There are practically no unusual expenses to be met this year, and the cost of administering the affairs of the city economically should not be in excess of \$4,500,000.

An illustration of the reckless manner in which the department estimates have been made is presented by the action of Street Superintendent Ashworth. He asked for \$1,558,180, which was nearly three times what the department had cost last year. The grand jury began to look into his estimates, whereupon, with a grand flourish of trumpets,

he discharged one hundred laborers on the plea that the fund was exhausted. Further investigation showed that the fund was not exhausted, and then the agile Mr. Ashworth bobbed up with a new estimate. He suddenly discovered that he could run his department for \$475,000—a cut of \$1,113,180 from his former estimate, and a reduction of \$84,000 from the expenses of last year.

There are other departments that could stand a reduction of their estimates, perhaps not so sweeping as that of the street department, but sufficient to make a material difference in the tax rate. For the work of assessing and collecting taxes this city pays \$169,131, while New York city gets the work done for \$145,595. The expense to each person is 51 cents, while in Boston it is 45 cents, and in New York 8 cents. The fire department furnishes protection against fires at an expense of \$2.15 to each resident of San Francisco; in Boston the cost is \$2.06, and in New York it is \$1.12. The health department and hospitals cost 42 cents in San Francisco, and 23 cents in New York. The police department costs \$2.71 in this city, and \$2.59 in Boston. So the comparison might be made with other departments, were it not for the fact that the division of the work in other cities is different from that which obtains here, and the work overlaps in such a way that the segregation of the figures is practically impossible.

If this city were unusually well governed the comparison might not be so humiliating, but the reverse is the case. For many years the administration of New York city was notoriously corrupt and inefficient. Municipal extravagance reached the highest point ever known in the history of the country. Organized corruption was in control, and a struggle extending over twenty years was necessary to dislodge the heelers and ward strikers. To-day the city is fairly well governed, and, as we have seen, many of its departments are administered more economically and more efficiently than those of San Francisco. In the same way the city government of Boston is more efficient than that of this city; vast public enterprises have been inaugurated and carried to successful completion. San Francisco has little to show as a result of the heavy drain upon the tax-payers save an unusually large army of political hangers-on and adventurers.

The condition of the streets is but one illustration of the manner in which the public money has been expended. There is no reason why San Francisco should have the worst streets of any city of its size in the country. The community is not poor. In proportion to population this is the third richest among the large cities of the United States. It is exceeded only by Boston and New York. According to assessed valuation, the per capita wealth of the principal cities is as follows: Boston, \$1,925; New York, \$1,057; San Francisco, \$995; Baltimore, \$608; Philadelphia, \$593; St. Louis, \$540; and Brooklyn, \$472.

An economical and efficient administration of the city's affairs would result in an increase of this wealth; the proposed raid on the treasury would result in decreasing it. The total valuation last year amounted to \$328,537,317. The books of the assessor, when completed, will probably show a valuation of \$340,000,000 this year. The Merchants' Association has proposed that the city's disbursements should be divided into two classes: the current expenses, such as salaries, rent, and other fixed charges, to be paid out of the year's taxes; the expenses for permanent improvements, such as buildings, to be paid for by issuing bonds. Should this plan be adopted, and there is every reason why it should be, the yearly taxes could be brought well within the one-dollar limit. On a valuation of \$340,000,000, the taxes would bring in an income of \$3,400,000. Besides this there is considerable income from other sources. Licenses brought in an income of \$487,000 last year; \$228,500 was received from fees; the State paid \$600,000 as its appropriation of school moneys; the fines amounted to \$30,500; the percentage of the gross income of street railroads received by the city amounted to \$10,000, and the same amount was received as rental for school property. Sundry smaller items increased these receipts \$20,000, making a total of \$1,386,000 received from these sources. Should these receipts be as large this year as last—and they will probably be larger—the total income of the city would be \$4,786,000—a sum sufficient to pay all legitimate expenses of the city government.

The Democratic National Convention will meet at Chicago on July 8, 1896. A special train will leave Oakland on the evening of July 1st, arriving in Chicago on July 5th at eight o'clock in the morning. The delegates-at-large are W. W. Foote, Stephen M. White, James V. Coleman, and James G. Maguire, all of whom intend going on the special train. The delegates from Idaho, Iowa, and Utah will join the Californians at Ogden, and the Wyoming delegates will join them at Cheyenne. The national committeemen from California will doubtless be changed this year. M. F.

Tarpey is the present incumbent, but it is expected that ex-Congressman Thomas Geary will be given the place.

It is a foregone conclusion that the Democratic convention will go for free silver. As we write, the great middle western States—Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio—are holding their State conventions. They are all for free silver, and as they are bound by the "unit rule," all of their delegates will be forced to vote for free silver. The poll of States in the Democratic National Convention is now estimated at 569 for silver and 349 for gold. This is what the *Argonaut* stated some weeks ago, when we said that the Democratic convention would be for silver nearly two to one.

The "unit rule" referred to above constitutes one of the radical differences between the Democratic and Republican conventions. Another is the "two-thirds rule." Although the two conventions consist of practically the same number of delegates, their methods are dissimilar. The delegates are elected on the same plan—two delegates for each electoral vote, one electoral vote for each member of Congress. There are 357 representatives in Congress. Double this is 714. The delegates-at-large are two for every senator. There are 45 States, 90 senators—therefore, 180 delegates-at-large. To 714 add 180 for the delegates-at-large and the total of 894 results. To this, in both Democratic and Republican conventions, there are added a few delegates to represent the District of Columbia and the Territories, which have no electoral votes, and a grand total of 918 results. Both the great conventions are based on this system of representation.

But here the similarity ends. The old Democratic theory of "State's rights" controls the party organization. The theory is that the unit of representation is the State; that State convention meeting has the right to instruct all the delegates to vote as a unit. In 1884, all of the 72 delegates from New York were polled solidly for Cleveland, although one-third of them were bitterly opposed to him. The Republican party does not accept the State as the unit, but the congressional district. An attempt was made in 1880 to introduce the unit rule at the Chicago National Convention in the interest of Grant, but it was voted down. Another rule in the Democratic National Convention is the "two-thirds rule." No candidate can be nominated who does not receive at least two-thirds of the votes of all the delegates. This arose in the ante-bellum days, when the Southern delegates demanded that they should have a veto power over nominations by the North, fearing its increase in population.

These two rules show the hide-bound and retrogressive nature of the Democratic party. The "unit rule" is a survival of the exploded theory of State's rights. The "two-thirds rule" is a survival of the old jealousy of the South against the North. That a Democratic convention should be bound by these obsolete and archaic rules is typical of the party.

The election which took place in the Dominion of Canada on the twenty-third of June, 1896, having largely on the question of non-sectarian schools in Manitoba. Without entering into the intricacies of Dominion politics—which would be difficult to understand, and might not interest our readers—it is sufficient to say that the little Province of Manitoba is struggling hard to defend its educational rights; that the Protestants of Manitoba are opposed to splitting the educational fund and maintaining separate schools for Roman Catholics; that the politicians in other provinces of the Dominion some because of their Roman Catholic majorities and others for political reasons—determined to coerce Manitoba; Sir Charles Tupper found that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec apparently dominated the situation; that, essentially a politician, he ranged himself on their side.

Curiously enough, the result of the election has been that the Tupper government has been badly beaten and Wilfrid Laurier, a Roman Catholic, has been elected. This is really a triumph for the Protestants, owing to the fact that Laurier, although a Catholic, has opposed the methods of Bishop Laflèche and the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and has demanded that Catholics be allowed no political action.

The way in which a Roman Catholic was opposed to Roman Catholics in this election is curious. Laurier refused to allow the bishops and the Roman Catholic priesthood to drive him under the lash of the Roman Church. On the floor of the Dominion Parliament he delivered a long speech against coercing Manitoba into paying for Roman Catholic schools, in which he said:

"So long as I occupy a seat in this House, so long as I fill the which I now do, on every occasion when it shall be my duty to stand upon any question whatever, that stand I shall not take the point of view of Catholicism, not from the point of view of Protestantism, but I will be guided by motives which appeal to the consciences of all men, independent of their faith, motives which animate all men loving justice, liberty, and tolerance."

In addition to this declaration of independence, Laurier refused to conform to the order or "mandate"

of the Bishops of Quebec. To use the language of the *Quotidien*, a Quebec French daily newspaper:

"Mr. Laurier defied their lordships the Bishops of Quebec, refused them all submission, all obedience, all respect for their word. A sentiment of painful stupefaction thrilled the audience. They did not believe that Mr. Laurier would dare publicly to attack the mandement of the Bishops of Quebec and deny their right to dictate to him and his followers the way for the Catholics to follow in the question of the Catholic schools of Manitoba."

This, however, is exactly what Mr. Laurier did. As a result, Bishop Laflèche of Quebec issued the following insolent ukase:

"This is the most outspoken declaration of Liberalism which has ever been made, to my knowledge, in a legislative assembly in this country. The man who speaks this language is a rationalistic Liberal. He formulates a doctrine which is entirely opposed to Catholic doctrine. It means that a Catholic is not required to be a Catholic in public life. This is a fundamental error which can not but be fraught with deplorable consequences. A Catholic can not, without committing a grievous sin, vote for the leader of a party who has formulated such an error, nor for his partisans who support him in such an error, so long as they have not publicly repudiated this erroneous doctrine and taken the solemn pledge of voting for a remedial law accepted by the bishops."

That Wilfrid Laurier, a Roman Catholic, should have the courage to resist such high-handed dictation from a bishop of his church is certainly most extraordinary. The declaration of Bishop Laflèche containing this insolent demand was printed and scattered in thousands as a campaign document throughout the Dominion of Canada. But it did not succeed. We are glad to see by the dispatches that the Catholic vote upon which the double-faced ministry relied has failed them. The Liberals have carried every province except New Brunswick, and possibly that; they have elected as premier a Liberal Roman Catholic who has had the courage of his convictions, and who has defied the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

The federal order in council in the Dominion of Canada of March, 1895, commanded the government of Manitoba to destroy the public-school system. It was called "separating," but practically it was done at the dictation of the Roman Catholic Church, and established Roman Catholic schools with public moneys. It is against this infamous attempt at coercion that the little Protestant province of Manitoba has been fighting. That it has succeeded in its battle against the allied forces of Rome will cause gratification to all lovers of freedom, whatever their religion or race. Had the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Canada succeeded in destroying the public-school system in Manitoba, it would have set back the hands of the clock of civilization in Canada by many centuries.

All honor to Wilfrid Laurier! All honor to this Liberal leader, Frenchman and Catholic though he be. And if in consequence of his taking up the battle for the right as against the wrong, when the right was Protestant and the wrong was Roman Catholic, he should be excommunicated from the faith in which he was born, then we congratulate him, because we think that Wilfrid Laurier—honest man, brave man, and one who fought for the right—would stand higher in heaven on the right hand of God than all the scowling bishops, cowed monks, and black-frocked priests who fight against civilization in the Dominion of Canada.

The adjournment of the Democratic convention, after having nominated delegates to the national convention and candidates for Presidential electors, closes the first stage in the campaign in this State. The next political event of importance will be the meeting of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago next month.

One month ago the election of McKinley to the Presidency seemed a foregone conclusion. No popular leader since the days of James G. Blaine has aroused such popular enthusiasm, or has been looked to with equal confidence to rescue the country from the desperate position into which the Democratic administration has plunged it. Even the mass of the Democrats themselves, disgusted at the maladministration of their representatives in the national government, have despaired of success, and have gone about the preliminary work of the campaign in a spirit of despondency, which even the fervor of their factional fights has not been able to disguise.

A few weeks ago, the Republican party seemed destined to sweep the whole country, and, among the States that appeared upon the Republican column, California stood well in the lead. This State has always been doubtful in political campaigns. In the last eight elections, the vote of California has been given four times to the Republican candidates and four times to the Democrats. In 1872, President Grant, with the prestige that came from his services to the country on the field of battle and in the executive chair, secured a majority of 13,295 votes. But, four years later, the Republican candidate would have been defeated had 700 voters changed their allegiance. At the next election, the Democratic candidate won the day, and a Republican majority of more than 13,000 was changed into a Democratic victory,

with 102 votes to spare. In 1884, the overwhelming popularity of Blaine drew the voters back into the Republican party, and the plurality he received was within 200 votes of Grant's majority. Two years later, the verdict was again reversed, and the Democratic candidate for governor received a plurality of 652 votes. In 1888, the State went Republican by a small majority, and the Republican candidate for governor was elected by about the same plurality two years later. At the last Presidential election, four years ago, the wave of political insanity that swept over the country affected California, and the electoral vote of the State was given to Cleveland by a small majority. Returning sanity carried the State back to the Republican column at the election two years ago, when the Democrats elected only their candidate for governor, while some of the Republican candidates had pluralities ranging as high as 40,000.

The general discontent inspired by the present national administration seemed to assure a victory for the Republican Presidential candidate, whoever he might be, and the popularity of McKinley seemed to render assurance doubly sure. But the action of the convention at St. Louis on the financial question has somewhat dampened the ardor of some of the supporters of the Republican leader. The advocates of silver are numerous in this State. The platform adopted at St. Louis is satisfactory to the advocates of the gold standard, and yet it is not hostile to silver. It pledges the party to use its best endeavors to secure the use of silver by international agreement, but does not consider any one nation to be strong enough to stand out against all the others. This is practically the position that the *Argonaut* has maintained. It is not a position of antagonism to silver, but points out a practicable method of securing the use of both metals.

The financial question, however, is not the only one at issue, nor is the Presidential candidate the only one to come before the people. In the national election there are seven members of Congress to be elected in this State, and upon their selection depends the policy of the government during the next two years. If the Republican candidates are defeated, we may reasonably look to see the present Democratic carnival of misrule continued. In the odd-numbered districts, twenty State senators are to be elected, and whether the presiding officer of the Senate is to be elected is yet to be decided by the supreme court. The question is still open, but, pending the decision, both parties have nominated candidates for lieutenant-governor, the Republican being John C. Lynch, and the Democratic William T. Jeter, who is now serving for the unexpired term under appointment of the governor, and who was the defeated candidate at the last election.

There are also to be elected incumbents for all of the city offices, with the exception of the assessor and the superintendent of schools. These last two hold office for four years, while all other city officers hold for two years only. In view of the many questions that have arisen in the city government during the last two years, this municipal election should not be without interest. The new charter for the city is also to be voted on, and there are several questions of constitutional amendment to be decided.

The problems of this election are, therefore, not alone financial. There are other questions involved that affect the welfare of the country and the prosperity of the citizens as deeply. It is to be confessed, however, that the financial plank in the Republican declaration of principles has at least placed this State in the doubtful column. Defeat is not probable, but it is possible, and it can be averted only by the united and conscientious efforts of those who believe that in the supremacy of Republican principles lies the hope of this country's future prosperity.

The attitude of M. H. de Young on the present Republican platform is extraordinary. For years Mr. de Young's paper, the *Chronicle*, has been a rabid exponent of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Only two papers in the United States have been more heated in their advocacy of free silver—the *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver and the *Tribune* of Salt Lake City. It is not many months since Mr. de Young devoted an entire number of his paper to a history of the coinage of silver, and presented an elaborate brief in favor of unlimited free-silver coinage. Yet now that the Republican National Convention has declared in favor of the gold standard, and against the free and unlimited coinage of silver, Mr. de Young's paper is silent upon silver, yet daily advises his readers to vote the Republican ticket. Was Mr. de Young insincere when he repeatedly said in his paper that free silver was immeasurably more important than protection? Or is he insincere now when he says that protection is immeasurably more important than free silver? Mr. de Young has powerful political reasons for shutting up the stream of free-silver eloquence which has so long deluged his editorial columns. But he had better have a care. He may inflict serious injury upon his newspaper

property by taking a stand hostile to silver. The readers of the *Chronicle* can scarcely have followed implicitly its teachings for so many years without feeling a rude shock at this sudden financial flip-flop and political somersault.

The Associated Press dispatches during the last week have favored the country with a variety of views on the Cuban question. Briefly summarized, these dispatches said on succeeding days that General Fitzhugh Lee, United States Consul-General in Havana, had prepared a special report to President Cleveland; that General Lee's report had been sent by a special messenger, F. M. Ryan, who was then on the way to Washington; that despite the care which General Lee displayed in sending his report by messenger, the Associated Press would kindly take the public into his confidence, and give the substance of General Lee's secret dispatch. This, it appears, condemned the conduct of the Spanish troops, and denounced Captain-General Weyler for the barbarities of his soldiers. The Associated Press dispatches went on to state that, in General Lee's secret dispatch, he said that he "doubted if peace could be made now short of a basis of absolute independence." The Associated Press then had its Madrid correspondent cable that "General Lee's report to President Cleveland had caused much excitement in Madrid. Both political and military leaders say that it will cause his stay in Havana to be a difficult one, and that the Spanish Government will demand his resignation." On the heels of all this, Consul-General Lee wires under date Havana, June 24th: "I have sent no report, by messenger or otherwise, to the President, Secretary of State, or any one else. (Signed), FITZHUGH LEE." It has taken about fifteen columns for the Associated Press to lay this mass of incoherent nonsense before the country.

The advocates of woman suffrage are not letting the grass grow under their feet. They are engaged in active work throughout the State, and judging from articles we see in the interior press, they are making some headway. For example, in the *Fresno Republican* of June 17th there are a couple of columns of interviews with voters of various callings and various shades of politics on the question of according the ballot to women. There are forty-eight brief interviews in the *Republican*; of these, twenty-two men were in favor of woman suffrage, twenty-three opposed to it, and three non-committal.

These figures in the interior journals are rather surprising. It would seem as if the rural voters were much more strongly in favor of giving the vote to women than are the city voters.

The *Argonaut*, as its readers know, has never been in favor of woman suffrage. While it does not believe in taxation without representation—and in this the women have a strong argument, which appeals to every fair-minded man of Republican principles—this journal does believe that government is based on force, and that the physical conditions of women unfit them for the bearing of arms. But the Republican party of California has officially declared for woman suffrage. Therefore this journal will not oppose it. In fact, we are more than half inclined to aid the movement, since the Democratic convention treated the women's committee so cavalierly. We may say to the advocates of woman suffrage that if they accomplish their end, it will not be through the Democratic party, but through the Republican, which is the party of progress, and it behooves them, therefore, to work for the success of the Republican ticket in this State. If they help the Republican party, the Republican party will help them. And it is well to admit frankly that the Republican party is going to need votes in California this fall.

Those San Francisco gentlemen who paid fifteen thousand dollars to watch a fifteen-minute hugging match between two pugilists displayed peculiar taste. Waiving the question of the ethics of prize-fighting, it would certainly seem as though the spectators ought to get something for their money. But in the Corbett-Sharkey "fight," they certainly did not do so. Prize-fighting is not a very elevating sport, but a prize-fight which is not a "fight to a finish" is rather tame. These four-round contests are extremely ludicrous. If anything is well settled in the history of the ring, it is that four-round tontests never are. A fight which is not to a "finish" does not settle anything. In this case, neither Sharkey nor Corbett won, and the only thing settled is that San Francisco—despite the hard times—will put up large amounts of money to see two bruisers "fight" a four-round draw. San Francisco always was a "sucker town." Years ago the city went wild over the Græco-Roman wrestling craze, and paid scores of thousands of dollars to see "wrestling matches," all of which were subsequently proved to be prearranged "fakes."

WILL CALIFORNIA
GO
REPUBLICAN?

A FIGHT WITH A MADMAN.

The Midnight Adventure of a Traveler on a California Railroad.

I was traveling in a "mixed train" on a "jerkwater railroad" in California. These terms obtain in railway parlance. The train consisted of a motley and sinuous length of freight-cars, with two passenger-cars bringing up the rear, one a smoker. I was in the latter, and it was night. At either end a fitful and flickering light faintly illumined the extremities of the car and intensified the darkness of the rest of it. The only other occupant was a man at its further end, who sat directly under the light with his back toward me.

I had been smoking furiously for half an hour, trying to subdue, in the solace of tobacco, the vexation caused by the irritating slowness of the train as it rattled wearily along. For lack of anything better to do, I pressed my face against the window-pane and tried to decipher objects in the outside blackness through which we were moving. Ghosts of telegraph-poles flitted by in regular procession; the rails of a parallel track seemed to be racing with the train and keeping up with it; occasional lights, few and far between, told when a farm-house was passed. This was neither exciting nor entertaining, and I turned from the dreariness without to that within. Then I noticed that the man at the further end had his arm thrown over the back of the seat and his face was turned toward me.

The conductor, with his lantern on his arm, entered at this moment and proved a temporary diversion. Was the train late? Yes, but the time would be made up before we reached the terminus. We had a couple of freight-cars to drop at the next station and a couple to take on, but the delay would be slight. The conductor walked the length of the car, returned, and went into the rear one. Gradually I began to nod. My cigar fell from my fingers, and I leaned sleepily over on my traveling bag beside me. I dozed for awhile until awakened by a jerk from the train. I looked ahead and saw my fellow-passenger. He still had his arm over the back of the seat, and he appeared to be gazing steadfastly in my direction. I noticed he was not in the same seat as before, but in one three or four nearer my end of the car. I was just wondering how long I had been asleep and how long he had been watching me, when I saw him stealthily step into the aisle and sink into the next seat in my direction, his arm over its back and his face toward me as before. I was thoroughly awake and curious now, and a little uneasy to boot. He had gotten into the dark shadows of the car, and all I could discern was his form and the indistinct white disk of his face. Two minutes, and again a cat-like movement and change of seat. I leaned back, feigned sleep, and watched him through partly closed eyelids. This, however, seemed to reassure him, for he advanced two seats in quick succession. I counted the hacks of the seats. He was still six away from me. For a moment I felt inclined to get up and leave the car. I would not have admitted that I was afraid, but there was something decidedly uncanny about the mysterious approach of the stranger in that darkened car, and I began to develop a rather healthy anxiety. Besides, I had forgotten my revolver when leaving home. Had the conductor entered I would have been grateful. Still I was determined to see what the man's object might be. As the rays from the light in my end of the car fell upon him, I was better able to make him out. I could see he was a man of about my own age and physique, with piercing black eyes in which I thought I could detect a suspicion that I was not asleep. As I watched him advance, seat by seat, I wondered if he would attack me, and, if so, how I should repel it. My nerves are pretty good, but they were being sorely tried. Strange as it may seem, even during those critical moments, while I watched him as alertly as he did me, the monotonous rattle of the train got into my head and compelled me to keep note of its regular but unmusical time-beat:

Clack, clack, clickity-clack; clack, clack, clickity-clack—he was but two seats away—*clack, clack, clickity-clack*—he was in the seat immediately in front of me, his face not three feet from my own—*click, click, clickity*—

I could stand it no longer; I opened my eyes and met his gaze. A long moment and then:

"Well?" from me.

"You are my brother William."

It was not a question, but an affirmation, solemnly and slowly made.

"You are mistaken," I began, immeasurably relieved, "I—"

"You *are* my brother William," he repeated, fiercely, "and I shall punish you as you punished me."

At this juncture, without any accountable reason, he paused, as if listening intently, arose, and walked swiftly back to his seat at the extreme end of the car. Thereupon the door opened and the conductor stood beside him. At once he gave him a long and apparently animated recital. Several times he pointed to me.

The railway official came down the aisle, stopped, and looked at me curiously.

"Conductor," said I, "that man is a lunatic."

In a few words, I detailed the actions and the declaration of my fellow-passenger.

The conductor's expression of curiosity changed to one of amazement.

"Why," said he, "I have just been told you did all that yourself. Are you both lunatics?"

I was so astounded that I could think of nothing to say, and sat there looking at the conductor in an incomparably stupid way. That functionary studied me dubiously for awhile, glanced back at the other man, and then, evidently concluding we were both harmless, left the car.

The extraordinary passenger now remained passively in his seat, with his back toward me. In a short while the train stopped. I looked out, but could discover no railway station. A brakeman rushed by me and uncoupled the

forward freight-cars, which the engine pulled away to the station, a quarter of a mile distant, leaving the two passenger-cars standing alone on the plain.

The man ahead did not move. I turned to my bag for a second to get a fresh cigar, and when I looked again, my man had disappeared. I could not believe it possible for him to have left the car within that incredibly short space of time, and I arose quickly and started to go forward. Almost instantly a couple of bullets whizzed past my head and crashed through the glass door behind me. I was dazed for the moment, but two more shots and the falling of broken glass acted as a wonderful impetus, and I dropped to the floor behind the seats. The next shot shattered the lamp at the opposite end of the car. Another, and I was covered with glass from the one above me. That the shooter was a good marksman there was no mistaking. After the lamps were demolished, a perfect fusillade of shots ensued, the most of them apparently being directed at the door to prevent my escape in that direction. I lay perfectly still and tried to think. It seemed a long time before I heard voices on the outside, as the excited passengers and train crew gathered around the car. None of them, of course, dared to enter it. I recognized the voice of the conductor as he said:

"We'll have to wait until they kill each other."

Some moments elapsed, and the firing became less frequent. I began to hope that the ammunition of my would-be murderer was about exhausted. Suddenly it occurred to me that the window might afford me an escape. Cautiously I reached my hand to the one above me, and felt for the catch on the sash. At this very moment my ankle was grasped by the maniac, who had crawled under the seats to me. I think it very possible that I cried out in terror when this happened. In a frenzy of despair I managed to tear myself loose from his grasp, struggled to my feet, threw myself under the seats on the opposite side of the aisle, and began to do some crawling myself. To my utter astonishment my antagonist rushed past me down the aisle. I heard the door slam, but did not know whether he had left the car, or whether he had merely employed a ruse. For several moments absolute stillness reigned, and I had just arrived at the conclusion that the madman had actually departed, when the door was pushed open and the whole interior of the car lit up by a locomotive head-light held by some one on the platform. Back of the light stood the conductor with a pointed rifle.

"Hands up!" he cried, loudly.

It was a remarkable request to make of a crazy man. I thought there could be no harm in obeying the command myself, and did so, half expecting to see the lunatic follow me. The rifle was brought to bear upon me, and a crowd pushed into the car, headed by the man himself who had created all the terror.

"There be is, friends!" he yelled. "Seize him! Don't mind what he says. He'll tell you that I am the lunatic, but don't mind him. My God! what an escape I've had!"

The crowd hore down upon and overpowered me. My struggles only served to convince them that I was the madman.

But yet another surprise was in store for me:

"Here is his revolver," said the conductor, dramatically triumphant, picking up a pistol which was lying on the seat beside my bag, "and here are the exploded shells."

It was true; a handful of them was on the seat.

My bag was searched, but there was nothing in it to establish my identity. All my vociferous declarations and protestations went for naught. Fate seemed to side with my shrewd and cunning enemy, for at the terminus of the road the station-agent handed the conductor the following telegram:

CONDUCTOR OF NO. 7: John Williamson, lately released from asylum here as cured, is on your train. Gave me the slip. Will likely become violent. Have him arrested and returned to asylum.

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON.

Perhaps it was not remarkable, in view of these facts, that I was brought back on the next train, fettered and securely guarded. At the asylum, Mr. William Williamson, whom I resembled considerably, awaited me. But the lunatic who had outwitted me, and who had concocted and almost successfully carried out a plan worthy of the keenest intellect, apparently yet finds his disordered mind good enough for all practical purposes. He has never been captured.

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1896.

In their recent all-night debate on the agricultural land-rating bill, the members of the English House of Commons had not a spur to interest sufficiently sharp to keep them wide awake. Mr. Gladstone's convenient habit of peacefully sleeping in his chair while his opponent is denouncing his views, made an all-night session a matter of indifference to the "Grand Old Man," who could nod five minutes and wake up perfectly refreshed in body and mind. The debaters on the land-rating bill were a sad-looking lot when the gray light came. They were jaded, red-eyed, worn out, and somnolent. To accentuate their sufferings, they were very hungry. "We have nothing to eat," said Mr. Broadhurst, "but poached eggs," toward the close of the sitting. Many members seized this announcement as an excuse to adjourn, but Mr. Balfour shut his ears and would listen to naught but the debate.

The three-year course in American universities seems to be coming. A majority of the Harvard faculty voted, on May 27th, in favor of the adoption of a recognized three-year's course for the degree of A. B. in that college. But it was too slight a majority to have its way.

In India, telegraphic dispatches are headed: "After compliments," the receiving operator writing out a set complimentary formula established by the telegraph company, which is indispensable in Oriental countries.

AN OCTAVE OF SONNETS.

Venus of the Horsetberg.

In a dream-born world on a gleaming throne
Of tourmaline and chrysolite most fair,
Queen Venus sits and combs her golden hair,
Unseen of all men save of them alone
She chooses in fresh youth to be her own.
For them she weaves a magic three-fold soare,
Spun from desire, delight, and fell despair,
To draw them to her hell! All bright things flown
Of all dead worlds obey her voice and spell.
A queen of sated joys and unfulfilled delight,
She reigns supreme in an enchanted night
Where all vain visions of false beauty dwell,
Floating forever in pale, golden light
That glows around her in her shadowy hell!

Delilah.

A spell of death lurks in Delilah's eyes
And the red-golden meshes of her hair
Are wove to make for all men's souls a snare—
A witch's snare of life's most lovely lies,
Her lips with guile of laughter or low sighs,
Who whose idle footsteps pass her lair
To enter io and breathe the enchanted air
Which maddens fools and makes as fools the wise.

When one is captive to her, he shall grieve
A grist of woe by day and dolorous night,
Shorn of his strength, deprived of heaven's glad light,
Scorned, spat upon, in prison-mills confined,
He lives as one accursed beneath the blight
Of the foul spell that made him weak and blood.

Witch Lilith.

Trust not Witch Lilith for her golden hair,
The ivory of her throat or her rose hue,
For she of old twined round the tree that grew
Central in Paradise. With lies most fair
She works her spell of woe on all who dare
The magic of her eye's most potent blue!
If you but kiss her mouth, her tongue anew
Shall hiss its serpent curse. Ah, then beware
Her deadly beauty! But for her no joy
Could eod in pain; no poisons dread and fell,
Would lurk io flowers that lure but to destroy;
Music could have no discords, love could never cloy,
Nor could so earth where seraph souls might dwell
Be foul with veom of her serpent hell!

Jezebel.

With snowy arms and swelling bosom bare,
Queen Jezebel in her high hall of state,
Feasted the brave, the noble, and the great!
Bright gleamed her jeweled frontlet, ad most fair
Shone on her white, curved throat a ruby rare,
Red as shed blood and glowing as the hate
Of famished slaves who stand without her gate,
Clenching their futile hands in vain despair!

Her voice is music, low and soft and sweet
As a clear viol's last sweet, echoing tone;
But harsh and full of discord is the moan
Of piteous childreo, starving in the street.
Close then her gates, and let no sound unmeet
Mar the blent harmonies about her throne!

Diana, the Huntress.

All things are rife with unfulfilled desire,
What seeks Diana on the hills at night
When all the air gleams rhythmically bright
With thrill of moonbeams, rare as if a choir
Sang some sweet tune to love's harmonious lyre?
What seek the blooming orchards, clothed in white,
When May has come and all the world is light
In beauty and unfolding flowers aspire
In odorous prayer for fruit? What mystery lies
Below the glittering surface of the sea
At night when all its mighty floods arise,
Shackled by moonbeams, struggling to be free?
Who knows the answer, let him say for me
What seeks the huntress of the seas and skies.

Cleopatra.

A single blood-drop on her bosom's snow
Proclaims the flaw at which her life found vent—
Whence naked, trembling and ashamed, there went
A soul of many names and centuries of woe!
Helen she was and Sappho! None may know
Her transmutations or the ages spent
In pain of passion ere the spirit pent
In Cleopatra's breast ebb'd wan and slow
Beneath the asp's fell fang. Beware the snake!
For this fair lotus-bloom, the perfumed dower
Of passionate beauty, works a spell of power,
With fleet, Nilotic visioes that forsake
Dreamers who trust them, leaving them to wake
Stung by the asp that lurks below the flower!

Francesca.

What doth love profit now that thou art blown,
Francesca, down the roaring winds of hell,
A joyless ghost of sins outworn, whose spell,
Once sweet as life, brings now but bitter moan,
For memory of dead joys, aforesome known
In lusty spring of life when it seems well
To put away all thought of darkness fell
That reigns where endless death usurps love's throne!
If as thou sayst (as one who weeps and says)
There is in earth and hell no grief like this,
When hopeless Misery thinks on happier days,
Hast thou done well to tread forbidden ways,
Giving fair heaven for one brief moment's bliss,
And thine own soul for one hot, shameful kiss?

Circe.

There is a goddess, Circe, whose red wine
Sparkles in beakers in a king's high hall,
Where like a queen she stands to welcome all
Who come, storm-tossed and weary of the brine.
Most fair she stands and with her smile divioe,
She charms the wayworn wretch to be her thrall;
But he who drinks her wine shall find it gall
Nor shall his soul find rest among her swine.

If thou hast eaten moly and dost bear
A sword whose steel is proof against her spell,
Then fear her not. She has no might to quell
Him whom long pain has taught to do and dare
Whate'er heaven wills. But watch and be thou ware
When first thy parch'd lips taste her potions fell
—From William Vincent Byars's "Glory of the Garden."

A MILLIONAIRE'S SON AT WORK.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt Cut Off by his Father—His Marriage Displeases Papa—He May Have to Go to Work—A Dreadful Outlook.

Rarely has a millionaire marriage been so discussed as the intended one between Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Miss Grace Wilson. The young man's father is so bitterly opposed to the match that all sorts of rumors are afloat. Although the intending bridegroom has not changed his mind, he has been stricken down by an attack of rheumatism which has temporarily unfitted him to don the wedding garments. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., refuses to be interviewed, and simply says to inquirers that his son's marriage is against his wish. Mr. Wilson, the father of the bride-to-be, is also very laconic. But it is apparent that the Wilsons have determined that the wedding shall take place with or without the consent of Papa Vanderbilt, and at present writing it looks as if it would take place very soon, although the bride has determined, it is said, in view of the extreme newspaper notoriety, that it shall be strictly private.

But the opposition of fathers to the marriage of young people is as old as the hills. Young people have always differed with papas and sometimes with mammas as to whom, how, when, and where they should marry. That is not interesting. But what interests New Yorkers is the fact that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the grandson of William H. Vanderbilt, and the great-grandson of old Cornelius Vanderbilt—the tobacco-chewing, swearing skipper who used to run a ferry-boat from New York to Staten Island—that this young man, the son, not of a hundred ears, but of hundreds of millions, should have to go to work. That is what appalls New York.

The father of young Cornelius is supposed to be worth \$100,000,000. His father, William H. Vanderbilt, left an estate supposed to be worth \$160,000,000. There were eight children: Cornelius Vanderbilt, William Kissam Vanderbilt, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, George W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, and Mrs. W. Seward Wehhe. At the time of William H. Vanderbilt's death, there was much comment caused by the fact that all of these children, except the two eldest, were cut off with a shilling—that is to say, with \$10,000,000 apiece. The remainder of the estate—about \$77,000,000—was then divided in equal parts between the two eldest sons, Cornelius and William Kissam Vanderbilt. This, with his equal share in the remainder of the estate, gave the father of the present Cornelius about \$50,000,000. It has, of course, been supposed that the young man would inherit a princely fortune; but if his father holds to his present determination, he not only will not inherit, but he will have to go to work.

Go to work! What a fate for the son of a millionaire! In New York city to-day, I suppose there are thirty thousand men tramping the streets, looking earnestly for that which young Vanderbilt dreads—work. But at the mere idea of a millionaire's son going to work, New York's Four Hundred shudders and shivers, and is almost ill.

What would he work at? How would Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., earn his living? Suppose his *fiancée*, Miss Grace Wilson, were herself as poor as his father hopes he will be—what would they do? Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has just graduated from Yale. His bride is older than he, some say ten years. I suppose if the father remained recalcitrant and Miss Wilson had no means of her own—and as is the custom with most American fathers, Mr. Wilson will probably give her nothing but his blessing until he dies—the young couple would find themselves with no means whatever. What would they do? Take a flat up in Harlem, or go and live in Brooklyn? But even that costs a couple of hundred dollars a month. Given nothing and an outgo of \$200 a month, where are you? That is the condition in which they would find themselves.

Go to work! A millionaire's son going to work! Probably the shame of it would excite some of the other branches of the family to give young Cornelius a small stake to prevent him from soiling his millionaire fingers with the stains of toil. A Vanderbilt at work! Why, even the shade of old Cornelius—who probably spends his time crossing the River Styx in company with Charon, purely through force of habit and because he used to be a boatman himself—even the shade of old Cornelius, if it could revisit the glimpse of the moon, would be shocked at young Cornelius going to work.

Let us hope that the hard heart of Cornelius Vanderbilt, father of the present unfortunate young man, may soften. Let us hope that he will give this young couple an adequate amount on which to go to housekeeping—say about \$5,000,000. I had forgotten to say that Vanderbilt, Jr., has the small sum of \$100,000, which was given to him by his father on his twenty-first birthday. There are many people to whom the income on \$100,000 would be affluence. But to poor young Cornelius, the principal itself is genteel indigence—it is poverty—it is pauperism. He might as well have some style about him, and give it to an asylum for aged and decayed Knickerbocker gentlewomen, and begin life without anything at all. Then, at all events, he would be a genuine pauper, and not a genteel pauper.

A curious phase of this wedding is the fact that its approach—for it was set for to-day—has caused a marked movement among the Four Hundred, who have been fleeing from the city. Although it is a little early, and all of them have not yet gone to their summer places, many of them have skipped out of town in order to have an excuse for not going to the wedding and offending the Vanderhills, or staying away and offending the Wilsons. Therefore they will avail themselves of that familiar excuse—to be repeated afterward to either side, as the case may be—"I'm awfully sorry that I wasn't there, but I happened to be out of town." This familiar excuse, as I say, will be worked in the present embarrassing condition.

The only people who seem to be free from the dread of the Vanderbilt dynasty are young Cornelius's college friends. The young men who were with him at Yale have expressed their intention to be at the wedding, and some of them have been heard to remark, even with profanity, that they did not care various things about the Vanderbilt dynasty. But they are young. When they get older, they will become more prudent. They will know what it is to offend a Vanderbilt and a gentleman with a fortune of \$77,000,000.

The latest development in the failure of Abbey & Grau is the fact that Al. Hayman has obtained the lease of Abbey's Theatre. It is said that a misunderstanding that he had with Abbey led to the feeling which prompted him to secure this lease. Rumor says that, some months ago, when Abbey began to feel pinched for money, he applied to Hayman for a loan of five thousand dollars, which was accorded. When Abbey fell ill, and his business affairs became entangled, the note became due, and Hayman pressed for payment. Abbey wrote a rather bitter note, recalling favors extended by him to Hayman, which brought about the present ill-feeling. Robert Golet has leased the theatre to Hayman, and he opens it in September with Francis Wilson. Hayman will devote the theatre to the leading stars of England, France, and America, and is now in Europe securing attractions for his theatre. Abbey's Theatre was opened in 1893 with Henry Irving, and has since been devoted to attractions of the highest grade. Hayman has steadily worked up ever since 1883, when he went to San Francisco and leased a theatre from "Lucky" Baldwin. He made some money in San Francisco, and then had acumen enough to come on to New York. There he associated himself with Charles Frohman, and the two purchased from Bronson Howard the play "Shenandoah," which has made more money than any other American play for a number of years. After building the Empire Theatre, he secured the Columbia Theatre in Chicago, and had the Columbia Theatre in Brooklyn built for him. Now he has a chain of theatres stretching across the continent. Hayman is very wealthy—in fact, is reputed to be a millionaire.

There is much sympathy felt for Abbey in New York. He is a very sick man, and, in addition to that, he and his wife have separated. On top of that came these business troubles. Abbey has written to the papers requesting them not to drag the trouble with his wife into his business complications, and they have complied. It is now ten years since Abbey's previous failure. In 1885 he went under, but was speedily on his feet again. If he regains his health, he will be all right. But he had hitherto let expensive opera companies alone. They have ruined many managers, Mapleson, his old rival, among others, and they have twice ruined him. In addition to his losses in the Metropolitan Opera House, he brought Mounet-Sully and Réjane, two French artists, to Abbey's Theatre, and he lost heavily on them, as well as on Lillian Russell. But his principal losses have been in opera. In the last German season, a German tenor was engaged for fifty performances at \$300 a night, and although he was called upon to sing only a few times, he drew \$15,000 for the season. Another German prima donna, who sang only four or five times, got \$8,000. Abbey & Grau have brought to New York Emma Eames, Emma Calvé, Nellie Melba, Jean de Reszke and Edouard de Reszke, Tamagno, Maurel, La Salle, and Plançon—all of them expensive singers. Abbey's losses were so heavy on the opera season that the company gave him a benefit which resulted in \$36,000. Local musical people say that Abbey has paid too much money to his foreign stars. They say that he paid the De Reszkes \$2,000 a night when they sing for \$200 a night in Italy, and in London for \$500 a night; that Melba sings in Paris for \$200 a night, and in London for \$250 a night, if she can get it; that Ysaye obtained \$500 a night to play the violin here, when he played for \$100 a night in Europe. Further than that, the resulting high prices prevent the people from attending operatic performances; the great middle class, which in Vienna, Paris, Milan, and Brussels attend the opera, are here excluded; two seats for a season of twenty performances cost \$200 here, and forty performances cost \$400; this results in boycotting the great middle class.

It would seem as if there was reason in this contention. If Mr. Abbey has failed twice in handling expensive operatic stars, it looks as if it were not possible to make opera pay at such exorbitant prices.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1896.

The friends of Oscar Wilde are preparing a petition to the home secretary, praying for his release at the end of eighteen months' imprisonment. The prisoner has been visited in jail by his wife, and it is said that a complete reconciliation has taken place. When his term is completed, he will accompany Mrs. Wilde and his children to the Continent, where he will permanently reside. During the last few months, in the time allowed by prison regulations for recreation, he has been reading the works of St. Augustine and Walter Pater. To a gentleman, who recently visited him, he said: "I have erred throughout my life in leaving out all consideration of the moral element." He is said to be affected in mental vigor by the incarceration, though not in physical health. If his release is secured, he will have no difficulty in earning an adequate income by his pen, though probably under an assumed name or anonymously.

Every vestige of vegetable life on the island volcano, Krakatoa, at the north-west end of Sumatra, was destroyed by the eruption there, thirteen years ago, which also cost one hundred thousand lives. An observer after the eruption found that what was left of the island was red-hot. Four years later, a naturalist found that the ashes had cooled enough to allow plants to grow, and that two hundred and forty-six different species of plants had started up, the seeds for many of which must have been blown or carried by birds across the surrounding water.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The American Duchess of Marlborough is second only to royalty as a "drawing card" at bazaars and the like in England.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who recently celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday, is as young in heart to-day as when she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The Duc de Noailles, whose appointment to the French Embassy at Berlin is a surprise to republican statesmen, is an ardent cyclist, although he is in his sixty-sixth year.

Sir John Millais, the president of the Royal Academy, has been reduced by the cancer in his throat to such a condition that he can communicate with those around him only by writing.

M. Duval, of the famous "Bouillons" in Paris, was married to a Mlle. Gérard a few days ago. Seven-and-twenty years ago, he shot himself in the presence of the notorious Cora Pearl, but was lucky enough to recover.

The Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons, has been elected to the presidency of the National Cyclists' Union of Great Britain, made vacant by the death of the late Earl of Alhmarle.

The late Eugene Field's eldest daughter, Mary French Field, will go upon the platform as a public reader early in the fall. She is a tall, handsome girl, twenty years of age, and has been very successful as an amateur in this line.

In the confession-book of a Norfolk lady, the Princess of Wales has left a record in her own handwriting of two interesting facts—one, that her favorite art is millinery; the other that her favorite employment is "minding her own business."

Mme. Zola has never read any of her husband's books. But the "apostle of realism" is not at all disturbed by her indifference to his writings. He says that he married, not on account of his wife's intellect, but of her heart, and thinks it is a mistake for any literary man to choose on any other grounds.

The Countess of Warwick received an unusual but hearty compliment at a meeting held in the interest of some British sailors. She delivered an address, and at its close one bronzed old tar arose and called out to her: "Good hoy, countess! We did not think that the likes of you took any heed of the likes of us."

Senator Richard P. Bland wears socks, but he does not wear a collar on his shirt except on Sundays. He wears knee-high boots most of the time, and a soft slouch hat. His trousers are always two or three inches too short. Mr. Bland chews a quarter of a pound of tobacco every day. He is the favorite candidate of the silver men for the Presidency.

A rather pretty story is told of the betrothal of the Czar and Czarina. "The emperor, my father," said the Czarevitch, in proffering his suit, "has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart." "And the queen, my grandmother, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand; your heart I will take myself," was the princess's pretty answer.

Edward H. R. Green, whose famous mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, recently went to St. Louis to help him in his contest for a seat as a delegate from Texas, has an ambition to become governor of his adopted State. He is a tall, well-built young man, with glasses and inoffensive side-whiskers, and he walks with a slight limp, due to a coasting accident sustained when a boy.

Prince Victor Napoleon inherited 10,000 francs a year from his father; his aunt, the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, gives him an income of 20,000 francs, and the ex-empress the sum of 30,000 francs yearly; but, as both these royal ladies like to live in France part of the year, they give their sums on the condition that the prince does not use any of it for political agitation.

President Krüger is to be honored with a statue in Pretoria. It will be forty feet high, and will represent Oom Paul in the quaint garb, tall hat included, which he affects on Sunday and special occasions. The statue will be of bronze, mounted on a pedestal and column of granite, and at each corner of the pedestal there will be a figure representing a Transvaal hurcher in an attitude of defense.

Charles Dana Gihson recently contributed two double-page illustrations to the London *Graphic*. In one of them, representing a presentation in Buckingham Palace, the débutante is obviously a portrait of his beautiful bride, who was presented at a recent drawing-room. The price paid the young American artist for three drawings is said to be nine hundred dollars, an extraordinary price in London.

Colorado has a new millionaire in the person of a Mr. Stoisher, who has expectations of rivaling the famous Mr. Stratton. Mr. Stoisher is a mining engineer by profession, and for a long time lived very humbly with his wife, who is his partner in business, in a little cabin near Silverton. He now has an income of eight hundred thousand dollars a year, and has one of the handsomest homes in Colorado.

Prince Louis of Bavaria created something of a sensation at the great banquet at Moscow when he declared that neither he nor any of the other German princes present was there as a "member of the suite" of Prince Henry of Prussia. None of the German princes or rulers regards the German emperor as his suzerain, and Emperor William's eldest son is only a crown prince of Prussia and not of Germany. It is not impossible that in case of the early death of Emperor William the dignity of the German emperor might be confided by the members of the confederation to some one more capable than this fourteen-year-old lad.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the past week a new surprise has been sprung in the Fair will case. Mrs. Nettie R. Craven, the lady who produced the celebrated "pencil will" which carried such consternation into the ranks of the Fair heirs, has exploded another bombshell in the shape of some deeds. These documents purport to be two years old, and to convey from Fair to her a piece of property on the corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, and another on Mission Street known as the "old Green homestead." The two aggregate in value about \$1,200,000. Mrs. Craven's agents had these deeds recorded, and then carefully put away the originals. As a result, all of the attorneys for the Fair heirs held an agitated mass-meeting, and induced Judge Slack to issue a sweeping order directing Mrs. Craven to bring into court all documents purporting to be signed by Fair. She at first resisted, but under the advice of her attorneys has consented to testify. It is hinted that she has other documents up her sleeve. In addition to the "pencil will" and the deeds to the two pieces already mentioned, it is rumored that she holds a deed to the Lick House property. The case is rendered additionally peculiar by the fact that the notary before whom the deeds were attested, one J. J. Cooney, says that he remembers distinctly when Fair appeared before him, and that he made a memorandum of the fact that the deeds were from James G. Fair to Nettie Craven. As to their contents he knew nothing.

Those who were well acquainted with the late millionaire are inclined to believe that the pencil will and the pencil deeds are authentic. The late Senator Fair was a peculiar individual, whose cunning and crafty disposition caused him to be known on the Comstock as "Slippery Jim." Those who knew him intimately, and disliked him, believe that he left these hidden wills and deeds for the purpose of annoying his heirs after his death. If he is in a condition—wherever he happens to be now—to enjoy anything, he is doubtless intensely enjoying the posthumous row kicked up over his estate.

Since the above was in type, a new sensation has been sprung—Mrs. Craven declares herself to be the widow of Fair. We reserve comment.

We notice by a dispatch from Puerto Principe that Cuba's sticky-fingered financiers, late insurgent provincial treasurer stole fifty thousand dollars from the military chest." General Gomez has arrested a number of embezzling tax-collectors, and they are awaiting court-martial. Charges have also been prepared "against the insurgent Minister of Finance, Señor Canizares." It is also stated that "Jacinto Agromonte, son of a former insurgent president of the Cuban republic and an officer in the insurgent forces in the present insurrection, has been accused of having stolen government funds. Fearing arrest he fled, and is now in the Spanish lines." It would seem from this that the insurgents are not of the high-minded type that the press of this country had supposed. By the way, how are the accounts of the Cuban republic kept? Who goes over them? Who collects the money from the Key West cigar-makers in Florida which is shipped to Cuba? Who knows whether it all goes there, or whether some of it sticks to the fingers of the Cuban insurgent agents in this country? A large fair has been in progress in New York for the past week in aid of the Cuban insurgents. It has been taking in some thousands of dollars a day. Who knows whether this money goes to the Cuban insurgents? Who examines the accounts of those who collect it? If the character of the Cuban financial agents in this country is not better than that of the gentlemen who have just been arrested for stealing Cuban money in Cuba, we fear that the benevolent Americans who contribute toward the Cuban cause are being hamboozled. It is one thing to pay good American money for the maintenance of what they believe to be the cause of liberty. It is another to feather the nests of a number of clever gentlemen who prudently live out of Cuba, and who spend in New York, on wassail, women, and wine, the money contributed by American suckers to the "Cuban cause."

We observed in the Oakland papers the other day a statement to the effect that a judge there who had tried and convicted two youths for burglary, Martin Bitterley and Fred Silva, had "consented to allow them to go unimprisoned if they would at once ship in the United States navy, and that they were at once shipped for the battleship *Oregon*." We thought at the time that it was extremely improbable that these Oakland burglars would be accepted by the navy recruiting officers, and if so, that it was a shameful thing that the United States navy should be made up of felons. However, we took much comfort from the thought that Lieutenant Stoney, who was recruiting officer not long since, had expressed himself as determined to receive only men of good character and only American citizens. We were much gratified, therefore, to notice in the papers of June 24th that the recruiting officers, when they discovered the fact that these two recruits were graduates from jail, refused to receive them, and that they were returned to the Oakland authorities at once. This is as it should be. While we do not want dancing-masters or Sunday-school teachers in the United States navy, neither do we want jail-birds.

In two of our San Francisco police courts, the other day—judicial dignity in the police courts. We have four of them, two of which are superfluous—sensational incidents occurred. In one of them, His Honor Judge Campbell flogged his clerk, one O'Brien, knocking the clerk out, and was only prevented from jumping on him by the intervention of the bailiff. In another, the complainant, J. H. Berry, was reprimanded in severe terms by Judge Conlan,

When Judge Conlan had concluded his remarks, Berry suddenly moved his right hand to his hip-pocket. Judge Conlan jumped off of the bench, yelling: "Give me a gun." Berry was at once arrested and haled off to prison. When searched, they found nothing in his hip-pocket but a wallet containing papers. Berry, who is an Arizona miner, seemed completely dazed. He said that all he had intended to do was to show the judge some papers concerning his standing. He was released, as there was nothing against him. The extreme caution of Judge Conlan is reminiscent of the adventures of an unfortunate Englishman on the Rio Grande frontier in Texas, not many years ago. The Englishman had just struck town, and while walking along the street, thrust his hand into his coat-tail pocket for his handkerchief. He was immediately covered by a large and apoplectic revolver, held by a gentleman crossing the street, with an admonition "not to move his hand." As he fled in terror along the street to his hotel, with his palsied hand shaking in his coat-tail, he was covered by every man he met, with a stern warning "not to pull that 'ere gun." Judge Conlan evidently thinks the condition of San Francisco police courts is similar to that on the Texas frontier twenty years ago.

Last week a banquet was given at the Pacific-Union Club which differed from the conventional affair. Mr. Alexander Center, who was for a number of years resident in Japan, became intimately acquainted while there with a number of leading Japanese gentlemen. Among them was Mr. Hoshi Toru, the newly appointed Japanese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. When this gentleman, accompanied by his *attachés* of legation and a number of other Japanese gentlemen, arrived, Mr. Center determined to give him a banquet where he would meet a number of representative men of San Francisco. The affair took place, and was a very pleasant one. But what made it peculiar was the fact that many of these Japanese gentlemen made speeches in English. All of them spoke fluently, and one, at least, of them eloquently—Mr. Sonoda, president of the Yokohama Specie Bank. There were some eight or nine Japanese gentlemen altogether who spoke. Hoshi Toru, the minister, had every reason to be fluent in English, for he was educated in England, and studied in the Middle Temple, where he was admitted to the bar. Some of the others were educated in the United States. But how many American gentlemen traveling in Japan, or even, let us say, in France, or Germany, or Russia, would be able to get upon their feet and reply to toasts in the language of the country where they happened to be? Mr. Irving Scott—who has twice visited Japan, with an interval of fifteen years between—made an eloquent speech at this banquet, in which he contrasted these two epochs, and showed that Japan in fifteen years had progressed more than most countries in fifty.

We note by a dispatch in the *Call* that "two prominent Republicans from the Pacific Slope are at the Hoffman House. They are John D. Spreckels, member of the Republican National Committee, from San Francisco, and Samuel M. Shortridge, of the same State." Mr. Shortridge is quoted as saying: "We are going to carry California for the Republican party upon the platform adopted at St. Louis." Perhaps we are, but we will have to work like—well, we will have to work.

A curious example of filial sentiment in the current number of the *Revue Blanche*, the Parisian magazine of the *décadents*, is one of several poems, given both in the English original and in translations to French prose, by Lord Alfred Douglas, whose intimacy with Oscar Wilde brought about the latter's downfall at the hands of the Marquis of Queensbury, the poet's father, to whom the verses are dedicated. The poem is as follows:

A BALLAD OF HATE.

(Dedicated to my father.)

Here's short life to the man I hate!
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
Wait and watch and watch and wait,
He shall pay the half and the whole,
Now or then, or soon or late,
(Steel or lead or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

Nights are black and roads are dark,
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
But a moon-white face is a goodly mark,
And a trap is a trap for a man or a mole,
And a man is dead when he's stiff and stark,
(Steel or lead or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

He shall not be shrived or sung,
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
The bell of death shall not be rung,
Man to grave, and beast to hole,
Earth to earth, and dung to dung!
(Steel or lead or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

The British medical trust that is conducting a crusade against American practitioners in London recently brought suit against an American, Dr. Bridgewater, alleging that he had "unlawfully, willfully, and falsely represented himself to be a doctor of medicine." As Dr. Bridgewater was shown to be the possessor of degrees from New York and Philadelphia medical colleges of international reputation, the trust not only lost its suit, but had to pay cost to an aggregate of nearly four thousand dollars.

The Hawaiian Congress has recently passed an act by which every tax-payer in the islands is compelled to register himself at the tax office, and, in addition to the usual entries according to the Bertillon system of identification, shall leave on the register's book the imprint of his right thumb.

THE ANACONDA MINES.

A Vast Property Changes Hands—Probable Valuation of Thirty Millions—The Hearst Estate Closes Out all its Interest—Some Mining History.

The many rumors concerning the sale of the Anaconda Mines have at last crystallized. It is now known that the Rothschild Exploration Company of Germany has purchased all the interest of the late Senator Hearst's estate in the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. The remaining interest of the Hearst estate is said to have been sold for \$7,000,000. The same syndicate bought one-fourth of the stock about a year ago for \$7,500,000. This would seem to set the value for the great Anaconda mining and smelting properties at about \$30,000,000.

It is curious to reflect that the discovery of this vast store of wealth was accidental. In the early seventies, two brothers named Hickey began to sink a shaft near the old mining-camp of Butte, on Silver Bow Creek. Edward Hickey had served in the army. He remembered a sentence he had read in one of Horace Greeley's editorials about "McClellan's army closing in around Richmond like a huge anaconda." So he gave this name to the mining-claim he had located. The Hickeys struck a promising vein of silver ore, but as they had no money to develop it, they sold it to a young Irish miner named Marcus Daly. Daly had been sent to Butte by J. B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis to pick up good mining properties, and he bought the Anaconda for \$35,000. Haggin thought he was buying a silver mine, but as the Anaconda shaft went down, the silver vein turned into a rich copper vein, heavily sulphurated, carrying twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. of silver—enough silver to pay the expenses of mining and smelting, so that the copper was clear profit.

Marcus Daly was superintendent and part owner. He turned out to be a masterful man of great capacity. He developed the original vein, and he bought a number of adjacent mines. Water and wood to reduce and smelt the ore being scarce near the mine, he founded the town of Anaconda in a valley some twenty-five miles away, and there he established the greatest reducing and smelting works in the world. He was dissatisfied with the high rates the Montana Union Railroad charged for transporting ores, so he built a parallel road. The Anaconda now produces one-fourth of the entire copper output of the world. Last year its assets were figured at \$37,087,092. This year's profits were \$3,862,000. It has 3,000,000 tons of ore in sight, and has gone down only 1,500 feet.

It was Marcus Daly, the present manager, who convinced the late George Hearst of the value of the mine. Hearst was then acting as an expert for Haggin and Tevis, and he persuaded his principals to go in. It is said that they hesitated for a long time, but finally concluded, as Hearst already owed them \$200,000, to hack him up, as otherwise he could not pay them. His confidence in the mine was greater, however, than theirs, as was shown by his percentage of the stock. The holdings were divided as follows: Senator Hearst, 39 per cent.; James B. Haggin, 26 per cent.; Marcus Daly, 25 per cent.; and Lloyd Tevis, 10 per cent. When Senator Hearst died, James B. Haggin acquired a controlling interest in the management. Whether this was by actual purchase, or whether Mrs. Hearst simply put enough stock in his name to give him the control, is not known. Up to a year ago, Mrs. Hearst still was believed to own 39 per cent. of this vast property. By this late transaction she has ceased to be a stock-holder. The Rothschild Exploration Company is now in possession of a majority of the stock, but they have—under the advice of Hamilton Smith, who engineered the deal—retained Marcus Daly as manager.

Marcus Daly has hitherto expended all the earnings of the Anaconda Mining Company in betterments. In addition to the refining and smelting works, the company practically owns the city of Anaconda. It is one of the most handsome cities in the West. It has well-paved streets, has electric street-railways, is lighted by electricity, and its spacious streets are lined with handsome buildings. Daly not only erected refineries and smelting plants, built railroads, and founded newspapers, but he built cities. Anaconda was a few years ago only a sheep-ranch.

This brief history of the Anaconda Mines is one of the romances of mining. When it is considered that all this wealth has come out of the ground; that for this property, which has just been sold at a valuation of over \$30,000,000, the sum of \$35,000 was accepted only twenty years ago; that the mine is looked upon as being only in its infancy; and that so shrewd a firm as the Rothschilds have paid for it a sum equal to the entire income of many an independent state, it will give one an idea of what fortunes may be acquired in mining.

The following is a list of statesmen assassinated during this century: Czar Paul, 1801; Sultan Selim the Third, 1808; President Kapodistrias of Greece, 1831; Duke Carl of Parma, 1854; President Salnade of Hayti, 1860; Lincoln, 1865; Prince Obenowich of Serbia, 1868; President Moreno of Ecuador, 1875; Sultan Abdul Aziz Chan, 1876; Garfield, 1881; Czar Alexander the Second, 1881; President Carnot, 1894; Shah of Persia, 1896.

The Cobden Club has declined Lord Masham's challenge to pay one thousand pounds if it is able to prove the superiority of free trade over protection. The club loftily declares that such superiority is so complete and self-evident as to render a discussion superfluous.

It is proposed to institute shower-baths in the Boston public schools for the benefit of the pupils. The school committee has already introduced cooking and sewing-schools.

A LONDON ENOCH ARDEN.

From "Tales of Mean Streets."

Simmons's infamous behavior toward his wife is still matter of profound wonderment among the neighbors. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. He toiled and slaved for that man, as any woman in the whole street would have maintained, far more than any husband had a right to expect. And now this was what she got for it. Perhaps he had suddenly gone mad.

Before she married Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widow Mrs. Ford. Ford had got a berth as donkey-engineer on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape; a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman—an immeasurable fall for a capable engineer. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her still childless, and childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons.

As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world, and he wanted a wife. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man, with a boyish face, and sparse, limp whiskers. He had no vices (even his pipe parted him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had grafted on him divers exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday, under a tall hat, and put a penny—he returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages—in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes and brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the irons, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangle. And on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons in her marketing, to carry the parcels.

Mrs. Simmons's own virtues were native and numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how much of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was distracting to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he came home, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers, balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the cold flags. This was because she rubbed the passage and doorstep turn about with the wife of the down-stairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "cleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and the possibility of random splashes; and if, in spite of her diligence, a spot remained to tell the tale, she was at pains to impress the fact on Simmons's memory, and to set forth at length all the circumstances of his ungrateful selfishness. In the beginning, she had always carried him to the ready-made clothes-shop, and had selected and paid for his clothes; for the reason that men are such perfect fools, and shop-keepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street-corner, and straightway she conceived the idea of making Simmons's clothes herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of uproarious check tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern finished by an old one. More, it was finished by Sunday, when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was glued in it, and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, but found: the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind the heels; and when he sat, it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat clearly tickled his nape, but his coat collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder, while the main garment sagged generously below his waist. Use made a habit of discomfort, but he never reconciled him to the chaff of his shop-mates; for, as Mrs. Simmons elaborated successive suits, each one modeled on the last, the primal accidents of design developed into principles, and grew even harder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint—as hint he did—that he shouldn't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes, and there was a tailor's in the Mile End Road, very cheap, where . . . "No, yus," she retorted, "you're very consid'rit, I dessay, in there actin' a livin' lie before your own wife, Thomas amons, as though I couldn't see through you like oak. A lot you care about overworkin' me as long as your turn's served throwin' away money like dirt in the street on a lot o' swindlin' tailors, an' me workin' an' slavin' to save a 'apenny, an' this is my return for it. Any one think you could pick up money in the 'orse-road, an' I eave I'd be thought better of if I laid in bed all day, like me would, that I do." So that Thomas Simmons avoided the subject, nor even murmured when she resolved to cut his

to his placid fortune endured for years. Then there came a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and put away the tea-cups, and then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day and hanging behind the parlor door. There they hung, in all their decent innocence of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of cut, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. As he looked on them, the small devil of Original Sin awoke and clamored in his breast. He was ashamed of himself, of course, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, the small devil was, and the small devil was fertile in suggestions, and could not be kept from hinting at a new crop of workshop girths that would spring at Tommy's first public appearance in such things.

"Pitch 'em in the dust-hin!" said the small devil, at last; "it's all they're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wicked self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea-things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open, probably by the fault of the child downstairs. Now, a front door standing open was a thing that Mrs. Simmons would not abide: it looked low. So Simmons went down, that she might not be wroth with him for the thing when she came back; and as he shut the door, he looked forth into the street.

A man was loitering on the pavement, and prying curiously about the door. His face was tanned, his hands were deep in the pockets of his unbraced blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-crowned, peaked cap, topped with a knob of wool, which is affected by Jack ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door, and "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he asked.

Simmons stared at him for a matter of five seconds, and then said, "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, then—Simmons now, ain't it?"

He said this with a furtive leer that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't her husband, are ye?"

"Yus."

The man took his pipe from his mouth, and grinned silently and long. "Blame me," he said at length, "you look the sort o' bloke she'd like"—and with that he grinned again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a hurry, matey," he said, "I come 'ere t'ave a little talk with you, man to man, d'ye see?" And he frowned fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uncomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wotjer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then if you'll excuse the liberty, I'll interdooce meself, in a manner of speaking." He touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' kingdom-come, so to say. Me as went down with the *Mooltan*—safe dead five year gone. I come to see my wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons's jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, then up at the fanlight, then out into the street, then hard at his visitor. But he found nothing to say.

"Come to see my wife," the man repeated. "So now we can talk it over—as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth, and led the way upstairs mechanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of the state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the small devil woke again. Suppose this man was Ford? Suppose he *did* claim his wife? Would it be a knock-down blow? Would it hit him out—or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea-things, the mangling, the knives, the kettles, and the windows; and he thought of them in the way of a backslider.

On the landing Ford clutched at his arm, and asked in a hoarse whisper: "Ow long 'fore she's back?"

"Bout a hour, I expect," Simmons replied, having first of all repeated the question in his own mind. And then he opened the parlor door.

"Ah," said Ford, looking about him, "you've hin pretty com'fable. Them chairs an' things"—jerking his pipe toward them—"was hers—mice, that is to say, speaking straight, and man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently: "Well," he continued, "'ere I am agin', ol' Boh Ford dead an' done for—gawn down in the *Mooltan*. On'y I *ain't* done for, see?"—and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons's waistcoat—"I ain't done for, 'cause why? Cons'kence o' being picked up by a ol' German sailin'-utch an' took to 'Frisco 'fore the mast. I've 'ad a few years o' knockin' about since then, an' now"—looking hard at Simmons—"I've come back to see my wife."

"She—she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were at random.

"No, I bet she doo't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d'you find 'er? Do she make ye clean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted, uneasily, "I—I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' course."

"Ah. An' the knives too, I bet, an' the bloomin' kittles. I know. W'y"—he rose and bent to look behind Simmons's head—"s'elp me, I l'ieve she cuts yer 'air! Well, I'm damned! Jes' wot she would do, too."

He inspected the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trucks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. Damme—they're wuss'n wot you're got on."

The small devil began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back, perhaps he'd have to wear those trousers.

"Ah!" Ford pursued, "she ain't got no milder. An' how she do jaw a man!"

Simmons began to feel that this was no longer his business. Plainly, 'Anner was this other man's wife, and he was bound in honor to acknowledge the fact. The small devil put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford, suddenly, "time's short an' this ain't business. I won't be 'ard on you, matey. I ought proply to stand on my rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonial, I'll—this with a hurst of generosity—"damme, yus, I'll compound the felony, an' show me 'eels. Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more. Five pound does it."

Simmons hadn't five pounds—he hadn't even five pence—

and he said so. "An' I wouldn't think for to come between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no account. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. I'll show me 'eels."

"No," said Ford hastily, clutching Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three pound—come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't much compensation for me goin' away forever—where the stormy winds do blow, so to say—an' never as much as seein' me own wife agin for better nor wuss. Between man an' man now—three quid; an' I'll shunt. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Of course it's fair," Simmons replied effusively. "It's more'n fair; it's noble—downright noble, I call it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good-'artedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, an' I oughtn't to 'a' come between you. I apologize. You stop an' 'ave yer proper rights. It's me as ought to leave, an' I will." And he made a step toward the door.

"'Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door; "don't do nothing rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to you with no 'ome to go to, an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. I'll be dreadful. Say a couple—there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man an' man, an' I'll stand a pot out o' the money. You can easy raise a quid—the clock 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it; an' I'll—"

There was a loud double-knock at the front door. In the East End a double-knock is always for the upstairs lodgers.

"Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford, apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons, in reply, and he made a rush for the staircase.

Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window, and, just below him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and, horned to him from within the door, there fell upon his ear the sound of a well-remembered female voice.

"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?" asked the voice, sharply.

"Awright, 'Anner—there's—there's somebody upstairs to see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the gathering dusk. And behold, it was Thomas Simmons.

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He flung into the hack room, threw open the window, dropped from the wash-house roof into the hack-yard, scrambled desperately over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul.

And that is why Simmons's hase desertion—under his wife's very eyes, too—is still an astonishment to the neighbors.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

"TUMMY'S DERBY."

How the Prince of Wales's Colt, Persimmon, Won the Race.

Never in the memory of Englishmen has such a popular event occurred as the winning of the Derby by the Prince of Wales; 1896 may have other really serious and important happenings to stamp it full of historic dates, but the year will go down to posterity ahead of everything else as "Tummy's Derby." There can be no doubt that the Prince of Wales is the most popular man in England. The betting before the race was 13 to 8 on St. Frusquin and 9 to 2 against Persimmon. To have the second-choice horse win could not have been satisfactory to the multitude, whose bets ranged from "mookeys" to "tanners," and it took the popularity of the Prince of Wales to make satisfactory what would with any other owner have been a disappointment.

It was a splendid race certainly, and was a tussle between two half-brothers, St. Simon being the sire of both Persimmon and St. Frusquin; and the winner carried off the blue ribbon by only half a neck. So, you see, it was a close thing. But you should have heard the yell that went up! And the hats that flew skyward! They were as a cloud against the sun, which had come out in all his mid-summer splendor. Sticks were thrown away; umbrellas were tossed hither and thither; coats were pulled off and swung overhead. Men threw themselves on the grass; others danced and sang; and all the time the deafening yell went on. It was a sort of pandemonium, only the faces were smiling and happy.

But the finest scene of all was when the Prince of Wales went down to meet his horse (as is the custom), and led him to the weighing inclosure. Surrounded by a cordon of police to keep back the howling crowd, his royal highness, hat in hand and smiling his queer little smile as he bowed his acknowledgments right and left, walked slowly from the royal box to the gate. Here stood the beautiful, bright bay colt, shining like satin and quivering yet with the excitement of that last struggle. Marsh, the trainer, held his nodding head as he champed at his racing-bit, and quickly put the bridle-rein into the prince's hand. Then the yell, which had subsided somewhat, burst forth anew. Watts, the jockey, walked alongside, heaving with smiles and resplendent in the royal colors—purple braided with gold, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with gold fringe. The royal colors have been substantially the same since just one hundred and eight years ago, when another Prince of Wales won the Derby with Sir Thomas. The colors were then a crimson waistcoat with purple sleeves and a black cap.

In the evening the prince gave his customary Derby dinner at Marlborough House to the swells of the turf—for the first time presiding as owner of the winner. Curiously enough, the Earl of Rosebery was conspicuous by his absence from among the guests. The noble and ultra-radical earl captured the blue ribbon with Ladas in '94.

As for the theatres and music-halls, it was a gala night for them. The prince's success received constant recognition. At several houses, the royal hymn, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," was inserted in the musical programme, and his singing unanimously joined in by the audiences, who rose to their feet.

LONDON, June 4, 1896.

COCKAIGNE.

ENGLISH LITERARY LIFE.

Frederick Locker-Lampson's "My Confidences"—
Anecdotes of London Celebrities whom
the Poet Knew.

One of the most delightful books of personal reminiscence issued in recent years is "My Confidences," by Frederick Locker-Lampson, the famous writer of *vers de société*. He styled it "an autobiographical sketch, addressed to my descendants," and his purpose in writing it was to preserve the family anecdotes, distrusting the competence and zeal of his immediate descendants for that pious task. "In this little matter," he remarks, cheerfully, "I can not trust them; they would make havoc of my hobby. I hardly know which is the more trying to me—their languid endurance of a family story, or their inaccurate repetition of it." The "confidences" are not confined, however, to family matters, but include pleasant reminiscences of the most notable personages in literary society in London during the present century. The book was printed for private circulation before the author's death, on May 30, 1895, but it has now been published under the supervision of Augustine Birrell. A family trait is revealed in this anecdote:

Uncle John Locker, who was very ugly, used to say that you could not widen the mouth of a Locker without injury to his ears. One day at Malta, at the dinner-table, he asked a stranger, who had just landed, to take wine, expressing his pleasure in seeing him there and his obligation in these words: "Yesterday, sir, I was the ugliest man in all Malta." Tradition says that the man did not resent this speech, so I presume my uncle, with all his impudence, had some social tact.

The author's father took young Frederick to have his humps examined by a craniologist, who found the hump of gayety and wit to be remarkably developed. The senior Locker warned his young son against jesting on serious subjects. "Then what am I to jest on?" asked the discerning youth.

Among the *habitués* of Greenwich of whom Locker retained a lively recollection was General Orlando Felix, described as rather an exquisite who went in for doing the correct thing. Felix was also jocular, and, in spite of an attractive stammer, would pretend to be a showman in Wombwell's menagerie in this wise:

He made us all laugh with such nonsense as the following: "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen. Walk up and see my most extraordinary little animal, the Manstoot monkey, which came to this country on the bottom crust of a twopenny loaf, the crumb of which served him for his provision during the voyage. There was two of these extraordinary little animals. King George had one and I had t'other, but his'n died, and he comes to me and he says, 'I say, I say, Tom, give us your monkey.' 'No,' says I, 'King George, no I'll see you hest first, for you see as how I gets my livin' thereohy.'"

Mr. Locker had a varied experience at schools, and finally obtained a clerical position in the Admiralty. Here is an anecdote of that period of his career, a story of the poet Campbell told to Locker by a senior clerk of the Admiralty named Hogan:

Hogan had known Tom Campbell; they had often met at a dining club, the Crown, called in ridicule, "Five Shilling Club," in Regent Street. He told me Tom had a weak head, and would sometimes take too much wine; that on one occasion, after dinner, Campbell rose from his chair and staggered toward the door; there were some providential pillars that supported the roof of the dining-room, and having reached these with difficulty he clung to one of them desperately, fearing to go further and afraid to return. And he remained there. "And," said I, who worshiped Campbell with all a young versman's enthusiasm, "what did you do?" "Oh," says Hogan, "we left him where he was, but every now and again, you know, we would flick a walnut at him."

During this time, Mr. Locker paid more attention to poetics than to the Admiralty. Of his first real successes, in a chapter headed "Poetry—A Confession," he writes:

But I recall my first fine, careless rapture, when that kind fellow, Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, sent me a proof of my verses, "On a Human Skull." His daughter brought it to me. The flood of author's ecstasy has never since risen in me to the high-water mark of that moment. I also remember the first time I saw "London Lyrics," open at the title-page, in a conspicuous part of the window of a Piccadilly bookseller, but in that case it was a mixed feeling—the display was so painfully personal.

My rhyme-making has come to a most untimely end. I should be dull not to discern and ungrateful not to acknowledge that, in spite of the specific levity, and lowly as is the aim, it has made its little mark. I do not know whether this mark still remains, but I do know that I have been a lucky fellow, and that some of my friends have been so injudicious as to overpraise it, and to urge me to go on writing. They forget that inferior work is a damaging commentary on that which is better, and they are not able to appreciate the old adage, "Let well alone," even authors themselves do not always perceive when their public has had enough of them.

When I began writing I could not get into print; afterward, when the periodicals were more open to me, I had smaller desire to make use of them. I once admired my little volume, and was inclined to be garrulous about it. I am beginning to dislike the sight of a good deal of it. Such is the irony of destiny, and such are the revenges of time; so ought I to complain of the indifference of other people?

We quote a pleasant little anecdote of the author of "Vanity Fair":

Lady Blessington once sent him an album print of a boy and girl fishing, with a request that he would make some verses for it. "And," said he, "I liked the idea, and set about it at once. I was two entire days at it—was so occupied with it, so engrossed by it, that I did not shave during the whole time." These lines may be found among his ballads under the title "Piscator and Piscatrix." I remember his words, "It is easy enough to knock off that nonsense of 'Policeman X,' but to be able to write really good occasional verse is a rare intellectual feat." Now it appears to me that it would indeed be a triumph to write anything half so good as "Policeman X."

On another occasion, Thackeray said: "Yes, I

have a sixpenny talent, and so have you; ours is small beer, but you see it is the right tap."

On another occasion Locker was chatting with Thackeray about Doyle's illustrations to "The Newcomes," which had been criticised. He writes:

Just as we parted I was tactless idiot enough to add "But, my dear fellow, perhaps there may be some kind people who will say that you did the cuts and Doyle the letterpress." On this Thackeray's jaw dropped, and he exclaimed, bitterly, "Oh, really, that's your opinion, is it?" I saw at once what a mistake I had made, but I could only reply, "I spoke in fun, pure fun; you know perfectly well how much I admire your writings, and also Doyle's cuts." But Thackeray would have none of it, and turned wrathfully away in the direction of Pimlico. However, his wrath, I presume, died away in the large and charitable air of the Green Park, for when I met him the day after, he was as amiable as ever.

Of George Eliot and her personality he writes:

Nature had disguised George Eliot's apparently stoical, yet really vehement and sensitive, spirit and her soaring genius in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine—she was rather like a horse, and her head had been intended for a much larger body—she was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears, and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton. To my mind George Eliot was a plain woman. She had a measured way of conversing, restrained but impressive.

When I happened to call, she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on a low chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. As she often discussed abstract subjects, she might have been thought pedantic, especially as her language was sprinkled with a scientific terminology; but I do not think she was a hit of a pedant. Then, though she had a very gentle voice and manner, there was every now and then just a suspicion of meek satire in her talk. Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, leaving the impression of past reflection and present readiness; she spoke exceedingly well, but not with all the simplicity and verve, the happy abandon, of certain practiced women of the world; however, it was in a way that was far more interesting.

I have been told she was most agreeable *en tête-à-tête*; that when surrounded by admirers she was apt to become oratorical—a different woman. She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous; she was too much in earnest; she spoke as if with a sense of responsibility, and one can not be exactly captivating when one is doing that. . . . She was a good listener.

Mr. Locker attended the funeral of George Henry Lewes, who was George Eliot's consort, so to speak. He can not keep from having a little fun even with so serious a subject:

We were a very small party in the mortuary chapel, not more than twelve persons. I never before had seen so many out-and-out rationalists in so confined a space. A brief discourse was delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, who half apologized for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls.

Of George Eliot's action after the death of Lewes, Mr. Locker says:

George Eliot's more transcendental friends never forgave her for marrying. In a morally immoral manner they washed their virtuous hands of her. I could not help thinking it was the most natural thing for the poor woman to do. She was a heavily laden, but interesting derelict, tossing among the breakers, without oars or rudder, and all at once the brave Cross arrives, throws her a rope and tows her into harbor.

He says of Mrs. Browning, whom he saw occasionally at her own fireside:

Her physique was peculiar: curls like the pendent ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands—so thin, that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and we forgot any physical shortcomings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call her incomparable sweetness, I might almost say affectionateness; just as, while we are reading it, we lose sight of the incompleteness of her poetry—its lack of artistic control.

Mr. Locker has much to say of Tennyson, from which we quote this bantering bit:

Last year, Alfred Tennyson, speaking of my personal appearance, said that I "looked like a famished and avaricious Jew." Now, I demur to this. I confess that I have tried to cultivate that fine old gentlemanly vice, but entirely without success. I have never got beyond a timid and pitiful passimoo.

Locker was connected by marriage with Dean Stanley, and tells this story illustrating the churchman's incapacity for figures:

I was telling him the story of Composer Halle's cook, who had won a good round sum in a lottery with the number 23. Halle being glad to hear it, had asked how it was she happened to fix on so lucky a number. "I had a dream, sir," said she; "I dreamt of number 7; I dreamt of it three times, and as three times 7 makes 21, I chose that number." When I had concluded my story, I observed a wistful expression on Arthur's countenance, as if he were ready, nay, anxious, to be amused, but could not for the life of him quite manage it. Then, suddenly—for he was very quick—his face brightened, and he said, but not without a shadow of dejection, "Ah, yes, I see, yes; I suppose three times 7 is not 23."

In 1865, Mr. Locker was appointed director of an insurance company. Of this business experience he writes:

There are twelve of us. We meet every Tuesday at one o'clock. The fee is three pounds, and if a director is not in the room—if the whole of his body is not in the room when it strikes one, he loses his fee. You, my dear children, who have so profound a knowledge of human nature, may be quite sure that very few of the directors arrive after that hour. We are perhaps the most punctual twelve men in all England.

Mr. Locker tells of a clever remark made by Whyte-Melville, the novelist:

I once encountered Whyte-Melville as he was ringing Mr. Q—'s bell. We exchanged a word or two, and in parting I said, "You like the Q—s?" "Yes," he said, and his answer was characteristic—"yes, very much. I like him better than she does, and I like her better than he does."

We reproduce an anecdote of Bedford, the famous binder:

There was nothing of the *durus arator* about this emperor of morocco—he appreciated tall copies; he re-

spected half-titles and fly-leaves—especially the fly-leaf A before the title; he venerated margins—and therefore we had many dealings. Bedford was of a cautious and furtive humor. He once sent me home a little binding which I considered unsatisfactory—the volume did not shut properly, it gaped! When I pointed out this grievous defect, his only remark was: "Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!" The collector seldom condescends to become a student. I had not been reading it, and I told him so; but I understood the reasonableness of his reproach.

"Ginger" Stubbs was once, no doubt, known to the sporting world of London. There were two things about him which people wanted to know—how he lived and how he tied his cravat. The latter point, says Locker, was much the more interesting. "It had been suggested that he lay at full length on his back while his wife ironed it on."

Almost the last advice of the shrewd and kindly man of society to his descendants is to cultivate the friendship of their superiors:

Find your acquaintance among people more liberally educated, more able, more socially powerful, and more high-minded than yourself; keep good company, and be one of the number, and let your friendships form themselves on the simple intercourse of every-day life; do not hurry into them, but when you have made them, do your best to keep them. Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel. Quarreling and making it up is decidedly unsatisfactory. The Latin grammar says, "*equalem uxorem quaere*." I do not think you will go far wrong if, when forming your friendships, you bear this in mind; and remember that much of our happiness in this world depends on the amount of affection we are able to inspire and give up.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS GOSPEL.

Chester B. Fernald is to bring out a collection of his short stories in the fall. In the meantime, he is en route to Berkeley, Cal., where his marriage is to be celebrated this month. A wedding-trip to Alaska will be followed by a visit of a year to Japan, whither he will be accompanied by a typewriting machine of the latest pattern.

D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish a book by F. Schuyler Matthews, entitled "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," uniform with his "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden."

The July number of *Harper's Magazine* (to be published next Monday) will contain:

A paper on General Washington and the period of the Revolution, by Woodrow Wilson; a paper on the distinctive characteristics of Ohio, as shown in the development of that State, by President Charles F. Thwing; a description of English elections, by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; an article on "Literary Landmarks of Venice," by Laurence Hutton; the opening chapters of "Two Mormons from Muddlety," a three-part novelette, by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell; the conclusion of John Kendrick Bangs's humorous romance, "A Rebellious Heroine"; a Chinese romance, "The Love-Letters of Superfine Gold," by Julian Ralph; "The Cabinet Organ," by Octave Thanet; a humorous story, "A Fool to Fame," by E. A. Alexander; a short story by W. E. Norris, called "The Dowager's Companion"; "The Wedding Gown," a poem by Alice Archer Sewell, with four page illustrations by H. Siddons Mowbray; other poems by Margaret E. Sangster and C. H. Goldthwaite; an essay on "Happiness," by Archibald Lampman; and the departments.

S. C. de Soissons, author of "Boston Artists," has written a book entitled "A Parisian in America," which Estes & Lauriat publish.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, emboldened by the success of his "A Story of Waterloo," has again turned his attention to playwriting. His new effort is being made in collaboration with James Payn. Since his return from the Sudan, Dr. Doyle has been living at Hindhead.

Stephen Crane's story, "The Red Badge of Courage," which is published by D. Appleton & Co., is in its tenth edition.

Frank A. Nankivell, the young artist who made his first reputation as a caricaturist on the San Francisco *Call*, has been engaged by *Puck*. He worked for a while on the *New York World*, and later on the *Journal*, his efforts striking the fancy of the *Puck* people. Mr. Nankivell is considered one of the most promising artists in New York.

Thomas Sedgwick Steele has just issued, through Estes & Lauriat, a delightfully illustrated volume on Norway and Spitzbergen, entitled "A Voyage to Viking-Land."

Rudyard Kipling's "Letters of Marque," descriptions of the old cities of Rajputana, written when he was a reporter for the *Pioneer*, will soon be brought out in London. They were reprinted in pamphlet-form in India, but could not be published, owing to some difficulty about the copyright, which has now been removed.

Justin McCarthy's new story, "The Riddle Ring," is published in the Appletons' Town and Country Library.

Gaston Paris, the distinguished French philologist, was elected to the chair in the French Academy left vacant by Alexander Dumas. Emile Zola was again one of the disappointed competitors.

"My Fire Opal, and Other Tales," by Sarah Warner Brooks, is published by Estes & Lauriat.

An expurgated edition of "Tom Jones" is in course of preparation by Mrs. J. M. Fielding, the wife of the novelist's grandson, and the book will soon be published in London. A biographical sketch of Fielding will accompany the story.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Swinburne's New Poem.

The appearance of a new poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, generally considered the foremost living English poet, is an event in the literary world, but it is doubly interesting when, as in the case of "The Tale of Balen," it marks a decided departure from his previous productions.

This new poem tells again the story of the Arthurian hero, Sir Balin the Savage—"Balen," Mr. Swinburne spells it—following closely the narrative of Sir Thomas Malory. The theme is a novel one for the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," and the metre, too, is an unaccustomed one for him, resembling Scatt's "Lady of the Lake" in its rushing movement.

The story tells how Sir Balen, on being released from imprisonment at Camelot, is alone able, of all the knights at King Arthur's court, including the king himself, to draw the sword brought by a damsel, who declares that he alone shall draw it who is "without shame, treachery, or guile." When Sir Balen has drawn it, the damsel would have it back, and on his refusing to return it, she prophesies that it shall bring death to his best friend and to himself.

The false damsel seeks the aid of the Lady of the Lake, and in the end Sir Balen fights a combat with an unknown knight, in which both are mortally wounded. As they lie dying on the field, Balen asks:

"What knight art thou? for never I
Who now beside thee dead shall die
Found yet the knight afar or nigh
That matched me." Then his brother's eye
Flashed pride and love; he spake and smiled
And felt in death life's quickening flame,
And answered: "Balen is my name,
The good knight Balen's brother; fame
Calls and misleads him wild."

"The cry from Balen's lips that sprang
Sprang sharper than his sword's stroke rang.
More keen than death's or memory's fang,
Through sense and soul the shuddering pang
Shivered; and scarce he had cried, 'Alas
That ever I should see this day,'
When sorrow swooned from him away
As blindly back he fell, and lay
Where sleep lets anguish pass."

"But Balen rose on hands and knees
And crawled by childlike dim degrees
Up toward his brother, as a breeze
Creeps wingless over sluggish seas
When all the wind's heart fails it; so
Beneath their mother's eyes had he,
A hahe that laughed with joy to he,
Made toward him standing by her knee
For love's sake long ago."

"Then, gathering strength up for a space,
From off his brother's dying face
With dying hands that wrought apace
While death and life would grant them grace
He loosed his helm and knew not him,
So scored with blood it was, and hewn
Athwart with darkening wounds; but soon
Life strove and shuddered through the swoon
Wherein its light lay dim."

There are some fine passages in "The Tale of Balen," but Swinburne has not the simplicity and directness that count for so much in the treatment of the Arthurian legends, and his work suffers by comparison with that of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Novel of the Newspaper World.

"Jerry the Dreamer," by Will Payne, is an excellent novel. It follows the career of a country-bred young man, who comes to Chicago at twenty and becomes a reporter on a great daily. His absorption into the whirl of the great city and gradual rise in his profession to the heights of thirty dollars a week, the rushing newspaper world in which he lives, his falling in love and runaway match with a "society" girl, and their subsequent life in a cheap third-floor flat are all vividly sketched.

Georgia, the young wife, is irresistible in spite of all her faults, and very refreshing in her naturalness; and Jerry himself is made of real flesh and blood. He is a youth modeled a good deal on the lines laid down by Howells, and, indeed, the book, especially in the earlier chapters, bears strongly the imprint of Howells's influence. But it is in no sense an imitation, and as the story progresses, it acquires an individuality of its own. The interest is keen, and it contains telling strokes, not only in the picture of modern life in Chicago, but in the metropolitan types presented and in the introspective view of Jerry's character.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Stoic's Daughter in Love.

"The Daughter of a Stoic," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, is a tale of lovers' tangles. Of the four people most concerned, both girls love the same man, both men the same girl. In real life the two who loved each other would marry and there be an end of it; but a novel is a different matter, and the author arbitrates their destinies in her own fashion. The heroine is the daughter of a stoic, and must behave like one, so she proceeds to sacrifice herself to her friend, giving up the man who loves her to the woman he does not love. This arrangement is not entirely convincing, but the story is told with sufficient skill to hold the interest despite a tendency to discuss abstract propositions, and the reader is cheered at the end by the hope that every

one will be happy, even though there is a little rift within the lute.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

English Love-Stories.

"The Way They Loved at Grimpat," by E. Rentoul Esler, is well named, since it consists entirely of love-tales. A thread of connection is given by locating all these idylls in the village of Grimpat, but otherwise the stories are unrelated to each other. They consist of very slender romances, rather claying when taken in bulk, perhaps because of the subject, but marked by a simple, pleasing style and an occasional clever hit of characterization. Some of them have a strain running through them that suggests Mary Wilkins as the fount of inspiration. Grimpat, however, is an English village, and the stories are in no way comparable to the work of the New England writer, either in coloring or strength of touch.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Melodrama Unredeemed.

The hero of "Dartmoor," by Maurice H. Hervey, is the innocent convict of fiction, pursued with unrelenting fury by a bastard cousin, who strives to rob him at once of his inheritance and of the woman he loves. This cousin, a villain in whom the author takes a just pride, follows a career of crime which would make Newgate shudder, and finally robs and murders his own mother. The condemned man has experiences equally thrilling in another direction, and at last makes a thrilling escape which defies every element of probability. As an example of unadorned melodrama, contaminated by no single spark of originality, the book is a signal success.

Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A Story of Charlotte Corday's Time.

"The Dream-Charlotte," by M. Betham Edwards, is a story of French Revolutionary times in Normandy and of the changes wrought there by the echoes of great events hurrying forward in Paris. Charlotte Corday is the Charlotte of the title, but her history is not the subject of the tale, nor do we see more of her than a glimpse now and then. Airtelle, her foster-sister, is the heroine, and the influence of Charlotte, exercised in childhood and during their school-days together, molds the life of this daughter of Norman peasants. The story is graphically told, skillful alike in local coloring and in human interest. The influence of revolutionary changes on the upholders of the Huguenot faith is an interesting phase developed, and the old Huguenot mother, whose life was one long bereavement, is a moving figure.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Minor Poet's Prose Tales.

Duncan Campbell Scott's "In the Village of Viger" contains ten tales of village life among the French Canadians. They are all good stories, made up of mere incidents for the most part, but each one characterized by a delicate finish of style. The aspect of the little village, the beauty of the woodland surroundings, and the charm of the changing seasons are painted with peculiar skill. There is variety in the character sketches, but it is such tales as the fragment called "The Boholink" that give the keenest pleasure. This little story of a bird set free, extending over scarcely more than half a dozen pages, has a tender beauty that touches the springs of feeling.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

A critical note on "Mural Painting in the Boston Public Library," by Ernest F. Fenollosa, has been published in a pamphlet issued by Curtis & Co., Boston.

A Dent edition of Daudet's "Tartarin on the Alps" has been issued, in English translation by Henry Frith. It is notable for its reproduction of the illustrations of the best French edition by Myrbach, Rossi, and others. Imported by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Uncommercial Traveller" and "A Child's History of England" constitute the latest volume in the new edition of Charles Dickens's works which is now being issued under the editorial care of Charles Dickens the Younger. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"An Engagement," by Sir Robert Peel, is the story of a mock engagement which ends by becoming a real one, owing to the single-minded determination of the lady. It is the lightest of summer novels, even more rapid than the average specimen of its class, and its chief merit lies in its brevity. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Under Side of Things," by Lilian Bell, has a good many people in it who do a vast deal of talking about nothing in particular, but, after much beating about the bush, the substance of it all seems to be that two young people fall in love and get married. A vignette use of the pruning-knife might improve it, since the humor is a little

heavy and the sentiment overstrained. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A useful little manual for young parliamentarians is "Cushing's Bailed Down," compiled by F. M. Payne. It contains a brief statement of the laws of parliamentary procedure, concisely stated and elaborately indexed; a form for drafting a constitution and by-laws; the Declaration of Independence; and the Monroe doctrine—all in a small "vest-pocket" book. Published by the Excelsior Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"A Modern Argonaut," by Leela B. Davis, is a California story, equally divided between life in the Sacramento Valley and San Francisco. It is apparently a first effort and shows little sign of talent, undeveloped or otherwise. The dialogue is flat and the incidents far from novel, but the young girls for whom it is intended may be willing to overlook these defects and derive some enjoyment from it. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

"In Quest of the Ideal," a translation from the French of Léon de Tinsau by Florence Belknap Gilmour, gives a picture of French provincial life and at the same time weaves an interesting story of love that blows hot and cold and finally dies out. The group of people who hold the stage are well depicted, and though the style is wanting in grace, the story unrolls easily to a conclusion that is felt to be natural and inevitable. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The leading figures in "A Village Drama" are a number of young people who play out their parts in a backwoods village of California, against a background of picnics, and parties, and the various junketings that prevail in a country neighborhood. A love philter is a feature in the tale, and it has a semi-tragic ending. The rustic ways and habits of thought are rendered with some faithfulness, and the little book may serve to while away an unoccupied half-hour. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"With the Fathers," is the latest volume of John Bach McMaster's studies in the history of the United States. It contains thirteen essays on various topics, among which may be cited the Monroe doctrine, the third-term tradition, the Know-Nothings, a century of constitutional interpretation, the struggle for silver, and so on. Several of the papers are of present timely interest, and all are learned, thoroughly digested, and most instructive. The volume is indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Ice-Work, Present and Past," by T. G. Bonney, is the latest issue in the International Scientific Series. It is divided into three parts: "Existing Evidence," in the Alpine glaciers and in the Arctic and Antarctic ice-sheets; "Traces of the Glacial Epoch"; and "Theoretical Questions," such as the temperature, causes, and number of glacial epochs. The author's plan has been in state facts and to present the theories which other observers have derived from them, giving the arguments both for and against. The book is illustrated and indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A curious volume of verse is "The Glory of the Garden and Other Odes, Sonnets, and Ballads in Sequence," by William Vincent Byars. It contains one hundred and sixty-four poems in sonnet form—though some are as trifling in subject and manner as a triquetra—and all are about women, good, bad, and indifferent, from Helen of Troy and the Greek goddesses to Nancy Hanks. We reprint a few specimens of Mr. Byars's verse in another column under the heading "An Octave of Sonnets." A "Note on the Relations of the Horatian Ode to the Tuscan Sonnet" is printed at the end of the book. Published by the author from the press of Gazlay Brothers, New York.

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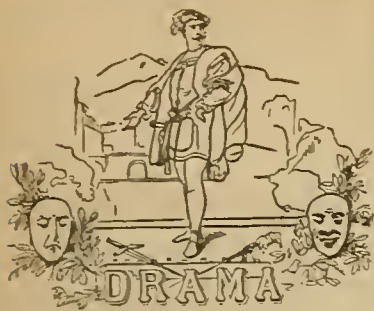
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"The Squire of Dames" is said to be "adapted from the French of Dumas fils by Mr. R. C. Carton." This is a delicate way of stating that Mr. R. C. Carton has made a neat and accurate translation of Dumas's "L'Ami des Femmes," with such few changes as fit it for the refined ears of an Anglo-Saxon audience.

It is rather a sad state of things when an actor like John Drew goes back to French comedy of the last half-century for a play. Not that the play is not good. "L'Ami des Femmes" is a bright, light society comedy, adorned with the celebrated Dumas dialogue and the equally celebrated Dumas moral question. Where Mr. Carton found it not quite convenient, he made it so. Mme. Leverdet is anglicized as Mrs. Dowle, and is bereft of her Des Targettes. The scene where Jane de Simrose makes her hysterical appeal to De Ryons is pruned down into a momentary outburst of tearful distraction. Even De Ryons's frivolous remark on seeing Balhite in her short *ingénue* frock, has been translated into a discreet comment on the beauty of her feet.

Of the people, only Mlle. Hackendorf has been altered. In the adapter's crucible she has been transformed into a wealthy American heiress of the variety discovered by "Ouida." She must have been a strange, weird creature in the lands of an English actress. What an extraordinary thing it is that the English writers can not seem to manage the simplest forms of American slang! Miss Barrymore has the advantage of being an American, and a good-looking American. There is something extremely humorous about her treatment of the character, but whether it is unconscious humor or the real humor of artistic delineation, it is difficult to say. She has, however, one thing very much in her favor. She is perfectly natural, even to her curiously hoarse voice and her long stride, like that of a gawky boy. This extraordinary naturalness of deportment and manner is of inestimable value in society plays. It creates an atmosphere of reality more successfully than the cleverest naturalism or the most elaborate stage-management.

When Miss Barrymore comes striding on the stage and greets people with a sort of cheerfully awkward *bonhomie*, looking rather ill at ease, and as if she did not quite know where to sit down or whom to shake hands with next, she brings in with her a breath of the real, great world, where just such pretty girls as she, half-fledged queens of the social arena, are thick as leaves upon the brooks in Vallobrosa. Mr. Drew has probably long ago discovered the difficulty of finding actresses who can successfully simulate the style and bearing of the sort of ladies one would meet in the reception rooms of Mrs. Dennant. There are quantities of actresses who can play queens and duchesses and things like that, but to find those who can play what the newspapers call "a society lady," is as difficult as to find a genuine tenor voice.

The company has been much strengthened since its last visit here. The men are the same, but there are several new women added to it. One of these is that attractive Annie Irish who was with the Lyceum Company on its last visit, and in "Rebelious Susan" made such a charming *vis-à-vis* to Mr. Kelcey's Queen's Counsel. Miss Irish is an acquisition. She has personality and good taste in dress. She must have come originally from the Frohman's school, because she used to have the aggressive mannerisms that mark those who emerge unscathed from that crushing curriculum. But she is living them down, and not once on Monday evening did she clench her hands, roll up her eyes, and thrust forward her chin. This is the great pose cultivated in the dramatic schools. It signifies all emotions, and until a player ceases to use it, he is in a state of artistic barbarism.

The piece, though it is old and French, runs along gayly. The truth is that such clever people can make almost anything go. They were not even worried by "That Imprudent Young Couple," which was a trial of the abilities of any company. The Gallic point of view is very apparent in "The Squire of Dames," and at times suits ill with the frank Americanism of the players. In real, every-day life, on this side of the pond, such a man as Kilroy would be shown the front door. No woman in this country would stand such officiousness from a man she had never met before. Maybe in England they are more mild and forbearing, and certainly in France they seem to be as meekly dependent as Mary's little lamb. The misery of Mrs. Dennant is also rather a curious aberration viewed from the American standpoint. Mrs. Adams wept and sighed as though she had

lost every hope in life. She had a sort of revel of woe, like the young man who wrote the prize poem on the Duke of Wellington's death, which his master criticised with the remark, "You couldn't have made more of a lament if the entire population of England had died *en masse*."

In the two principal rôles, Mr. Drew and Miss Adams are what they always are—clever, finished, natural, refined. Mr. Drew made the play, which was inclined to drag when he was not there. The part suits him excellently; it is not too young for him, and the impassive Drew manner is well fitted to the enunciating of the suave impertinences of Kilroy. Miss Adams is the same, with some added depths of feeling and a firmer touch. She has gradually lost all her affectations, which were at first such a blot upon her acting. A little additional weight has added a good deal to her prettiness. She is hardly aristocratic enough for a part like Jane de Simrose, whom De Ryons describes on the first meeting as a veritable *grande dame*.

It is a curious thing that the English do not seem to resent the portraying of their ideal hero as a sort of good humored idiot, whom everybody laughs at, and who is generally regarded as a cheerfully harmless buffoon. Not only, however, do they not mind it, but they actually seem to like it. It is really the English writers themselves who are responsible for the presentation of this singular being to the applause and laughter of nations. From the greatest down to the littlest, the British authors delight to crown with the wreath of the hero that type of man who is the acme of amiability, well-meaning *gaucherie*, and kindly inanity. Even Thackeray and Dickens fell under the popular spell. A man to be heroic had to have something wrong with his brains.

It is therefore not De Mille and Belasco's fault that Lord Chumley appears as such a successful performer of the part of Brutus. They were merely conforming to the national ideal, treading in the foot-prints that so many great men have left behind them in the sands of time. To be sure, at the end of the piece, Lord Chumley comes out with flying colors in the mingled rôles of Sherlock Holmes and Guy Livingston. But in the earlier parts of the play he is a terrible combination of dolt and dude. Later you come to the conclusion that he must have been affecting this attractive silliness, and that from the start unsuspected depths of intellect were blushing unseen under that blonde wig.

Mr. Worthing depicts the noble peer with the traditional fair hair parted in the middle that lords and fools always wear on the stage, and further adorns the character with a curious little giggle, which is natural enough, but undoubtedly intensifies the suggestion of inane foolishness which the authors made sufficiently apparent. There is another and very serious fault which De Mille and Belasco never ought to have made, and which Mr. Worthing ought to repress. This is the extremely cavalier manner of Lord Chumley to Lady Adeline. We are made to understand that Lord Chumley was a fool, but always a gentlemanly fool. Some of his remarks to Lady Adeline were gratuitously insulting. Our sympathies are his, no matter how cheerfully idiotic may be his behavior, but when it comes to being rudely pert to an elderly female, we are violently repelled. The whole Lady Adeline episode is of a lower order of comedy than the rest of the piece, and ought to be treated with all the delicacy possible in order to raise it up. Instead of this, both Mr. Worthing and Miss McAllister broaden it to the level of farce, and make it look like an interpolation from a play of Hoyt's. Miss McAllister is unnecessarily effusive and Mr. Worthing is unnecessarily rude.

Outside this, the piece is excellently done. It is very De Mille and Belascoish in places, notably where all the characters come tapping at the door of Lord Chumley's fourth-floor garret on the same day and at the same hour. But, good gracious! Do people in plays ever do natural things? It will be in the millennium that dramas will be written in which the *dramatis personæ* comport themselves more like reasonable human beings and less like geni from the Arabian Nights. It is difficult also to tell why Lord Chumley is in the garret, but as he is very amusing there, and as the slavery is quite the most humorous person in the comedy, we do not cavil at it, and are happy that the second act landed him in a place where he could be funny and we could laugh at him.

The slavery is a new order of part for Miss Bates. She looks so singular in the make-up that it was some time before one realized it was she. The realism of the character suited her much better than the sentiment of the girl in "The Charity Ball." Miss Bates's forte so far is a sort of *bizarre*, unconventional humor, as far removed from the dulcet gayeties of high comedy as from the complacent elegancies of fashionable wit. Her Meg was one of the best things she has done. In such a part as Phyllis Lee, she is false and unconvincing, having neither temperamental nor imaginative sympathy with the character. Her Meg was overdone; but it was done in the right spirit, and now and then it rang true and harmonious.

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Reminiscences of Karl Formes.

In an interesting series of articles on "Great Singers of This Century," by Albert L. Parkes, now running in *Godey's Magazine*, one of the singers discussed in the present issue is Carl Formes, the great basso whose last years were spent in this city. Mr. Parkes describes Herr Formes's first appearance:

"It was in Cologne, in 1847, that he made his début as Sarastro in Mozart's 'Die Zauberflöte,' and revealed his imperious and impetuous temperament in a manner that nearly cost the tenor, Herr Brann, the Monostatos of the opera, his life. In the first act, when Astrafamante instructs her daughter, Tamina, to kill Sarastro, she hands her a dagger. Monostatos overhears the scheme, and Tamina, after the departure of her mother, hesitates, exclaiming: 'What shall I do?' Monostatos seizes the weapon and responds: 'Trust me with your love; yes or no?' Tamina says 'No,' and as he makes a thrust at her with the dagger, Sarastro suddenly appears and claps the raised arm while pushing the would-be assassin aside. Formes, however, bounded upon the stage like an enraged lion, and made such a lunge at Monostatos that he fell prone upon the stage, knocking over the prompter's hood in front of the curtain and exposing the prompter in his shirt-sleeves to the audience. The tenor became nauseated from the force of the fall, and remained on his face, groaning 'Oh! oh!' at brief intervals, while those in front laughed themselves hoarse."

Of a piece with this story is the following:

"In his great rôle of Bertram, in 'Roberto il Diavolo,' he was so realistic and tragically fervid that, upon his approaching Alice in the 'cross' scene, the prima donna, almost scared to death by his intensity and diabolical fervor, ran screaming from the stage."

Of the self-confidence so necessary to the lyric or histrionic artist, Mr. Parkes gives this instance from Formes's career:

"On one occasion, during a summer season, Lablache, Marini, and Standigl, a trio of the most gifted hassos ever heard, and also Carl Formes, were simultaneously in London. At this time, a discussion arose among some of the leading members of the Parthenon Club as to which of the four was the greatest hasso, and it was finally decided to appoint a representative to ask each of them the question, whom they considered the greatest hasso then in the British capital. Unassuming Herr Standigl promptly replied: 'Without any doubt, Signor Lablache is the best.' Lablache responded: 'If Standigl were not here, I would believe myself to be the best, but I can not decide whether the honor is mine or his.' Marini, after reflection, said: 'I can not say who is the *first* hasso now in London, but I am certain that Signor Lablache is the *second*.' Carl Formes, without the slightest hesitation, exclaimed: 'The greatest hasso, sir? That's me, Carl Formes.'"

During Formes's career in London he was more than once commanded to sing for royalty. The following is given in *Godey's* as an illustration of the great basso's later estimate of the footing upon which he stood with the most exacting monarch in the world:

"We had lunched at the Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, early in August, and Carl Formes was bent upon a trip to Long Branch. In our party were several professional ladies, to whom the hasso imparted the fact that his impending visit to the seashore recalled the days when he went to Windsor Castle, where he would meet the queen promenading the castle grounds with her children. He said, upon seeing him enter the castle gate, she would greet him with, 'Carl, I'm so glad to see you,' and he would respond with, 'Thank you, Mrs. Victoria, and how are you and the children?' Of course the young Americans in the company took it for granted that with so dear a friend as Carl Formes, the Queen of England laid aside the rigid formalities of sovereignty, but those who had been to England smiled a very wide smile."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A New English Play at the California.

The second week of the Stockwell company at the California Theater has been quite as successful as the first. "The Grey Mare," though it has been seen here before, has been thoroughly enjoyed, the various members of the company coming out well in its amusing comedy. The piece will be repeated at the matinee this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow night.

A play that is quite new to San Francisco will be presented on Monday night. It is "A Bunch of Violets," and its author is Sidney Grundy, one of the most accomplished of English playwrights. Beerbohm Tree produced the play in London, and during his engagement in New York it was the most popular piece in his repertoire. It was allotted only three weeks in New York, but its time was subsequently extended to a notable extent.

In the present production, Herbert Kelcey will have Mr. Tree's rôle, that of a scheming English baronet; Miss Shannon will be an adventuress; Winona Shannon will be the baronet's daughter; and the remainder of the cast will include John T. Sullivan, William Beach, L. R. Stockwell, Olive Oliver, and others.

A Masculine Mother-in-Law.

Another play from William H. Crane's repertoire is to be given at the Columbia by the Frawley Company next week. It is "His Wife's Father," and it was written for Mr. Crane by Miss Martha Morton, though the central idea was taken from a German play. The chief personage, from whom the play takes its title, is a widower whose love for his only daughter makes him a masculine mother-in-law of the most virulent type, and the play is taken up with teaching him the lesson that a man and his wife must make their own home.

The play has been in Mr. Crane's repertoire a little more than a year, and has been well received wherever it was given. In New York it ran for twenty-four weeks.

The Spectacle at the Tivoli.

A pleasant evening's entertainment is afforded by the operatic spectacle, "A Trip to the Moon," now being presented at the Tivoli Opera House. The piece is an old one, but only the best of Offenbach's original music has been retained, the score being freshened up with a lot of new and pretty music, including the most popular songs of the day; and the story is so loosely built and so fanciful that a great number of novel specialties and crisp modernisms have been introduced into the performance. The leading members of the cast are Hartman, Rafael, W. H. West, Louise Royce, and Miss Millard, and there are three ballets led by Mlle. Adele Vercellessi and directed by Signor de Filippi. "A Trip to the Moon" has proved so popular that it will be continued until further notice.

The next attraction at the Tivoli will be the grand opera season under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs. The company includes Mme. Louise Natalie, Mlle. Nina Bertini Humphreys, Anna Russell, Fernando Michaelena, Maurice de Vries, Signor Abramhoff, Signor Virisari, and Richard Karl, and with them will appear Marie Millard, Clare Prince, Rafael, Paché, and Tooker. Both the orchestra and chorus will be increased for the season, and the first opera will be "Romeo and Juliet."

The Close of the Baldwin Season.

John Drew will give his last two performances of "The Squire of Dames" at the Baldwin Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. After that the theatre will be closed for the regular summer holiday of four weeks.

On Monday, July 27th, Charles Frohman's company, from the Empire Theatre in New York, will re-open the Baldwin with "Bohemia," a play made from Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème." It went rather badly at first in New York, but it was touched up by an expert, and is now one of the successes of the season. The same company will also be seen in "The Benefit of the Doubt," and "The Masqueraders."

Following the Empire company, the occupants of the Baldwin stage will be "The Gay Parisians," Kathryn Kidder in "Madame Sans-Gêne," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Brownies," Julia Marlowe, and Alexander Salvini.

The Difference between Irving and His Wife.

The reason why Sir Henry Irving and his wife live apart is explained by the following story in the *Evening Sun*:

"Irving married when he was very young and very poor. He was a junior member of a traveling company, and it was not until his marriage-knot had been firmly tied that he discovered how averse to the stage his wife was. She never lost an opportunity to run down the profession, and she made a practice of telling her husband that he had better turn to some other profession before it was too late, for he could never make an actor. This sort of thing lasted for several years, and finally the Irvings agreed to live apart. All this time Irving's fame had been increasing in the provinces, and finally, late in the sixties, he was engaged to play Mathias in London.

"John Toole's brother, a great chum of Irving, meanwhile had tried to bring husband and wife together again. The reconciliation took place on the day of the first per-

formance of 'The Bells.' Mrs. Irving magnanimously agreed to waive her objections to the theatre for once, and to witness her husband's performance.

"Of course every one knows the result of that performance. It was one of the greatest triumphs ever scored in a London theatre. It made Irving in a night. Directly after the performance, flushed and elated by his triumph, Irving hurried to his wife's rooms. She was sitting up waiting for him.

"'Well,' he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a school-boy, 'what did you think of me to-night?'"

"'What did I think?' remarked his wife, in a withering tone. 'I thought I had never seen you act so foolish before.'"

"Without another word, Irving turned on his heel and left the house. That was in 1868. Irving has never lived with his wife since, but it is worth noting that two days after the actor was knighted by the queen, his wife's visiting-cards read 'Lady Irving.'"

Notes.

The Mapleson Opera Company is to be heard at the Baldwin this fall.

Richard Mansfield will add "Hamlet" to his repertoire next season.

Corinne and her burlesquers are coming to the Columbia Theatre early in the fall.

Della Fox is coming to San Francisco this season with "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur de Lis."

Another of the De Mille and Belasco plays, "The Wife," is to follow "His Wife's Father" at the Columbia.

Augustus Cook is to be the Napoleon in Kathryn Kidder's production of "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Baldwin.

Otis Skinner and Chauncey Olcott are among those who are to make their first visit as stars to San Francisco next season.

May Yohe, who has been in partial eclipse for some months past, returned to the London stage recently in a revival of "Ninotchka."

Clay M. Greene is working in collaboration with Ned Townsend on the dramatization of the latter's novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements."

It is said that the Holland Brothers are bringing an unusually strong company to the coast this year. They will be seen at the Columbia Theatre.

Edmond Audran has written a new light opera entitled "The Doll." It is to be hoped that it will be as successful as "Olivette" and "The Mascot."

Olga Nethersole's dramatic version of "Carmen" has fallen flat in London. Her much discussed kiss is considered gross by English audiences.

There are forty persons, headed by Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller, in the company that is to present "The Twentieth-Century Girl" at the Columbia.

When E. S. Willard comes to America again, next year, he will be seen in "The Rogue's Comedy," in which he impersonates an hypnotic charlatan.

"The Devil's Auction" is one of the old burlesques that are to be spectacularly revived this winter. It will be seen, late in the season, at the Columbia.

To one of the jurors in the Belasco-Fairbank law-suit is ascribed a neat sense of humor because he left court one day whistling "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

Richard Golden, who seems to have found his vocation in "Old Jed Prouty," will return to the coast next season. His tour will be under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has made a failure in London in Sudermann's "Magda." Duse had already played the rôle there, and the comparison was not to Mrs. Campbell's advantage.

During the week preceding Miss Elliott's departure for Australia on July 25th, the Columbia's bill will be made up of two plays in which she has been most successful—"The Two Escutcheons" and "The Charity Ball."

Edward Harrigan is writing a new play in which he will return to the stage next season. His tour will include a visit to San Francisco. He is also at work on a book which will bear the title, "The Memoirs of Mulligan."

Peter F. Dailey is having a new farce-comedy written for him by John J. McNally, who put together "A Straight Tip," "The Country Sport," and others of the same kind. The new piece is to be called "A Good Thing."

In the forthcoming production of "Carmen" by the Stockwell players at the California Theatre, Frederick Warde and Rose Coghlan will make their first appearances with the company. Miss Coghlan will have the rôle, and Mr. Warde will be the Don José.

Nat Goodwin gave a professional matinee the Friday afternoon preceding the close of his engagement at the Baldwin, and after the fall of the curtain, he reappeared and made a happy little speech, in which he invited his audience to visit him behind the footlights. Then the curtain went up again and revealed the stage set for a banquet. But the viands and champagne were not "proper-

ties," and the corps of waiters were also the real thing, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed for an hour or more. Actors and actresses from most of the theatres in town were present, and a number of non-professional notables also enjoyed Mr. Goodwin's hospitality.

Next Friday, July 3d, being the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of the Tivoli Opera House, the audience will be presented with souvenirs setting forth the history of the house, including pictures of all the singers and a complete record of the performances.

"The Social Trust," a play by Ramsay Morris and Hillary Bell, is to receive its first production a fortnight hence at the hands of the Frawley organization. It is founded on the smash-up of the Cordage Trust last winter, in which many socially prominent New Yorkers were caught.

"Rosemary," an old-fashioned "costume" play by the author of "Gudgeons," seems to be the dramatic success of the London season. Charles Wyndham, who enacts the principal rôle, will probably bring it to America next year, but not, alas! to San Francisco.

Manager Evans is receiving innumerable applications from aspirants for the late Frank Mayo's rôle in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." When it was produced in New York the play lost eight thousand dollars, but "on the road" it has been one of the most successful pieces of the year.

Wilton Lackaye, the Svengali of "Trilby," was himself hypnotized a few days ago in New York. The hypnotist was Santarelli, who has been astonishing the metropolis with his feats. The hypnotization of Lackaye, however, was at a private *seance*, and he merely put the actor to sleep.

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights to a new play by Paul Bourget. That is to say, it is founded on his novel, "A Tragic Idyl." The dramatization is being done by Decourcelles, who is ingeniously dramatic and should be able to make a good acting play even of a psychological novel.

"The Tandem" is the title of a French play built upon the bicycle craze as a basis. In the first act, the husband becomes an enthusiastic bicyclist; in the second, the neglected wife consoles herself with the friend of the family; and, in the third, a reconciliation is brought about by both husband and wife becoming devotees of the tandem.

While Daniel Frohman was in London, he engaged Felix Morris as comedian of the New York Lyceum Theatre Company for two years to come. Mr. Morris has been in England pretty much all the time since he retired from Rosina Vokes's company in consequence of a row with some of the other members, and latterly he has been very popular in the revival of an old part.

"The Parlor Match" was one of the earliest of the Hoyt farces. Evans and Hoey, the song-and-dance team, have been making a great deal of money out of it for ten years past, and though Evans, the book-agent, has retired, Hoey, the tramp, thirsts for more laurels, and is going to revive the piece this winter. It is engaged for a fortnight at the Columbia Theatre.

It is stated that Augustin Daly is going to take his players to London, after all, this summer. At the close of the Chicago engagement, they are to go to the Comedy Theatre, where Sarah Bernhardt is now playing, opening on July 11th. The London season is to last only six weeks, and then the company is to be hurried back to America for the fall tour, which begins some time in September.

The Goodwin-Walsh-Elliott imbroglio is rather difficult of comprehension, but the upshot of it all is evident from Mr. Goodwin's note to the papers, in which he says:

"Miss Walsh does go to Australia. Miss Elliott was engaged months ago to support me for a period of three years. The lady was to join me in September. On my arrival here I discovered, owing to some complication, it was necessary Miss Elliott should sail in July instead of August. Her contract with Mr. Frawley did not expire until two weeks after the July steamer sailed. I explained this to Mr. Frawley, who magnanimously released her. A very courteous act and a favor seldom granted by one manager to another, and for which I am very grateful."

Sir Augustus Harris, the noted London manager, who from his long control of Drury Lane Theatre was known as "Drurionianus," died in London last Monday. His greatest success lay in producing pantomimes and burlesques, though he had a notable revival of grand opera at Drury Lane in 1887, and at Covent Garden a year later. He was knighted in 1891 for his services to the city during the festivities of Emperor William's visit to London. In late years he had paid much attention to theatricals on this side the water, and had paid two or three visits to New York.

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Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. on term deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the first of July, 1896. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. GEO. TOURNV, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 33-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONTgomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum for the half-year ending June 30, 1896. Will be payable, free of taxes, on and after July 1, 1896. S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after July 1, 1896. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

VANITY FAIR.

The suit for twenty-five thousand dollars brought in the Berlin courts against Prince Carl von Isenburgh-Birstein—youngeer brother of the prince of the same house who was reported, in 1893, to be engaged to Miss Florence Pullman—by the persons who negotiated his marriage to Miss Lewis, an American heiress, draws attention to the large number of persons engaged in promoting international matches for a consideration. This is the first instance, we believe, in which the machinery of the law has been employed to enforce the match-makers' claims. Generally they are sufficiently powerful to compel payment by some other means—such, for instance, as bringing about the social ostracism of the delinquent. Generally these match-makers are women of high social standing, but with little or no money to maintain it. Formerly they confined their operations to introducing rich American women to English or Continental society, but lately they have found it more profitable to bring about an alliance between a scion of the European nobility and a heavily dowered American girl. It is not to be supposed that they receive in payment for their services a stipulated sum in cold cash, but the grateful groom may be relied on to remember the kind friend who secured his happiness with some gift of jewelry, which may be converted into a comfortable sum, or by executing commissions in stocks for her that will pay her handsomely, whichever way the market goes. It is a delicate matter to say just who does and who does not, of these reputed match-makers, receive payment in some form for the service rendered, but it is quite proper to recall the names of some of those who have been prominent in such work. One of the most persistent match-makers during the past ten years has certainly been the daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of the colonel of that name, who is an extra equey of the Prince of Wales. It is to the good offices of Mrs. Paget that are ascribed the marriage of Count "Bonni" de Castellane and Miss Anna Gould, of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough, as well as of Miss Grant and the Earl of Essex, while in the same way Mrs. Ronalds and Lady Randolph Churchill have a number of international alliances to their credit. Nor must that well-known lady be forgotten who received so superb a diamond bracelet from the wife of one of the wealthiest of our multi-millionaires for having succeeded in bringing British royalty to her London house, and for having launched her upon the sea of Mayfair fashion.

All society is awheel again at Newport this summer. In the paraphernalia of every arriving family there are from one to half a dozen bicycles, and already there have been two or three practice runs over into Kingston. Last year Miss Virginia Fair was the most attractive young woman who rode a wheel, and her remarkable record for speed around the ocean drive will probably not be broken by any rival this summer. But in appearance, at least, she will have a rival in Miss Katherine Duer, who was one of the most beautiful of the Duchess of Marlborough's bridesmaids. She wears a costume when riding that is described as a marvel of brown and blue, colors that blend well with her dark style of beauty. Two others of the younger set who are already prominent as bicyclists are Miss Gammell and Miss Stone. Miss Gammell, who is an enthusiast and will probably be captain of the wheeling club if one is formed among the ladies, rides in gray gowns which she has just brought from Paris. They are said to be extremely plain in cut and trim.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess of passion, and therefore regarded by the unsophisticated maidens of the land as an authority in all matters of the heart, is of opinion that flirtation is a fine art, developed from woman's inborn mating instinct. "It is the natural weapon of defense of the unpossessed," she declares; and she goes on to say: "I wish I might write of flirtation as the deadliest of dangers, and warn all women whose eyes fall upon my words to avoid its pitfalls. But when I am asked to discuss a subject, I must speak the truth of it as I see it, and I am sorry to record the fact that the girl who is utterly devoid of coquetry seldom marries either so early or so well as her flirtishly inclined sister. Men admire and neglect the thoroughly prudent woman. They disapprove of and court the wily coquette." Which is immoral balderdash—immoral because, if followed, such advice would lead more women to misery than to happiness, and balderdash because it is not true. Men enjoy flirting, as women do, for the pleasure to be derived from a trial of wits and for the possible element of danger in it. But a man, if he is a man worth marrying, never flirts with a girl for whom he has a sufficiently high regard to think of her as his possible wife.

Van Bibber's adventures as an amateur burglar, when for a wager he went a round of receptions as an uninvited guest, one afternoon in New York, and pilloined some twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of silverware and other portable articles of value, are recalled by the discovery of an aristo-

cratic kleptomaniac in London last week. She is a widow of excellent social standing, with an income of three thousand six hundred dollars a year, and for a year past she has been going uninvited to weddings and helping herself to whatever struck her fancy. For months the police could find no trace of her, but at last she was caught in a strange way. She disappeared from her home, and her friends, who feared she might have come to harm and had no suspicion of her conduct, sent a minute description of her to the police; the police had a description of the wedding-reception thief, whom they had been unable to find; the two descriptions tallied, and the woman was arrested. She gave an assumed name, and under that name was tried on sixteen charges of theft—one being the taking of four jeweled pins from the house of the Dowager Countess of Malmesbury—and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. She has just begun to serve her term in a common London jail.

A photograph of a recent coaching meet in Dublin offers a striking contrast in the matter of costume to the punctilious garb of our coaching men and women. In San Francisco we take our fashions from New York, and the New Yorkers take theirs from London; but the coaching American is slavish in following the mode, and seems to be afraid of social destruction if he deviate from the exact letter of the law of dress. To be sure there is no prescribed garb for a simple country drive on a coach, and men here wear whatever they find most comfortable. But on all formal occasions, such, for instance, as the Horse Show, San Francisco drivers and their guests would be in a fever if a button were awry, or a single furry spot marred the immaculate gloss of their high hats. But in Dublin—and its proximity to London and the presence of the vice-regal court make its leisure class identical with that of England—where six four-in hands are shown in line, only one of the six drivers wears a high hat, and that is a white one with a black band. Only one guest wears a silk hat, and of twelve other drivers and guests six wear Derbys and six wear straw hats. The latter, by the way, are rather a new thing in England, and are almost as popular as bicycles. All of which goes to prove that Englishmen, in spite of the fact that they set the fashions for the rest of the masculine world, are themselves no slaves to fashion, and wear whatever is most comfortable for the occasion.

The latest scheme to solve the vexatious bicycle-saddle problem is to have the saddle made to order. A New York man is doing quite a thriving trade in this line, his patrons including some of the leading members of the Michaux Club. The processes of measuring and making are thus described:

"The wheel is placed in a stand or 'home-trainer,' so that the rear wheel can be revolved. Friction is applied to the wheel so that a rider can sit in the saddle and pedal in precisely the same position as when on the road. When the exact position has been ascertained, the saddle is removed and in its place a slab of wood, rimmed at the back and sides, is fixed to the seat post. On this wooden seat is spread modeling clay to the depth of three-quarters of an inch. A piece of oiled silk is spread over the clay and the patron then takes his or her seat in it, clad in regular riding costume. Pedaling is continued for ten or fifteen minutes, so that every peculiarity of pose and shape will be worked out in the clay. From the clay a plaster cast is made, and from this a pattern of composite material is formed for the foundryman. An aluminum casting is made and round holes are cut out where the depressions indicate the tuberosities which support the body when sitting. Another cut of elliptical form is made along the centre line to remove all possibility of pressure on the perineum. Across the two large holes is stretched a piece of stiff leather, and then the entire saddle is covered with felt, on top of which is put the outer covering of seal or pigskin."

All this is stated in the New York Journal, which also prints pictures of the clay models specially made for the bicycle saddles of Mrs. Stanford White, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. George B. de Forest, Mrs. William Jay, Miss Grace Horton, Mrs. Conra Urquhart Potter, and Lillian Russell.

That must sacred of British institutions, the House of Commons, is being invaded by the fair sex to an extent that makes the old-fashioned members positively apologetic. We have already mentioned the waitresses who serve tea on the terrace in the afternoon. Labouchere says they have made the place look like a cross between a casino and a café, and there are dark hints that sundry sportive old legislators have not only had occasional quiet flirtations with these deft-handed Phyllises, but have even made appointments to meet them after hours. But these are merely a small part of the invading army. Lady visitors to the House of Commons have been growing more numerous and bolder, and the extension of the afternoon tea arrangements has accentuated what has long been regarded as a grievance by the staid members. The time was when the ladies were content and even grateful for the limited accommodation of the ladies' gallery. Now, according to the Sun's correspondent, they stroll about the place as if the House were their own. Every afternoon the lobby is crowded with fashionable women, and it has become quite an ordinary proceeding for batches of them to be conducted just inside the outer doorway of the sacred legislative chamber itself in order that they may obtain a

glimpse of the Speaker in his robes, a spectacle which can not be seen from the ladies' gallery. They invade the committee rooms and saunter about the corridors, as often as not alone, and if challenged by the attendants either scornfully decline to be cross-examined as to their rights to be in the place, or declare that they are waiting for such and such honorable gentlemen. It is darkly rumored that a secret committee of middle-aged married members has been formed for the purpose of grappling with the evil.

White riding-habits are a novelty in Vienna, and very nice they must look, according to the description furnished by Vogue's correspondent. Three of these, worn with white sailor-hats, were made of soft but thick piqué, the skirt extremely short and the jacket and waistcoat strapped at the seams. The collar of the waistcoat was high and quite military in shape, and the sleeves hardly full at the shoulder. White gloves and white patent-leather top-boots gave the whole costume a charming finish. "Tiny clusters of small, fresh blossoms," the same authority adds, "are now placed in the bridle of the riding-horses, beneath the ear, their color corresponding with that of the silken frontal. Another pretty innovation is the fashion of having a wee platinum watch inserted in the pommel of the ladies' saddles. This does away with the annoyance of carrying a time-keeper in one's habit-pocket or in one of those horrible leather, gold, or silver bracelets which are so top-heavy and so inconvenient to wear."

The social effect of bicycling is considered in a serious paper in the London Spectator, which points out the fact that the new means of locomotion is bringing about radical changes in country life. Formerly the country was a place of seclusion, and the isolation of the life was conducive to reflection and rest. But now a neighbor five miles away can be reached in half an hour without the bother of ordering out a carriage, and what woman would read or meditate when she can reach a jolly circle of friends in that time? The constant habit of the bicycle dissipates the mind (says the Spectator), just as a constant immersion in society does, and for the same reason—it renders reflection less frequent and less enjoyable. Let those who doubt that this effect will be produced in the country note the curious increase the cycle is causing in the habit of meeting at lunch, and indeed in the substitution of lunch for dinner. You can not bicycle back on a dark night with your wife or sister in full dress; but you can lunch at two o'clock, and cycle back in the cool of the evening with great enjoyment and no danger. "Cycling, in fact," this authority declares, "will increase the scattering and mobility of country society, to the increase of its pleasures and the loss of much of its steadfastness and quiet."

There is at least one matter in which anglomania is powerless to compel American women to follow the lead of their English sisters, and that is in the size of the family. Among well-to-do Americans, two children is the average, but in the British aristocracy the average is eight. For dynastic reasons, it is desirable that the families of the royal house should be large, and it is not surprising that Queen Victoria should be the mother of nine children and the Princess of Wales the mother of eight. But, though the same reason does not hold in the case of the nobility, the Earl of Leicester has no less than eighteen children, the Duke of Westminster fifteen, the Duke of Argyll twelve, the Earl of Ellesmere eleven, Lord Inchiquin fourteen, the Dowager Countess of Dudley seven, and the Marquis of Abergavenny, who is popularly known as "Old Rhubarb," has ten.

"I have always considered 'The Star-Spangled Banner' one of the greatest songs ever written," observed Uncle Allen Sparks; "if any other one that I know of had begun 'O, say!' it would never have reached a second edition."—Chicago Tribune.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Earl of Portarlington was always forgetting the names of people whom he had met. Once, on receiving a gracious ood from Queeo Victoria at a Marlborough House garden-party, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I can not remember your name."

On one occasion the late John Stetson went to New York. At that time the L roads did not run on Sunday. Stetson took a walk with Jack Haverly on this day, and was disgruntled because he could not take a ride on the road. Happening to see the letters "M. E. R. R.," which stood for Metropolitan Elevated R. R., Haverly asked John what they meant. "Blessed if I know," replied John; "Methodist Episcopal R. R., I guess."

Two ladies were being shown the wonders of the X-ray recently by Professor Robinson, of Bowdoin College, and one was looking through the other with the fluoroscope. "Can you see the ribs?" asked the polite professor. "Oh, yes, very plainly," was the answer; "but I never knew before that they extended up and down." And then it was the duty of the scientist to explain that steel corset-ribs, as well as human-bone ribs, are disclosed by the merciless X-rays.

Not long ago, Professor John Stuart Blackie paid a visit to the sanctuary of an Edinburgh publisher, and mentioned that he had lectured the previous night on Scottish Home Rule. "I am astonished," said the publisher, "at your fondness for making an exhibition of yourself." Professor Blackie, without another word, turned on his heel and went away, slamming the door. Presently he came back, thrust in his head, and said: "Do you know, that's just what my wife tells me."

One of Newfoundland's earlier chief-justices was a delightful person, by name Tremlett, renowned for his rough, unswerving honesty. In 1802 he was made a subject of formal complaint to the governor, Admiral Duckworth. The latter had to bring the complaints officially to his notice. And this was the formal reply handed to the admiral: "To the first charge, your excellency, I answer that it is a lie. To the second charge I say that it is a d—d lie. And to the third I say that it is a d—d infernal lie. Your excellency's obedient servant, THOMAS TREMLETT."

At one of the London clubs two card-players were much annoyed by the class of bore who persists in looking on at a game and making remarks about it. After standing the nuisance for some time, one of the players asked one of the spectators to play the hand for him until he returned. The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were. "They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.

A number of years ago, during a hot campaign, a monster Democratic mass-meeting was held to ratify certain nominations, and, to cap the climax, it was proposed to have a grand barbecue the following Friday night, with the usual accompaniment of roasted oxen and liquid refreshments. The proposition met a warm reception; but soon through the shouting from the rear of the hall was heard a voice: "Mr. Spaker! Mr. Spaker!" The chairman recognized the suppliant, when the latter continued: "Mr. Spaker, I would suggest that the date of that barbecue be changed, for the good and sufficient reason that the book of the Democratic party don't eat meat on Fridays!"

"Beau" Hickman, one of the old-time characters of Washington, lived entirely on his wits, and one day the President's dog escaped him. One night he wandered into the National Hotel, and asked the clerk to give him a room. The clerk had him show to the room immediately over the kitchen, which was swarming with flies. About nine o'clock in the morning, "Beau" came along smiling, and, stopping at the office, some of the loungers, whom the clerk had told of the flies, hastened to ask "Beau" how he had rested. "First-rate," answered he. "Flies trouble you any?" asked one. "A little," replied "Beau," "in the early morning, but I 'bived' 'em." With one accord, the crowd broke for the room to discover the means employed in "biving" them. "Beau" had taken a piece of pie which he had, spread it upon the floor, waited until the flies had settled upon it, then turned the wash-basin over them, and goose back to bed.

District Attorney Barnes got permission from Harbor Commissioner Chadbourne to take a party of friends out on the State tug, *Governor Markham*,

for a trip around the bay, one day last week. Finding it impossible to go at the appointed time, he wrote a note on a visiting card to Colonel Chadbourne, thanking him for his kindness and explaining that he could not get away that day, but asking him to fix it for the following day. He concluded by saying, "I would be pleased if you can go, too." Next day there was no *Governor Markham* to be seen at the wharf, but at his office Mr. Barnes found a very fiery note from Colonel Chadbourne. Mr. Barnes was naturally surprised, and sent his clerk to find out what was the matter. The latter went to Colonel Chadbourne and made inquiry. "Why, heavens, man," shouted the angry warrior, "he asked a favor of me, and then, when I granted it, he told me to go to —!" The clerk asked to see Mr. Barnes's note. The Colonel produced it, and there on its face was the legend: "you can go, too. W. S. BARNES." Colonel Chadbourne had not read the first half of the message on the other side of the card.

BICYCLE VERSE.

The Modern Mary.

Mary had a little lamp;
Its wick was trimmed "jes' so,"
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamp was sure to go—out.
—New York Telegram.

Beneath the Wave.

Only a little mermaid,
Who perched on a cold, damp rock,
And wept as if her system
Had incurred a dreadful shock.
"Alas! Ah, woe!" she huddled,
"I'm the victim of a cheat;
I can not ride a bicycle,
For I haven't any feet."
—Chicago Record.

Jane Again.

Oh, Jane, the memory gives her pain,
The day that she a pebble hap to strike;
While her wheel, without its load,
Slid away across the road—
And her golden hair was hanging to her hike.
—Indianapolis Journal.

The Old Grumbler to the New Girl.

Bike! Bike! Bike!
O'er the hard street stones, O She!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!
O well for the newspaper boy
That he scoots on his cycle away!
O well for the butcher lad
That he pedals—perchance it may pay!

But when stately girls get on
All a-crouch, and with prospect of spill,
It is O for the touch of a wee soft hand,
And the sound of a voice that could thrill!

Bike! Bike! Bike!
With thy foot on the pedal, O She!
But the girlish grace that the Wheel struck dead
Will never come back to thee!—Punch.

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Singing, she rode, and her merry glee
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from town,
Upon the hill-slope, coasting down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear that she hardly dared to own,
For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scorched swiftly down the road—
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade
Of the apple-trees, to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly loan
Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump,
And in less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down
At her feet, once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the Judge, as he pumped away,
"Tis very fine weather we're having to-day."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees;
Of twenty-mile runs and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown
Was over her bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, allack-a-day!
The Judge remounted and rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"My father should have a brand-new wheel
Of the costliest make and the finest steel."

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design,
So that she'd cease to hallow mine."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and a form more fair
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!"

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Could make her put those bloomers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And shuddered to think how they would scold

If he should, one of these afternoons,
Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dower,
Who had never succumbed to the bloomers' power;

Yet, oft while watching the smoke wreaths curl,
He thought of that freckled bloomer girl;

Of the way she stood there, pigeon-toed,
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a store,
And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy!
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought,
And sighed o'er the loss that her bloomers wrought,

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin,
And then confessed: "It might have been."

Alas for the Judge! Alas for maid!
Dreams were their only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,
The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ah, well! For as all hope still remains—
For the bloomer girl and the man of brains,

And, in the hereafter, bloomers may
Be not allowed to block the way!

—Cleveland Leader.

The Seven Ages of Bicycling.

All the world's a-wheel,
And all the cyclists merely tired!
They have their enemies as to a choice of hike
And one man in his time has many falls—
His acts being seven ages. At first the pollywog
Wiggling and sprawling from his trainer's arms;
Then the whining and discouraged tyro, creeping,
Tremulous and fearful, unwilling, from the adamant

floor
Back to the wheel; and then, all hopeful, talkative of
when

That blissful day shall come, and he with mistress ride
A tandem to the happy courts of Love!
Then a hikiest in full measure, seeking the hubbub
Notoriety

As a trick cyclist; colliding with an Alderman
In huge proportions, hear and capon lined,
With eyes severe, our cyclist vanishes behind a pris-
oner's dock;

The sixth age shifts, and into his lean and plaided pan-
taloons

With fearsome mien and real faint-heartedness,
His little hoard well sav'd for purposes
Known right well by his hike, which disarranged,
And spokes uncombed awaits its master's hail!

And his big, manly voice, turning to a childish treble,
pipes

"Ay, guilty, Honor!" winds whistling in his sound;
Last scene of all, that ends a wheelman's Chess and

Checked history,
Is cyclomania, oblivion to else
Save gear, save spoke, save tire, save—scorching!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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pay for the drinks."—Chicago Record.

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SOCIETY.

The Hanchett-Upson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Upson and Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett took place last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, corner of Tenth and F Streets, in Sacramento. The bride is the daughter of Mr. L. S. Upson, and is well known in society circles here. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hanchett and brother of Mrs. George Crocker and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll. He is engaged in mining in Nevada.

There was quite a large attendance of relatives and intimate friends at the wedding. Miss Alice Rutherford, the groom's niece, was the bridesmaid, and Mr. L. Stewart Upson, the bride's brother, was best man. Rev. H. N. Hoyt performed the marriage ceremony. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful. After a pleasant celebration of the wedding the newly married couple left on the train for this city. They will visit various resorts on the coast and then go to Nevada to reside.

The Wallace-Harper Wedding.

Miss Jeannette Harper and Mr. Richard Roman Wallace were married in marriage last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. S. Greer, 322 Hyde Street. The groom is the son of Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace. Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. John Hemphill. Mr. James W. Burling gave the bride into the keeping of the groom. Miss Sarah Harper, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and Miss Carrie Purcell and Miss Mildred Nelson acted as flower-bearers. Judge James V. Coffey was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace left on Thursday to make a Southern trip, and when they return, they will reside in this city.

The Wayman-Faull Wedding.

There was a very pretty wedding at "Pine Knoll," the country home of Mrs. H. S. Faull near St. Helena, Napa County, last Thursday. The bride was Mrs. Faull's daughter, Miss Rosette Faull. The groom was Mr. Willard O. Wayman, who is prominent in insurance circles here. Thousands of roses converted the house into a hower of beauty. Miss Sophia Faull, twin sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. Numerous telegrams from the East and Europe and many beautiful presents gave testimony of the popularity of the bridal couple. The wedding was very pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Wayman will pass the next three months at Belvedere, after which they will reside in this city.

Notes and Gossp.

The wedding of Miss Isabel McKenna and Mr. Peter Donahue Martin will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Thursday, July 30th. The bridesmaids will be Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, and the Misses McKenna. Mr. Andrew Martin will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Clement Tohin, Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Harry B. Pringle, and Mr. William Randol. Miss McKenna is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, and Mr. Martin is the son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. The reception at the home of the bride's parents will be limited to relatives and very intimate friends.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, and Captain Oscar Fitzalan Long, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., now stationed at Washington, D. C. Miss

Requa is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa. Captain Long is a graduate of West Point, and served with much honor under General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., in the Indian campaigns. He is a member of the Society of the American Revolution, the Loyal Legion, the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of the Colonial Wars, the Society of the War of 1812, and of the principal clubs in Washington, D. C. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Bray, of Carson City, Nev., to Mr. Charles H. Adams, of Menlo Park, Cal. Miss Bray is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray. Mr. Adams is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams. The wedding will take place in Carson City on Wednesday, July 15th.

The wedding of Miss Lena Schell and Mr. Wilson Underhill, of Fresno, will take place next Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. G. W. Schell, on Twenty-First Street.

Hon. B. D. Murphy gave a six in-hand coaching-party last Saturday from San José to the reservoir of the San José Water Company, about fourteen miles distant from that city. Upon arriving there luncheon was served, and then boating and fishing were enjoyed. Several strings of black bass were the reward of the anglers. Mr. Murphy's guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Naglee Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Wright, the Misses Morrison, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Murphy, Miss Arques, Judge W. B. Gilbert, and Judge Houghton.

Mr. Sonoda Kokichi, president of the Specie Bank, of Yokohama, gave a dinner-party at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday evening, and entertained about forty gentlemen.

Dr. Jordan's Mission.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, has been honored by being placed at the head of the new Behring Sea Seal Commission created by the last Congress. Dr. Jordan had intended to spend his vacation, as usual, lecturing in the East. He is a hard worker, and his idea of a vacation is to work somewhere else. But just as he was about to leave, he received a telegraphic notification of his appointment, and at once canceled his lecture engagements.

Dr. Jordan is an ardent naturalist. He is famous as an ichthyologist. Therefore, when he was appointed head of this commission, his scientific ardor prevailed over his desire to lecture in the East. It is not a disagreeable post, in addition to the honor conferred. It is stated that the United States Government pays him four thousand dollars, in addition to all of his expenses being paid. He has a fine ship, the *Albatross*, which is the vessel controlled by the United States Fish Commission. This well-equipped ocean steamer will be under his orders. Associated with him will be Dr. Leonard Stejneger and Frederick A. Lucas, of the National Museum at Washington. The British commissioners are D. W. Thompson, of the University of Dundee, Scotland, and W. Hamilton. James Macoun is the Canadian commissioner. Two Japanese commissioners will join the party when the *Albatross* reaches the Japan seas. The commission has been created by the United States Government to ascertain everything concerning the habits, life, and history of the seals.

Dr. Stejneger has been curator of reptiles for twelve years in the National Museum of Washington. Professor Lucas is an authority on the anatomy of birds and of the higher animals. Joseph Murray, another member of the commission, has been Special Treasury Agent on the seal islands. Charles H. Murray, the naturalist of the *Albatross*, has been a member of the United States Fish Commission for twelve years, and accompanies the expedition. Captain J. F. Moser, commander of the *Albatross*, is a member of the commission. George F. Clark, of Stanford University, will be secretary of the commission.

Dr. Jordan and his party will be gone about three months, and they are expected to return about October 1st. All of that time they will be completely cut off from communication with the outer world, as they probably will not be able to receive any mail. It is hoped by all that their expedition will be a pleasant and successful one.

Letters received here from Mrs. Carmichael-Carr show that she is having a delightful time in her old home. She reached London on June 7th, and has since been making a round of visits, notably to the homes of Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, and other lights of the artistic world. Her sister, Miss Carmichael, was to play before the Prince of Wales at Stafford House, the residence of the Duchess of Sutherland, a few nights ago, and Mrs. Carr was to accompany her. Mrs. Carr has met a number of Californians in London, including Mr. O'Sullivan, whose success in "Shamus O'Brien" continues unabated. Just when Mrs. Carr is to return, or, indeed, if she is to do so at all, has not been decided.

"Do you expect to suffer from hay-fever this summer, Mrs. de Long?" "No. Not unless my husband's business improves."—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE AMERICAN BAR IN LONDON

And the British Bar-Maid.

In nearly every street in London you see the sign:

AMERICAN BAR,
ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN DRINKS.

In some of these bars visitors are served by cockneys masquerading as American bar-tenders, but in others the British bar-maid abounds.

I had a long and serious talk with one of these bar-maids, the other day. It came about in this wise:

I had already discovered that in intrusting one of them with the task of mixing a drink for you, it is necessary to maintain as close a watch of her movements as you do of the harber who cuts your hair.

This particular har-maid was constructing for me what she imagined was a gin cocktail, and I was watching her far more intently than she knew.

"Pleasant dye!" she remarked, with the rising inflection which is one of the principal charms of the London bar-maid. I agreed with her, for it is always well to agree with a woman, even when you find it necessary to watch her. And while I agreed, I did not take my eyes off her.

"Stop!" My clarion voice echoed through the "pub." She paused in her work and looked up at me with an expression of surprise in her wide-open, trustful blue eyes.

"What's that you are going to put into that cocktail?" I inquired.

And she, with her eyes still fixed on mine, and with the light of truth and innocence in those dewy orbs, made answer:

"Raspberry vinegar, sir; it goes in nearly all American drinks, sir."

"Well, there's one drink it won't go in," I retorted, "and that is mine."

And then, as she replaced what looked like a bottle of hair tonic on the shelf, I continued:

"Gypsy, there are so few things required in the construction of a cocktail, and so many things in the world that should not be put in it, that I wonder how you can go astray in the matter. Raspberry vinegar may have its rightful place in the economy of nature—though I am rather inclined to doubt it—but it does not belong in the gin cocktail any more than sawdust does, or kerosene oil, or chloroform."

"Very well, sir," the maid replied, cheerfully, "I won't put any in, sir," and, seizing a suspicious-looking bottle, she prepared to add some of its contents to the concoction in the place. Again and again I called upon her to pause.

"Why, that's the cherry cordial, sir. You can read the name on the bottle if you don't care to take my word for it, sir!"

I saw that her feelings were hurt, that her great, wide-open, blue eyes were beginning to fill up, and that there was something like a quiver in her voice as she spoke.

"Gypsy," I said, leaning over the bar and getting as near as possible to her brown curls, "I come of an old-fashioned, superstitious race, and we have always believed that the presence of cherry cordial in a gin cocktail was a sure sign that there would be a death in the family before long. In the same quaint fashion my parents reared me in the belief that a cocktail with raspberry vinegar in it signified the shroud and winding-sheet, the tolling of midnight bells, the swift approach of the pale rider. What have you in that glass now, Gypsy?"

"Why, I've only just begun it, sir. I've got nothing in except a little ice and the gin and the bitters, sir, and a little sugar to sweeten it, sir. Now I'll put in a dash of Jamaica rum—"

"Stop! Give me that glass! There, you see I put my hat over it a moment just for luck. Now cut a small piece of lemon-peel, and as soon as you see me remove the hat squeeze the oil out of the peel into the glass. But you'd better take those bottles off the bar first; for they're a constant source of temptation to you."

She did as I told her, and then inquired: "Shall I throw the peel into the glass, too, or is that a sign of death, sir?"

"No, but it's a sure sign that you have German blood in your veins."

Then I drank the cocktail with expressions of satisfaction, and Gypsy asked me if it was a good one.

"It is at least the best one that I have tasted in England," I replied, as I wiped my lips with my pocket-handkerchief, for there are no bar-towels in this country.—*James L. Ford in New York Journal*.

—LE POMMERY SEC A, SUR LES COTES OCCIDENTALES des Etats Unis d'Amerique, une vogue vraiment extraordinaire. La vente en Californie se monte à 15,000 caisses par an, soit 180,000 bouteilles, et cela dans un pays qui compte à peine un peu plus d'un million d'habitants. On ne saurait mieux prouver que le pays de l'or ne manque pas de fins connoisseurs.—*Paris Figaro*.

—KODAK, KODET, BULL'S-EYE, BULLET, Premo, Poco, Hawk-Eye cameras, '96 models, from \$5.00 upwards. Everything new and fresh in photography. Developing and printing. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market St.

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Don't ask us, then, how much it'll cost to make you a card like the one you got somewhere else. Ask us what it'll cost to do it on Crockers' paper in Crockers' way. Less than you suppose.

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Depot for French Hair Restoratives and finest French Toilet Articles. Gray and bleached hair restored to its natural color. Ladies' and children's hair dressed, cut, singed, and shampooed by the latest process. Hair-dressing for brides and veil adjusting a specialty.

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Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
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—OF THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
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ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

EVANS' ALE.

CAPITOLA

Is charmingly situated on the shores of the Bay of Monterey, four miles east of Santa Cruz, on the line of Broad Gauge Railroad. Thousands visit this resort yearly to enjoy the surf bathing, salmon and trout fishing. The hotel is situated at the very water's edge; surf bathing and hot salt water baths; furnished and partly furnished cottages and provisions for amusement and recreation, are all hefting a first-class seaside resort. Free camping ground. Address
F. REANIER, Superintendent, Capitola.

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From
Delmonico's
Kitchen.

NEW YORK,
February 11.

In my use of the Royal Baking Powder I have found it superior to all others.



I recommend
it as of the first
quality.

C. GORJU,
Late Chef de cuisine,
Delmonico's, N. Y.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., N. Y.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *né* Crocker, of New York, will come to California after their return from Europe, and will pass several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair have returned from Europe, and are at their Newport villa.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., Miss Mills, and Miss Florence Mills returned to the city last Monday, after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Prince and Princess Poniatowski returned from New York last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and family will leave next Tuesday to pass the season at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Alston Williams, *né* Tucker, will reside at 2114 Vallejo Street when they return from Honolulu.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster expects to sail from Europe for New York next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned from their European tour, and are in New York city.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and her children went to the Hotel del Monte last Saturday for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaucer R. Winslow have gone to San Rafael for a few weeks.

Miss Mary Bell Gwin has recently been the guest of Miss Ethel Tompkins in San Rafael. She will leave next Wednesday to visit the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker arrived here last week from New York, and attended the wedding of Mrs. Crocker's brother, Mr. L. E. Hanchett, in Sacramento, last Wednesday. They are occupying the Crocker residence, on California Street, for a brief period.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard has returned from his visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C., is here on a visit to friends.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde is passing the summer on his ranch near St. Helena.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Miss Lizzie Carroll, and Miss Gertrude Carroll have gone to the Hotel Rafael to remain until July 6th, when they will go to Honolulu for a month.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox will pass the season at Santa Monica.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have returned from Europe after a prolonged absence, and will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Margaret Casserly will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond sailed from Cape Town, Africa, last Wednesday for England. They will visit their children, who are at school in England, and are expected here in October.

General Nathaniel Harris returned from Portland, Or., last Monday.

Miss Marjorie Young, Miss Jennie Catherwood, and Miss Cora Smedberg have recently been enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker are at their country villa, near Cloverdale. On the evening of June 19th, a number of their friends in the vicinity gave them a surprise-party to commemorate Mr. Crocker's birthday.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan passed last Saturday and Sunday at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz, as the guest of Mr. James D. Phelan.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin returned to Santa Cruz last Monday from Paso Robles.

Mr. H. J. Stewart is passing the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills have been passing the week at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe has returned to Santa Cruz after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin and the Misses Kate and Alice Herrin are at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Dr. Robert I. Bowie has been visiting at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Frederick E. Willson, *né* Heuer, is at Iron Mountain for the summer. She will visit Castle Crag and other points of interest in Shasta County before returning home.

Mrs. Thomas L. Cornell, of Derby, Conn., will arrive in California about July 6th, to pass the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kellogg, in Oakland.

Mrs. W. A. Nevills and Mrs. John C. Morrison, of Sonoma, are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Harry N. Stetson is passing part of the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. Everett N. Bee left last Monday for Sausalito, where he will remain during the season.

Miss Ethel Cohen has been visiting friends in San Rafael during the past week.

Dr. George J. Bucknall has been confined to his residence during the past fortnight through illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are visiting the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Mrs. H. E. Wise will pass the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson has been making a visit to Portland, Or.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and family have gone to Portland, Or. They will make a trip to Alaska in July.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Emma Hunt have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant and family left last Tuesday to pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lettis Oliver and family are passing the summer at their country home near Martinez.

Mr. J. B. Crockett passed a few days in San José during the past week.

Judge H. G. Bond has returned to his home in Santa Clara after an absence of several months passed in Denver and New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bents, of Santa Barbara, left last Saturday on the steamer *Captiv* to make their annual tour of Japan.

Mr. A. B. Spreckels returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill and her son went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday, and are there for the season.

Mrs. W. J. Lowry, Miss Lowry, and Miss I. Lowry, are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott returned from Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mrs. John Stafford, wife of Lieutenant Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, will return to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, next Tuesday.

Mrs. J. R. Walker, Jr., who has been visiting here for several weeks, will return to her home in Salt Lake City in a few days.

Mr. Charles M. Shortridge and Miss Vesta Shortridge, of San José, sailed on the steamer *Alameda* last Thursday for Honolulu.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., and Captain Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., have been visiting the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Captain and Mrs. J. J. Brice, U. S. N., left last Tuesday to pass the season at Castle Crag.

Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., is at Key West, Fla. Mrs. Jungen is in Paris.

Mrs. Lester A. Beardslee, wife of Rear-Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., left this week to visit Alaska.

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island after an absence of two months in Bakersfield.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Sinclair, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Alcatraz Island.

Major William M. Maynadier, Paymaster, U. S. A., is now residing at the north-east corner of Post and Powell Streets.

Chief-Engineer George F. Kutz, U. S. N., who has been stationed at Mare Island for a long time was retired on June 26th, after forty years of active service.

Captain James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., will leave Yale College on August 1st to join his company.

Surgeon H. T. Percy, U. S. N., will leave Washington, D. C., on July 1st, for duty on the *Monterey*.

Surgeon R. Whiting, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey*, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Surgeon C. T. Hibbett, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and ordered to the *Independence*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon C. F. Stokes, U. S. N., is recorder of the Medical Examiner's Board in New York city.

Lieutenant F. A. Wilner, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered to the *Adams*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer T. F. Burdett, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty in connection with the *Oregon*.

Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Charges in Yosemite.

YOSAMITE VALLEY, CAL., June 27, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Kindly allow me to call your attention to an editorial which appeared in the issue of the *Argonaut* dated the fifteenth instant, under the caption, "Yandalism in the Yosemite Valley." By it, indirectly, you would have your readers to understand that charges in the valley are exorbitant, and that while trout may sport themselves in the Merced, they need not fear the hook so far as the valley hotels are concerned, for hy them canned salmon is considered a sufficiently good substitute.

Permit me to say that I have spent the past two weeks at one of these hotels, and during that time trout has been served every morning for breakfast—daily purchases of fish from the valley Indians being made at the not low rate of twenty-five cents a pound.

And as regards charges, I would say that the same scale of rates prevails at both hotels (for there are but two, and their charges are regulated by the State board of Yosemite commissioners), and ranges between two and four dollars a day—sufficiently extended, I should think, to satisfy the most exacting tourist, be he rich or in moderate circumstances.

Yosemite has been a much maligned place. Much has been inadvertently said about it which has acted as a deterrent upon travel there. Exaggerated ideas prevail as to poor accommodations and high prices. But I would say that one may live as cheaply in the valley as at any other popular resort. Whatever element of truth may lie in the reports of high charges for transportation into and out of the valley, I know there is none as regards one's accommodations while there.

I believe the influence of the *Argonaut* to be far-reaching, and that much which is said in its columns is accepted without question by the majority of its readers. Such being the case, I trust that you, gentlemen, as editors of the *Argonaut*, will see to it that a spade shall be called a spade.

I do not write this letter for publication, but merely to acquaint you with the facts as I know them to exist at present. I am merely a tourist here, and have no interest in the matter other than to see justice done. Therefore, should you see fit to mention the matter in your columns, I request you not to use my name.

Yours, very truly,

[We may say that the last time the writer of the paragraph referred to was in the valley, the facts were as he stated them. The fare at the Stoneman House was very had. There was no trout served there except that purchased from the Indians by the guests, and the writer has a vivid recollection of an omelette served to him there which looked like a mustard plaster.—ENS.]

Daughters of the Revolution.

EL TORO, ORANGE COUNTY, CAL.,

June 19, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is it not advisable that a suitable badge for the Daughters of the Revolution be selected, that those of us who care to may wear it, and recognize without difficulty the honor we share?

May I suggest a medal (and clasp), on the one side, a statue of Liberty hearing the flag, on the reverse, the family, name, etc.?

Yours, etc., A COLONIAL DAME.

From the Autobiography of a Castaway.

"I was awakened in the dead of night by sounds as of many feet trampling wildly upon the deck. Shrieks of maddened men mingled fiercely with the agonized prayers of women. The ship shivered for an instant like a frightened cur, then, with a crackling of masts and groaning of timbers, plunged downward to her doom. There was not a moment to lose. Leaping from my berth, I groped blindly in the darkness for a life-preserver. Heavens, it was gone! Then it was that there came to me one of those inspirations which in moments of extreme peril breathe hope to every hardy soul. I tore open my valise, and, taking in each hand a cake of Ivory Soap, glided calmly, fearlessly, into the unsounded waters of the deep."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

—HERALDIC ENGRAVING—COATS-OF-ARMS, crests, mottoes, and book plates. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

Yosemite National Park.

It is gratifying to learn that the United States troops in the Yosemite Park have got to work early this season. Lieutenant Rutherford found three bands of sheep in the park, captured the herders, and also the owners, and arrested them and brought them before Colonel Young. For many years the herders have been allowing their bands of sheep to roam over the head-waters of the streams running into the Yosemite Valley, and the sheep-herders have frequently burned the timber there for their own purposes, thereby denuding the water-sheds and irreparably injuring the streams. The State of California for many years has neglected this great trust confided to it by the Federal Government. Although it stubbornly refuses to cede it back to the government, we are glad to see that the government has undertaken at last to protect the forests around the valley, and that it has placed its trust in the hands of the United States army.

Overbridge—"What's New York going to do if Tammany gets hold of it again?" Intostay—"Stand Pat."—*Life*.

Fireworks.

Save time and money and patronize home industry by buying an assorted case of fireworks from the California Fireworks Co., 219 Front Street.

—WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

—A. HIRSCHMAN, THE DIAMOND JEWELER, will move into his new store in the Masonic Temple, on Post Street, by the first of August.

—SPECTACLES WHICH CAN BE WORN ALL DAY without discomfort. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

MISS HAMLIN'S SCHOOL

—AND—

VAN NESS SEMINARY

1849 JACKSON STREET.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls, under the joint direction of Miss Sarah D. Hamlin and Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson. Departments of school work from Kindergarten through College Preparatory. Fall term opens Wednesday, August 5th.

SUMMER SCHOOL for BOYS

Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.

Summer Session at BLUE LAKES, LAKE COUNTY, CALIF.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 30th to August 4, 1896.

First—For the Entertainment and Care of Boys.

Second—For the Instruction of those who wish to make up back work, or to prepare for Fall examinations.

The charge for the session will be \$85; for a shorter period, \$12 per week. Payable in advance. Instruction fifty cents per hour.

ARTHUR CROSBY, Head Master.

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Brown—"Confound it! There's that mosquito again." Smith—"Well, don't slap your face like that. He'll take it for an encore."—Puck.

"There!" hissed the jealous Moor; "how do you feel now?" "Down in the mouth," gasped the irrepressible Desdemona from beneath her pillow.—Puck.

She—"Young Baggie, I believe, takes his fences well?" He—"Yaas, splendidly; but it's a pity his horse doesn't take 'em at the same time."—Sydney Bulletin.

Bankrupt: Dyer—"What is your business, may I ask?" Boorish stranger—"I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business." Dyer—"Ah, you have failed, I see."—Truth.

Isaacstein, Sr.—"Are you going to marry Miss Rosenbaum simply because she's got ten thousand dollars?" Isaacstein, Jr.—"No; she's got quick consumption, too."—Judge.

"Does the bicycle hurt your business?" "Yes. The junior partner and the confidential buyer are both in the hospital." And the man of affairs sighed heavily.—Detroit Tribune.

She—"When I marry, I hope my husband will die young—I want to be a widow." He—"How barbarous! How cruel!" She—"Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral."—Truth.

Miss Scraggs—"Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night, I saw a man, and, oh! my goodness, how I ran!" Little Willie—"And did you catch him, Miss Scraggs?"—Household Words.

Proud young mother—"John, let us call him Claude!" Equally proud young father (gazing at his first-born)—"No, Miranda. It might keep him from being President of the United States some day."

Watts—"Been reading anything about these Cuban atrocities?" Potts—"No. I've got a box of them at home yet that my wife bought three months ago from an alleged smuggler."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Charlie Debroke—"I suppose, Miss Roxy, that you are aware that for some time my heart has not been in my possession." Miss Roxy—"Why, Mr. Debroke, I had no idea that you could borrow money on that."—Harlem Life.

Wrangles—"Well, Adam 'was a lucky man." Barker—"In what particular way?" Wrangles—"He didn't have to prance around the garden like a blamed idiot holding Eve on a hundred-dollar bike."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Townley—"Yes, indeed, uncle, I love birds." Uncle Greenfield—"I thought you hated them." Miss Townley—"Why! Don't you see I have four in the house?" Uncle Greenfield—"I see you have—in cages."—Life.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?" "Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country-place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time." "Very clever." "Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—Harper's Weekly.

Elsie—"The report you heard about Edith's engagement must be true. I heard it from a number of persons." Ruth—"From whom?" Elsie—"Well, Miss Brown, Miss Jones, and Miss Robinson." Ruth—"Oh! I told them."—Brooklyn Life.

"May I be at liberty to quote you as indorsing the sentiment that the voice of the people is the voice of God?" asked the interviewer. "I would not like to commit myself to that sentiment until after the convention," answered the candidate.—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Summit—"Mr. Travers just sent me these lovely violets. He is so generous, and I know he couldn't afford it. The poor, dear boy, I don't see where he gets the money from." Dashaway (savagely)—"I know where he got the money from in this case."—Harlemite.

In South America: Tourist—"Why can't you put a stop to these continual insurrections?" Native—"We are considering a measure now which may have a tendency in that direction. It is proposed to reduce the president's term of office to three weeks, and to provide that he shall not be eligible for a second term."—Puck.

The delegate was approached by a newspaper representative. He was a breezy, enthusiastic delegate; one who seemed to be fairly huddling over with good material for an interview. "What do you think of the situation?" the reporter asked. "What do I think? Young man, you utterly mistake the nature of my employment. I'm not here to think. I'm here to holler."—Washington Star.

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